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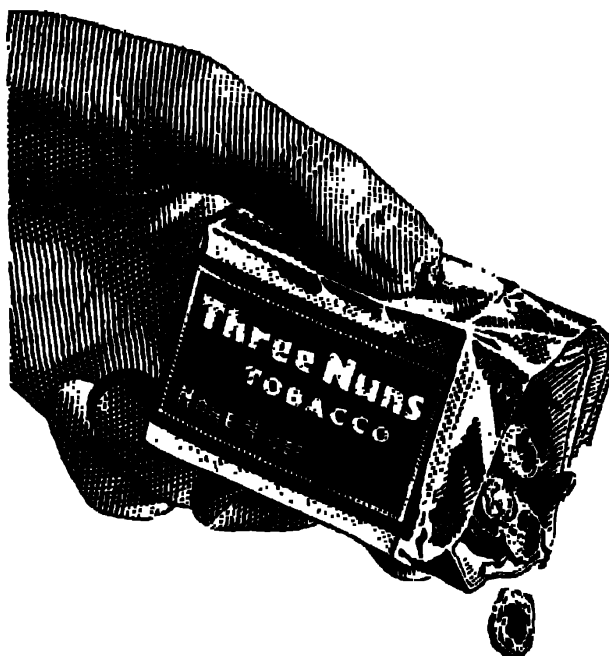
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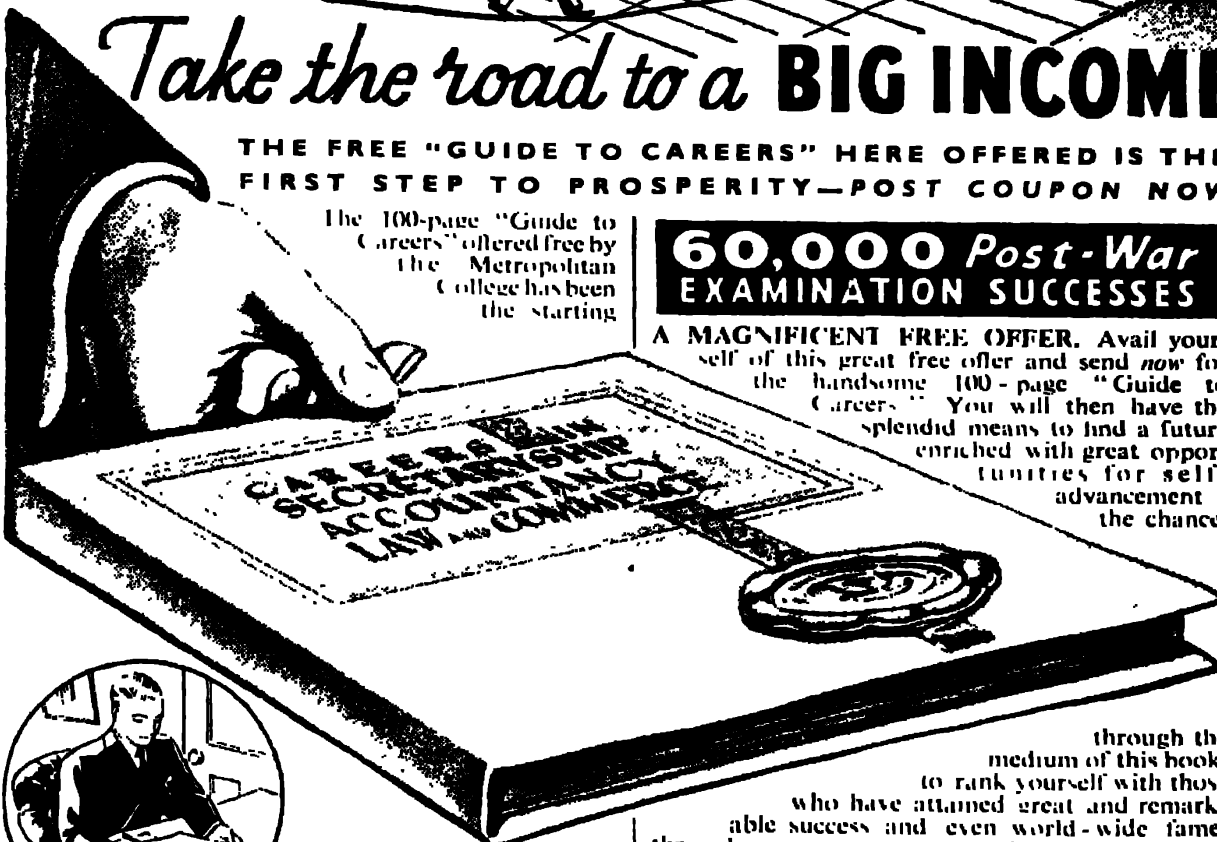
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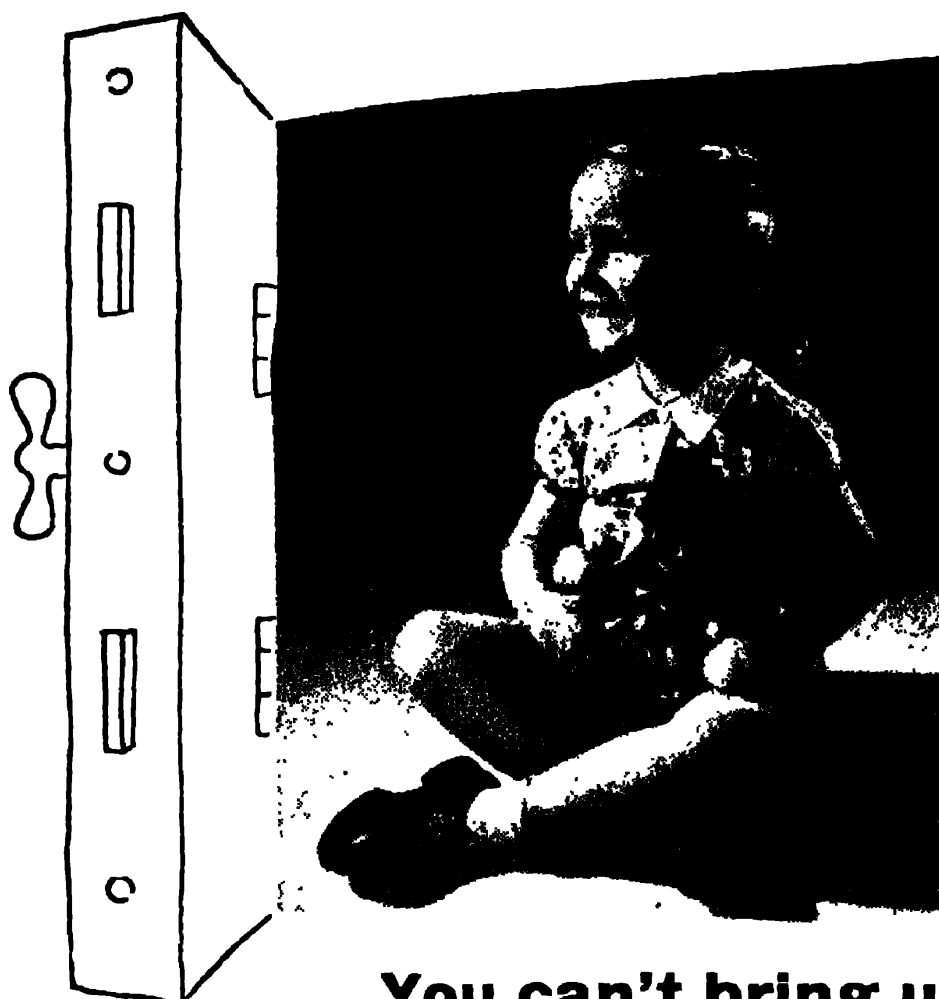
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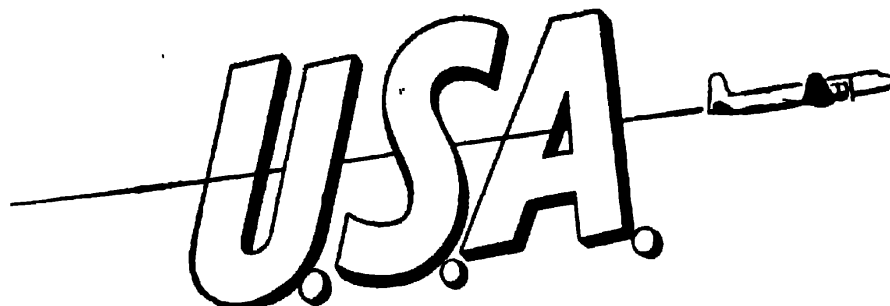
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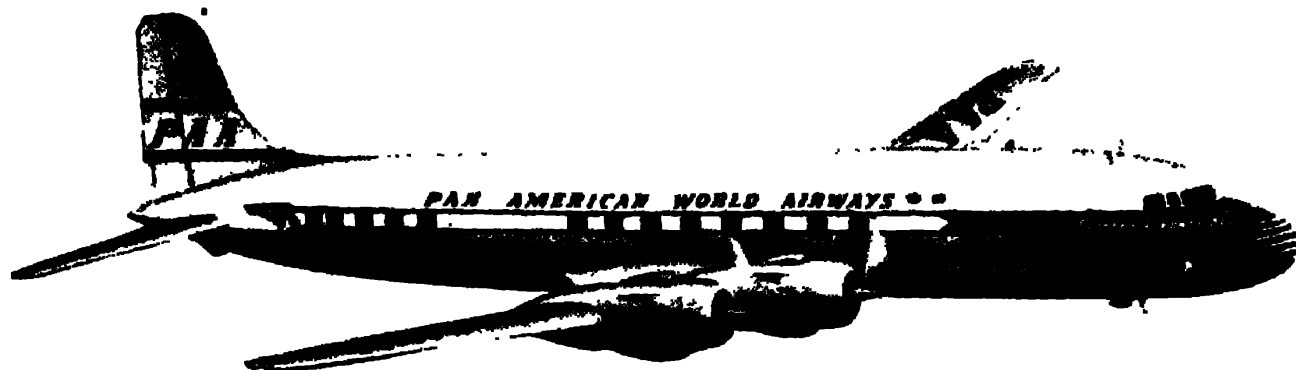
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January

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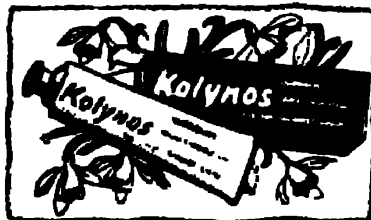


CORK-TIPPED. The 7d. you save is the cost of the tobacco you normally throw away—in the stubs! Isn't it sense to smoke these cool filter-tips (easier on the throat and lips), and pocket the 7d. yourself? They look good to offer . . . full-size to enjoy. Save 7d. *tomorrow*! Ask for Four-Square with the Filter-Cork-Tips—3/- for 20.

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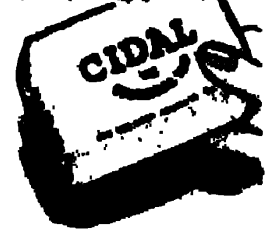


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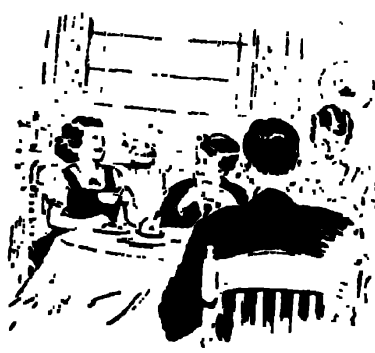
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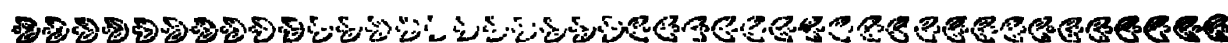
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Toscanini

Records the Ninth

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

John M. Conly

ON MARCH 31, 1952, something happened for which music lovers round the world had been waiting for a quarter of a century. Arturo Toscanini, 85 years and six days old, walked into Carnegie Hall, New York, to put on records his incandescent interpretation of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Patently he had dedicated himself all anew to the score, after 50 years' acquaintance with it. Each note sounded as if it might have been written the day before. As he played, there grew in the minds of his listeners the inescapable conviction



JOHN M. CONLY, music critic of *The Atlantic Monthly*, was one of eight onlookers privileged to witness the recording here described.

Half a century after he first conducted it, the amazing little Maestro at last consents to record "the greatest piece of music ever written."

tion that they had never really heard the symphony until now.

THE OTHER 191 parties to the venture had arrived before the Maestro—the technicians, the chorus, the soloists, the instrumentalists.

The musicians were gayer than the technical staff, partly because they had been through all this two days earlier, when Toscanini had broadcast the Ninth. They might have been less gay had they known he had gone home thereafter fuming

with dissatisfaction and had refused even to listen to the tapes of the broadcast. The soloists were apprehensive. No singer is ever confident about the finale. Beethoven had long been deaf when he wrote it, and apparently had forgotten the limitations of the human voice. At best it is a 20-minute ordeal. With Toscanini on the podium, it can be a full hour of absolute torture. Only the veteran tenor Jan Peerce had the nerve to wisecrack: "Who's afraid of *him*?" looking over his shoulder in mock panic.

Toscanini arrived at two o'clock, with his son and manager, Walter. He mounted the steps (five) into the hall and the stairs (13) to his dressing room. To judge from the way he looks at his watch, his clear vision must extend quite three inches beyond his nose. However, he detests wearing glasses and he is gifted with a fantastic memory. He has memorized every set of stairs he uses—as well as every score he has conducted, and a few he hasn't—and he doesn't like to be helped. He walks alone. Also he has a bad knee, the result of an accident two years ago. Each time he walks down stairs (he also avoids handrails) the suspense is almost intolerable.

"Orchestra ready," came a very businesslike voice from the loudspeaker on the stage wall. "Maestro coming down."

Toscanini is barely over five feet tall, though his head is large and leonine; and he looks even smaller

in his working clothes, which consist of a black alpaca jacket buttoned to the neck, grey striped trousers and black, elastic-sided Italian shoes. Just the same the whole huge, dim auditorium seemed to tingle with almost physical tension when he walked on to the stage. Nor did the feeling abate when the music began.

Toscanini first conducted the Ninth in Milan almost exactly 50 years earlier, and he had played it many times since. Once, when he was a mere 81, he had said, "I think that is the best I can do." Now, from the first baton stroke onwards, he was proving beyond doubt that he could do better.

As Toscanini recording sessions go, this was not a tough one. The symphony, at Toscanini's tempi, lasts about an hour and five minutes. On the average, he recorded each portion three times. The entire job took nine hours. It had been scheduled for seven, in two sessions, but Toscanini ran over and required a two-hour session on Tuesday night.

Toscanini is not a man of words. In one passage he could not get the proper accent from the bass fiddles. He did not attempt to explain what he wanted. He made the cellos play their part alone, while he, in a series of stentorian grunts, illustrated what he wanted from the basses. At the next playing, they gave it to him. He performed the same service for the finale of the first movement. In that instance, the whole string section soloed in a fateful, swelling

undercurrent while Arturo Toscanini impersonated the brasses and tympani, shouting and stamping out the notes with a volume almost alarming from a man so small and so old. The hall echoed nobly.

There was seldom any doubt about who, on the stage, was working the hardest. The recording was made in "takes," each seven to eight minutes long. Often a take would be played back. The orchestra would rest, but Toscanini would conduct all over again, measuring his intent against what came out of the loudspeaker. He was patient. Occasionally he

asked the men to "play musically, musically, not stupidly." But there were no tantrums—not even when the triangle player came in a bar too soon, nor when Jan Peerce unaccountably blew his lines. He spared no one, however. There is a long, sublime, but terribly taxing round for vocal quartet. He put the soloists through it eight times running. In the last two attempts, soprano Eileen Farrell's voice simply died. Toscanini finally let them go, and the chorus cheered them as they left.

In the half-hour breaks, Toscanini trudged up to his dressing room,

took off his steaming jacket, and donned a bath robe. He drank a little fruit juice or chewed Italian liquorice drops. At the very last break, at 10.30 on Tuesday night, he didn't even bother to go up. He stood on the podium, passing out liquorice drops and reminiscences to his fid-

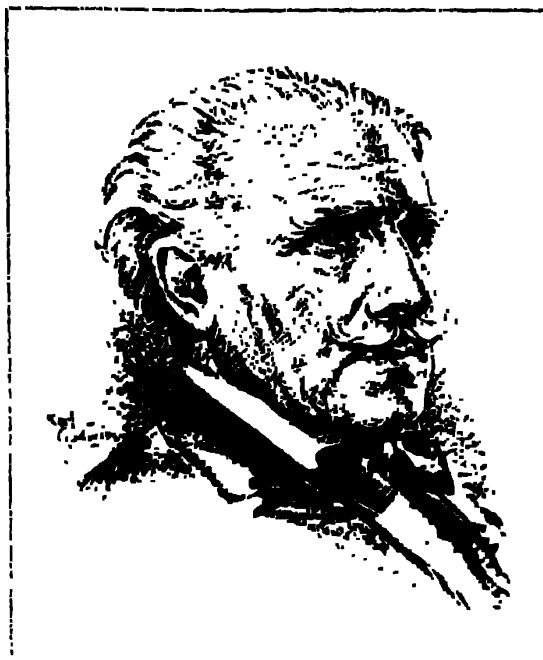
dlers, who crowded fondly around. Walter Toscanini looked down at the stage through the control-room window and said softly, "Where do you get all that energy, old fellow?"

Everyone upstairs was on the verge of exhaustion. It was at that juncture that Toscanini, having

made the fourth, first, second and third movements in triplicate, decided to make the finale of the first movement once more, just to be on the safe side. Then he repeated the first two takes of the fourth.

Finally he called it a day, cheerily bade his players good night, and mounted to his dressing room for a glass of champagne. When his chauffeur drove him away it was nearly midnight, and he felt fine.

What makes this not less amazing is that, between September 28 and March 31, in addition to a full schedule of weekly broadcasts, Toscanini



had played 20 recording engagements.

Toscanini has learned to distrust recording procedure from beginning to end, and is never absolutely satisfied with his own judgment. For nearly a month, before the Maestro went holidaying to Italy, Walter laboured in an electronic dungeon, playing tape after tape to satisfy his father's doubts. The Maes-

tro has a fine sense of pitch and a phenomenal sense of tempo. A test record played at $33\frac{4}{9}$ revolutions per minute, instead of $33\frac{1}{3}$, will send him raging to the piano to prove that it is off key.

A month before the recording date, he had dug out scores of the symphony and spent hours with them at the piano. He had asked Walter to play recordings—transcriptions of his own performances, interpretations by Bruno Walter, Stokowski, Weingartner and Ormandy. He listened while, over his head, from the balcony at the sunny end of the baronial hall of his home, in a suburb of Manhattan, his 43 canaries twittered in their cages.

He once said, "The Ninth is difficult. Sometimes the chorus is not good. The soloists are seldom good. Sometimes the orchestra is not good.

THE MANUSCRIPT of the Ninth—for which the Philharmonic Society (as it then was) paid Beethoven £50—carries an inscription by the composer and usually lives in the British Museum, where it is on loan. In 1939 Toscanini visited the museum and studied the manuscript in its blue and gilt leather binding, making many notes on a sheet of paper which is now kept with the manuscript. At Toscanini's request the manuscript and his own notes were loaned to America last year for three months, so that they could be shown in conjunction with the release of the recording. The manuscript travelled to America in the bullion room of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Sometimes I am no good. You know, I still don't understand the first movement." On Monday and Tuesday, March 31 and April 1, nearly everyone was good, but particularly the conductor. And at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning he put down his baton and told his orchestra: "I think we know now how the first movement goes."

How it goes it would be idle to try to tell in words, except to liken it to a bombshell, or to quote sundry sample listeners, whose unvarying reaction was: "That is the greatest piece of music ever written!"

Toscanini would not like to have this called Toscanini's Beethoven Ninth. He considers such proprietorial terminology presumptuous. He needn't worry. For some time hence, this is going to be called *the* Beethoven Ninth.



Every Dog a Gentleman

By Dickson Hartwell



OBEDIENCE training of dogs strictly for companionship—an importation from England—is winning increasing popularity among American dog-owners. This rewarding hobby owes its inception in the United States to Helene Whitehouse Walker, who in 1933 brought from England a poodle named Tango of Piperscroft and became fascinated by his intelligence and responsiveness.

The poodle was then known in America chiefly as the beautiful but brainless trademark of French courtesans. Mrs. Walker, convinced that the poodle was a worthy animal, imported three more, entered them in major shows and avidly searched the dog magazines for material to help her prove her point.

Her inquiries led her to the Associated Sheep, Police and Army Dog Society in England, which sponsored shows wherein com-

How your pet can learn good manners

panion dogs were rated not merely for conformation but for performance. Through this society she got in touch with Mrs. Grace Boyd, the noted British poodle breeder, who sent her ten typewritten pages of instructions on training. Rallying a dozen friends, she held an informal obedience "trial" at her home in Mt. Kisco, New York. It was amateurish and unpretentious, but it was a beginning.

Then Mrs. Walker put on an obedience "test" at a regular kennel club show. Soon a substantial crowd gathered, applauding each good performance and ignoring the judging of the main events in their eagerness to witness Mrs. Walker's little side-show.

It was then that she decided to go

to England and study obedience training seriously. After several weeks of intensive instruction there she returned to the United States and organized her first formal training class in October 1934. Then, with a young woman disciple, she toured America's autumn dog-show circuit with a motor caravan and three poodles, travelling 10,000 miles to put on demonstrations.

Today Mrs. Walker's British-originated methods of obedience training have caught on throughout the United States. The schooling of family pets to be well-behaved companions has become one of the most popular hobbies of the American dog world, a world that includes some 22 million dogs and 20 million dog-loving families.

A dog that has been obedience-trained differs from his untutored cousins mainly in good manners. He doesn't greet guests boisterously, muddying their clothes with dirty paws. When he climbs on to the wrong chair a simple "No" or "Shame" gets him down. On shopping tours he will sit outside shops until his master returns.

The most common and most exasperating fault of the untrained dog is not to come when called. Letting a dog out for his final run on a cold or rainy night can be unpleasant when the dog decides to investigate the doings of nocturnal neighbours. But an obedience-trained dog comes instantly on call.

What a dog gets out of obedience

training is peace of mind. An untrained dog is often confused because he doesn't know his place in a world of human beings. Because he knows he can at all times do what is expected of him, the trained dog has the contentment that comes from inner security.

The things the dog learns are remarkable, despite their simplicity as judged by human standards, because they make absolutely no sense to the dog. The dog cannot possibly understand why he should sit, heel, lie down or pick up distasteful objects in his mouth. He doesn't know of any need for good manners. He only wants praise and affection from his master. To win that almost any healthy dog will try anything he can comprehend. That is the secret.

A dog's schooling can begin as early as six months of age. Though breeds differ in adaptability, any dog is almost certain to benefit. Owners benefit, too—particularly children entrusted with the training of their pets. The need for patience, understanding and tactful firmness helps to overcome youthful shyness and awkwardness, and brings out surprisingly mature qualities.

One night last spring I watched a typical small-town training class attended by 20 members appearing for the weekly lesson under trainer Hazel Fletcher. There were two groups, advanced and novice. Breeds included great Dane, Dalmatian, German sheepdog, Irish setter, cocker spaniel, Airedale, boxer and

Pekinese. Members included an aeroplane pilot, a writer, a machinist, a grammar-school student, a retired executive, merchants and housewives.

The novice dogs were learning to heel—to stay close to the master's side, in convenient walking position. When the owners had formed about her in a circle, each with his dog on leash, Mrs. Fletcher called out "Fast" and the class ran briskly round in the large circle. "Slow," she commanded, and the pace dropped to a crawl. She asked for right and left turns, for turnabouts and for figure eights, which the animals heeded with varying degrees of sharpness.

The dogs were next lined up on one side of the room and commanded to "sit-stay." This is a difficult exercise for the novice dog; he must remain seated while the master backs slowly to the other side of the room. Time and time again Jackie, an eager young German sheepdog, got up to follow his owner. Each time he was taken back to position

and ordered to sit. Finally Jackie got the idea and stayed seated a full minute. No dog in the room was happier than he when his master patted him in reward.

Every step in the training procedure is repeated in this way, patiently and firmly, until the dog comprehends. Like school children, the animals frequently indulge in daydreams, and a sharp tug of the leash is needed to regain their attention. But punishment is never tolerated. The training collar is a simple slip chain, which a beginner can manage without hurting his dog.

Thoughtful dog breeders and judges agree that while obedience training is still in its infancy, its success so far is causing an entirely new attitude towards dogs to develop. For long, indulgent owners have affectionately tolerated dogs which were a nuisance—and sometimes a menace—to everyone else. The day may soon come when we can call every dog a gentleman.



Circumstantial

PEOPLE ARE always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them.

—George Bernard Shaw

THERE ARE no circumstances, no matter how unfortunate, that clever people do not extract some advantage from; and none, no matter how fortunate, that the unwise cannot turn to their own disadvantage.

—La Rochefoucauld

An extraordinary mystery of subconscious prophecy

The Man Who Dreamt Winners



Condensed from "Tell Me the Next One"

John Godley *Author of "The Muster Forger: The Story of Hans van Meegeren"*

ON FRIDAY, March 8, 1946, I felt no presentiment of the strange sequence of events which was to stretch over the next three years. An undergraduate at Oxford, I spent the evening in an ordinary way. But that night I dreamt that I was reading the racing results in next day's evening paper. Two of the winning horses were named Bindal and Juladin.

Let me say at once that I had never previously had dreams of this kind, and that my spirit still revolts against the facts. I am here simply setting down a true account of experiences, without knowing what may be their significance.

Next day I told a number of friends what had happened, some of whom were later to give evidence when the whole case was investigated by the Society for Psychical Research. Pound notes were thrust into my hands. I placed these bets and my own.

Soon after three I bought a paper. Bindal had won. I now began to feel utterly confident that Juladin would win too. He was running at four o'clock. As I had already won £3, I put that on Juladin too. He won. There was considerable celebration in parts of Oxford that night.

On Thursday, April 4—26 days after the first dream—I was at home in Ireland on holiday when it happened again. I had dreamt I was again looking at racing results: Tubermore was one of the winners.

I went down to breakfast: "I've done it again," I told my family. "I've dreamt Tubermore."

We live some five miles from the village of Killashandra. The one postal delivery each day brings the *London Times*, two days late. The *Irish Times* might arrive some time during the morning of the day of issue. These facts are important, because they show that at the time I could not have had any previous

knowledge that a horse with a name anything like Tubermore was running.

It is a safe bet that if you want any information Mrs. McGuinness, the postmistress in the village of Carrigallen nearby, will be able to provide it. On Friday morning I rang her up and asked her if she happened to know whether a horse called Tubermore was running that day. There was nothing of that name, she told me, but in the first race at Aintree there was a horse called Tuberoze.

Tubermore—Tuberoze.

I remember my brother saying: "Isn't it funny to think that this afternoon a horse called Tuberoze will be running in a race—and the owner doesn't know he's going to win, nor does the trainer, nor the jockey. But *we* do!"

We had to wait till after six before learning that Tuberoze had won. He had been practically unbacked. I followed his fortunes afterwards, and he never won again. I may perhaps be libelling him, but I do not think that he had ever won before.

This second dream was as well evidenced as the first. Four members of my family knew of it at the breakfast table.

Things were only starting. On July 28, 1946—116 days after the second dream—I was back in Oxford. I dreamt again.

In my dream I walked into the Randolph Hotel to ring up my

bookmaker. I was smoking a cigarette, and as I walked into the telephone booth it seemed to be very stuffy. I said to the bookie's clerk in London: "This is Mr. Godley. I wonder if you could tell me the result of the last race?" He replied: "Certainly, sir: Monumentor, at 5-4." Then I woke up.

It was three o'clock in the morning and I was desperately sleepy. I forced myself to get out of bed and write it down. When I next awoke, I remembered that I had had this dream, but I had by now forgotten the name. I walked across the room and there was the piece of paper with the words "Monumentor, last race, 5-4."

I dressed hurriedly and went down to buy a paper. In the last race at Worcester that day there was a horse called Mentores. He was forecast favourite at 5-4 on. Once again, there was a slight difference. Monumentor—Mentores. That word "mentor" was common to them both. I telegraphed my bookmaker: "£4 to win, Mentores."

I had decided that if Mentores were to win I would have to exactly reproduce the circumstances of my dream. Accordingly, at five o'clock, I lit a cigarette and walked into the Randolph Hotel telephone booth. It seemed very stuffy. When the bookie's clerk answered and I asked him the result of the last race, he replied, "Mentores at 6-4."

Almost a year later, on Friday night, June 13, 1947, I was again at

Oxford. I dreamt that I was at the races. One horse was an easy winner. I did not know its name, but recognized the *colours*: terra-cotta and scarlet chevrons of the Gaekwar of Baroda. I recognized the jockey as the Australian Edgar Britt.

This race was no sooner over than the next was in progress, in the unreal way in which things happen in dreams. The favourite was called The Bogie. As they neared the post, everyone was shouting: "The favourite wins! It's The Bogie." The clamour awoke me from my sleep.

Two more dream winners! I thought as I hurriedly got dressed. According to *The Times* the Gaekwar of Baroda had one runner at Lingfield that afternoon, called Baroda Squadron. It was to be ridden by Edgar Britt. In the very next race was The Brogue—a name close to the name I had dreamt, The Bogie—few race horses have a "The" prefixed to their names. Most important, he was running in the next race after Baroda Squadron, and was forecast favourite.

After calling my bookmaker, I called in to see Angelica Bohm, who had previously been interested in the whole affair. I wrote a full account of the dream and she, her landlord and his wife were the witnesses. Then we went to the Post Office. In the presence of the postmaster, the statement was placed in an envelope, sealed, and stamped with the official time stamp. Then it was locked in the Post Office safe.

Baroda Squadron and The Brogue both won.

The *Daily Mirror*, which had heard about my dreams, sent their chief reporter to see me. We went together to the Post Office where I had deposited my signed statement. It was opened in the presence of the postmaster. The story was splashed across the centre page: *The Strange Dreams of Mr. John Godley*.

After the news stories, a flood of letters reached me from all parts of the world—200 a day for a while. Nine out of ten correspondents wanted to be informed in advance of the next dream. Some enclosed money to be bet. Others were prepared to stake their life savings, and would pay me a percentage of their winnings. I was offered cash, gold rings, a diamond brooch. I answered all letters and refused all offers.

If this were a fairy tale, I would never make mistakes. Finally, I would dream the winner of the Grand National at 100-1, and retire with a fortune. But that isn't quite how it happened.

In October 1947, four months after my last dream, I dreamt a loser. (I have wondered if this was retribution for my commercialization of a supernatural gift.)

I dreamt that I was walking down the street when I heard a loud-speaker in a shop transmitting an account of the running of the Cambridgeshire. I hastened to listen, but the broadcast ended. I asked a man, "Do you know what horse won?"

"Claro won," he replied in a very offhand way, and the dream ended.

Next day I bet on Claro and then listened with friends to the broadcast of the race. Claro was unplaced. He never for a moment seemed a likely winner.

In December 1947, having taken, despite equine distractions, my degree at Oxford, I was now on the *Daily Mirror*.

I was not really excited when the next dream came on Friday, January 14, 1949. I dreamt that I was watching the compilation of a racing sheet for the *Daily Mirror*. A colleague was writing down the name of a winner. It was Timocrat.

He was forecast second favourite at 100-30. Prince Rupert was forecast favourite at 11-10, and my rational belief was that Prince Rupert should win. However, I determined to back Timocrat. He won.

On Thursday, February 10, 1949, I had my last dream. I dreamt that I saw in the next day's paper that Monk's Mistake and Pretence had won. Neither had won a race that season and I did not think that either was running that afternoon.

To my astonishment, I discovered next day that *Monk's Mistake and Pretence were both engaged to run on Saturday*.

To ensure evidence, I wrote on a slip of paper: "I want to put on record that I dreamt last night that Monk's Mistake and Pretence won races on the same day. These two horses are both running tomorrow."

I signed this statement, put it in an envelope, and handed it to a senior colleague. "Do me a favour?" I asked. "Keep this in your pocket till five o'clock tomorrow. Then read it."

As he took it, he looked me straight in the eye and said: "Put a pound win double on for me."

"O.K. But don't blame *me*. . . ."

Monk's Mistake and Pretence would start at good odds—say a 100-1 double. Five pounds would win £500. Ten would win a thousand. Twenty would win £2,000. I became more and more self-confident. It was a chance of a lifetime! I would win thousands. Then I could retire. I decided to risk every penny—£20 win double.

Here's what happened. Monk's Mistake was off to a good start and always in a good position. Three jumps from home he moved into second place. Morning Cover was in the lead. Between the last two jumps, Monk's Mistake came alongside. The two horses were neck and neck to the last jump. It was the Bank of England to a brass farthing that Monk's Mistake would win.

At exactly that moment Monk's Mistake made his one mistake. He caught the very top of the last fence. He stumbled. Morning Cover dashed by to win.

What happened to Pretence? Oh, Pretence won. On Pretence I won £64, so that my bets showed a profit for the day of £44. But nobody can retire on £44

I AM WRITING these words seven months later, seven months during which I have had no dream connected with racing. I cannot tell if there will ever be another. I can offer no explanation.

Of my seven dreams, four—about Bindal and Juladin, Claro, Timocrat, Monk's Mistake and Pre-tence—were about horses I had heard of before. They had reasonable chances of winning on rational grounds, and my subconscious mind may have decided that they should

be backed. But I am bound to point out that this group of six horses includes the only two losers.

Of the remaining four dream horses, Mentores, The Brogue and Baroda Squadron may conceivably also fall within this class. Who can tell what the subconscious knows?

There remains Tuberoze. No one can explain Tuberoze.

Perhaps it was just luck.

Perhaps it was *all* luck.

The verdict I leave to the reader.

A Hole Is to Dig

*From the book of first definitions
collected by Ruth Krauss*

DR. ARNOLD GESELL (see p. 32) once stated, "The child of five is a pragmatist and defines things in terms of use." Intrigued by this statement, Ruth Krauss set about collecting definitions from children in nursery school and kindergarten. Some of her prizes:



Buttons are to
keep people warm.

A stone is when you trip on it you should have watched where you were
going.

Mashed potatoes are to give everybody enough.
A lap is so you don't get crumbs on the floor.
A dream is to look at the night and see things.
Dishes are to do.
Cats are so you can have kittens.
Rugs are so dogs have napkins.
A nose is to blow.
A hole is to dig.





A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES

Condensed from the book

Harry Emerson Fosdick

SAMUEL GOLDWYN once remarked that he wanted "a film which begins with an earthquake and works up to a climax." He rightly assessed the popular attractiveness of the colossal. If, however, one's thinking is dominated by the gigantic events of our time, one can hardly avoid despair. The world's spectacular doings are in turmoil. As George Bernard Shaw said, if the other planets are inhabited they must be using this earth as their lunatic asylum.

Christian faith maintains its assurance, despite the world's disorder, by centring attention not on the vast or noisy things but on the quiet, the unobtrusive, the inconspicuous, the vital. Every Christmas we celebrate this truth. How irrelevant to the vast affairs of the Roman world seemed the birth of a baby at the inn! Gigantic affairs were afoot then. Yet empires fell, the Cæsars are dust, and that diminutive bit of vitality has proved

more enduring than them all.

No wonder that William James, impatient with the worship of size, exclaimed: "I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and *with* the invisible, molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets . . . and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time."

If this seems sentimental, imagine yourself back some millions of years ago on this planet, facing two factors: on one side a vast turbulence—volcanoes, huge, terrific, from the inexhaustible fires of the earth's core; on the other side protoplasm, microscopic, invisible along the water's edge, fragile, quiet, vital. On which would you bet—volcanoes or protoplasm? Protoplasm had no credible chance to mean anything against the violent forces of volcano and earthquake. Yet see what came of it at last: life, spirit, art, music,

prophets, apostles, martyrs, scientists and saints! Vitality is mightier than size.

This creative power of the vital is a momentous fact in human history. It explains, at least in part, the striking contrast between the estimates of stormy generations by their contemporaries and by posterity. In retrospect the 18th century, with its American and French Revolutions, appears to us one of the most creative in history; but many who lived then never guessed that posterity would so regard it. Even Rousseau called it "this great rottenness amidst which we live."

In those stormy eras something momentous was afoot, not easily discernible amid the noise, but germinative, creative, decisive. So today many look on our generation with hopeless eyes, but if we have anything like the faith and character of our forefathers at their best our posterity will sometimes wonder why we, who had the privilege of living now, did not better understand that we were dwelling in a grand and awful time.

Of course our generation is in turmoil. Not long ago nations, races and religions, fairly well capsuled by geographical isolation, could live each for itself, so that the idea of one world was a dream; but now suddenly we have all been poured into one container, distance conquered, so that what happens anywhere happens everywhere. Optimists foresaw world brotherhood as

the immediate result of this new propinquity. This didn't come to pass—instead came friction, turmoil, confusion, misunderstanding, hatred, war! We shall not get out of this mess in a hurry.

However, the abiding, creative factors in this revolutionary time are its vitalities: man's ideals, his just demands for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, his endeavours to better his condition. Not serene generations but times of tumult have always been the creative epochs in human history. Our generation will yet be seen by our progeny as one world painfully in the making.

The history of mankind is pretty much the story of dough into which the leaven of personality is introduced, with consequences none could have foreseen. Here was the dull, sodden mass of man's thinking, and then a person came, unknown, unrecognized, often derided, but vital. Men denied his truth and fought against it. The dough said it would have none of the leaven, but at last Copernicus, Galileo and Darwin won.

This is the way the world runs. Always the new beginnings to which the future belongs are born, as it were, in a manger, their prophetic import seen by none save three wise men, it may be, a few shepherds. If, therefore, we believe the noisy and ostentatious to be the determining factors, we miss the most important truth about any era. The

wise men believed in a baby. They did not believe in Herod, in Cæsar's legions, in the imperial power that loomed large and filled the eyes and ears of their generation. They believed in something new-born and vital.

As for us as individuals, often seeming powerless in a mad world, the Christian story brings a message, challenging even when it seems incredible. Vital persons count. Men and women of integrity and rectitude are "the strong nails that hold the world together." We never see the truth in history or in contemporary life until we pierce behind the mass and bulk of huge affairs and recognize the momentous importance of individuals. The world's destiny is ultimately determined inside personality.

We are not saying that the large matters of the world—its politics, economic systems, national and international affairs—are unimportant. They are important.

But it is the dismaying aspect of the world's large affairs that makes all the more important the vital groups—homes, friendships, neigh-

bourhoods, churches—where the leaven of decency, kindness, good will, love has got its start. Small they are, but they are like hothouses, where slender growths begin which later can be transplanted to the wider field.

One of the tragedies of our time is that so many people, obsessed by size, dispirited by the world's chaos, lose heart and relax their loyalty to such vital groups.

Stop being obsessed by size; stop worshipping the colossal or letting the colossal frighten you. Your hope is in vital persons, ideas, groups. In the long run the future belongs to them. The solution of every gigantic problem is already here, almost imperceptible it may be, in some inspired person, some germinative idea, some leavening group. And when such vitalities seem weak, as in the face of our prodigious problems they often do seem weak, we need to refresh our insight concerning their possibilities. They are like Marquis wheat, now harvested by millions of bushels; but once all the Marquis wheat in the world could have been put into one envelope.



A MEER little man in a restaurant timidly touched the arm of a man putting on a coat. "Excuse me," he said, "but do you happen to be Mr. Smith of Newcastle?"

"No, I'm not!" the man answered impatiently.

"Oh—er—well," stammered the first man, "you see, I am, and that's his overcoat you're putting on."

Arnold Gesell, children's champion, tells parents the facts of the first ten years of life

Why Kids Behave Like Little Children

Condensed from Household

T. E. Murphy

DR. ARNOLD GESELL, a gangling, white-haired, mild-mannered scientist, has been studying children and their behaviour for half a century. The numerous books that bear his name (*How a Baby Grows, Infant and Child in the Culture of Today, The Child from Five to Ten*, etc.) have become household bibles to parents, for he probably knows more about the first ten years of life than any other human being.

Is little Jimmy beginning to stutter? The parent looks in "Gesell" and finds that this is not alarming; most likely it is a passing by-product of being three and a half. Does Mary Jane tell fibs? The book says this is probably just a phase typical of her age.

Dr. Gesell believes that a knowledge of the normal growth process is the key to understanding the nature and the needs of a child. Without this knowledge, many parents ex-

pect too much of their children, or try to correct their behaviour by blind discipline, angry words, harsh punishment. Dr. Gesell points out that a child is not a small adult but a developing organism.

"A child's muscle control, his mind, his morals, his spirit grow by natural stages," he says. "When we learn that it is not abnormal but natural for a child of four to tell fantastic stories, we will not punish him for 'lying.' When we learn that a child of seven has only a vague concept of property, we shall better understand why he 'steals.'"

Dr. Gesell has devoted most of his life to charting behaviour traits which are typical of normal infants and children at various ages. He was a young Ph.D. with a wife and new baby when he gave up a pleasant job teaching psychology to enter Yale University's School of Medicine. Almost at once, besides



carrying on the exacting medical courses, he began his clinical psychological studies of children. Even before he had obtained his medical degree in 1915, he had started the Yale Clinic of Child Development, which he has made world famous. He now heads the newly established Gesell Institute of Child Development in New Haven.

Gesell was the first to make intensive studies of the child's mental and physical activities, day by day, even minute by minute.

Studying the behaviour pattern for each month in the first year, he found, for example, that a baby takes hold of the world with his eyes before he takes hold with his hands. At about four months he can pick out a tiny pellet with his eyes. At ten months or so he picks it up with index finger and thumb. At 15 months, on the average, he can put it in a bottle. At one year the infant picks up several cubes, one by one, foreshadowing the development of counting. At one and a half he builds a tower of three cubes, at two years, a wall, at three, a bridge.

Dr. Gesell summarizes his findings simply: "Each part of a child's nature has to grow: his sense of self, his fears, his affections and his curiosities; his feelings, good and bad, towards mother, father, playmates, sex; his sense of humour. We must not lose faith if at the age of two and a half the child grabs a toy from his playmate; if at four he calls people names, brags and boasts and

tells tall tales; if at six he suddenly becomes aggressive in word and action, with contradictory impulses of violence and of affection. Many of these stormy episodes are normal.

"But at seven and eight a child develops a new appreciation of fairness, of honesty. He begins to think in terms of right and wrong and of good and bad. At ten he becomes interested in social problems and develops an embryonic civic as well as personal conscience. The ages of five and ten are periods of relative equilibrium. At five a child has found his place in the world and at the family table. Ten is a golden period for planting liberalizing ideas and attitudes which prevent narrow racial and religious prejudices."

Dr. Gesell winces in sympathy for children whose parents use the authoritarian or strong arm method that nagging adults have been applying without success for generations. He knows that no child can be made to have good table manners or be made to sit up straight by impulsive slippings or scolding. The child will do those things in proper time if provided with good examples, good nutrition and the sunshine of love.

"There is evil in the world," he grants, "but in children good seems to have priority if it can be captured. And you can capture it if you are sensitive to the signs of growth, and if you try to understand the needs and nature of the child."

Teachers and parents are ready to recognize growth in the practical

skills, Gesell believes, but in such fields as manners, morals and competitive schoolwork the child is often misunderstood; he is scolded and even punished for shortcomings which are mainly due to immaturity. We try to make the child live by the adult concept of what the child *ought* to do and fail to understand that the child does what he does because of what he is.

"All too often," says Gesell, "obedience is exacted for its own sake. Apology is exacted when a little face-saving banter supported by a sense of humour would be better."

Dr. Gesell stresses the child's need for affection, openly displayed so that the child knows he is important and wanted. Studies show that children brought up without the love of parents walk later, talk later, and their expressions are much less alert. They are more afraid of strangers, and in general, as Gesell expresses it, "they show a 'damping down' from the level of the children who have been loved."

Dr. Gesell points out that "a vast background of racial inheritance, including inborn traits derived from recent ancestors, determines the primary growth characteristics of every child. Even under the stereotyped pressures of modern society, this inheritance stamps the child with individuality and makes him the unique person he is.

The parent who understands this will be quick to recognize that each

The work of Dr. Arnold Gesell is well known in Britain and the Commonwealth. His books are required reading for serious students of children or child psychology, and are available at bookshops specializing in these subjects. Here is a short list:

How a Baby Grows, 14s.

The Child from Five to Ten, 21s.

Infant and Child in the Culture of Today, 21s.

Vision, 55s.

(All published by Hamish Hamilton)

The First Five Years of Life is published by Methuen at 27s. 6d.

child has a unique set of growth capabilities, and will make allowances and adjustments for them. Awareness of the separate personalities of human beings, however small, contributes to respect for the dignity of the individual.

Now, at 72, Dr. Gesell is seeking new worlds to conquer. "The child's first ten years have been blocked out," he says. "But we have no yardstick for measuring the second ten years; we do not know what is normal for adolescence."

The adolescent years, he reminds us, are the most difficult for parents and children alike. Teen-agers, so often the victims of their own mixed up emotions and so often in conflict with the authoritarian adult world, deserve to be studied and understood. As Gesell goes serenely into his eighties, he plans this as his next project, to take its place beside his monumental studies of younger children.



Train to Genoa

Condensed from This Week
Donovan Bess

As I set out from my hotel in Rome recently, carrying a suitcase, a bag and a portable typewriter, a young man rushed up, offering to help me. Usually, this sort of contract is concluded with a 100-lira fee. In this case my porter, named Gianni, had bigger things in mind.

He was wearing a white shirt which he said "a rich American" had given him. He told me that he came from a small town in Apulia, near the heel of Italy. His only income was what he got from the tourists. There was to be a *festa* in his home town in two weeks, and he wanted to go home. If he could get to Genoa he could borrow money to go to the *festa*. He wished that somebody would buy him a ticket to Genoa.

In a third-class carriage, an American catches a glimpse of dark forces at work in Italy

It wasn't long before I had agreed to buy him his ticket to Genoa—not because of the *festa*, but because I could practise Italian with him for five hours on the train.

We found two seats in a third-class compartment. Gianni sat down and pulled an American cigarette packet from his shirt pocket. As he lit a cigarette, he whispered to me, "These aren't really American—they are Nazionales." He had filled the wrapper with Italian cigarettes, which are half the price of American cigarettes.

"I have a real American cigarette

"in this package," he went on. "I am saving it for an emergency."

In the seat opposite, a *signora* with blonde, greying hair watched us with tired, kindly eyes. A woman holding an infant sat beside her. On Gianni's right was a middle-aged man.

As the train sped out of Rome, Gianni said in a loud voice, "I think we should spend a week in Paris before going on to London." Then he whispered to me: "You understand the situation? We are two Americans on a tour."

The game amused me, so I replied: "If you don't mind, I'd like to stop at Cannes first. The swimming is very good, and we can learn French." The eyes of the *signora* grew large with interest.

I went into the corridor to watch the countryside. When I returned, the *signora* was saying: "I would have thought you were Italian. How did you ever learn to speak our language so well?"

"I studied for two years at a school in San Francisco," Gianni replied. "And, of course, we have many Italians in the United States, so I had the opportunity to perfect my speech. I am very fond of the Italian people."

"And we," said the *signora*, leaning forward, "we are very fond of the American people. The only trouble is, you have so much and we have so little."

"Ah, do not think for a moment that we do not understand your

problems." Gianni lowered his head guiltily. "And we have tried to help you. You have heard, of course, of our Marshall Plan."

"Yes, certainly," she said, "you have been very generous. But we still seem to get poorer and poorer every day."

After a pause the *signora* said to me, "You do not speak Italian so well as your friend."

"Ah, no," said Gianni quickly. "I have taught my friend all the Italian he knows. Chiefly on the ship crossing the Atlantic."

The middle-aged man on Gianni's right said, "I would like very much to go to America." He waved his hand towards his wife and infant. "I have an ice-cream cart in Livorno. I make only enough to feed my family. Sometimes, when I do extra well, I can buy a dress for her."

"Ah, *si*," said Gianni. "America is like a dream." Everyone stared at Gianni's brown hands folded over his knees, as though the treasure were hidden there.

At Pisa we were joined by a man in a patched black suit. He carried a small gunny sack in which were his belongings. With eyes dark and hopeless he stared out of the window. "He is a Neapolitan," Gianni whispered to me. "He is very poor."

The *signora* was looking at Gianni's white American shirt. "Do you have an automobile in America?" she asked.

"Ah, *si*," Gianni knocked the ash from his cigarette. "My father gave

me a Buick for Christmas. It is very large and blue."

"Your father—does he have much money?"

"Ah, *si*, he owns a bank. We have a 16-room villa on one of the big hills of Hollywood."

"But I thought you lived in San Francisco."

"No, *signora*," said Gianni patiently, "I go to school there but we live in Hollywood."

She looked at my face and asked Gianni, "Does your friend's father, too, have money?"

"Ah, *si*, his father was director of the Gold Rush in San Francisco and so of course he has a Cadillac."

At this point I thought to myself, "Surely the game is up."

But the man from Naples now looked up from his well of poverty and asked, "And the man who works in America, does he do well?"

"Yes, every man has a large automobile and an electric refrigerator and a villa with a garden," Gianni replied. He reached for the bottle of *vino rosso* and a bundle of Italian ham we had brought with us.

"I see that you drink our wine," the *signora* said.

"We have become very fond of the Italian wine." Gianni gulped down some Chianti. "And the *prosciutto*, too, is very tasty." He swallowed a large piece of ham.

The *signora* sighed, and the man from Naples stared at the *prosciutto*. "Would you care for a piece?" Gianni asked.

The man said, "*Grazie!*" and a lean hand stretched towards the ham. He chewed sullenly, staring at Gianni's shirt.

"And are there men who do not work, in America?" he asked.

"*Si*," said Gianni. "But the government gives them three big dinners every day."

The man watched another piece of ham go into Gianni's mouth and Gianni asked, "Do you want another?"

"*Grazie*." Now there was a faint smile on his lips.

"Italy would be very happy," the *signora* said, "if there were a few more pennies."

"*Si, si*," said the ice-cream vendor.

At Genoa the *signora*, the ice-cream vendor, Gianni and I took our luggage and said good-bye. The man from Naples sat motionless.

"*Arrivederla*," said Gianni.

The man did not answer. He stared out of the window.

As we walked through the station I said to Gianni, "That man hates you very much."

"I know."

"If he found you in one of these dark streets, he would kill you."

"That is not likely," he said. "I am very quick." He hoisted his little suitcase on to his shoulder. "And besides," he added, "I am his friend, though he doesn't know it."

"You are his friend?"

"Yes," said Gianni. "You see—I am a member of the Communist Party."

*Popper's Diesel engine
and the mystery of his disappearance*

FORGOTTEN INVENTOR

Condensed from The Toronto Star Weekly

Harland Manchester

DR. RUDOLPH DIESEL was crossing the English Channel on the night of September 29, 1913. He was on his way to London to attend a meeting of manufacturers and to confer with the Admiralty.

It was ten by the ship's bell when he said good night to his friends and went to his stateroom. The next morning he did not appear. He was never seen alive again. His disappearance became an international sensation. When World War I broke out there was a rumour that Diesel had been killed by the Germans to keep him from giving technical secrets to the British.

The mystery, unsolved, was gradually forgotten, and the average man today has never heard of either the story or the engineer. Yet Rudolph Diesel was one of the greatest of inventors. His name has become a common noun; diesel liners furrow the seven seas, diesel lorries rumble along the highways, diesel-powered aeroplanes criss-cross the skies and diesel tractors plough our fields.

Born in 1858, of a line of German artisans, young Rudolph was trained by his father as a mechanic. With a quick, inventive mind, he dashed through the Augsburg Trade Schools, and won a scholarship at the Munich Technical Institute. When he had finished there, at the age of 20, he had broken every academic record, and the astounded faculty met him in a body and shook hands with him.

Two things more important than that happened to Rudolph Diesel at Munich. He listened to a lecture, and he saw a small gadget that looked like a pop-gun.

The lecture was by Dr. Carl Linde, famous pioneer in artificial refrigeration. He discussed the steam engine and pointed out that the best then in use wasted 90 per cent of the energy in the coal. In a notebook which has been preserved Diesel scribbled: "Mechanical theory teaches us that only a part of the heat in the fuel can now be utilized. . . . Doesn't it follow that the utilization of steam, or any kind of go-

between, is false in principle? The possibility suggests itself of putting the energy directly to work. But how can this be done?"

The pop-gun-like gadget was a cigar lighter. The air in the cylinder, heated by the compression of a plunger, ignited a bit of combustible material. This gave Diesel a hint as to how he could "put energy directly to work."

Married and settled in Paris as an agent for Professor Linde's ice-machines, Diesel worked at night on plans for the engine of his dream. Sometimes Mrs. Diesel found him in the morning asleep over his desk. His pile of blueprints and pages of figures kept mounting. He knew that the more you compress air, the hotter it becomes. (Put your hand on a bicycle pump in action and you get the idea.) Now why not build an engine in which the piston pulls in nothing but pure air in its loading stroke, and then drives back towards the cylinder head, compressing the air to about one-sixteenth of its former volume, and, he computed, heating the air to 1,000° Fahrenheit? At that point inject a drop of oil into the cylinder. The hot air will ignite the oil, and its combustion will drive the piston down. There would be no complicated ignition system.

Many men would have gone into the machine shop at that point and proceeded by trial and error, but that was not Diesel's way. Everything about that engine, down to

the last bolt, had to be worked out and put down on paper.

He was 35, and had been transferred to Linde's office in Berlin before he had his manuscript ready for the printer. He had already taken out patents. In January 1893 the work was published. *Theory and Construction of a Rational Heat Motor* is a slender pamphlet, but its place is on that small shelf of books which have changed the world. Diesel knew that not more than a score of men on earth would grasp its significance, and was prepared for coldness and ridicule. He got both. Scoffers called it a "paper engine," for it existed only in a book.

But Krupp agreed to finance the invention, and in August 1893 Diesel's first motor was ready for a test. We see the inventor in an Augsburg machine shop, anxiously watching an upright, pump-like contrivance with a slowly revolving flywheel. No engine like this has ever been seen before. The outlandish thing needs outside power to push the piston up and down. Diesel waits impatiently. At last, eyes blazing with excitement, he pulls a lever and the vaporized fuel spurts into the imprisoned, fiery-hot air.

There is a blast like a cannon shot, and chunks of metal bombard the room. Barely missed by death, Diesel leaps to his feet with a shout of triumph.

"That's what I wanted to know!" he cries. "It proves I'm on the right track!"

He toiled four more years on that track. Then one day the world's most famous engineers flocked to Augsburg to see a 20-horsepower "dieselmotor" that amazed them with its efficiency.

The diesel engine's advantage is that it uses the cruder and cheaper forms of petroleum. His engine will run on almost anything. At the start, Diesel tried powdered coal. It worked, but it scored the cylinder. Diesel also used castor oil, palm oil, fish oil, cottonseed oil and peanut oil. Tar and melted asphalt have been used. Even buttermilk will turn over a diesel, although engineers don't recommend it.

In the 15 years following the demonstration of his first successful motor, Dr. Diesel became rich and famous. He lived in a palatial house in Munich, and money flowed in from Diesel plants in five countries.

In 1912, the inventor visited the U.S. to discuss with friends the possibility of promoting wider use of his engine in America. Because fuel was cheap in the U.S., there was less interest in harnessing diesel power than in Europe. None the less, Dr. Diesel predicted a tremendous future for the diesel engine in America, and his prophecy has more than come true. Diesel power drives streamlined trains, diesel buses are in service in the streets of most American big cities, and many skyscrapers develop light and power from their own diesel plants.

But tragedy was only a few months away when Dr. Diesel returned home after his American visit in 1912. Two friends crossed the Channel with him on the night of his disappearance. One was Georges Carels, head of the diesel factory at Ghent. The trio dined cheerfully, and then strolled on the deck. When they went below, Diesel left the others as they passed his cabin. A moment later, he tapped on Carels' door, shook his hand heartily and wished him good night. It seemed a little unnecessary.

"I will see you in the morning," he said, and those were his last words. They found his nightshirt on his pillow, still folded, and his watch carefully hung on his bag.

Over a week later, a Dutch boat pulled a body aboard. It was battered beyond recognition, and after removing the contents of the pockets, they dropped it overboard. Later a coin purse, a pocket-knife and a spectacle case were identified as Dr. Diesel's.

But with international tension at fever heat, and diesel-powered submarines straining at the leash, melodramatic stories quickly arose. It was rumoured that he had been pushed overboard by German secret agents. In a newspaper article a man who said he had served on a German submarine told how "the traitor Diesel met the end he deserved." These stories are still printed now and then.

The truth was revealed years

later in Eugen Diesel's biography of his father. Behind the façade of Rudolph Diesel's confident manner, his big house in Munich and his position of world renown, he was at the end of his tether. All his property was heavily mortgaged; he faced bankruptcy, to him an intolerable disgrace. Wanting a fortune to push his engine ever further into popularity, he had speculated in Munich house property and had lost heavily. After his death it was found that he owed £75,000, while his assets came to only £2,000.

"If my friend Diesel had only said one word to me!" exclaimed a millionaire manufacturer. There were

a dozen other men who would have helped him, but his stubborn pride forbade.

He had discussed methods of suicide with his son, and the boy, never dreaming that his father was serious, said that he thought the best way was to jump off a fast-moving ship. When he left for England, his farewells were unaccountably affectionate.

Channel crossings are dismal affairs at best. He was alone after an evening of forced cheerfulness, and impending disaster loomed before him with double force. He went back on deck and before him lay the dark, oblivious sea.



Cartoon Quips

WIFE TO HUSBAND, inspecting new refrigerator: "The salesman said it's something new—no defrosting—no worry about power failure—all you have to do is put a cake of ice in it every day!"

MOONING teen-age daughter to mother: "Mother, were you ever in love?"

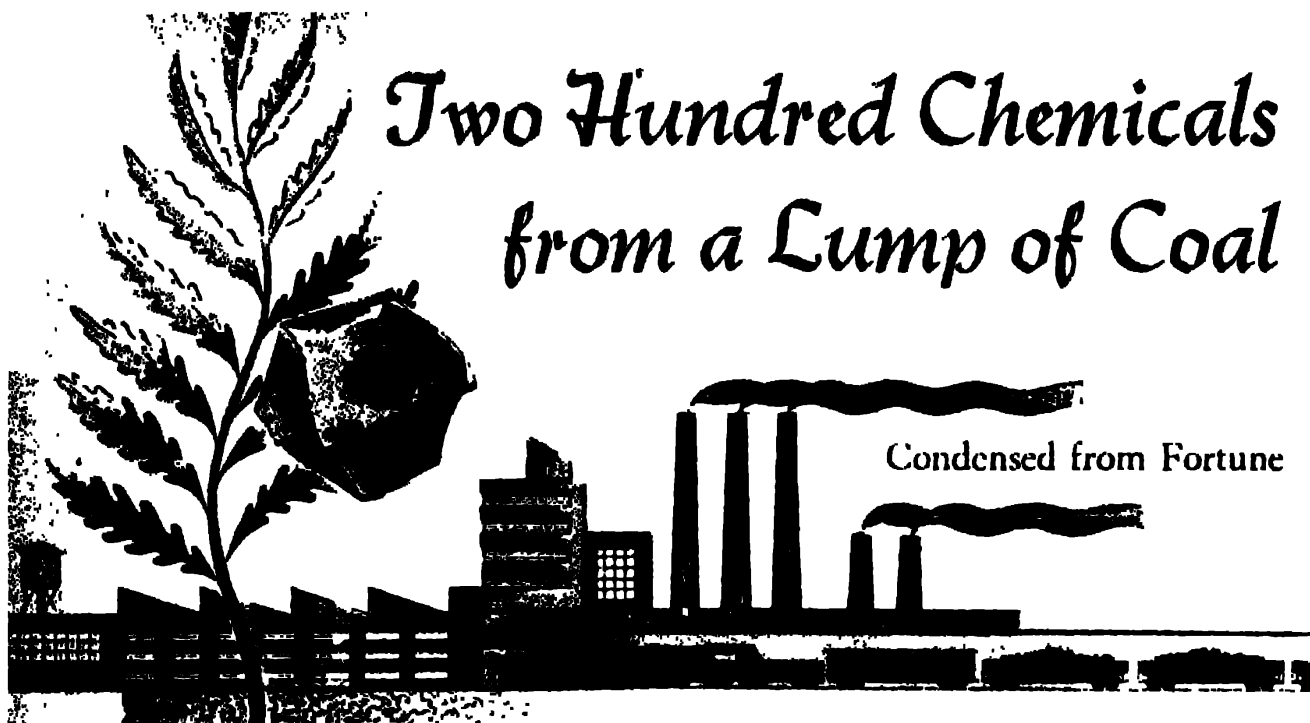
CHEMIST TO CUSTOMER: "Take the yellow pills if the pink ones make you feel bad—The pink ones are to be taken if you get a reaction from the red ones—The red ones are for your cold——"

MAN, refusing drink, to host: "No more for me, thanks! My wife might have to drive home and you know how dangerous *that* is!"

ONE MAN TO ANOTHER: "I felt fine this morning until I woke up. . . ."

Whatever a woman looks askance at
Her husband takes a second glance at.—G.W.

Two Hundred Chemicals from a Lump of Coal



WHEN THE TECHNICAL history of our time is written, one of the great events will be seen to have occurred last year in the village of Institute, West Virginia. There, hemmed in by dark, carboniferous mountains and the Kanawha River, the world's first commercial coal-hydrogenation chemical plant was brought into operation last spring by Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Co. From the big, black, \$11,000,000 pilot plant—in size and scope unlike any pilot plant before it—the first tankers of chemicals are now beginning to move out.

Coal hydrogenation might be ranked in importance with the oil industry's great fluid catalytic-cracking process, but its implications go much farther. With this new tool, Carbide is opening a whole new field of chemicals to mass production and industrial exploitation. At the same

time, it is probing what may be one of the few economic routes to the production of petrol and other liquid fuels from coal. Meanwhile, Carbide expects to get upwards of 200 chemicals from a lump of coal. It is in all respects a stunning engineering achievement.

The coal-hydrogenation process goes back to 1913, when the noted German chemist Dr. Friedrich Bergius discovered that coal could be liquefied by hydrogen under high heat and pressure to produce, among other things, oil products. To oil-hungry Germany, that was the shining goal. By 1927 I.G. Farben engineers were crudely producing motor fuels by the Bergius process. Hitler promptly clamped the process into the Reich's war economy. Freezing it in an early stage of development, the Nazis built 12 plants, which supplied some 85 per cent of Ger-

many's aviation spirit for World War II. Little attention, however, was paid to the production of chemicals.

The Carbide people started with an entirely different concept, which was to completely by-pass the production of fuels. And they have now come up with a process that knocks the technical spots off the German process. Altogether, Carbide has thus far spent on research, development and pilot plant about \$20,000,000 (£7,000,000) of its own money—a compelling example of unfettered enterprise, minding its technical knitting, taking its risks and out-distancing the world.

It began for Carbide in 1935. That year the company was steered into a long-range investigation of coal which was, at the beginning, pure insurance. There were then recurrent, dire predictions that the United States would run out of natural gas, oil and, along with these, petroleum gases, in ten to 20 years. From these gases, and from nothing else, Carbide had woven its whole panoply of chemicals. Without them, the huge chemical works at South Charleston, West Virginia, would be left high and dry. But all round Charleston, and in many other locations, were tremendous reserves of coal, which might be made to yield gases to keep Carbide's pipe-lines flowing, and much else besides.

The dire predictions, of course, didn't come off. But meanwhile Car-

bide's chemists had caught the glimmer of a vast new field to be conquered in coal. With no immediate ends or profits in view, Carbide's management continued to put patient money into exploring coal hydrogenation.

It soon became obvious that no chemical process could establish itself broadly in this new field without cheap coal. Carbide attacked that problem with verve and developed a remote-controlled mining machine that is now mining coal at a rate promising a new low level in costs.

The machine is a squat, electric-driven, caterpillar-track monster, with one biting row of tungsten-carbide-tipped cutting wheels up at the front. It is operated from a control shed, perched on the side of a mountain, from which it proceeds to gnaw into a coal seam, throwing a stream of broken coal behind it by means of a conveyer. As the monster disappears into the mountain, through the three-by-ten-foot hole it is digging, additional lengths of conveyer are hooked on to its rear.

Two "feeler" cams on the outer edges of the machine's cutting head send back electric impulses to oscilloscope tubes in the control shed. An operator reads on the oscilloscope the comparative hardness of material through which the machine is cutting and steers it by remote control to keep it on the soft seam.

The monster's range is limited only by the amount of electric cable and conveyer it can drag. So far it

has gone in 600 feet unattended, with 1,000 feet a nearby goal. And it has been mining coal at the rate of nearly two tons a minute, piling up as much as 1,200 tons in 24 hours.

A three-man crew can handle the whole machine—one operator, plus two men to hook on conveyers and stand by. This works out to about 130 tons of coal mined per man per three-shift day. The machine is limited mainly to shallow, exposed, horizontal seams, but the United States has millions of tons in such locations.

Meanwhile, the big pilot plant was a-building. The four years it took are witness to the toughness of the problem. The crushed coal-and-oil mix piped into the first stages of the process, along with hydrogen, was a highly abrasive paste that eroded ordinary high-grade chemical pipes, fittings and valves in a few hours. The pressures of the hydrogen reaction required development of huge, cannon-like retorts and the largest special stainless-steel forgings ever made in the United States. The reaction called for high heat under close control, and the process had to wait upon the development of special equipment and techniques to get into continuous-flow operation.

The big economic advantage of the process is speed. Carbide's engineers dramatically reduced the average reaction time of the German process from 45 to four and a half minutes, and they think this can be cut to one minute.

Over the old coke-oven production of many of the same chemicals Carbide's process has advantages even more dramatic. Per ton of coal, it will yield five to eight times more naphthalene, 60 to 80 times more phenol. What is more, it will produce some chemicals, such as aniline, which are almost completely destroyed in the high temperatures of coke ovens. So far, Carbide has identified more than 100 chemicals in the mixture of gases, liquids and solids that it gets from hydrogenating coal, many of them heretofore unavailable commercially.

But it is calculated that 60 per cent of sales will come from new chemicals for which Carbide literally has no idea as yet as to markets or uses.

"That isn't a proposition a banker would risk money on," says Carbide's president, Dr. J. G. Davidson, "but we will."

Carbide's confidence derives from the familiarity of the situation. Four of its chemicals which had no uses 25 years ago—ethylene oxide, ethylene glycol, ethylene glycol mon-ethyl ether and ethanolamines—last year hit a volume of over 890 thousand tons. Carbide expects remarkable things to happen when its new chemicals appear in quantities at reasonable prices.

No synthetic liquid fuels are now produced. Carbide feels that it makes no sense to go to all this extra work and expense to get petrol when from the same materials.

using less energy and less hydrogen, it can get chemicals worth four times as much.

Some interesting prospects are in view, such as: quinoline, starting material for nicotinic acid (vitamin B) and also for a new rot-resistant textile chemical; gamma picoline, base for the spectacular new TB drug; and a possible whole new range of phenolic plastics. The new coal chemicals will eventually run the gamut from agricultural chemicals to dyes to drugs to explosives to textiles.

From this new fountainhead of materials, Carbide expects to more than double in size in not too many years. This expectation is not to be

discounted. Carbide has been introducing new chemicals at the astonishing rate of one a month for 25 years, and it sees no cause to slow down now.

This is what economist S. H. Slichter calls the "new X factor" in economics, which is the power of technological research to create new investment and new wealth, quite apart from any rise in volume of spending, population or other traditional indexes of economics, simply by creating new markets where none existed before. It is a factor still overlooked by many orthodox industries and economists. And it leads, out of self-interest, into a net gain for humanity.

Russian Know-How

A VISITOR, ushered into the director's office of a model factory in the U.S.S.R., was impressed by an imposing production chart on the wall.

"Oh, yes," said the director. "During the first year we produced only 5,000; the second year 50,000; the third year 500,000. This year we'll probably manufacture a million."

"A million?" gasped the visitor. "A million what?"

"These," said the director, handing him a neatly printed card which read: "Out of Order."

WHEN a Russian worker left his factory at the end of the day pushing a wheelbarrow full of straw, a guard halted him and carefully examined the straw, but found nothing. Each day the performance was repeated, and each day the guard found nothing, no matter how carefully he searched.

After a month of this, the guard said to the worker: "Look, I'm about to be sent to the Urals; so you can talk freely to me. I give you my word I won't tell. But I'm curious--what are you stealing?"

"I'm stealing wheelbarrows!" the worker confessed.

-H.B.



Condensed from
The New York Times

SHE IS, this young lady, standing still for a moment, just long enough to allow a ruler to be put on top of her head and a pencil mark to be made on the wall. And the next minute she has disappeared. She will reappear in time for dinner, or there will be a telephone call saying that she is having dinner at the house of someone whose last name one does not quite catch but whose first name sounds familiar. Knowing by now that this is a sensible young lady one is not concerned, only mildly surprised.

So the tape measure is applied

from the floor to that mark on the wall—twice, to make sure that there has been no mistake. It is not possible that this young lady who a moment ago was standing there, wearing shoes with flat heels, is six inches more than five feet tall, but the evidence is plain. The senior lady of the house, the top of whose head is something less than five feet six inches from the floor, sighs and says that it all began when the junior young lady asked if there were not somewhere she might put the dolls that for some years had been cluttering up her bedroom.

That seemed to be a typically irrelevant feminine observation until one realized suddenly that it was true. The child with her dolls had been replaced by a young lady without dolls, who began to evince an interest in dress, stopped biting her fingernails, bought a lipstick, and on a special occasion went out self-consciously into the world wearing her first pair of long stockings. In no time at all very young gentlemen began to ring the doorbell and their voices were heard occasionally on the telephone, until then the exclusive property of girls. Ballroom dancing was discovered to be even more fun than square dancing.

One must realize, says the senior lady of the house, who is wise in such matters, that one of these days a very special young man will be requesting this young lady's hand in marriage.

It is not easy to accept thus casually the passage of time. Not long ago a cake with six candles burning bravely upon it rested on a table in the room which the senior lady of the house now appraises for a wedding reception. Perhaps one had better attend a wedding or two while there is still time, she suggests, to refresh one's memory. The duties of the father of a bride are simple, but like many simple things are not always carried off well.

It will be rather quiet for a time after the young lady moves out to set up her own household; one had best be prepared for that, too. In

due course grandchildren will make their appearance, says the senior lady, and the grandparents will be called upon to perform the duties of baby-sitters. One ventures that it is first necessary to adjust oneself to the idea of being a grandparent. But the lady of the house, busy scheming, seems already quite well adjusted to that idea.

It is at this point that the tall and slim young lady in question re-enters the house with a loud banging of doors. She is adjured to be, please, a little less coltish. She is reminded that she is now a young lady. After all, isn't she 13 years old?

Travel Talk

NO ONE can speak so contemptuously of the American tourist as the French. Last autumn *Le Monde*, often critical of the United States, printed an article which began:

"He has the fresh complexion, the clean-shaven face, and confident walk of a free man who has solid currency in his pocket-book. Sure of the superiority of his way of life, he professes condescending sympathy for the natives. He finds that these people know nothing about comfort or sanitary conditions, that they are lazy and because of this, poor.

"Since he enjoys ideal democracy at home, he is burning to teach it to others. Since nothing resembles anything at home, the cooking seems indigestible, the beds uncomfortable, the trains not on time, the civil servants unconscientious.

"On the other hand, he likes the country. He has the feeling that if a really efficient and methodical race—his own—improved the place it would be a good country to live in. But while waiting, the native population will just have to be put up with, for what it is. The native population finds him rather irritating. A large number of them wish he would go back home, since everything there is so fine.

"No," concluded *Le Monde's* writer, "I'm not thinking of an American tourist in France, but of the French tourist in Spain."

—*Time*

GERMANY'S

Condensed from Look

LONELY JEWS

William Attwood

DR. HERBERT LEWIN, chief gynæcologist of the Offenbach City Hospital, is one of Germany's lucky Jews. He lives in a pleasant apartment with his wife and four-year-old daughter. He has a satisfying job, money in the bank and a circle of new friends—Gentiles mostly, as there are only 14 Jews left in Offenbach.

True, his appointment to the hospital in 1949 was held up for three months because of his faith (the City Council thought German women wouldn't feel safe with a Jewish doctor). True, Dr. Lewin's former wife and two sons perished in Nazi gas chambers; true, he almost died in concentration camps (one after another, for five years). But he survived with his health and sanity unimpaired, and he has landed on his feet. In Germany, this makes him a very lucky Jew.

When Hitler came to power in 1933 there were 535,000 Jews in Germany. Nearly 300,000 managed to emigrate in the next six years. During the war the Nazis murdered more than 180,000 of those who

remained—together with six million other European Jews.

Today, about 24,000 are left. These fall into three categories. About 8,000 are refugees from Eastern Europe (mostly Poles). Another 10,000 are Jews who fled Germany in the '30s and returned after the war. Many are intellectuals—actors, writers and lawyers who, because of their German language and culture, found it difficult to practise their professions abroad. Others came back to claim property which the Nazis had seized and to which they are now entitled under the restitution laws. This category is the best adjusted—relatively speaking.

The remaining 6,000 are survivors of the concentration camps. Most are elderly—and too weary or too German to start life anew in Israel. Lonely and confused, they huddle together in Jewish charity homes; they subsist on German old-age pensions, on indemnification payments, on the relief provided by Jewish charitable organizations in other countries.

Only ten per cent of all these Jews are gainfully employed. More than

60 per cent are wholly dependent on charity. Almost all have one thing in common: they cannot sponge away the memories of 12 years of Hitlerism. Many have seen their entire families wiped out. Memories and ghosts squat in the ruins of every gutted synagogue; they linger in the expression of every German who utters the word *Jude*.

"Maybe I'm imagining things," said a Jewish shopkeeper in Munich. "But if I'm jostled in a bus I can't help wondering if it's intentional. And then I think, 'Maybe he had a hand in murdering my mother and father.' And then I have to get off the bus."

Much of the Jews' extreme sensitivity is irrational. You won't find much anti-Semitism in Germany today. The only political group with avowedly anti-Semitic tendencies—the Socialist Reichs Partei—has been enjoined by the federal government from holding meetings or distributing propaganda. Many Germans acquired a grudging admiration for Israel's fighting prowess in its war with the Arab states. "They have more respect for the Jews now," explained an American official. "Einstein's achievements never impressed them as much as those Israeli victories."

The vast majority of Germans genuinely deplore what Hitler did to the Jews. But they don't like to be reminded that it happened in Germany. It's a distasteful subject. Bring it up and most Germans will

say that they never knew what went on in the Nazi camps or—if they did—they were powerless to prevent it. Today, the Jews remind them of something they'd like to forget.

"The few Jews I meet make me feel ill at ease," said a businessman in Düsseldorf. "They look at me as though I were supposed to apologize for Hitler. It gets on my nerves."

Millions of young Germans have never even seen a Jew. Nevertheless, there is an evil residue of Nazi teaching that cannot be exorcised in a few short years.

An official of Frankfurt's Jewish congregation recently spoke before a group of young German trade unionists. After the meeting he was surrounded by a friendly but curious throng. "They stared at me," he recalled, "as though they were surprised to find I was a human being. They asked me what it felt like—being a Jew."

Such attitudes are reflected in subtle yet significant ways calculated to make Jews feel uncomfortable. For example, four Jewish DPs at the Bavarian State Labour Office last spring were assigned jobs with the same contractor who employed them as slave labourers during the war. A coincidence? Not likely.

Such pinpricks cause many German Jews to feel apprehensive about their future now that the nation is on the threshold of independence. No longer will they be able to count

on the comforting presence of the Allies. The Germans will run the whole show.

Is this anxiety justified?

Certainly not so far as the contractual agreement is concerned. The federal government has pledged itself to guarantee victims of Nazi persecution every right accorded other citizens.

In September 1951 the Bundestag (except the Communist and SRP members) gave Chancellor Konrad Adenauer an ovation when he said that it was every German's duty to show the greatest humanity and generosity towards the Jews "for the unspeakable crimes perpetrated in the name of the German people."

Under the restitution laws, Jews have already received 600,000,000 marks (£51,500,000) worth of assets—slightly more than half the 68,000 claims filed against Germans. In two years this part of the restitution programme should be completed. At the same time, Jews who were in concentration camps more than four months receive five marks for every day they were imprisoned.

Chancellor Adenauer and President Theodor Heuss have expressed their intention to root out racial discrimination wherever it crops up. Among the Jews holding prominent positions in Germany today are three Bundestag deputies, the vice-president of the supreme court, the rector of Frankfurt University and the secretary of the mighty Federation of German Trade Unions.

Finally, the federal government in August freely consented to pay the state of Israel 3,320,000 marks—largely in exports of manufactured goods—as "moral reparations" for the crimes committed against European Jewry. The Germans will probably deliver their "moral reparations" promptly. German businessmen regard Israel as a big potential consumer of German products.

In its pains to make amends to the Jews, the government has the support of a few private organizations, notably Erich Lueth's "Peace With Israel" movement. This group is raising funds to buy olive trees for planting in Israel as a gesture of German good will. Some German churchmen are striving for reconciliation with the Jews; and U. S. Army chaplains have sponsored inter-faith meetings to bring Germans and Jews together where they can shed their mutual distrust.

But perhaps most encouraging of all is the healthy attitude of some of the youth towards the Jewish problem. Jewish leaders told me that students, particularly in Berlin, Hamburg and Frankfurt, are in the forefront of the fight against intolerance. In Stuttgart, for example, university students recently demonstrated against a film produced by the notorious ex-Nazi Veit Harlan. The picture would have been an insult to the city's surviving Jews.

One thing about the future is fairly certain: there's little chance of a revival of violent anti-Semitism.

Not only are the Jews too insignificant a minority but the present government, the powerful trade unions and the opposition Socialist party are in the hands of men who have no use for neo-Nazism. Therefore, so long as Germany's leaders are men of good will—as they are today—the Jews have no reason to be afraid.

But it's likely that Germany's lonely Jews will get lonelier, for their average age today is 52, and one in four is past 65. Of some 3,500 Jewish congregations, only 106 have been reconstituted. Without immigration—and not many Jews will return to Germany—only two congregations, in Berlin and Munich, are certain to exist 20 years from now.

The dead and departed Jews have already been a tragic loss to Germany. They provided a dynamic element in German commerce and culture. They founded its banks, stimulated its arts, enriched its science and literature.

Sensitive Germans are aware of this loss. They hope the Jews will

come back. But much remains to be done, on both sides, before the climate will be right.

"The first step is financial compensation," Herbert Blankenhorn, the Chancellor's top political aide, told me. "The rest is a matter of making the Jews feel welcome. That will require education. Our schools and universities must take the lead."

Some Bundestag deputies are promoting a plan to grant scholarships to 500 students from Israel as a means of spurring mutual understanding. Eventually they hope to establish a student-exchange programme. Many Germans of part-Jewish ancestry—they number at least 30,000—are organizing inter-faith groups for the same purpose. They regard themselves as a bridge between Germans and Jews.

With time and patience and mutual good will, perhaps the ghosts of 12 years of Nazism will fade away. Meantime, the ghosts are still there. They may not stalk the streets, but they haunt the dreams of the Jews.

A POLICEMAN arrested two men and confiscated a pair of loaded dice. In court, each man accused the other of owning the dice. "Constable," said the magistrate, "did you take these dice without a search warrant?" The policeman nodded sheepishly. "You had no right to," said the magistrate. "Give them back immediately."

One culprit stuck out his hand to retrieve the dice. The magistrate promptly sentenced him to 3 months and freed the other.

—A.P.

*"Not more than one in 20 marriage problems
springs from actual adultery"*

THIS, TOO, IS INFIDELITY

Condensed from Your Life

The Rev. Margaret Blair Johnstone

THE DICTIONARY has been required reading for all couples I marry, ever since the night Joan came to me about David.

She was upset about her husband's late working hours. She said he didn't answer his office telephone at night, that his office was dark, and that he had not brought home any overtime pay. In spite of my arguments that there could be a good reason for these facts, Joan was convinced David was being unfaithful to her.

"I'm having it out with him tonight!" she cried.

Later, a frantic Joan and a white and shaken David came to my study. "Apparently you have more faith in me than my wife has," David declared. "What's left to a man when he finds out that his wife is faithless?"

"I—faithless?" Joan bridled.

"Yes. Faithless," repeated David. "Without faith. Look it up in the dictionary!"

"But how did I know your telephone was disconnected at the switchboard, or that you worked in the back file room at night, or that you were saving your overtime pay for my birthday?" Here Joan broke down and sobbed.

"Faith is what you have when you *don't* know, isn't it?" David asked quietly. Turning to me, he said, "Everybody harps too much on the adultery side of infidelity. This is infidelity too, isn't it—this doubt?"

I reached for the dictionary. David was right:

"Infidelity: Want of faith or belief; atheism or disbelief in God or religion; scepticism; unfaithfulness in married persons; adultery; unfaithfulness to a charge or to a moral obligation; treachery; a deceit."

It is significant, I think, that one word expresses both marital faithlessness and lack of religious faith. For a successful marriage must be built on the same strong, unswerving faith that is found in religion.

Sometimes infidelity in wedlock

demonstrates itself in adultery. Far more often it is non-adulterous faithlessness, as in Joan's case, which undermines marriage.

Another common infidelity is, as the dictionary's definition states, "unfaithfulness to a moral obligation." How many of us go back on our wedding vows?

Women promise to honour their husbands "for richer for poorer." If you nag your husband about his earning power, you are being unfaithful to your vow.

Have you neglected the moral obligation you assumed when you promised your husband that he was getting a "wedded wife to have and to hold"? Are you a responsive mate? Or don't you consider that the satisfying of sex needs is a moral obligation? If not, you may be guilty of another type of infidelity mentioned in the dictionary: deceit. Over and over again as a counsellor I find some form of conscious or unconscious fraud underlying marital tensions.

Most women before marriage think they will be capable of meeting their husbands' sexual needs. Rather than admit later that they have overestimated their inclination, some women start what may be a completely unconscious process of deception. Instead of frankly working through the adjustments every marriage requires, they develop an illness or a fatigued or nervous state which excuses them from marital duty.

Wives are not the only ones who commit the infidelity of deceit, nor is sex the only area in which it appears. Consider financial matters. "I should have realized that his reluctance to discuss money matters before we were married meant trouble," one woman explained. "But he always seemed to have money and he kept talking about our future family. Now I find that he is dead set against children because it would mean giving up my job and my salary."

Cultural interests and leisure activities are frequent subjects of deceit. "You used to be wild about sports," Bill accuses Sarah.

"Was I?" she answers. "You once enjoyed going to plays and concerts."

"Well, we're married now," Bill replies, "I don't have to keep up with that highbrow stuff any longer."

Yet another type of infidelity is treachery. This involves betrayal; in it we humiliate our loved one, in the eyes of others or in his own eyes.

The marks of this marital treachery can be detected in everyday conversation. At a party recently a husband, speaking about his wife, said: "You want Carol to run for president of the club? That's a laugh. Why, she hasn't got any more executive sense than a rabbit." And a wife, in the presence of her husband, said to her daughter: "Why should I go to your school fashion

show? On your father's salary I couldn't afford a new hankie!"

Add to these the personality foibles, in-law tangles and business secrets you have heard married people reveal about each other, and then ask yourself: Do I commit the treachery of personality exposure? To get sympathy do I demolish the pride and self-confidence of the one I have promised "to love, cherish, honour and keep"?

However deep the subsequent remorse, nothing can restore the intimacy killed by exposure of personal affairs. No attempt to make up for it can quite replace the *rapport* riddled by public disparagement.

A vow in the marriage covenant says: "Forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him." You don't have to have an affair to adulterate the emotional relationship between you and your mate. You can displace your fidelity just as thoroughly by continuing to cling to your mother, for instance.

It happened to be a woman, but it is just as often a man, who complained to me, "Sunday is the only day we have together. Yet every Sunday we go to his family's house. If we don't he's in a tizzy all day wondering how to pacify his people,

and he blames me for hurting their feelings."

"There's no reason why she can't take this trip with me," a husband complained bitterly. "Our son would get excellent care at my sister's. But that child takes all of my wife's affection and time."

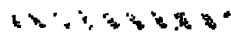
Occupational interests can also discourage adherence to the person to whom you owe first loyalty. Many husbands are guilty of displaced fidelity through over-devotion to their jobs. And working wives are frequently unwise in the management of their careers. "She got so wound up in that job of hers that she just hadn't time for the rest of us."

In my experience as a counsellor, not more than one in 20 marriage problems stems from actual adultery. Well over half the cases, however, involve some other form of unfaithfulness. In one instance I remember, it was a child who accurately diagnosed his parents' marital ills.

"Mother," he asked, "what does 'married' mean?"

"Why, it means mothers and fathers promise to love and honour each other all the rest of their lives," that mother answered.

"Then you and Daddy aren't always married, are you?" he countered.



FAITH is not trying to believe something regardless of the evidence. Faith is daring to do something regardless of the consequences.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

YOU HAVE two main word reservoirs: the one you draw from to understand what you read and hear, and the one you use to make others understand you. Keep filling these two and your power will grow apace. Before looking at the A, B, C and D choices below, write down your own definition of each word. Then check the word or phrase you think *nearest in meaning* to the key word. The answers are on the next page.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| (1) FISSURE (fish'ur)—A: <i>a lie</i> . B: <i>slenderness</i> . C: <i>fragility</i> . D: <i>a crack</i> . | (11) REFECTORY (re fek' tō rī)—A: <i>disregard and violation</i> . B: <i>a room for study</i> . C: <i>a chapel</i> . D: <i>a hall set apart for meals</i> . |
| (2) LARGENOUS (lahr' suh nus) A: <i>extravagant</i> . B: <i>sexually immoral</i> . C: <i>lying</i> . D: <i>thievish</i> . | (12) AUGURY (aw' gyu rī) —A: <i>a dispute</i> . B: <i>a type of altar</i> . C: <i>a place of refuge</i> . D: <i>an omen</i> . |
| (3) EXCRETE (ex creet') —A: <i>explain carefully</i> . B: <i>increase in size</i> . C: <i>cut out</i> . D: <i>throw off by normal discharge</i> . | (13) DOTAGE (dote' ij)—A: <i>dislike</i> . B: <i>feeble-mindedness due to old age</i> . C: <i>extreme laziness</i> . D: <i>conscientiousness</i> . |
| (4) ASPERSIONS (ass pur' shuns) A: <i>a scattering</i> . B: <i>superficialities</i> . C: <i>the act of diverting from a course</i> . D: <i>clandestine rebuffs or remarks</i> . | (14) RETICENCE (ret' i sence)—A: <i>modesty</i> . B: <i>the habit of saying very little</i> . C: <i>strength</i> . D: <i>prudence</i> . |
| (5) FIASCO (fee ass' kō) A: <i>a retreat</i> . B: <i>a humiliating failure</i> . C: <i>an explosion</i> . D: <i>an ornate decoration</i> . | (15) NEOLOGISM (ne ōl' ō jizm) —A: <i>a new word or phrase</i> . B: <i>a disease</i> . C: <i>an error in grammar</i> . D: <i>a new philosophy</i> . |
| (6) RECOMPENSE (rek' um pense) A: <i>average</i> . B: <i>make no longer opposed</i> . C: <i>to pay back</i> . D: <i>to take back</i> . | (16) SLOTHFUL (slōth' ful) —A: <i>fat</i> . B: <i>lazy</i> . C: <i>stubborn</i> . D: <i>ignorant</i> . |
| (7) ESPRIT (es pice')—A: <i>lucky wit</i> . B: <i>dissipation</i> . C: <i>impractical idealism</i> . D: <i>shallowness</i> . | (17) PYROTCHNICS (py rō tek' niks) —A: <i>a brilliant and sensational display</i> . B: <i>the science of sound</i> . C: <i>eloquent gestures</i> . D: <i>the science of heat</i> . |
| (8) ICHTHYOLOGIST (ik thi ōl' ō jist)—A: <i>a specialist in the field of insects</i> . B: <i>of plants</i> . C: <i>of fish</i> . D: <i>of birds</i> . | (18) DECIBEL (dess' i bel)—A: <i>a unit of measurement of sound</i> . B: <i>of heat</i> . C: <i>of light</i> . D: <i>of power</i> . |
| (9) DIFFERENTIAL (def ur en' shūl)—A: <i>marked by disagreement</i> . B: <i>respectful</i> . C: <i>jawing</i> . D: <i>marked by doubt</i> . | (19) BOWDLERIZE (boud' lur ize)—A: <i>to expurgate</i> . B: <i>to overthrow</i> . C: <i>to boast</i> . D: <i>to impoverish</i> . |
| (10) INDITE (in dite')—A: <i>to introduce</i> . B: <i>to charge with a crime</i> . C: <i>to put into words or writing</i> . D: <i>to insult</i> . | (20) PRIMEVAL (pry mee' vul)—A: <i>primitive</i> . B: <i>heavily wooded</i> . C: <i>savage</i> . D: <i>intensely inquisitive</i> . |

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **FISSURE**—D: Latin *fissura*, from *findere*, "to cleave." And so, a crack, cleft or split; as, "We have tried to form a solid political bloc where no *fissure* will be tolerated."
- (2) **LARCENOUS**—D: Originally from the Latin *latro*, "robber." Hence, thievish, given to defrauding others, full of plans for committing thefts; as, "He has a *larcenous* mind."
- (3) **EXCRETE**—D: To throw off by normal discharge; as, "The healthy skin *excretes* water and some waste matter." The Latin *excernere*, which breaks up into *ex*, "out," and *cernere*, "to separate."
- (4) **ASPERSIONS**—D: Slandorous reports or remarks; malicious charges; defamations; injurious imputations; as, "He cast *aspersions* on his friend's character."
- (5) **FIASCO**—B: A humiliating failure; as, "The new play was a pathetic *fasco*."
- (6) **RECOMPENSE**—C: To compensate for loss or for damage done or, simply, to pay back; as, "I would always *recompense* him for his services." From *re*, "again," and the Latin *compensare*, "to balance."
- (7) **ESPRIT**—A: A French borrowing, meaning lively wit; spirit; as, "Her *esprit* illuminated the whole evening."
- (8) **ICHTHYOLOGIST**—C: One versed in the branch of zoology that treats of fishes. From the Greek *ichthys*, "fish," and *-ology*, meaning "study" or "science."
- (9) **DEFERENTIAL**—B: Respectful; having a courteous regard for another's wishes; as, "He was *deferential* even to his inferiors."
- (10) **INDITE**—C: To put into words or writing; to compose; as to *indite* a letter or a poem.
- (11) **REFECTORY**—D: A hall set apart for meals, especially in religious houses or colleges; as, "It was an ancient *refectory* of gracious proportions."
- (12) **AUGURY**—D: An omen; a prophecy; a portent or sign; as, "The advance of our armies is an *augury* of hope for the world."
- (13) **DOTAGE**—B: Feeble-mindedness due to old age; senility; as, "The gentleman is old, but not in his *dotage*." Of obscure derivation.
- (14) **RETICENCE**—B: From the Latin *reticentia*, "silence." And so, the habit of saying very little; a disposition to keep silent; secretiveness; as, "We are used to the habitual *reticence* of military officials."
- (15) **NEOLOGISM**—A: A new word or phrase not yet sanctioned by good usage. From the Greek *neos*, "new," and *logos*, "word."
- (16) **SLOTHFUL**—B: Lazy; indolent; idle; sluggish; as "a *slothful* servant." From the Old English *slaw*, "slow."
- (17) **PYROTCHNIKS**—A: A brilliant and sensational display, as of fireworks. Hence, very witty or emotional oratory; as, "His speech was filled with all the *pyrotechnics* of a Guy Fawkes celebration." From the Greek *pyro*, "fire," and *techné*, "art" or "skill."
- (18) **DECIBEL**—A: A unit for measuring sound; as, "Ordinary conversation lies between 40 and 60 *decibels*."
- (19) **BOWDLERIZE**—A: In 1818 Thomas Bowdler, an English physician, published an edition of Shakespeare from which "those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family." So people began to use *bowdlerize* as a synonym for "expurgate."
- (20) **PRIMEVAL**—A: Primitive; dating from the earliest times; as, "Strange beasts roved those *primeval* forests." The Latin *primævus*, "youthful," from *primus*, "first," and *ævum*, "age."

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct exceptional
19-17 correct excellent
16-13 correct good



Hero When He Had to Be

Condensed from The American Weekly

Edwin Muller

THAT NIGHT in 1941 as Max Manus climbed the stairs to his apartment, he had no premonition that the police would be there waiting for him.

Of course he was never free from the feeling that they'd get him some day. The Norwegian Resistance was still new, but Max had few illusions about his chances. Either there would be a knock on his door in the middle of the night or, as he walked in the streets of Oslo, he would hear the curt command: "Halt! Your papers."

As he opened his door and went in, they jumped on him before he had time to turn on the light. There were six of them: Norwegian *statspoliti*.

They took away the gun in the holster under his armpit and the

*The epic of Max Manus,
most renowned fighter in
the Norwegian Resistance*

other one strapped to his leg. Then they tore the rucksack off his back. In it were papers that held damning evidence. What could he do? He had grenades hidden in the bathroom. They let him in there, but two of them went with him, keeping close. No chance to get the grenades.

Back in the room the leader was going through the papers. Max measured the distance to the window with his eye. Then, glancing towards the door, he gave a fake start of surprise. Six pairs of eyes turned and in that instant Max dived through the blackout paper and the

glass pane and crashed on to the pavement two floors below.

He came to in the hospital. As he struggled into consciousness he heard a voice saying: "But it would be stupid to take this man to be shot. He will die here—and soon. His back is broken."

Max drifted into unconsciousness. When he came to again a nurse was there, and a doctor too. The doctor bent down and whispered: "You are not going to die. Your back is not broken—only two vertebrae loose. Before long you will be able to move."

Day and night the *statspoliti* kept two guards posted outside the door and the doctor told Max that he was having trouble in convincing the police that he was too ill to be moved. "They say they'll not wait much longer to try you."

Soon Max was able to get out of bed. Cautiously he practised taking a few steps.

The window of his room was boarded up because of air raids. But at the top was a hinged section. Max calculated that if he could climb up there he might just squeeze through. When the nurse came in he gave her a name and an address and long whispered instructions.

Next day when the nurse entered she was walking with a stiff leg. She had brought a short fishing rod, with reel and line. She told Max the escape was set for that night, at 3 a.m.

From midnight onwards Max kept looking at his watch. Finally it

was 2.50. He got out of bed, took the fishing rod out of the cupboard, attached the lead sinker to the line and let it down through the window. It was then 2.55. At exactly 3 a.m. he felt a tug on the line.

So far, so good.

Max reeled in the line. Attached to its end was a rope, which he tied to the bed. Then he scrambled up and squeezed through the opening. It was snowing and as he slid down the rope an icy wind tore open his hospital shirt and struck his bare back like a whiplash. His comrades caught him, hurried him to a car and wrapped him in warm blankets. As they drove through the dark streets they heard the scream of the police cars arriving at the hospital.

THE *statspoliti* never got Max Manus again. He lived to become the most renowned hero of the Norwegian Resistance. In Oslo recently I heard how, almost single-handed, he sank ships, blew up munition factories, terrorized the Nazi invaders. He sounded like a Viking demigod and it was therefore a surprise to meet him.

Max Manus is an inconspicuous little man in his late 30s, with sandy hair and mild blue eyes. He is a salesman of office equipment. He and his wife and their two small children live in a suburb of Oslo. When you try to find out from Max what it was like to be a hero, you discover that he was scared all the time. Night and day, for five long years, he was

never free from the burden of fear.

After his escape from the hospital Max was ordered to London for a course in advanced sabotage. The journey took him seven months. From Norway, dodging the frontier guards, he went on skis across the snowy passes into Sweden, thence by train to Odessa, then to Istanbul, where he had a narrow escape from Nazi agents. (By now he was a marked man.) He went on to Suez, down the Red Sea, round the Cape and across the Atlantic to America and so to England.

In London Max's course in sabotage included the use of "limpets," flat tin cases of high explosive, to be attached by magnets to a ship's hull below the water-line.

He was dropped by parachute in the snow-covered mountains of Norway and made his way on foot to Oslo. Fear hung over the city like a fog. The secret police, Germans and Norwegian Quislings, were everywhere. People walked about the streets in silence, afraid to talk openly to their best friends. But Max made contact with the Resistance and soon he was back at the stealthy, dangerous work of the saboteur. On orders from its leaders in England, seven plants working for the Nazis were destroyed: an aircraft factory, acid factories, an oil reserve plant, a ball-bearing factory, a locomotive works, the administration building of the Norwegian Railways. In most of these operations Max took a leading part.

When you ask Max Manus about these exploits today, he shrugs them off. "They were just jobs that had to be done." What was the most exciting job?

Perhaps it was the business of the troopship *Monte Rosa*.

The *Monte Rosa* ferried troops between Oslo and Germany. Her destruction was assigned to the Resistance.

The area round the dock where the *Monte Rosa* tied up was enclosed by a high barbed-wire fence. There was always a guard at the gate; other guards were on the dock. When the ship was docked precautions were intensified. Hitler himself could hardly have got through the gate. Searchlights played all night on the water round the ship.

But a water-front worker suggested that under the dock were cross-beams broad enough for a man to lie on. Two men might get down there before the ship arrived from Germany, stay on the beams during the two or three days she was in port and fix explosives to her side. The charges would be timed to explode at sea.

It looked like a good plan. The only flaw was that it might cost two lives. But the Resistance decided that the *Monte Rosa* was worth those lives. Max and his friend Gregers Gram were given the job.

Dressed in worn overalls, Max and Gregers drove a delivery van up to the water-front gate. In the van were two big workmen's chests.

hidden under the tools were 12 limpet bombs.

Max explained to the guard that they had come to repair cables under the dock. They produced the proper permits. The guard examined the papers, then went to the back of the van. He opened the boxes and started to turn over the tools. Just then another van drove up fast. The driver blew the horn and shouted: "Hurry up, can't you?" The guard waved Max and Gregers on and turned to deal with the second van, whose driver was a fellow member of the Resistance.

Max and Gregers deposited the two boxes in a blind passage, never used, and drove away.

Next morning they were back on foot. They nodded casually to the guard, showed their permits and went in. Now to get the boxes under the dock—on which a German sentry stood guard.

While the sentry watched, they hauled the boxes towards a ladder that led underneath. When they got within two feet of the ladder the sentry challenged: "What are you doing here?"

"We are to repair the cables under the dock. These things are heavy. Won't you give us a hand with them?"

The guard looked at Gregers, then at Max. Then he reached down and helped them lift the boxes.

Under the dock they were in darkness. The beams and concrete foundations were cold and slimy to the

touch. Below was the oily water in which floated garbage and refuse.

They had to get the boxes across to the other side of the dock where the *Monte Rosa* was expected to berth. It was like creeping into a cave. The timbers overhead were so low that they had to crawl on their stomachs. Nails protruding from above ripped their clothing. Then—the beams ended. It was only a gap; the beams resumed farther on. But it was impossible to swim the gap with 50-pound chests.

For a long time they lay there on the beam. Then a thought occurred to Max. In one of their hide-outs in Oslo was a rubber boat, the kind that aeroplanes carry. They crawled back and scrambled up the ladder. At the gate they grinned sheepishly at the guard.

"We forgot some tools." The guard let them out.

There was a bad moment when they came back with the boat folded in the bottom of a tool kit. Would the guard inspect it? By now, however, they were a familiar sight and he waved them through. A little later, with their boxes, they were lying on the beams on the side of the dock where the ship was expected.

They were down there three days.

The first day was bearable. They had sandwiches and a bottle of brandy. It helped them endure the stench. Rats scurried and squealed round them, and at night the creatures came closer. They smelled the sandwiches. Their eyes gleamed in

the dark. They seemed as big as cats. Max and Gregers spent the night taking turns in fighting them off.

On the second day they heard noise and shouting overhead; then they heard a ship's whistle. Presently a great hull slid alongside the dock.

The *Monte Rosa* was in port two days. Max and Gregers waited until the last moment. They waited almost too long. Working from the rubber boat, they fixed the last limpet just as the hull began to move. The suction drew the frail boat alongside and seemed about to pull it under. Max and Gregers caught hold of a beam and managed to drag themselves free. Then they cut holes in the little boat and sank it.

It was a bad moment when they climbed the ladder and thrust their heads above the dock. But no guard was looking. They scrambled out.

A few days later the news came from England: the *Monte Rosa* had exploded at the dock in Copenhagen. The ship was out of commission for months. Later on, with another companion, Max repeated the *Monte Rosa* exploit on her sister

ship, the *Donau*; her sunken hulk still lies outside Oslo harbour.

The war ended before the Nazis could even the score with Max Manus. He doesn't know how long it might have been before they caught him. He feels he was lucky. But he was also very careful. He didn't take any unnecessary chances. His friend Gregers Gram was not so careful. He let himself be ambushed in an Oslo café one night. Five Nazis came at him. Gregers reached for a grenade, but they shot him first.

Today, sitting in his pleasant suburban home, Max Manus likes to remember the fine spring day after the war when he rode down the main thoroughfare of Oslo in an open car with the King and Crown Princess of Norway, and all the city was in a turmoil of celebration.

Life has been safe and cosy ever since that day, and Max Manus doesn't like to think about the years that went before. He found them too frightening. Not being the hero type, he likes it when things are normal. You get the impression that he'd fight to keep them so.



Feminine Logic

ATTEMPTING to park our car recently, my wife dented the bumper of an occupied car parked at the kerb. She completed an accident report form for our insurance company, and asked me to check it before posting it. I found everything in order until I came to the question: "What could the driver of the other vehicle have done to avoid the accident?"

Her reply: "He could have parked his car somewhere else." —G.H.J.

My Fishpond

*Condensed from
The Atlantic Monthly*

Stephen Leacock

It is a beautiful secluded spot, embowered in a little cup of hills, my fishing pond. So steep are the banks, so old and high the trees, that scarcely a puff of wind ever ruffles the surface of the still, black water. At its widest it must be 200 feet—the most skilful fisherman may make a full cast both ways.

Let me say at once, so as to keep no mystery about it, that there are no fish in my pond. So far as I know there never have been. But I have never found that to make any difference to the men I bring there for an afternoon of casting.

They are people who can really fish—experts. And if there are no fish in the pond, at least they never know it. They never ask, and I let it go at that.

If I took out ordinary men, they would very likely notice that they got no fish. The expert doesn't. He knows trout fishing too well. He knows that even in a really fine pond, such as he sees mine is, there are days when not a trout will rise.



He'll explain it to you himself; and, having explained it, he is all the better pleased if he turns out to be right and they don't rise.

Trout, as everyone knows who is an angler, never rise after a rain, nor before one; it is impossible to get them to rise in the heat; and any chill in the air keeps them down. The absolutely right day is a still, cloudy day, but even then there are certain kinds of clouds that prevent a rising of the trout. Indeed, I have only to say to one of my expert friends, "Queer, they didn't bite!" and he's off to a good start with an explanation.

At the pond I keep all the apparatus that goes with fishing—a punt, with lockers in the sides of it, a neat

little dock built out of cedar (cedar attracts the trout), and, best of all, a little shelter house, a quaint little place like a pagoda, close beside the water and yet under the trees. Inside is tackle, all sorts of tackle, hanging round the walls, and also a waterproof mackintosh or two, for you never know—you may be caught in a shower just when the trout are starting to rise. Then, of course, a cellarette cupboard with decanters and bottles, and ginger-snaps, and perhaps a pot of anchovy paste—no one wants to stop fishing for mere hunger. Nor does any real angler care to begin fishing without taking just a drop (Just a touch—he careful! Whoa! Whoa!) of something to keep out the cold, or to wish good luck for the chances of the day.

I always find that these preliminaries of angling are the best part of it. Often they take half an hour. There is so much to discuss—weights of tackle, the colour of the fly to use, and broad general theory, such as whether it matters what kind of hat a man wears. One of my best guests is particularly strong on hats and colour. "I don't think I'd wear that hat, old man; much too dark for a day like this."

"I wore it all last month," I said.

"So you might, but that was August. I wouldn't wear a dark hat in September; and that tie is too dark a blue, old man."

I admit that sometimes the guest gets a little restless over the lack of

fish. So I say to him, "You certainly have the knack of casting!"—and he gets so absorbed in casting farther and farther that he forgets the fish. Or I take him towards the narrow upper end of the pond and he gets his line caught on a bulrush—that might be a bite. Or, if he still keeps restless, I say suddenly, "Hush! Was that a fish jumping?" That will silence any true angler instantly. "You stand in the bow," I whisper, "and I'll paddle gently in that direction." It's the whispering that does it. Some of the men I take out begin to whisper a mile away from the pond and come home whispering.

You see, after all, what with frogs jumping, and catching the line in bulrushes, or pulling up a waterlogged lump of wood nearly to the top, they don't really know—my guests don't—whether they have hooked something or not. Indeed, after a little lapse of time, they think they did: they talk of the "big one they lost." "Do you remember," they say to me months later at our club in the city, "that big trout I lost in your fishpond last summer?"

"Indeed I do," I say.

"Did you ever get him later on?"

"No, never," I answer. (Neither him nor any other.)

Whenever the sight of the pond bursts upon the eyes of a new guest, he stands entranced. "What a wonderful place for trout!" he exclaims.

"Isn't it?" I answer.

"No wonder you'd get trout in a pond like that!"

"No wonder at all."

"You don't need to stock it at all, I suppose?"

"Stock it!" I laugh at the idea.

Stock a pond like that! Well, of course not!"

After an afternoon of fishing, the guests will say, "I'm glad that they weren't rising. After all, we had just as much fun as if they were."

Lament for the Steam Whistle

William Chapman White in New York Herald Tribune

AT THE RATE at which railways are putting on diesels and taking off steam locomotives, the steam whistle is going the way of the harmonium and the hokey-pokey man.* Diesels may be more economical and speedier, but they have no device for making steam. In place of the steam whistle is the diesel air horn.

It is difficult to describe accurately the sound that comes from that air horn. It is not whistle, blare, bleat, quack, caterwaul, bray or screech, but it has something of all those sounds. To some people it has the tone of a loose moose, betrayed and forlorn, crying his anger through brass tonsils. To others it is the shriek of a tone-deaf owl. It was probably invented by a deaf genius who, to this day, does not know what he put together.

The steam whistle was a beloved sound on the American air. Particularly at night and from a distance. It was a full-throated sound, and when it came from far off on the night air it could mount a man on his imagination and set him travelling to towns and cities, lands and seas that he would never see. It brought a sense of assurance and of the rightness of things. Small as a village might be and isolated, there was a little of the rest of the world rushing by; the steel bonds that bind the land in silence had for a moment a pulse and a throb.

The train whistle marked the hour and sometimes ended the evening. Many a house waited for the 9.53 to whistle for the crossing; when the last tone had echoed into silence someone put the guard in front of the fire and said, "Time to go to bed." The steam whistle might at times stir up restlessness in anyone weary of the same four walls for ever, but it also had a deeper tone of "all's well."

* A street-vendor, selling a cheap kind of ice-cream.

It's not a new Bible the scholars
now present; it's actually the oldest

A Bible for the 20th Century



Condensed from Collier's

Herbert Yahraes

ONE DAY last March a clergyman pressed a button and started the presses rolling on one of the most tremendous publishing jobs in history—the printing of the new authorized revision of the King James Bible.

The usual order for the first printing of a book is five or ten thousand copies. The order for the new Bible was for approximately one million copies. It was divided among four printing plants, in Edinburgh, Teterboro, New Jersey, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and New York City. The combined output of these plants went on sale throughout the English-speaking world on September 30.

Into the production of the new version—called the Revised Standard Version—went the efforts of a committee of 32 scholars who worked for 14 years to make sure that the new work would take advantage of recent archaeological discoveries,

and that it would be more accurate and easier to understand than any Bible before.

Certain improvements are noticed quickly. The type face—chosen after consultation with 300 typographers, publishers and churchmen—is fairly large. The text is broken up not into verses of a few lines each but into paragraphs, though the old verse numbers are kept. (The verse idea goes back to a 16th-century printer who wanted to key the text to a reference book he planned to publish.) What was poetry in the original Bible—and 40 per cent of the Old Testament was—is printed as poetry. The archaic *thou* and *thee*, *thine* and *thy* are rarely used except when God is addressed, and the old verb endings, *-est* and *-eth* are dropped. The “be-gats” are gone, replaced by “was the father of.”

The Revised Standard Version is the fifth authorized Bible to appear

in 400 years. The first was printed in England in 1539, during the reign of King Henry VIII. Called the Great Bible, it was a revision by Myles Coverdale of his own and William Tyndale's first English-language translations of the Bible.*

The second authorized version, the "Bishops' Bible," the work of several Anglican bishops, was placed in the churches in 1568, but never became popular.

Roman Catholic scholars who fled from Elizabeth produced in exile the Rheims and Douai version. Translated from Latin (instead of the original Hebrew and Greek), this version is essentially the English Bible which Catholics use today. American Catholic scholars are making a new translation, of which the first eight books of the Old Testament went on sale in October.

The famous King James Version of the Bible, the third authorized version, on which a committee of 47 scholars worked almost four years, came out in 1611 but did not become popular until the middle of the century. For more than 200 years it was the only Bible most English-speaking people knew.

In 1885 English scholars produced a fourth, the English Revised Version, to correct numerous errors in the King James, and a slightly different American edition came out in 1901. Neither version became popular. The translations were too

literal. Most people continued to read the King James for its beauty and force.

The Revised Standard Version of the King James Bible had its start in 1929, when the International Council of Religious Education, representing 40 denominations in the United States and Canada, appointed a committee of scholars, headed by Dean Luther Weigle of the Yale University Divinity School, to explore two questions: Is there need for Bible revision? If so, what kind should it be? After two years of study, the committee reported that the time had come to revise, but that the King James Version should be followed except where it was wrong. Modern scholarship had uncovered nearly 6,000 errors in the New Testament alone.

It was 1936 before money for the project could be raised. Finally, Thomas Nelson & Sons, publishers of Bibles in the United States since 1896, agreed to publish the new work and co-operate in the financing. The revisers—grouped in two sections, Old and New Testament—began work in December 1937 at Union Theological Seminary, New York. The revisers checked one another's work, verse by verse, in the light of the ancient texts. When, after full discussion, a point remained in dispute, a two-thirds vote settled it.

Outside groups offered suggestions while the work was in progress. Temperance workers wanted it

* See "The Book by My Side," *The Reader's Digest*, May, 1952.

pointed out that the wine in the New Testament was "unfermented grape juice." The committee decided against this change. A women's group complained that the King James revisers had produced a "masculine" Bible by translating as "man" a Greek word that should have been translated as "one." For example, argued the women, *Matthew* xxi. 3 should read: "And if anyone [not *any man*] say aught unto you . . ." And *Revelation* iii. 20: "If anyone [not *any man*] hear my voice . . ." The committee agreed.

But those were minor problems. A more difficult task was to ferret out words that have changed in meaning during the past 300 years. For instance, in Elizabethan times "anon," "presently" and "by and by" all meant "immediately." When Salome danced before King Herod and was asked what she wanted, the King James Bible says that she wanted the head of John the Baptist "by and by." The Greek shows that she wanted it at once.

The 17th-century translators had God *apparently* speaking to Moses; reference to the Hebrew word showed that He spoke *clearly*—which is what "apparently" used to mean.

To many readers, one strange counsel of the New Testament is the admonition, "Take no thought for the morrow." "Do not," says the new translation, "be anxious about tomorrow." There is no

change in meaning, just in the English usage.

The Epistle to the Hebrews urges them "to do good and to communicate," using the 17th-century meaning of "communicate." The new version tells the readers "to do good and to share what you have."

There are more than 300 similar instances. The Israelites weren't *harnessed* when they went out of Egypt; they were *equipped for battle*. It wasn't *outlandish* women who caused Solomon to sin, but *foreign* ones.

The old version also had some definite mistranslations. Josiah is reported to have "brought out the grove from the house of the Lord . . . and burned it." Actually what he brought out was the sacred tree or pole of the goddess Asherah.

Up till the 15th century, copies of Biblical texts were made by hand, and occasionally words were omitted. In Genesis, the King James Version says: "And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him." Ancient translations into Syriac, Greek, Latin and Samaritan all had what Cain said, and so has the new version, "And Cain said to Abel his brother, 'Let us go out to the field.' And when they were in the field," and so forth.

Sometimes, too, in the old version, something was added. The Lord's Prayer, as reported in *Matthew*, ends: "For thine is the king-

dom, and the power, and the glory, for ever." The new version, like the version used by Catholics, omits these words; a footnote explains that they did not appear in the original Greek.

New archaeological discoveries are behind other revisions. One of the most recent finds occurred in 1947, when a Bedouin shepherd stumbled upon a cave near the Dead Sea and found several big clay jars* which contained ancient scrolls. Religious authorities and archaeologists examined the jars and the script, and announced that here were Old Testament texts, notably the book of Isaiah, dating back to about 100 B.C.—ten centuries older than any other Hebrew text known to have survived.

Thorough study of the Dead Sea scrolls led to a dozen minor changes. In *Isaiah* iii. 24, for example, the King James Version has the phrase, "... there shall be burning instead of beauty. . . ." The new version makes it read, "... instead of beauty, shame. . . ."

The most noteworthy point about this find, however, is that it has led to so few corrections. Here, in the case of one of the Bible's most important books, is a text that brings us 1,000 years closer to the original, yet is almost precisely the same as the texts with which scholars have been working since mediæval times.

Some changes in the new version

make it easier to understand the geography of Biblical times and to use maps in connection with Bible study. The city the King James Version calls Noph was better known as Memphis, and Chittim as Cyprus. The new version uses the more familiar names. It also says "the Nile" or "the Euphrates" instead of just "the river" or "the flood."

The most important archaeological discoveries of the past 75 years have been not ancient Bible texts but ordinary Greek writings, on papyrus—letters, wills, contracts. Studying them, scholars have found that the everyday Greek language in which the New Testament was written differed considerably from the classical Greek known by the King James scholars. The difference was roughly like that between the language of today's newspaper and Shakespearean English.

In the King James Version, the apostle Paul in his letter to the Romans says, "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." By New Testament times, however, the classical Greek word for "simplicity" had acquired a new meaning—"liberality." Paul was not telling the giver to give simply, but to give generously.

The parable of the sower lists "the deceitfulness of riches" as one of the things that choke out the word of God. The evidence of the papyri is that it should be "the delight in riches."

* See "Atomic Calendar Measures Time," *The Reader's Digest*, March, 1952.

After nine years of evaluating both old and new research material, the members of the New Testament section of Dean Weigle's committee finished their work, and that part of the Bible was published in 1946. One million copies were sold the first year and another million have been sold since.

In June 1951, the scholars working on the Old Testament held their final session. Most of Dean Weigle's list of points to be discussed, which had totalled 909 mimeographed pages, had been disposed of. One major point remained—how to translate the Hebrew word *chesed*, which appears many times in the Old Testament as an attribute to God. The King James Version speaks of God's mercy. But recent research shows that *chesed* expresses something more than mercy.

The committee finally agreed that it meant "a loyal devotion grounded in love which goes beyond legal obligation and can be depended upon to the utmost." The problem was to select the English word or words that most nearly expressed this meaning. Almost unanimously, the scholars voted for "steadfast love." *Psalms* 136, for example, declares that it is the Lord's steadfast love that endures for ever.

For most members of the com

Thomas Nelson, of Edinburgh and London, who have been publishing bibles and religious books since 1798, call the Revised Standard Version of the Bible "the *newest* bible from the *oldest* sources." They have published it in Britain at 30s., cloth bound. Some controversy was inevitable, but the new version has on the whole been favourably reviewed in the Press. The *Daily Express* regretted that the Revised Standard Version had not been "written in the jewelled language of the Authorized Version," while the *Manchester Guardian* called it "a product of first-class scholarship, essentially reliable," and the *Record* said, "It is hard to imagine a more successful combination of a necessary modernity and precision with dignity of diction."

mittee, the decision on *chesed* on June 24 brought to an end 14 years of work. The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., which holds the copyright to the new version, thinks the scholars have succeeded in their efforts.

"We haven't been changing the Bible," Dean Weigle says. "With the aid of the oldest manuscripts yet known and with new knowledge of Greek and Hebrew vocabularies, we have really been recovering it. In that sense, this new Bible is actually the oldest."

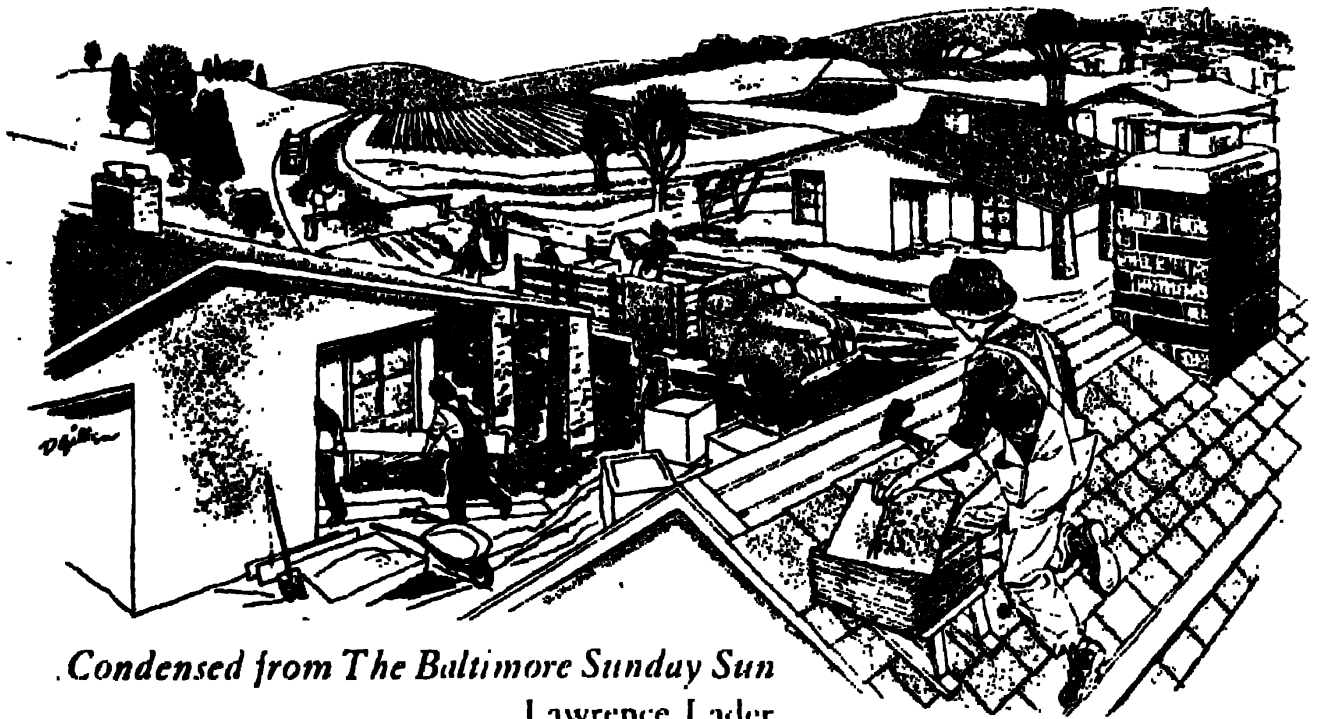


*T*IGHT shoes are the greatest blessing on earth. They make you forget all your other troubles.

- J.B.

Birth of a City

A new house every 16 minutes in Levittown



Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun
Lawrence Lader

A PENNSYLVANIA housewife looked out of her living-room window recently at the flat, sweeping spinach fields where workmen were starting to hammer in lines of stakes. Soon bulldozers began to clear rectangular sites. After them came concrete-mixers, laying one foundation after another. In a few days the fields were filled with wooden house frames—one new house was being completed every 16 minutes. Almost overnight part of a great city had sprung up.

This miracle is a routine spectacle for the first residents of Levittown, the fastest-growing city in the world. Four thousand homes were completed by the end of 1952; in the

next two years 12,000 more. In ten short years it is expected to be one of the 50 largest cities in the United States, with a population of more than 200,000. Its creators, Levitt and Sons, have, singlehanded, built a metropolis overnight.

The new city stands in rich, drowsy farmlands 25 miles from Philadelphia. Nearby, the United States Steel Co. will soon be employing 6,000 workers. Kaiser Metal Products has already expanded its working force from 1,500 to 5,000. Many other factories are moving into the area.

The demand for Levitt houses is overpowering. When the first model homes opened in December 1951

some 50,000 people tried to get into the estate offices. Traffic was tied up for ten miles round the development. But on that opening day and the next, \$2,000,000 (£700,000) worth of homes were bought. Today they are selling six months ahead. And 35,000 people still visit the model homes at a good week-end.

The Levitt house is a one-story, asbestos-sided structure with a low-pitched roof. It has an 18-by-12-foot living-room with a fireplace and wall-sized windows, three bedrooms, and a kitchen with an electric stove, an automatic washing machine and a compact heating unit that automatically controls radiant heating in the floor. A carport* is attached. With each house goes a 70-by-100-foot garden, planted with trees and shrubs. There are four house styles from which to choose; no two alike ever stand side by side. The price—\$9,990 (£3,500) is extremely low on the current U.S. housing market.

Levittown is the first large American city to be preplanned, down to the smallest lane and tree, since the French engineer Pierre L'Enfant laid out Washington, D.C., in 1791. The city is subdivided into a score of 800-home districts. Each district has a significant name. Lakeside, for example, encircles a lake. The name of every street in Lakeside begins with "L"—and so it is for the other districts.

* A projection of the roof of the house, supported by corner uprights, under which a car may be parked.

Each district is circled by a circumferential drive. Simply by following the drive a deliveryman will cross any street he is seeking in a matter of minutes. For through traffic, there are two high-speed boulevards. The two high schools and ten elementary schools are to be so located that no child will have to cross a main street to get to them. Recreation areas, including nine swimming pools, 18 playing fields, a lake and a picnic area, will be nearby.

A shopping centre of seven large buildings will house a complete department store, food markets, dress-shops and drug stores. Four smaller centres for local buying will be scattered in convenient districts. A modern, grey stone town hall with a large assembly hall and six meeting rooms has already been built for the city by the Levitts, who are also giving a dozen church sites.

The Levitts, only family in the world with a \$200,000,000 city of their own, are the largest builders of one-family homes in America. The father, Abraham, founder of the firm, is in semi-retirement, but he still oversees the planting of Levittown's 901,000 house trees and shrubs and 42,500 street trees—and personally chides householders who neglect them. The younger son, Alfred, is the architect. The firm's president is William J. Levitt, a fast-moving organizer who in less than ten years has become the Ford of the building business.

Every single item used in con-

struction, from the complex copper coils of the radiant-heating system to the smallest article, is precut and prefitted. Every workday, 48 goods wagons of material roll into the stock-piling yard where items are sorted, loaded on lorries and dumped in a package at each site.

Then the work crews move from house to house, each man with a specific job. One, for instance, does nothing but bolt refrigerators to floors. An exact time is allotted to each operation. Levitt knows the exact cost and quantity of everything in each house, from the 1,184 bricks to the 13 cents' worth of cement-coated nails. (Since the profit per house is estimated at only \$500, there is not much margin for error.)

The Levitts started buying land for their city in April 1951, six months after U.S. Steel had started building a plant nearby. Land prices, already rising, soon skyrocketed to five times their normal value. Farmers who had eked out a moderate living all their lives from their 100 acres suddenly found themselves wealthy and retired to Florida. Levitt's highest price was paid when one man held on to two acres in the middle of Levittown, asserting that he had promised the land to his tenant. He sold it for \$7,500 to the tenant, who promptly resold it to Levitt for \$48,000.

Many of the old residents are unnerved by the expanding metropolis in their midst. One local official lamented recently: "We had a nice

quiet place here. No problems, no headaches. Now you wake up each morning wondering what's going to break loose next." The nearby town of Fallsington, with the old Quaker meeting-house where William Penn worshipped, used to have one unpaid constable. Now seven full-time policemen and two radio cars are needed to handle the traffic.

The surge and turmoil of a city growing up round them have given the first residents of Levittown an aura of pioneering. "It's like living on a new frontier," said Mrs. Sylvia Olin. "Lorries rushing by continually. Bulldozers tearing up the ground. You feel you're sitting on a volcano."

And since Levittown's gardens are unplanted until after the owners move in, dust and mud are the symbols of pioneering. In an attempt to keep their floors clean, most families have adopted the custom of removing their shoes before entering the house.

Probably the only man untouched by the surging interplay of forces between the new city and the once-quiet countryside is a crotchety old farmer with 70 run-down acres on the edge of Levittown. His property has long been sought by Levitt's agents. But the old man keeps putting them off. "I grow the finest patch of weeds in this county," he tells them. "No hard feelings, mister, but I just aim to sit here." And there—despite the fastest-growing city in the world—he sits.

Life's Like That



CONSPICUOUS in the crowd at a ski centre near where I live was a busload of crippled children. "Oh," a little polio victim sighed wistfully, "if only we could *ever* do that!"

The ski-master was standing nearby and overheard. "Well, boy," he said, "you *can* do that, and at once!"

He picked up the astonished little boy under one arm, glided over to the ski tow, grasped the rope with his left hand and up they went, 500 feet. At the top he cradled the child in both arms and asked, "Comfortable?"

The boy nodded, speechless.

"Well, here we go."

Whoo-o-o-sh they went down the first dizzy drop, then out on to the open slope in great sweeping curves, skidding to a stop near the other children. Setting down his passenger, the ski-master gathered up another.

The other skiers, who had been waiting until the entire busload had experienced that ecstatic flight, say they know just how those children will look on the day they pass through heaven's gate. —C.L.G.

I WAS BROWSING about a toyshop when a well-dressed couple came in with their two children. "We want some toys to keep the children entertained," the mother said. "My husband and I both have jobs and the children are alone a great deal."

The assistant showed them a variety of games and play equipment, but to each there was some objection. "It seems to me," the mother finally said impatiently, "that if you knew what we are really looking for you could find it among all these toys."

The assistant sighed. "I'm sorry, madam. But I believe that what you are really looking for—and what your children want—is a mother and a father. And we don't sell those here."

—L.M.

MY FRIEND MARA, from Czechoslovakia, has unlimited faith in American institutions, but one summer afternoon I was sure she was in for a disillusionment. A group of us had gone on a picnic and suddenly Mara rushed to find a telephone. "I've just remem-

bered I've left a chicken roasting in the oven," she explained when she returned. "So I called the Fire Brigade and asked them to send someone to turn off the stove."

We tried to convince her that this was not exactly the Fire Brigade's function. But that evening her faith was abundantly justified.

Not only had a fireman turned off the stove when the chicken was done, but he had made an unusual gravy and had left the recipe, with a polite warning against future carelessness. —E.T.

MOISTURE DRIPPED from the elm trees and the ground was damp where 15 students crouched, their attention focused on a young man who, at regular intervals, gave the plaintive hoot of an owl. Presently there came a distant answering hoot, and the bird-study class moved cautiously, stopped, and their instructor hooted again.



For some 20 minutes the hooting and creeping forward continued, while the answering hoots grew louder and louder. Quietly the class rounded a small hill. Instead of sighting their quarry they came upon a young man, hooting mournfully. Behind him stood another group of cold, damp, eager students. —Mrs. J.H.S.

DRIVING THROUGH the American South last summer, my mother and I picked up a young man carrying a worn valise and all dressed up to kill. We were surprised to learn that his destination was New York City.

"You see, ma'am," he confided, "I only got married today. I always promised Sue we'd go to New York for our honeymoon—but there wasn't enough money for both of us to ride on the bus. So here I am, ma'am. I hope I get there before Sue does." —P.H.

AT A CHARITY bazaar, there was discontent among the handicraft workers because of wide differences in the prices attached to articles. Some craftsmen placed only a nominal value on their pieces, though the detailed workmanship must have required many hours to complete, whereas others valued their quickly made modernistic carvings at seemingly fantastic prices.

One morning one of the exhibitors brought in a striking example of modern sculpture. It was pale pink, and no one was quite sure what it represented, but there was no doubt about the price. The tag boldly read £15.

A visitor who admired the work remarked that the price seemed high. The exhibitor replied, "Not a bit. And you won't think so when I tell you that the lady who sculptured this rarity did it all with her tongue, and it took her almost a year to finish it."

The judges, knowing its origin, gave the sculpture first prize. It turned out to have been made from a block of stable salt. And the sculptress who had fluted it so neatly with soft curves was the exhibitor's family cow. —E.M.

America's biggest secret operation since D Day

Giant New Air Base at the Top of the World

Condensed from Life

Bill Brinkley

With additional material gathered by Life's staff

FROM OUT of the eerie Arctic twilight in March 1951, there descended on a modest airstrip in northern Greenland an airborne force of 600 men which carried with it, among other things, a 12-ton power shovel, perhaps the heaviest piece of equipment ever airlifted. Thus began America's biggest secret military operation since the mounting of the Normandy invasion: the establishment on Greenland, 900 miles from the North Pole, of a full-scale, year-round base for big bombers. Construction of Thule (pronounced Too-ley) Air Base, officially designated by the enigmatic title Operation Blue Jay, was a modern engineering miracle.

Formerly a joint

U.S.-Danish weather station with 18 observers and eight small buildings, Thule now has a 10,000-foot airstrip and 480 acres of snug barracks, fuel tanks, warehouses and heated hangars a dozen miles from



the 10,000-foot ice mountain of Greenland's eternal ice cap. It is still a joint U.S.-Danish enterprise.

Three months after the initial task force landed, the major invasion of 7,500 men sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, without its men knowing where they were going. Then Blue Jay ran into the first of a series of enormous obstacles. Winter ice was heavier than it had ever been in the memory of any living Eskimo. For days the ships were ice-locked. Their arrival had been scheduled for June 23; they got there on July 9. In Thule's North Star Bay icebergs jammed 46 ships into an anchorage suitable for only 26; ice damage caused 250 propeller changes. Working against great odds, the Army unloaded an average of 3,386 tons a day for 44 days. Thule is open for shipping for only 70 days a year. When the ships had to depart in September, leaving a forlorn 400 to man the base through the sunless winter, a lot had been accomplished.

Many engineering projects were pioneered. Among them was a floating fuel hose from ships to tanks ashore. The hose was later replaced by an underwater one. When a gasket in the underwater hose needed to be replaced, frogmen of a U.S. Navy Underwater Demolition Team did the job. The frogmen had been flown up to remove obstacles from the bottom of the harbour. For relaxation, they performed

a cold-water swimming test. Four of them swam a mile in 56 minutes in water temperature of 37 degrees.

In addition to ice, fog, cold and dark, Blue Jay's men had to cope with "permafrost", the permanently frozen ground which, congealed to rocklike hardness by aeons of primeval cold, lies about four feet below the surface. When an ordinary building is erected on it, the building's warmth gradually thaws the permafrost and the foundations sink. Consequently Thule's lighter buildings had to be erected on wooden, non-heat-conducting stilts, and then anchored with concrete weights to prevent their being blown away by the region's hurricane winds.

Heavier structures like the huge bomber hangars and machine-shops posed even bigger problems; their steel frames had not only to rest on piles, but the ground underneath them had to be insulated by thousands of feet of 12-inch pipe, closed in summer to keep the warm air out and opened in winter to let the cold air in. Thule's fresh water, distilled in the largest salt-water distillation plant in the world, cannot be piped to individual buildings because of the cold. It must be delivered by lorry.

In spite of these difficulties, the building at Thule went forward in an organized flurry of digging, dynamiting, scurrying earth movers and 100-ton earth compacters. On September 11, 1951, the first aeroplane roared off the runway.

Thule was first conceived as an air base by Bernt Balchen, famous Arctic flier, and the late Knud Rasmussen, explorer. The two met one night in 1927 in New York shortly after Lindbergh had flown the Atlantic. Balchen declared that the Arctic would one day have air bases. Rasmussen said a good one could be at Thule, an outpost he himself had visited.

Balchen never forgot the discussion. Two years ago he presented the idea to U.S. Air Secretary Thomas Finletter, who asked Lt. Gen. Lewis Pick, Chief of Army Engineers, if it was feasible. Pick, who built the famed Ledo Road, in Burma, in World War II, said yes.

Six months later the first civilian workers and Army Transportation Corps GIs landed on the dreary Greenland beach.

The men who carried out Operation Blue Jay form the toughest, ablest construction gang in U.S. history. The majority of the labour force are civilians, recruited in secret from the "cold states" belt. When hiring began in April 1951 the applicants were told only that they would be going overseas and to a very cold climate. They were given

MANNED with jet-fighter interceptors to protect it against surprise attack, the new Thule Air Base puts heavy bombers within what the U.S. Air Force calls, "easy striking distance of any military target in Eurasia." It affords a top-of-the-world springboard from which to launch retaliatory attacks and gives the United States and Canada an invaluable defence outpost in the event of air attack over the Polar Basin.

Col. Bernt Balchen observed that, even if the Thule base is never called on to play a warlike rôle, it would be well worth while as an investment in the future of commercial aviation. Its use would put Scandinavia's airlines 2,162 miles closer to the Orient and would shorten the London-Tokyo flight by 1,644 miles. Balchen said that the North Polar Basin, because of the short distances across it from the old world to the new, has become "the centre of the civilized world in today's air age" and predicted that, ten years hence, international airliners would be "going in and out of Thule in all directions."

(B. Allen in New York Herald Tribune)

extraordinary health, mental and aptitude tests. All trades were recruited, including laundrymen, a full-time music instructor, and a restaurant man to run the mess-hall.

Most of the men stay for the summer work season only—about five months. On the job they work ten-hour days, seven days a week.

For those who stayed during the whole year Blue Jay was an inhumanly cold, windy nightmare of four months' continuous darkness. Temperatures of 60 degrees below

zero were common and winds blew up to 150 m.p.h. Workers had to hold on to cables rigged between buildings to avoid being blown across the frozen tundra. It gets so cold that the motors of lorries and earth movers are run continuously, for fear that, once they have stopped, it may not be possible to start them again until the summer.

Blue Jay's men could work for only an hour or two at a time in the bitter dark of winter. In such cold, steel and rubber become brittle, equipment breakdowns are frequent, often necessitating desperate improvisation.

The U.S. Government has tried to ease this rugged regimen with a comprehensive recreational programme. Thule has a complete gymnasium; musical instruments and lessons are available for all who want them. They are very popular.

Guffey's Tavern (the name stems from the "guff" to be heard there) is also a centre of interest. It serves beer only, and a favourite recreation is demonstrating how one can crush an empty beer can in one hand.

Except for the wives of the Danish and American weather-station chiefs, there are no women on the base.

Eating is one of the most popular of all pastimes, since the government provides plenty of good food. Steaks pose a problem, because when one gang is eating dinner another is eating breakfast; breakfast-goers sometimes try to crash the dinner line to begin their day with a sirloin instead of ham and eggs.

Notable at Thule is the lack of Eskimos, even though there is an Eskimo village not far away whose inhabitants take a mild interest in the white man's mechanical marvels (they have found that a pair of pliers is a wonderful aid in skinning a polar bear). Fraternization with the natives is forbidden because Eskimos have virtually no immunity to diseases like the common cold and measles, and such mild ailments could easily kill them.

The men who built Thule take justifiable pride in its fantastic progress. Said one: "When you go to work in the morning you have to look round at the new buildings and work out where you are." It was his way of saying that in two short summers Operation Blue Jay had transformed a forbidding Arctic wasteland into a snug, well-equipped air base.

—Mrs. B.K.

THE FAMOUS Madame Récamier said that she always found three words sufficed to make her guests feel their welcome. Upon their arrival she said, "At Last!" and when they took their leave she said, "Already?"

—Mrs. B.K.



*"He cleaned up foul places
and made them sweet"*

JUNGLE DOCTOR

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Harold H. Martin

DEEP in the Panama jungles a dugout canoe called a *cayuco*, pushed by a struggling outboard motor, pulls in to land opposite a native village. Out of it steps a short, stout, ruddy old gentleman with hair as white as Santa Claus's whiskers and a twinkling blue Irish eye. As he climbs spryly up the bank the wild people from all the jungle round descend upon him. Fat old women with huge rings in their ears clasp him to their bosoms. Men with filed teeth and black hair worn in Dutch-boy bangs pump his hands. Small naked children cling to his legs, chattering happily. A general air of festivity prevails.

To these manifestations of affection the visitor responds with equal warmth. He spans the old ladies jovially on the bottom, assuring them, in execrable Spanish, that he never saw them looking prettier. He compliments the men on the number of fine sons they have sired

since his last visit. He picks the children up and tosses them in the air, making them squeal. Then he gets down to business.

From a battered case he takes his needles and his glass slides for blood. First the children, then the women, then the men file past, inclining their heads as he deftly punctures their ear lobes, where the parasites of malaria seem to concentrate. He draws a few drops of blood, then passes round whatever anti-malaria drug he is testing at the moment, gossips awhile, climbs back into his canoe and moves on.

For more than 40 years Dr. Herbert Charles Clark, once of the University of Pennsylvania and, since its founding in 1929, the director of the Gorgas Memorial Laboratory in Panama, has been prowling the jungles of Central America. His career has been devoted to the pursuit of monkeys, mosquitoes, tree sloths, reptiles — anything that walks,

creeps, crawls, flies or swims which might add to mankind's knowledge of the fevers and dangers of the tropics. Unarmed and unafraid, he has gone among people who have scarcely seen a white man since the Spanish explorer Balboa stood on a peak in Panama's Darien Province in 1513 and stared at the Pacific Ocean. To him, the jungle, despite its reputation as a foul and pestilential place, is not only a vast laboratory full of scientific marvels but a restful retreat to which a man can go to find tranquillity of spirit.

Dr. Clark's most important work has been his assault upon malaria, the debilitating fever which causes more misery and more man-hours of labour lost than any other disease. For 20 years he has concentrated the work of the Gorgas Laboratory on discovering a means of malaria control at costs which a business or a financially hard-pressed Latin-American government can afford. In a restricted area like the Panama Canal Zone, where funds are abundant, police measures can enforce sanitation, swamps can be drained, ponds can be oiled. But no oil company, mining firm or fruit company can afford to drain the jungle swamps or oil each cupful of stagnant water standing in a million hollow stumps. The laboratory has therefore concentrated on a practical compromise, based on sprays and drugs.

Dr. Clark picked out a representative group of nine native vil-

lages in the centre of the isthmus. His first tests showed that more than 60 per cent of the people had malaria parasites in their blood. Month after month, year after year, he dosed them with each new drug he thought worth testing.

He found that when they were shaking with chills and fever the people would take their bitter medicines, but they wouldn't follow up with regular dosages when they recovered. So Dr. Clark devised a trick. There was in widespread use a popular pink pill which was supposed to make women more ardent and men more manly. Dr. Clark asked a U.S. laboratory to make a pill exactly the same in size, shape and colour, but composed of iron, quinine and strychnine, all good blood-building and blood-purifying ingredients. His villagers gobbled them avidly and begged for more.

Over the years the new drugs chloroquine and paludrine caused the malaria rate to show a spectacular drop. The introduction of DDT spraying in 1944 almost wiped it out. Last year, in Dr. Clark's experimental villages, the incidence of malaria was less than one per cent. The cost of drugs and spray amounted to 3s. 6d. a year per person. It appeared that Dr. Clark's search had ended. He had found a means of control that any labour employer and most governments could afford.

Lately, though, the DDT is not killing the mosquitoes as it did at first, and the malaria rate may be

expected to surge upwards again. But Doc is not licked yet. A new drug, primaquine, is supposed to be extremely potent against the parasite of malaria. If it will destroy the parasites in their human seed-beds, he will be satisfied. He is not trying to kill mosquitoes. He is trying to chase malaria cheaply from the tropic jungles.

Clark's tour of duty in the tropics came about by chance and was supposed to last six months, not 40 years. In his medical training at the University of Pennsylvania he specialized in gynaecology and obstetrics, but he also became interested in pathology. When General William Gorgas, famous for his successful campaign against malaria in the Panama Canal Zone, asked for a young pathologist for six months, Dr. Clark took the job.

His decision to stay on was due to a happy effect the tropical climate had upon a disease of his own. In his student days he had contracted a mysterious and severe itch. The dermatologists used to take him to meetings as an exhibit. After two months in Panama the trouble disappeared. When associates in the United States praise him for devoting his life to study in hot, fevered and insect-ridden lands, Doc says gruffly, "I only stayed there because I didn't itch."

He stayed also because in the jungles of the isthmus he found many things to fascinate him. His first hobby was orchid hunting, and

in the first few years he sent back to northern horticultural laboratories more than 1,500 beautiful specimens.

His census of the snakes of Central America turned in to the Harvard University Museum more than 14,000 specimens, including the deadly poisonous fer-de-lance, the bushmaster and the hognose viper. In his report he wrote, somewhat dryly, that a man's chances of being fatally bitten by a tropical snake were about equal to his chances of being struck by lightning.

When World War I came along he was commissioned in the U.S. Army and sent to Paris to study the pathological effects of poison gas. The old skin complaint returned in the temperate climate, so after the war he resigned his lieutenant colonelcy and hurried back to Panama.

In 1929 Congress appropriated funds for the establishment in Panama of the Gorgas Memorial Laboratory. Dr. Clark was the logical man to direct it. At a salary of \$10,000 (£3,500) a year, which he afterwards voluntarily cut so that his assistants could have more money, he began his work.

His capacity to endure the trials of jungle life has been sternly tested in the past three years. Early in 1949 there appeared in a Panama City hospital five cases of a mysterious and usually fatal disease that none of the doctors had ever seen; even the hospital pathologist was not sure what his microscope re-

vealed. The Canal Zone pathologist examined the slides. Here were the classic signs of yellow fever. He took the slides to Dr. Clark. The old man took a long look. He had seen nine cases of "yellow jack". There was no mistaking the evidence.

Proof that yellow fever was abroad in the jungle caused a tremendous commotion in medical circles. Laboratories of the world were scoured for scarce yellow-fever vaccine. Within a relatively short period Panamanian vaccinating teams immunized more than half a million people.

The toughest physical job fell upon Dr. Clark and his associates of the Gorgas Laboratory—the task of surveying the jungle animals and discovering how far-reaching was the reservoir of infection. For two years he and his hunters roamed the jungles, collecting blood samples from monkeys, sloths, squirrels, ocelots, porcupines, peccaries, anteaters. He hunted the forests from the Canal east to the Colombia line, in jungles few white men had ever seen, and from the Canal west to Costa Rica. Blood samples showed that many of the monkeys and a few of the other animals had had yellow fever.

It became important then to know how far north the disease extended — how close it might be

found to the population centres of Mexico and the southern United States. In 1951 Dr. Clark and his hunters went to Mexico. They found that in the state of Chiapas, the northernmost area in which monkeys abound, the fever was also endemic in animals.

The classic carrier of yellow fever is *aedes aegypti*, a mosquito which lives in towns, breeding in old tin cans. There were no *aedes aegypti* in the jungles and the men who had died were not town dwellers. They were jungle wood choppers. Two of Dr. Clark's young entomologists found the carrier—an iridescent mosquito that lived in the leafy canopy of the tallest trees and was dangerous to men only when the trees were felled.

The three-year monkey hunt was probably the last expedition into the jungle that Dr. Clark will make. Now 75 years old, he is a little tired and is thinking about retiring. When he does, the tropics and their people will miss him. Like Gorgas, who was his friend, "he was one of life's great helpers; he cleaned up foul places and made them sweet." And the profession will miss him, too, for, wandering the lonely jungles, looking with insatiable curiosity at every living thing, he has added many a fascinating bit of fact to the sum of human knowledge.

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The best way is to listen

HOW TO ARGUE

By Stuart Chase

Author of "Roads to Agreement," etc.

SUPPOSE a stranger tries to pick a quarrel with you, at a cocktail party, let us say, or a conference. He comes up and says: "I hear you like trade unions; well, they are nothing but a lot of rackets!"

Suppose further that you have a long and honourable record as an impartial student of labour problems, which makes this pretty nearly an insult. What are you going to do?

There are three obvious things to do—and one not so obvious. You can hit him. You can turn your back and walk away with as much dignity as you can summon. You can say: "You don't know what you're talking about!" and start a big argument. This will probably draw a crowd like a soapbox debate, and like such debates it will get precisely nowhere.

These are the normal courses of action, but this time, in the interests of peace, and of science, suppose you try an experiment. Stand your ground, put on as reasonable an ex-

pression as can be mustered, and say nothing at all.

Your man looks surprised, but soon rallies to the attack: "Everyone knows that unions are all run by racketeers!"

You continue to keep your foot hard on the brake. The essence of the experiment is to refuse to argue on big general statements, where nobody knows what the other fellow means. "Well," you say, "that's one point of view. Tell me some more."

Your man blinks and clears his throat. He is plainly disconcerted. "Well—er—it's a known fact, isn't it?" Now he is moving from offensive to defensive. If you are tempted to follow up the advantage, resist the temptation.

"Go ahead," you say, "I'm listening." And you *are* listening. You are trying to determine what makes him behave like this. Did he once get a rough deal from a trade union?

Your man opens his mouth, closes it, and goes into neutral. "Well, some people think they're rackets; what do you think?" This is the signal that the experiment has been successful! The attack has fizzled out. The man who came to back you into a corner is now asking your opinion. You can leave him disarmed, or you can continue the experiment. Suppose you tell him about a case of racketeering which you had personally investigated. "A very bad business." (You have saved



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his face by admitting he has a case; some American unions are indeed rackets.) "But now take the U.S. Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who sometimes even endorse bank loans to employers who are in trouble. One could hardly call that racketeering?"

Since you have listened to him, he is now willing to listen to you. He admits that the Amalgamated is a responsible union. He admits that he may be a little prejudiced. You can then discuss various other cases without emotion, on their merits. Both of you learn something which neither of you knew before. No fisticuffs, no enemies, no shouting, and no backing down on your part.

This ingenious technique was first outlined to me by a social scientist.

I have used it on a number of occasions with considerable success.

The essence is in *listening*. Don't hit, don't contradict, don't cave in or turn the other cheek. Just say: "Tell me some more, I'm listening."

Bernard Shaw once said that the degree of emotion in a controversy varies inversely with knowledge of the subject. And usually the offensive does have very few facts with which to back up its emotion! (I find that most attackers run out of wind in about three minutes.)

When you accept your attacker as a human being with a legitimate point of view, his self-confidence is not threatened; he will eventually try to find out what *you* think, and may go quite a way to agree with you.



Prayer at Eventide

BRING Thee now, O God, the parcel of a completed day. For I have wrapped it in my thoughts, tied it with my acts, and stored it in the purposes for which I live.

As the evening falls and while I seek Thy face in prayer, grant unto me the joy of good friends, the curative power of new interests, the peace of the quiet heart.

Bestow upon me, Eternal Spirit, light as darkness comes—

Light not of the sun but of the soul, not for the eye but for the mind.

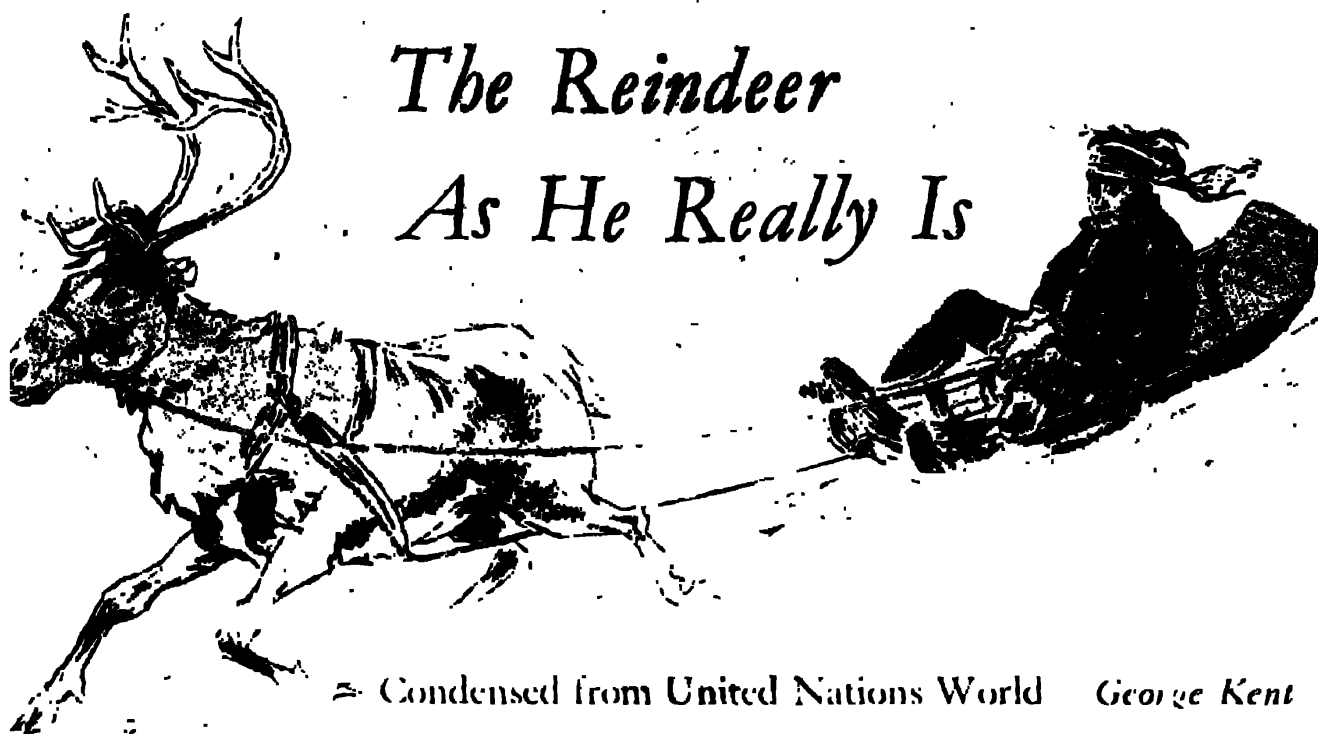
Light by which to judge the errors and the wisdom of the day's work.

Light for the path that the soul must find in the tangled ways of coming days.

And grant Thou again the healing touch of sleep. Amen.

—Perry Roy Hayward, *Young People's Prayers*

The Reindeer As He Really Is



Condensed from *United Nations World* George Kent

LIKE MOST PEOPLE, I never gave reindeer much thought, except perhaps at Christmas-time. I regarded them vaguely as large, good-humoured beasts which each year hauled Santa Claus about in his high red sleigh. Then I went up beyond the Arctic Circle to Finnish Lapland, where the Lapps drive, milk and eat reindeer; where, in short, the animal is part of everyday life.

The deer I got to know best was a morose, mangy little thing about the size of a Shetland pony. Though he was full-grown, I could have lifted him without much trouble. His coat was a frowsy brown-grey and he possessed only one horn.

I have heard reports of sweet tempered reindeer, but I did not meet any. If a Lapp wants to milk

a lady deer he has to lasso her, muzzle her with a rope and chain her to a fence or stump. The most milk he'll get is half a teacup. But it has about four times the butterfat of cow's milk, and a few drops are enough to turn coffee white. The Lapps freeze it and drop it into coffee like lumps of sugar.

Reindeer pull the Lapp version of a sleigh, which is called a pulka, but they never pull with gusto. A wild horse can be persuaded between the shafts of a wagon in a month or two, but it takes six months to train a reindeer, and to his dying day he feels he has been unlucky. The pulka hasn't much in common with the glossy double-runner sleighs of Christmas cards. It is more like a boat, six feet long, two feet wide and a foot high. It

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Originating in the mouth

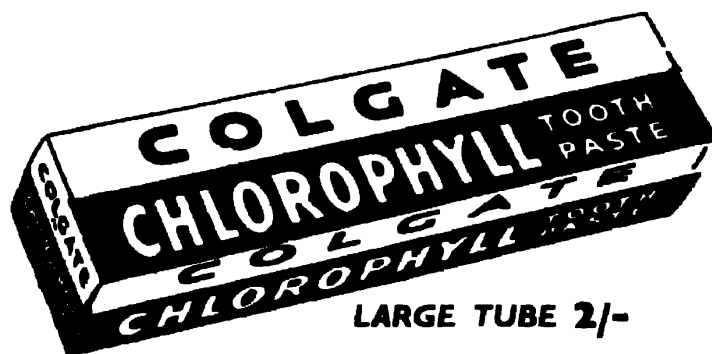
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skims over the snow on a broad keel.

My Lapp guide was loath to let me ride alone because he thought it would be too dangerous, but I did it. There are no shafts, and the harness is merely a leather strap that passes between the deer's legs to a wooden collar or rope noose about his neck. The bridle is just a halter. There is only one rein, and you stop your steed by whistling and throwing the rein over to the other side of the deer.

You get the ride of your life, a breath-taking experience, like riding at high speed in a car with no brakes. You have almost no control of the deer. The pulka is so low you are almost on the ground, and your terrific pace—a reindeer can outrun the average horse—is exaggerated by the wobbling and rocking of the conveyance. The hoofs of the reindeer machine-gun you with pellets of snow and ice.

If you are an experienced driver you hook your legs over the gun-wales so that you can dig your heels in the snow to check the speed. If the single-thong harness snaps, as it does occasionally, you hang on to the rein—or that's the last you'll see of the deer.

Laplanders run trains of reindeer sleds, nine and more in single file, each animal tied to the one ahead by the rein. Over hard, smooth surfaces, one deer can haul 4 cwts. at a good clip, and cover 40 miles a day. As pack animals they will carry about 90 pounds. Lapp mothers

often hang babies in their stiff, sit-up cradles on a reindeer's side, with a counterbalance on the other side. Reindeer will take a saddle, but their backs are not strong enough to support more than 150 pounds.

Some of the animals are reared like pets and allowed in the house, but most of them start life half wild and stay like that. Strictly speaking, they are not herded but followed. The Lapps who watch over them are nomads, because their deer have to keep moving to find forage.

The reindeer take care of most of their own feeding problems. They will find and dig up food in what seems an absolutely barren waste of snow. Their splayed hoofs have a sharp edge which can cut through all but the hardest ice. Their chief food is the lichen of the north, often called reindeer moss, which in summer makes an ankle-deep rug of greenery. But they will eat almost any growing thing.

Cold doesn't bother this animal and it prefers the lee of a rock or tree to man-made shelter. Its coat is waterproof. A jacket of reindeer fur is a fair equivalent of a life-belt, because the hair is hollow and filled with air, and hence buoyant. The sight of a herd of reindeer swimming—a forest of antlers moving over the water—is hard to forget.

By any standard, a reindeer is a tough and enduring animal. In the vast stretch of country across the top of the world—Canada, Alaska, Greenland, Scandinavia and Siberia

—the reindeer is the only animal of its type (with the possible exception of the musk ox) which can thrive and multiply, and it is therefore a valuable economic asset. It is food, clothing and transportation. Reindeer hair is used for mattresses. Tails are used for shaving brushes. The skin makes parkas, mittens, trousers. Sinew thread is especially good for sewing canoes, because it swells, making watertight seams. Knife handles and needles are also contributed by the animal. The stomach membranes (a reindeer has six stomachs) are used for packing cheese. Skin from the forehead produces a non-skid leather for shoe soles, excellent for walking on ice.

Late in September the mating season gets under way, when the bucks begin assembling harems of 30 to 40 females. This is also the fighting season, and the air is alive with the crash of bodies and the castanet-crackle of horn on horn as the bucks battle to protect their wives. At this season it is not safe to get near a cluster of reindeer. There are instances of men having been killed, and of others being stranded for days on a high rock where they had taken refuge.

In Western Europe the great reindeer breeders are the Lapps of Norway, Sweden and Finland, whose herds total about 425,000. The Russians are said to have a million reindeer on collective farms, and are using them for food and transportation. Deer carry mail and pull buses

in many parts of Siberia. For the army they carry messages and haul machine-guns. Evidence of the Soviets' growing interest is the recent publication of a large book on reindeer breeding.

In 1891 an American missionary, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, observed that Eskimos in Alaska were dying of starvation, while on the other side of Bering Strait, 56 miles away, they were sleek, well fed and happy. The difference was reindeer. Dr. Jackson raised £700, mostly in churches, to import 187 head from Siberia. These did so well that about 11,000 additional reindeer were introduced into Alaska.

By 1931, reindeer, numbering more than 500,000, were big business. There were freezing plants and slaughterhouses, and reindeer meat was appearing on many American menus. The success of the experiment was largely due to the fact that private owners were doing a fine job of herd management.

Then in 1937 the U.S. Government, persuaded by well-meaning but ignorant persons, bought all the reindeer in Alaska not already owned by the natives and turned them over to the Eskimos. But the Eskimo is primarily a hunter; he lives from day to day without planning ahead, and refuses to take care of a herd. The Eskimos slaughtered the reindeer by the thousand and took no care of the remainder. Today there are only 25,000 left.

The glamour is applied professionally,
and it has never worn off

Durable Dietrich

Condensed from *Life* *Winthrop Sergeant*

ABOUT 20 years ago in a great German film called *The Blue Angel*, director Josef von Sternberg constructed a memorable myth out of some simple ingredients: a pair of beautiful legs, a low, caressing voice, a beautiful masklike face which suggested both an angel and a cloakroom girl in a low-class night club. The myth evoked the essence of glamour. It was both beautiful and dangerous. It looked as though it had stayed up late at night all its life.

The name of this myth was Marlene Dietrich, and it soon became self-propelling, through a succession



of more than 25 pictures (most of them mediocre), until it achieved a unique place in the folklore of film making. Glamour girls came and went, from Jean Harlow to Rita Hayworth, but Marlene Dietrich persisted. She became a grandmother, and the

myth still exerted its old power. Today, at an age officially conceded to be 47, and sometimes estimated higher, Marlene Dietrich is still appearing glamorously in a couple of films a year.

The secret of the myth's extraordinary durability seems baffling. The famous legs are not very different from those of other Hollywood si-

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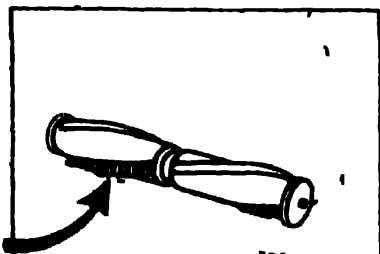
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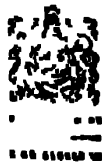
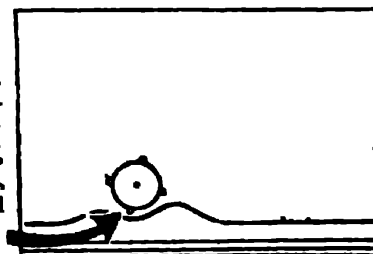
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rens. The trim figure is merely an exceedingly good one, and the pert, somewhat bony face has certainly been outranked by those of dozens of other actresses. The mysterious element lies outside the realm of physical statistics.

Much of Marlene's staying power can be attributed to the fact that behind her insolently mocking face is the mind of a highly conscious artist who practises the art of glamour with infinite pains. At Hollywood's 1950 Academy Award ceremony, Miss Dietrich was called upon to present the foreign award. The perfunctory job demanded merely a trip across the stage of Hollywood's Pantages Theatre and the uttering of a polite phrase or two. But the minute Dietrich appeared the audience rose with a thundering ovation. Those spontaneous cheers were the product of calculated brain-work. Before the ceremony, Marlene had checked the colour scheme of the stage: it was to be red, white and blue. "Then Mamma is going to wear black," said she. "Everyone else will have fluffy pink and white dresses, so Mamma had better be slinky—nice, slinky black." At the rehearsal "Mamma" was only interested in learning where she would make her entrance—that would determine the position of the slit in the black gown that would reveal the noted legs.

Glamour is to Marlene not only a matter of natural talent; it is a triumph of technique. Her visits to

the salons of dress designers in New York, Hollywood and Paris create the sort of dedicated stir that attends a visit by Toscanini to a symphonic rehearsal. She will have as many as 18 fittings on a single gown, reduce a whole crew of fitters and designers to a state bordering on frenzy, and finally leave them gasping with gratification at having participated in the creation of a masterpiece.

The average glamour queen usually pretends that glamour bores her, that she is really just a simple girl like thousands of others. Not Dietrich: admitting and rejoicing that a woman's beauty is a source of power, she loves to exert this power to its fullest. She has no desire to be considered a simple girl. She is a professional.

Beneath the professional Miss Dietrich, however, there is a second Miss Dietrich who seems to be continually asking forgiveness for the aggressive behaviour of the first. This is the Marlene Dietrich known to people behind the scenes—studio workers, directors, fellow actors, close friends. It is a dedicated present-giver, and an incessant helper of every Tom, Dick and Harry who is in need. It has the instincts of a *Hausfrau*. It loves to cook. (Miss Dietrich has been known to leave a party after a long social evening and solemnly set about baking a cake, sending it to her surprised host the following morning.)

The second Miss Dietrich glories

**LEMON
HART**



Have a GOOD RUM for your money

in the possession of grandchildren. She likes nothing better than to take her daughter's youngsters, John Michael and John Peter, to play in Central Park. She is seldom recognized on these walks. "These Hollywood people who are always saying, 'I can't go out of the house without being mobbed.' It's silly!" she says. "If I were to slink down Fifth Avenue dressed like the sexy creature in *Morocco* or *The Blue Angel*, of course they'd pay attention. But nobody notices Grandma Dietrich."

As a matter of fact Miss Dietrich has seldom sought to attract public attention outside her screen appearances. But she is perfectly capable of creating a publicity gag if the gag amuses her. Several years ago, during the shooting of *The Lady Is Willing*, Miss Dietrich fell and broke her ankle. She finished the picture with her foot in a cast. By the time she and the director of the picture were heading by train for New York, the ankle was in pretty good shape. "Just lend me your stick," she said. "Then watch Mamma make the front pages tomorrow." When the train arrived in New York, Miss Dietrich, leaning heavily on the stick, stepped off to greet the Press. Sure enough, the New York papers splashed her pathetic picture over their pages. Next day Mamma gave the stick back.

Marlene's passion for helping people seems to be one of her outstanding traits. While making *The Room Upstairs* in France just after the war,

she became concerned about the ragged clothing worn by the workers on the set, and sent to the United States for blue jeans, shirts and overalls to fit the entire crew of 30 or 40 persons. She once impulsively bought a Ford roadster for a studio hand she heard was saving up for one. When Czechoslovakia was invaded by Hitler and her husband's family was hauled off to a concentration camp, Miss Dietrich spent years tracking them down. Finally she talked an officer in the Russian Sector of Berlin into giving her a pass into the Eastern Zone, where she personally located them and brought them back to West Berlin.

Most impressive of all her good deeds was her three years of war-time work entertaining U.S. troops overseas. "The only important thing I've ever done," she says. Often working perilously near the front lines, patiently standing in queues with her mess kit, sleeping in rat-infested ruins, Trouper Dietrich put on a performance that was a triumph of sheer stamina. GIs remember her setting her shoulder to an overturned jeep in Italy. She got virus pneumonia in Bari. She had a close call among retreating troops at the Battle of the Bulge. She entered Rome with the American troops, performing on the back of a lorry, singing songs, doing a mind-reading act ("It's not difficult to read a GI's mind overseas") and playing tunes on the musical saw.



TO COMMAND

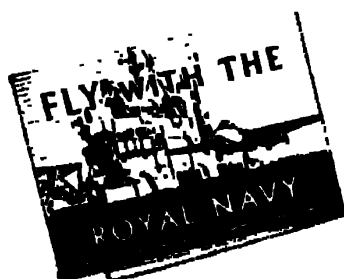
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Later when Miss Dietrich sang for the Germans they showed no bitterness towards her. They simply gazed at her with adoration and murmured sentimental reminiscences about *The Blue Angel*. "If they had any character," Dietrich says, "they would hate me."

Her deep-rooted loathing for the Nazi régime started as soon as Hitler came to power. As Germany's most famous film star, she was approached on three occasions by Hitler's envoy (once by Von Ribbentrop himself), promising her a position as absolute queen of the German film industry. It was even suggested that *der Führer* himself would personally lay his heart at her feet. Miss Dietrich flatly refused all offers, and unceremoniously showed Von Ribbentrop the door.

Marlene's father was a lieutenant, later a major, in a famous cavalry regiment; her mother, a stately, strong-willed woman of French descent. She was christened Maria Magdalena (promptly elided into Marlene) and spent a good deal of her childhood in various garrison towns in eastern Germany. Her early education was acquired from governesses who taught her French from the age of three and English from the age of six. The day was carefully scheduled, with certain hours set aside for walks or "gymnastics," and certain other hours for study. Marlene was taught such character-building disciplines as how to go without an overcoat when you feel

cold, and how to refrain from asking for a glass of water when you feel thirsty. To this stern upbringing Marlene attributes her Spartan stamina and her love of life.

At seven she took up the violin and studied for a career as a concert artist at the *Hochschule für Musik* in Berlin. At about 18, however, she had a serious accident, badly straining her wrist. Feeling that she could never become a distinguished concert performer, she put away her fiddle and entered Max Reinhardt's famous school of drama. When the big German UFA film studio sent to the Reinhardt school for a few extras to use in a gambling casino scene, Marlene, with pigtails and a big taffeta bow, applied for the job. The casting director that day was a handsome, blond Sudeten Czech named Rudolf Sieber. He told her to put her hair up, get a low-necked dress and "try to act vulgar." She did. Shortly afterwards she married Sieber and settled down to a relatively conventional domestic life. In 1924, she gave birth to a daughter, who is now a television actress.

Domesticity, however, was not for Marlene. Before long she was concentrating on her restless career.

In 1929 came the break that was to mean world fame. Miss Dietrich was appearing in Berlin in a satirical revue called *Two Neckties* when Josef von Sternberg spied her. He decided on the spot that she was the perfect type to cast opposite the great Emil Jannings in *The Blue*

Angel. Painstakingly, Von Sternberg created the figure that was ultimately to be known publicly as Marlene Dietrich—the low, sultry voice (singing Frederick Hollander's *Falling in Love Again*); the sleepy, mocking manner; the bony, strangely angelic face with the pencilled eyebrows, seen under just the sort of lighting that brought out its maximum effect. The very evening that *The Blue Angel* opened in Berlin (to be acclaimed as the greatest German picture since World War I), Miss Dietrich embarked for Hollywood with Von Sternberg.

Soon afterwards she was cast opposite Gary Cooper in her first American film, *Morocco*, and the glamorous legend was on its way.

How does this grandmother keep her glamour? She never diets. Though preferring to take only one meal daily, she eats what she feels like. Apart from a few efforts at tennis several years ago, she has rarely taken any physical exercise in her life. She drinks only an occasional glass of wine at dinner; she smokes about 30 cigarettes a day. She attributes her figure entirely to insomnia. She sleeps only four or five hours a night, and (if work permits) loves to stay up late with a few close friends discussing literature, the theatre, films, her grandchildren. After one of these long discussions recently, she became very

serious and said to a friend, "One should really stop fooling around and get married and have children."

This odd image of the lone wolf is not entirely an illusion, even for a grandmother married 28 years ago. Marlene has never had a home of her own. But having successfully avoided the trap of domesticity, she is continually venturing in and out of it with the wary hunger of a very smart mouse who knows how to nibble the cheese without touching off the spring. She and Sieber (now in the picture-dubbing business in New York) see each other nearly every day, and she describes him as "the ideal husband."

Her devotion to their daughter and grandchildren is probably the one great stabilizing element in her existence. When, long ago in Hollywood, six-year old Maria arrived from Europe to live with her, Marlene became such a doting and proud parent that Hollywood gasped. Motherhood on the part of film stars promptly became fashionable.

Nowadays, in addition to her television career, Maria acts as her mother's adviser and assistant, reading scripts for her, arranging appearances at fashion shows and other public ceremonies, and helping to calm her more extreme impulses and enthusiasms. "Sometimes," Maria reflects, "it seems as if I were the mother, and Mummy the child."

For adult education nothing beats children.

Network to Catch International Crooks

Condensed from Cavalier

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

ARTO BROCK, a man of many talents, not long ago sat contentedly in a pavement café in Rio de Janeiro. He had just completed a tour of Europe and had persuaded a number of businessmen in Sweden and elsewhere to pay him large sums for worthless securities. Now, far away where no one knew him, he was comfortably wealthy, with a brand-new name and a forged passport. Suddenly, however, a Rio detective materialized at his elbow. Despite his protests, Brock soon found himself on a plane bound for Sweden and jail. From 5,000 miles away in Paris, the precise machinery of the International Criminal Police Commission—Interpol—had reached out and put another ocean-hopping crook behind bars.

Interpol is the remarkably unpublicized association of the federal police systems of 42 countries. Its Paris headquarters co-ordinates the work of member nations in dealing with

This world-wide police organization keeps tabs on fast-moving criminals

that growing menace, the fast-flying international criminal. Daily reports on the movements of these crooks come from Scotland Yard, France's *Sûreté Nationale*, Rome's *Questura*, the U.S. Treasury Department, from police headquarters in Istanbul, Athens, Sydney and Rangoon. Interpol's files contain detailed records of some 60,000 of the world's most agile and dangerous swindlers, counterfeiters, narcotics pedlars, smugglers, robbers and murderers, all of whom have committed crimes in more than two countries. "They change their names continually," a veteran Interpol officer explained. "They acquire any number of forged passports; they work on one continent one month and on another the next. But we catch

even the slipperiest of them eventually."

Through Interpol's facilities, police half-way round the world from each other often set a trap for a globe-trotting criminal before he even knows that he is under surveillance. Not long ago, for example, Interpol Paris received a request from Interpol London to find a jewel thief and two accomplices whom Scotland Yard wanted for a robbery of gems valued at £20,000. Interpol Paris quickly identified them as old "internationals."

A bulletin went out immediately to Interpols all over the world. Stockholm soon reported that a trio answering the description had sailed from Sweden for Australia aboard a certain steamer. If the crooks had known of radio messages between Paris, London, Melbourne and their ship's captain, they would not have been as relaxed and carefree as the captain reported them to be.

Investigation indicated that they had probably not disposed of their loot. So, when the unsuspecting three left the ship at Sydney, customs men, immigration officials and police gave them no more apparent attention than any other travellers. But they were shadowed. A few days later the trio, the jewels and the fence with whom they were bargaining in a hotel room were taken into custody.

Sometimes a wanted criminal is able to conceal himself behind the tangle of international borders for

a long time. But the Paris files have a retentive memory. Off the coast of Morocco, last November, the British yacht *Kangaroo* was wrecked in a sudden Atlantic storm. Among those rescued was an Austrian, Walter Praxmarer, one of the ship's crew. His papers were in order. But something rang a faint bell in the mind of the police inspector of Rabat investigating the accident, something to do with an Interpol bulletin. He had the sailor fingerprinted and detained on the pretext of requiring a health examination. The Austrian was unperturbed. It was impossible, he thought, that anything would be known about him in Rabat, Morocco.

Within the hour an official at Interpol Paris had authorized the sailor's arrest. The Interpol file corresponding with the fingerprints which the Rabat inspector had wired to Paris showed that Walter Praxmarer was really Manfred Lentner—wanted by the Berlin police for the murder of a woman in 1945 and by the Austrian authorities as an escaped convict, bigamist and swindler. He had changed his name three times, but Interpol's files had kept up with him, nevertheless. Lentner was extradited to Austria to serve out a long term before being turned over to Western Germany for perhaps a more permanent punishment.

Just as important as catching the criminals is prevention of their crimes. Whenever a known "international" heads for another country, the Interpol bureau of the country

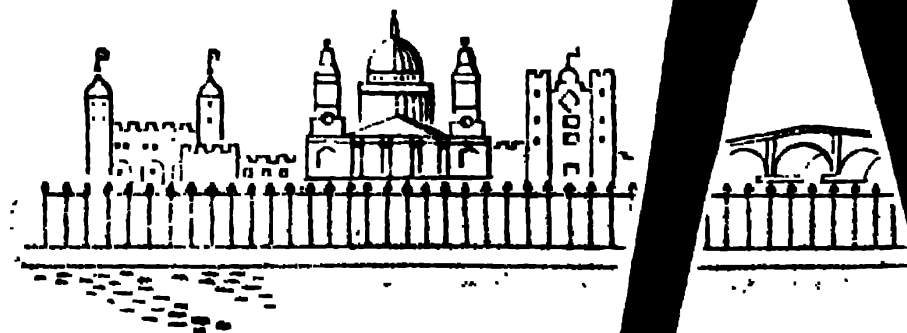
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he is leaving notifies Interpol Paris, which issues a bulletin with his photograph, description, fingerprints and a terse note: "This person is to be discreetly but carefully watched."

When an American racketeer sailed on an extended Mediterranean cruise not long ago, he had big plans. The demand for illicit narcotics in the United States was growing steadily, while counterfeit dollar notes, scarce medicines and other black-market staples found ready buyers abroad. As emissary of a powerful Chicago-New York combine which deals in these goods, this versatile racketeer was to arrange for a sizable increase in trade with the underworld fraternity abroad. The trip went well and the racketeer returned home to report his success.

The joyful conspirators did not know that their man had been under constant police observation. Commissioner Harry Anslinger, of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics in Washington, had warned Interpol Paris. Interpol took care of the rest. Detectives of half a dozen countries passed the man on to each other as he crossed their frontiers, watching and recording his every move. Their pooled information not only wrecked the New York combine's schemes but subsequently put behind bars a number of the international fraternity who tried to carry them out.

These international gangs, in recent years, have become mainly interested in narcotics and counterfeiting. One gang arranges the

smuggling of raw opium from Iran and India via Istanbul through the Mediterranean to Marseilles. An affiliated outfit has the opium refined into heroin, which is taken to Paris. Another gang supplies couriers who get it out of France and into the United States, where still another organization acts as distributor. The tracking down of so large an operation takes months or years of painstaking work by each police force involved. But at Interpol Paris the picture is gradually put together—with full descriptions of the operators, their channels of communication and methods of smuggling. Eventually there are raids in Istanbul by the Turkish police, arrests in Marseilles by the *Sûreté* and in Paris by the *Préfecture*, more by Narcotics Bureau and customs agents in the United States—and the combine is broken.

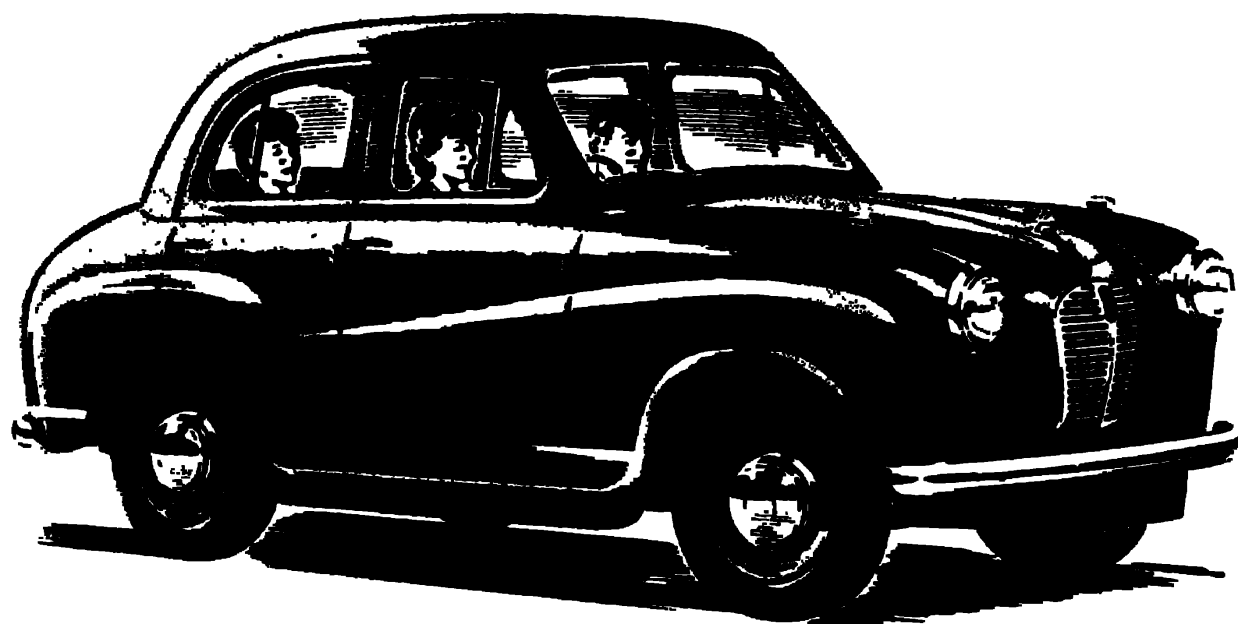
Since the end of the war, dollars, Swiss francs, West German marks and other prime moneys have been in boom demand, and the counterfeiters have obliged. To combat this traffic, Interpol has established a special branch in The Hague where a staff of experts watches over the currencies of the 42 Interpol nations.

Not long ago the Argentine police found a gang of counterfeiters in Buenos Aires who had produced some excellent U.S. \$100 notes. The head of the combine, a certain Nicasio, was thought to be somewhere in Europe with several thousands of the faked bills. A sample of

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Nicasio's product was classified at The Hague according to its paper, inks and printing. Interpol didn't have to wait long. A Paris bank soon turned in several counterfeit \$100 notes identified as Nicasio's. More came from Brussels, Rome and Paris again in quick succession. The Paris police found Nicasio without much trouble. He was extradited to Argentina, where he will be imprisoned for several years. When he gets out, bulletins reminding 42 countries of him and his distinctive work will be issued by Interpol Paris. Nicasio is finished.

The International Criminal Police Commission has had a long uphill fight. It was founded in 1923 by Dr. Johann Schober, then Police President of Vienna and former Chancellor of the Austrian Republic. By 1938 the original Interpol, with 34 member countries, had made great strides. But during the war the organization collapsed; its priceless records were moved from Vienna to Berlin, where they disappeared when the Russian troops overran that city.

With the end of the war, an unparalleled wave of crime swept over Europe and the world. Inspector General F. E. Louwage of the Belgian Ministry of Justice decided to do something about it. A spare, stern and energetic gentleman whom his colleagues regard as one of Europe's outstanding police officers, Louwage recruited four stalwart friends—Louis Ducloux, director of France's *Police Judiciaire*; Ronald Howe of

Scotland Yard; Dr. Harry Södermann, head of Sweden's famous Criminological Institute; and the late Werner Müller, police chief of Berne, Switzerland—to start a new Interpol. Police forces the world over are jealous of their national sovereignty; but little by little, with endless patience and tact, the new Interpol was built up.


Interpol has no field agents of its own, believing that each nation's local police force can work far more efficiently. The only permanent staff is a group of 29 experts in Paris under Interpol's Secretary General Marcel Sicot. International politics are outlawed by an ironclad rule; Interpol will only touch criminal cases. Czechoslovakia and Hungary tried several times to get information from Paris on anti-Communists, but they did not succeed and have since withdrawn from Interpol, to everyone's relief.

The full International Criminal Police Commission comprises chiefs of all the member forces. At its annual meeting plans are worked out for speeding extradition between the countries, for standardizing fingerprinting and other police methods. This year's conference, held in Stockholm, was an experience in smooth international co-operation. Without friction or rivalry, the members were all drawing the net tighter round their common enemy, the criminal. "If only," as an Interpol officer said to me, "we had more organizations like this in the world!"

"NOT CHARITY, BUT A JOB"

Condensed from The Christian Advocate

Irwin Ross

 AN EXTRAORDINARY young man appeared at Goodwill Industries in Washington, D.C., one day last spring. He did not offer to shake hands, for he had no hands. He did not walk in, for he had no legs. In a sitting position, using the stumps of his arms, he propelled himself to the office of Frances Mason, Goodwill's personnel director, and asked for a job.

Miss Mason, who has employed hundreds of disabled people—among them the blind, the aged, the palsied and arthritic—was at first nonplussed. But she gave the applicant some "exploratory" training by placing him in the shoe-repair department. Five weeks later he was put on the regular pay roll.

The young man is now fitted out with artificial legs. He still has no hands, but is none the less a marvel of dexterity. He can pick up a shoe, twirl it into position. Then, holding a toothbrush between his arm-stumps, he applies polish with

great precision along the edge of the sole. "The best shoe polisher in the department," says Miss Mason. But it is doubtful if any other shoeshop would employ him.

The new recruit is one of many thousands of handicapped workers employed throughout the world by Goodwill Industries, a unique and thriving organization dedicated to rehabilitating discarded men and material. Its method is simple: it persuades the public to contribute cast-off clothing, furniture, toys, kitchen utensils and electric appliances. Disabled workers in Goodwill factories then repair the items and sell them at low prices in Goodwill shops. The sales receipts pay the workers' wages.

Now celebrating its 50th anniversary, Goodwill has become Big Business. One hundred and one factories are scattered across the United States; 350 retail shops sell an annual volume of nearly \$14,000,000 (£4,900,000). Seven Goodwill plants

are operating in Canada; several others make bright spots on the globe from Australia to the Argentine.

In 50 years, Goodwills in the United States have employed 240,000 people, most of whom were regarded as "unemployable" when they first arrived. Perhaps they lacked adequate training, or could not stand a normal working pace, or were torn by self-doubts as crippling as their physical ailments. Every Goodwill employee sets his own working pace, however. And a visitor to a workshop, perceiving the calm and placid atmosphere, understands how easy it is for a handicapped person to shed his self-consciousness when he goes to work there.

In the doll-repair shop in Washington a Negro supervisor, paralysed from the waist down by polio, and her co-worker, an aged and deaf white woman, absordedly scan an assortment of dolls' arms, legs, heads and torsos. They match up the parts, paint the faces, stitch the dresses and turn out a product scarcely distinguishable from new.

On the floor above, we see a young girl whose unco-ordinated movements and distorted grimaces mark her as a cerebral-palsy victim. She has a degree in social work, but her disability has barred her from her profession. Today her trained fingers handle file cards and addressograph plates. Despite her professional disappointment, she is doing a real job and she is making a living. (Good-

will is one of the few places where a cerebral-palsy victim can find employment.)

In the chair-caning and upholstery department I watched a white-haired Negro, blinded by glaucoma 20 years ago, re-upholster a bench. He cut off excess material with large shears, laid on tacks in a straight row; his hammer blows never missed. In the next room a muscular youth was manœuvring a large expanse of cloth through the cutting machine; his deft movements were unhindered by the fact that his arms were twisted almost inside out. Congenitally deformed, he had never had a job before going to Goodwill.

When a handicapped person enters Goodwill, he is given on-the-job training in one of 30 specialized tasks, from millinery to lorry driving. After this he goes on the regular pay roll. A progress report is kept on each worker, and as his productivity increases his pay is raised. More than 30 per cent are eventually sufficiently rehabilitated to get jobs in private business.

The change in individual fortunes is often dramatic. At 16, William Dean was stricken with a streptococcus infection and sleeping sickness; he recovered, but could not walk, stand, use his arms or even hold a pencil. He attended secondary school in a wheel chair, took radio courses at Columbia University. He made a good record, but employment prospects were dim.

Indigestion made him go H&C



PIMM the plumber's traced his trouble



No need now to groan and bubble



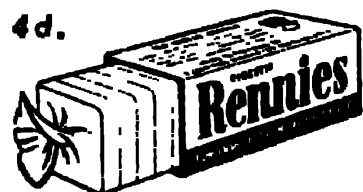
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Just suck 2 Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.

When he was 27, Dean went to the New York branch of Goodwill. His first goal was to develop the muscles of his hands. He was given a rigorous job: operating the switch-board. With excruciating effort he got the fingers of his right hand to close round the cord; then the left hand raised the right to plug the cord into the board. After months of practice he developed accuracy and speed. Cheerful and confident, Dean asked for more demanding work. Eventually he took a hand in Goodwill's public relations.

Working at his Ossining, New York, home, he launched an ambitious publicity campaign on a local radio station, wrote and directed radio shows to promote the organization's case. From that he graduated to his own daily programme of recorded music and local news. The formerly unemployable William Dean recently completed his third full year on the air.

When it is not graduating workers to private industry, Goodwill is trying to move them up to its own supervisory ranks. Six years ago a chronic arthritic, disabled since he was 12, went to the Cincinnati Goodwill. He was 27, and had never learned a trade. Rigid as a plank, he could stand or lie down, but could not sit or stoop. To ease the fatigue of standing all day at a work-bench, the carpenters' shop made an upright board with a cushioned pad for him to lean against. He became an excellent craftsman in the shoe-

Goodwill Industries does not operate in Great Britain, but work on these lines is undertaken by voluntary organizations and by the Government. For disabled ex-servicemen and women such societies as St. Dunstan's (for the blind) and Earl Haig's Fund work unceasingly. Meanwhile, under an Act of 1944, those who are prevented from working by some disability are, if necessary, helped to overcome their handicaps, by being carefully trained for suitable jobs. A special register is maintained to keep Disabled Persons in employment. Employers in industry are required to take on registered disabled persons; in certain occupations vacancies are reserved for them. Those so severely handicapped that they cannot take ordinary competitive jobs are employed in specially equipped workshops.

repair department, and when the foreman's job became vacant he was put in charge of training recruits.

Cincinnati boasts an instructor in the chair-caning department who has been blind all his life. He teaches caning to other blind men, as well as to the sighted; as a side line he guides visitors round the plant.

THE GOODWILL movement was the brain child of an enterprising Methodist minister in Boston—bluff, jovial, unorthodox Edgar Helms.

In the winter of 1902 Helms asked a nearby well-to-do congregation to give old clothes for his parishioners. Travelling by tram, he carried the clothes to his flock in an old gunny sack. The first venture having



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	<i>Technical</i>	17—19½	<i>G.C.E.</i> <i>(Advanced Level)</i>
PERMANENT (University Entry)	<i>General Duties (Flying)</i> <i>Technical</i>	20—28	<i>Normal Degree at</i> <i>recognised university</i>
SHORT SERVICE	<i>General Duties (Flying)</i> <i>Technical</i>	17½—26 17½—27	<i>G.C.E.</i> <i>Higher National</i> <i>Certificate</i>
	<i>Other ground branches</i>	<i>From</i> <i>17½</i>	<i>G.C.E. or professional</i> <i>qualification in</i> <i>specialised branches</i>
NATIONAL SERVICE	<i>Almost all</i>	<i>During</i> <i>period</i> <i>of service</i>	<i>G.C.E.</i>

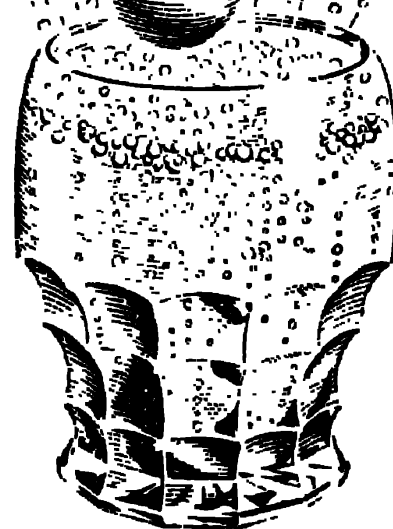


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turned out well, he bought 1,000 sacks, hired a horse and wagon and distributed the sacks to a scattering of homes about Boston.

Not all the clothes that came back in those sacks were fit for use, so Helms decided to run sewing bees for the poor women of the parish. In exchange for their labour, they were given the repaired garments. Then a small shop was opened and the extra clothes were sold to the public.

Helms had now hit upon the economic idea that made the vast development of his scheme possible: by using discarded materials, produc-

tion costs were kept so low that decent wages could be paid to the workers and retail prices could be kept cheap for the needy purchaser.

In its early days Goodwill handled only clothing. Today it broadcasts the fact that virtually no item round the house should be consigned to the rubbish heap. Its donors follow the advice literally. The Washington Goodwill was once offered a henhouse full of chickens, which was politely declined. But a cage of white mice was accepted—and sold to a research laboratory



I AM in no way psychic. But once I was sure I had stepped along that perilous track. I dreamt that I stood, in my best clothes, which I do not wear as a rule, one in a line of similarly habited men, in some vast hall, floored with rough-jointed stone slabs. Opposite me, across the width of the hall, was another line of persons and the impression of a crowd behind them. On my left some ceremony was taking place that I wanted to see, but could not unless I stepped out of my line. At the ceremony's close, both lines of spectators broke up and moved forward and met, and the great space filled with people. Then a man came up behind me, slipped his hand beneath my arm, and said: "I want a word with you."

Six weeks or more later, I attended, in my capacity of a member of the War Graves Commission, a ceremony at Westminster Abbey, where the Prince of Wales dedicated a plaque to "The Million Dead" of the Great War. In black clothes we lined up facing across the width of the Abbey Nave. I could see nothing of the ceremony because of the man on my left. Then my eye was caught by the cracks of the stone flooring, and I said to myself: "But here is where I have been!" We broke up, both lines flowed forward and met, and the Nave filled with a crowd, through which a man came up and slipped his hand upon my arm, saying: "I want a word with you, please."

How, and why, had I been shown an unreleased roll of my life-film?

Rudyard Kipling in *Something of Myself*



THE BEST MEDICINE

A LITTLE BOY, aged five, was playing with the small daughter of new neighbours. They had been wading in the lake, and finally decided the only way to keep their clothes dry was to take them off.

As they were going back into the water, the little boy looked the little girl over. "Gosh," he remarked, "I didn't know there was *that* much difference between Catholics and Protestants!"

--I.P.T.

AFTER a lengthy, heated debate in Parliament recently, one Member stalked out of the House only to meet his tailor in the street.

"Excuse me, sir," said the tailor, "but did you get the bill I sent you last month?"

"Certainly I got it," came the dignified reply. "And it has already received its first reading."

--P.A.

AN ERRATIC lady driver ignored a red light and smacked a brand-new saloon amidships. Before the echo of the crash had died away, she was out of her car with fire in her eye.

"Why don't you keep your eyes open?" she demanded. "You're the fourth car I've hit this morning."--B.C.

AN EMPLOYMENT agency was checking an applicant's list of references. "How long did this man work for you?" a former employer was asked.

"About four hours," was the quick reply.

"Why, he told us he'd been there a long time," said the astonished caller.

"Oh yes," answered the ex-employer, "he's been here two years."

A MAN who had discovered the joys of fishing became even more insistent than most fishermen upon recounting his triumphs to sceptical acquaintances. Disgruntled by their thinly veiled hints that he was a liar, he bought a pair of scales, installed them in his library and made his friends watch while he weighed his fish.

One evening a neighbour burst in excitedly to borrow the scales. He was back in ten minutes, his face flushed with delight. "Congratulate me," he cried. "I'm the father of a 24-pound baby boy!"

"ANY physical defects?" asked the National Service doctor.

"Yes, sir," replied the hopeful conscript. "No guts!"

A FERRY BOAT captain shouted down to the crew's quarters below decks, "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

"No," came the booming answer, "but there's a MacPherson here who's willin' to try!"

TWO FRIENDS were discussing their car troubles. "What model is your car?" asked one.

"It isn't a model," retorted the other. "It's a horrible example."

*Live language can be killed
by idle repetition, as this
American critic shows*

Condensed from Holiday

Clifton Fadiman

American literary critic

NOT LONG AGO I bookwormed my way into a radio programme that involved talking about a Greek classic. The small stint over, one of my associates, an eminent scholar, remarked with a grin, "Nice to make a fast buck."

Now, scholarship and the "fast buck" are not natural bedfellows, and I found myself pondering the professor's casual use of the phrase. Would it have been possible 25 years ago? Probably not. Fifty years ago? Surely not.

Today, however, the once stout barrier between "correct" and colloquial speech has thinned to a gossamer membrane. Fresher, more

picturesque than stiff-collar English, the experimental phrase often drives out the established one, to become in turn standard speech.

All of us view language as we view matter, as something to be manipulated into new, exciting, useful shapes. On the whole the results have been fine. But this national talent will sometimes go hay-wire. It's fun to play with words—but not at the cost of clear communication.

"What is fittest in language," writes Thomas Pyles in his *Words and Ways of American English*, "has a way of surviving, as *the real McCoy*, *highbrow*, *crook*, *haywire*, *pan-handle*, *roughneck*. What is graceless or fraudulent or ponderously 'cute' ekes out a banal and colourless existence among the silly, the sentimental and the addlepat-d. . . ."

Americans have set thousands of useful inventions working, such as *baby-sitter*, *bulldozer*. But they have also, by thoughtless parroting, put into circulation a certain amount of fraudulent new word currency. Here's a list which may be divided into a few convenient categories:

Sheep-Talk: Sheep-talk flows from a fear of using garden-variety English as against the latest fashionable substitute catch-phrase. I am talking sheep when every minor verbal encounter becomes a *hassle* or when I over-exercise such trumpery jocosities as *what's cooking?*, *big deal*, *look-see* and *oh brother!*

The Enfeebling Intensifier:

There can be no objection to the sound, honest American *okay*. Less honest, however, is the current rash of emphatic substitutes for *yes*: the jerky-brisk *definitely!*, the fake-commercial *it's a deal*, the tiresomely bright-eyed *out of this world!*

Other enfeebling intensifiers that enjoy a high degree of dispensability include: *frankly*, *candidly*, *basically* and the epidemic *personally* as in "I personally found it very educational." The addition of *personally* does not remove from *I* its presumed flavour of egotism. It merely weakens the word and thickens the sentence.

The Learned Vulgarism: Whenever people are short of ideas they tend to use long words. Today this disease has attacked the world in a rather special form, as a consequence of the popularization of science. We gain assurance when we use *allergy* for dislike, *schizophrenia* for mental eccentricities, *philosophy* for any notion or opinion, *psychology* for any insight into mental process, *complex* to denote a strong interest, *compulsive* for what is merely habitual, and so on.

Writers with an imperfect scientific education, such as myself, are much given to the learned vulgarism.

Executive English: *Variety*, the American show-business trade paper that has been responsible for a host of brilliant additions to the vernacular, recently printed what it asserted to be a memorandum cir-

Those interested in combating "sheep-talk," both written and spoken, should read two booklets written by Sir Ernest Gowers (at the Treasury's request) for the benefit of civil servants. *Plain Words* deals with the lazy man's prop and stay, "officialese"; while *ABC of Plain Words* lists, among other things, such pitfalls as "gobbledygook," or the use of long words merely for the sake of using them. Both booklets are published by H.M. Stationery Office, at 2s. and 3s. respectively.

culated at one of the major television networks:

"You will recall that we've been firming up this problem for some time, and just in the nature of pitching up a few mashie shots to see if we come near the green, I'd like to express these angles:

"I think we should take a reading of the whole general situation to see if it is being angled correctly so that we can eventually wham it through for approval or disapproval as the case might be. We've got to live with this for a long time, and there are certain rock-bottom slants that we will have to try on for size."

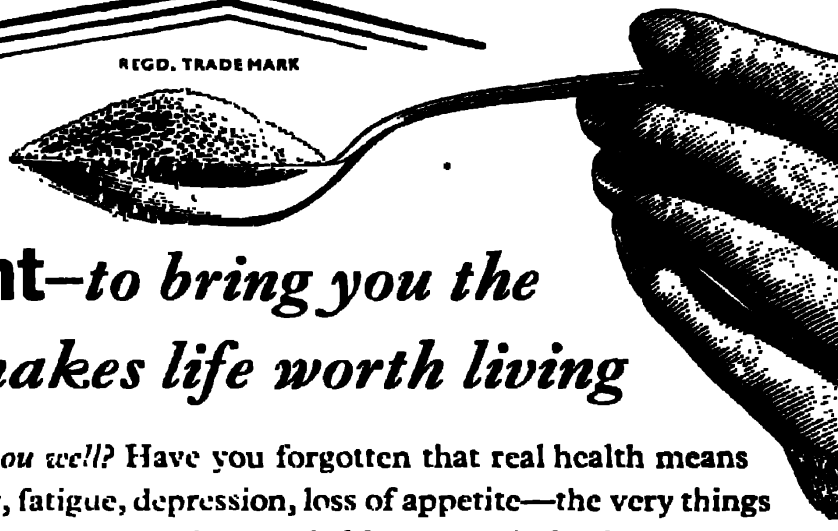
William Whyte, Jr., in his current book,* calls this the businessman's rebellion against bureaucratic gobbledygook. It is a rich hash of metaphors drawn from sport (largely football), technology, run-of-the-

* *Is Anybody Listening?: How and Why U.S. Business Fumbles When It Talks with Human Beings.*

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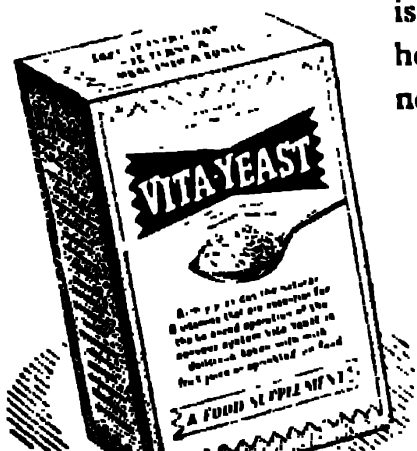
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mill clichés, newspaper columns and the jargon of "social scientists" and "social engineers." This "reverse gobbledygook," Mr. Whyte believes, enables the speaker to conceal—with dynamic emphasis—the fact that he has nothing to say, and imparts to him "an appearance of saviness and general know-how."

Synthetic, its "punch" a delusion,

this new jargon illustrates a statement made as far back as 1838 by James Fenimore Cooper: "The common faults of American language are an ambition of effect, a want of simplicity and a turgid abuse of terms."

Of course I'm just thinking out loud, fellers, but that's the pitch.

'Bye now. Be good.



A Friend in Need

THE BUYER for a men's clothing shop had really gone crazy, and the shop was stuck with a suit so loud and flamboyant that no one would even try it on. The longer it stayed on the rack the more annoyed the shop owner became. In the end, he really lashed out at the buyer one day, finishing his tirade with: "I'm going out for lunch, and if that suit isn't sold by the time I get back . . ."

When the owner returned two hours later, he found the buyer in a dreadful state—his clothes torn, his face scratched and bleeding. "I didn't want you to get into a fight with a customer!" exclaimed the horrified boss.

"Who said anything about a fight with a customer?" retorted the buyer. "I was attacked by his Seeing-Eye Dog!"

—R.C.A.

Talk Fests

THE DIFFICULTIES of eating and talking wisely at one and the same time are so obvious that some men in public life who attend dinners or luncheons of official or business importance make a practice of eating before they go. They are then able to centre their attention upon the conversation. The idea was carried to a picturesque extreme in Japan under the Shogunate (1603–1867). Men invited to a dinner—and of course only men were invited—dined at home first. At the house of their host they sat and talked, with no mention of food, until such an hour as it was considered proper to leave. As they left, each guest was presented with a series of charming boxes in which were rare and delicate dishes—to be consumed the next day at home.

—Maud Parker Child, *The Social Side of Diplomatic Life*

A Most Unforgettable Character

By Benedict Thielen

THE SIGN on the gate read, "Fish Hook—End of the Line." From there the narrow rutted road wound through deep woods until it came out at a seaside clearing. As we drew up to the house a lean, erect figure rose from a chair on the veranda and called out in a resounding voice, "Come aboard!"

At 84 George Hough still has an undiminished curiosity about our strange, wonderful, often cockeyed world. The great American painter Thomas Hart Benton portrayed him in shirt sleeves and braces with a pencil in his hand. He called the picture "New England Editor," and it is now owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. When you look at it, although you are seeing the face of a man no longer young, the marks of age seem

somehow to lie on the surface only.

In the minds of his friends, George Hough and Fish Hook—the home at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, to which he retired after 40 years as editor of the *New Bedford Standard*—are closely connected. Both have been on this earth a long time; both convey a sense of many storms weathered.

Even if the door of Fish Hook were not flanked by port and starboard lights and surmounted by a ship's figurehead, you would feel the presence of the sea. With its view of the waters of Vineyard Sound and the mainland beyond, it is what a Vineyarder would describe as "a far-secin' place." But it is not until you enter the house that its flavour, reflecting the full life of its owner, comes to you.

It is slightly overwhelming. On

the living-room walls are a Maori dancer's charm from New Zealand, a swordfish sword, ship's papers signed "A. Lincoln," a strip of batik from Sumatra, a painting of the famous New Bedford barque *Catalpa*, a boomerang from Australia. Near a calendar from a Yokohama night club is a terrifying photograph of what George Hough insists is a genuine Haitian zombi. From the bathroom door hangs a battle-torn flag which flew from an American landing craft at the World War II invasion of Anzio, a gift from a grandson who served aboard. The bathroom is graced with a banner commemorating the coronation of the late King George VI, a wicker trunk from Rhodesia—and a well-stocked bar.

Presently you realize that what seems to be confusion is merely the accumulated richness that the years have laid down, like layers of lichen on an old tree-trunk. The rows of books are arranged by categories. The clippings are pasted in neatly labelled volumes. The diary and temperature-weather record of more than 50 years stands ready for reference. The mind responsible for all this is an orderly one. In it, as in the house, all things are in their place.

Shakespeare says, "Let me not live, after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits." This might well be carved above the door of Fish Hook. Among George Hough's many visitors there are always plenty of young people. One

boy recently kept addressing him as "Pat," a nickname used only by his family and close friends. When the boy's father chided him for lack of respect the boy said, "But I don't think of him as Mr. Hough, Daddy. None of us does."

"My contemporaries," George Hough once announced in his booming voice, "*bore* me." But he listens to the voice of youth with an unfailing courtesy and interest. If sometimes the opinions he hears amuse him by their callowness, he never betrays it by more than a slight twinkle of the eye or twitch of the mouth.

Perhaps this sympathy with youth stems from the fact that his own newspaper career began at 16 when he became sports reporter for the *Morning Mercury* of his native New Bedford. After a few seasons a rival paper, the *Evening Standard*, lured him away by doubling his tiny salary. He advanced in his early 20s to be city editor, and a few years later became executive editor, a position he held until his retirement in 1932.

If one of the marks of success is to be an inspiration to those who follow in his footsteps, George Hough has been amply rewarded. Among those who received their first training under him have been magazine editors, war correspondents, columnists and a score of good newspapermen and women. His two sons and their wives publish two fine small-town newspapers. In ad-

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dition to co-editing the *Vineyard Gazette*, one son, Henry Beetle Hough, manages to turn out short stories, novels and histories. Both grandsons are newspapermen. Five great-grandchildren are already interested in the paste pot and foot-long shears on the desk at Fish Hook. Whether this is significant remains to be seen.

George Hough has always been a strong man, with strong convictions. Like a quiescent but by no means extinct volcano, he still blows off occasionally. A few years ago his sons decided that a house without electricity or running water was unnecessarily primitive for a man in his 80s. So, in his absence, they had these amenities installed. When the master of Fish Hook returned, the roar of indignation echoed from one end of the island to the other. A few days later when I told him I understood he now had all modern conveniences, he bellowed, "Yes! Haven't you heard? I'm senile!" He has since become reconciled to this highhanded infringement of his prerogatives, but the bar remains where it always was, even though the bath-tub makes it a little awkward.

His opinions are sometimes violent, but never rigid. Once I asked him his opinion of a certain novelist. "That man's name is anathema to me!" he shouted. When I mildly disagreed with him his face lit up with interest and for half an hour we coolly dissected the victim.

"Well," he said finally, "I think

you're probably right. But you've got to admit he's prolix."

No greater term of reproach towards a writer exists in his vocabulary, as anyone who ever worked under him will blushing recall. His ear for the vague generality, the resounding but empty phrase is merciless.

In spite of his hard-boiled scepticism, George Hough has never hesitated to lash out at an injustice or to defend an ideal. The New Bedford millworkers, notoriously underpaid at the turn of the century, found him an unwavering champion. Against strong landlord opposition he fought for slum clearance and decent housing. He hammered away at the local political machine in his editorials, and when he was 28 he ran for alderman for the opposition and was elected.

His indignations concern issues or ideas, never people. For people he has complete charity. When conversation takes the form of gossip he sits back and admires the view. No one has ever walked away from Fish Hook with the uneasy feeling that he is being talked about behind his back.

New Englanders are a tough lot, and perhaps his physical energy is a result of heredity and the rugged New England environment. But that is not the only explanation of George Hough's amazing vitality. The sinewy mind and the sinewy body are closely related.

"I come from a family of physi-



"Just to think
that we were still in
England this morning!"

TO SWITZERLAND, AUSTRIA, ITALY, FRANCE,
SPAIN, SWEDEN, NORWAY, GERMANY


fly **BEA**

B R I T I S H E U R O P E A N A I R W A Y S

...THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER...

cians," he says, "and it has always been my policy to avoid their advice as I would the plague."

When he finally retired, the world whose daily doings he had spent a lifetime recording was waiting for George Hough. If his life had been full before, it became doubly so now. Each autumn, when the water began to freeze in the ornate old water pitchers at Fish Hook, he set out on a freighter. Europe, South America, Africa, the glittering East were ready with their riches spread out before him. The walls of the little cubicle he calls the Chart Room are papered with maps traced over with fine red lines that show the course of his voyages.

Like his figurative appetite for the new and inexperienced in life is his literal appetite for the unusual in food. With the widening of his horizons through travel his gastronomic horizons widened as well. On one of his trips to the East the Malay stewards, themselves no strangers to highly seasoned food, stood by open-mouthed as he carelessly scattered *sambal*, the most corrosive condiment known to man, on his breakfast eggs.

The pantry shelves at Fish Hook are stocked with such exotic items as popadams and Bombay duck, snails and octopus, rattlesnake meat and roasted agave worms.

The desk at Fish Hook claims a good portion of his day, and by now the postman has grown accustomed to letters postmarked Bali, Calcutta,

Buenos Aires, Tasmania. Every now and then a person from one of these far places will appear at Fish Hook. On a summer afternoon you are likely to find the first mate of a British freighter or a newspaper editor from Capetown sitting contentedly on the veranda with a Singapore gin sling in his hand, while from the pole on the lawn his country's flag is flying.

Stowed in a locker at Fish Hook is a collection of more than a hundred such flags. George Hough insists that when he wants to be left alone he hoists the square yellow signal flag flown by ships in quarantine. I have never known anyone who has seen it.

Sometimes in summer when the Vineyard is crowded he complains about the procession of visitors who make their way down the winding path to Fish Hook. "This place," he grumbles, "is nothing but a bar-room." But everyone knows that he no more means it than when, looking out at his bird-feeding station, he declares, "Those damned birds are driving me bankrupt. I can't afford to be so lavish."

He is lavish—of his time, his interest and the warmth of his heart. And no matter who his visitor may be, when he leaves he will carry away with him a tonic sense of freshness and a renewed zest for life. This is, indeed, Browning's "The last of life for which the first was made." This is the way old age can be.

“
14 DAYS WITH NO FOOD...
then her mother gave her
Lucozade

the sparkling

GLUCOSE

drink

and she hasn't looked back since

This brief extract from a parent's letter shows how LUCOZADE replaces lost energy. "I had a little girl aged 3 years very ill . . . with a very bad attack of whooping cough and congestion. She laid absolutely exhausted for 14 days with no food of any kind then I tried LUCOZADE and after the first bottle she began to recover and hasn't looked back since". This letter is typical of many. What has been done for this child, LUCOZADE can do for your child, or for you.



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Lucozade
replaces lost energy!

Toward Mrs. Gibson, 1935

WINDSHIELD wipers applaud-
ing in the rain . . . Snow
bandaging the street lights
. . . Blankets of snow, sheets of rain
—bed weather! (Henry Morgan) . . . The
intense cold crystallized each sound
into a greater precision (Sir Osbert Sitwell)
. . . A shiverful of keen air . . . Rows
of well-mannered poplars escorted the
road to the city . . . As soft as a nudge
from a kitten's nose . . . Men carrying
brief cases, faking work home.

A SMALL BOY, mischievous to the
imp degree . . . With used-up smiles
their friends waited for them to go
(Elizabeth Bowen) . . . A little dog, hardly
more than a bark and a tail . . . Eye-
lashes you could have hung your hat
on . . . A ski-jump nose . . . She had
the habit of looking facts in the face
and very often staring them down
(Angela Thirkell) . . . A baby clouding up
for a squall . . . He was holding back
a smile to see if I had one to trade with
him . . . Teen-ager sitting down: She
walks up to a chair and then has a
stroke.

Woman, complaining about insom-
nia: "I tried counting sheep, but it
only reminded me of the shortage of
lamb" . . . Confided an actress:

"There are two things I can't stand
about that woman—her face" . . .
Young mother's lament: "When day
is done so am I."

The trouble with

- a budget is that it won't budge
- too many people today is that they
want to eat their cake and have
yours, too
- diet is that you get fed up with
not being fed
- trouble is it always starts out just
like fun.

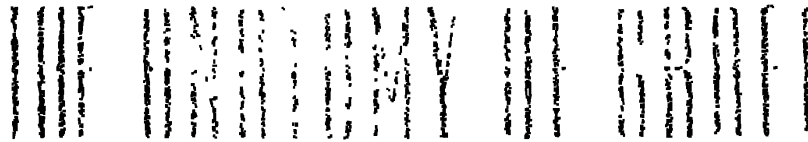
Humphrey Bogart: Men are born
free and equal—however, most of
them marry . . . *Clifton Webb* about
Hollywood: There are so many yes
men I call it the Land of Nod.

He believes that success depends on
luck and pluck: luck in finding some-
body to pluck . . . There's nothing
like a cocktail party to find out who
your friends were . . . One party that
always ends up in the kitchen is the
hostess.

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it deserves a wider audience? To the
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*A revealing story of how an American public
servant gets caught in the toils of corruption*



Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Joseph F. Dinneen

Columnist on the *Boston Globe*, specializing in crime and politics

VICTOR MARTIN was a schoolboy during the confident years before 1914. His father had done well as a municipal contractor, and Victor went on to college, specializing in nothing because he had no idea what kind of career he wanted. But World War I, a year in the U.S. Army and a chance afterwards to help organize a local unit of the American legion bent him towards politics.

What he knew about it he had learned chiefly from observation. His father, he was aware, had paid graft to local politicians, had contributed to campaign funds and had secured the votes of those who worked for him. Victor knew this was wrong. He was determined he wouldn't work like that.

Victor's father spoke to a state senator and Victor was appointed executive secretary to a committee investigating power rates. When the hearings ended he was employed by the Public Utilities Com-

mission as an assistant secretary. Victor Martin does not exist under that name. But almost every political reporter knows a dozen Victor Martins; they are to be found in every rank of government. —The Author

During the next three years he became an active member of every fraternal, service and civic organization open to him. So when he became a candidate for the City Council his name was fairly well known.

Thus Victor Martin, at the age of 25, took the first step up the political ladder. He was loyal, dependable, a good campaigner. And he was ambitious. As a councillor he would receive \$2,500 (£875) a year, hardly enough to support a wife and possible family. But he hoped that in time the harmless kudos that came his way merely because of his political position would somehow augment his income.

JOE BARRON, owner of a local café, called at Victor's house one night. "Vic," he began, "I want a swinging overhead sign outside my place." Vic was surprised.

"What's stopping you?" he asked. "All you have to do is drop in at City Hall, fill in an application and pay \$25 for a permit."

Joe Barron threw six \$50 bills on the table and said: "Not me! You do it, Vic. If \$300 isn't enough, say so. I've paid a lot more than that for less."

Victor tossed the money back. "Why do you want to pay money like that? You're entitled to the permit."

"Right," Joe agreed. "The only trouble is: if I go in and file an application, the clerk will tell me to come back after it's investigated. The local police will decide that the sign is an obstruction. The traffic-commission inspector will rule that it hides a signal light that nobody can see from that angle anyway. A road inspector will rule that it's an accident hazard. Before I've finished sweetening everybody a \$25 sign may cost me \$900 instead of \$300."

Victor's eyes narrowed. "Have you tried to get a sign before? Will it hide a light? Is it a hazard?"

"The answer is no to everything," Joe said. "If I ask for it they'll think either that you're angry with me, that I can't ask you, or that you're not interested, and they'll all make me pay up."

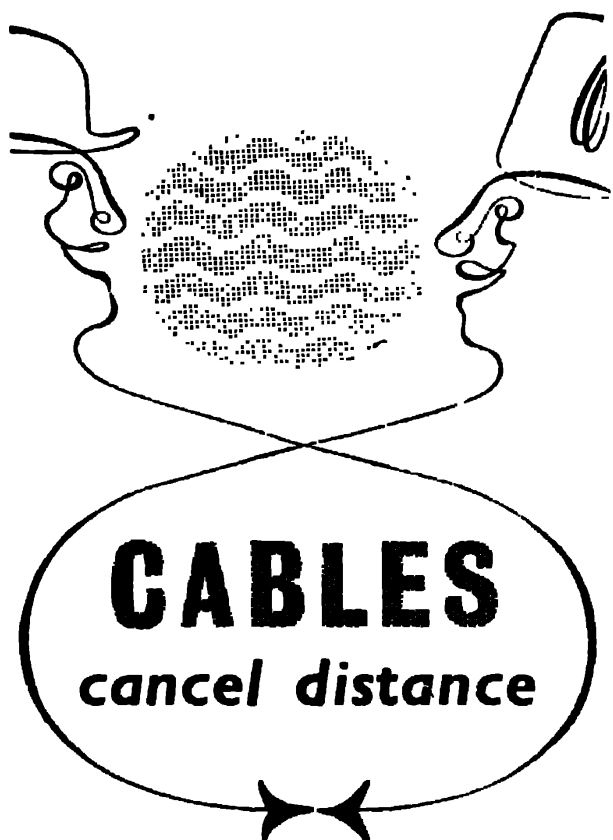
"You go in and make that application," Victor directed. "If anybody tries to get money out of you, tell me and there'll be a showdown."

Joe held up his hand for silence. "Wait a minute, Vic. You're not going to make a hero of yourself by making a stool pigeon out of me. I've got a good business and I don't want any trouble. I'll have plenty for you to iron out during the next two years—with the licensing board, the Alcoholic Beverages Commission, the Board of Health and people like that. You've taken Tom Drennan's place on the council. He's been promoted to the legislature where the pickings are better perhaps. I've always paid Tom. I like it like that and he liked it like that."

He got up to leave. "I'm not going to take that money back, Vic," he said. "Think it over. You're a politician now. Be one. If you're going to be a reformer, you'll be just a flash in the pan, good for one term."

Vic looked at the money for a long time. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had surrendered something that he could only retrieve by giving the money back, even though it would mean sacrificing Joe Barron's political support. He decided to talk it over with his father and Jean.

"Why not?" his father said. "You can't live on a councillor's salary. If I hadn't been paying politicians ever since I've been in business I wouldn't have made enough money to send you to college."



say it
'via Imperial'



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

What
do you know
about
IMPERIAL?

"What do *you* think of it?" he asked Jean.

"What's wrong with it, Victor?" she asked. "Is he persuading you to act illegally in his favour?"

Victor shook his head. "He's paying me to be an errand boy."

"The city is not deprived of any money it is entitled to?"

"Right," he agreed.

"Do you think that Joe Barron wants to put you under an obligation, so that you would have to take orders from him in the future?"

"Not at all," Victor answered. "If he asks me to do something for him again—and no doubt he will—I can still refuse if his proposal is dishonest or I don't like it for any other reason."

"Let's face it, Victor," she said. "Is this \$300 graft?"

He shook his head. "Graft is a politician's participation in the profit he has made possible for anyone doing business with or working for government. There's no profit involved."

"Then if it isn't dishonest, and it isn't graft, and you're not selling yourself to him, I can't see anything wrong about taking it."

Victor was still inwardly uncomfortable, but he decided not to return Joe Barron's money. "I won't sell jobs or promotions," he said. "I won't take graft as such. But if this is the way to play the game, I'll play it according to the rules."

HE TOLD Joe Barron much the same thing. It did not take Joe long

to circulate the news to all who wanted to do business with the new councillor. During Victor's first term he was given \$500 on three occasions for negotiating permits for tank storage of petrol; \$1,000 twice for petrol station licences. Liquor and alcohol licences accounted for \$5,000; permits to open roads for various private purposes, \$3,000. His total income during his first year was \$11,000—of which \$2,500 was salary. Half-way through the term he and Jean were married.

Soon after that he became an accidental reform hero. An order had been introduced in the council to authorize the purchase of \$30,000 worth of first-grade, heavy-duty tyres for the fire service. The lowest bid was far less than retail price; profit to the supplier seemed ridiculously low. Victor assumed that the councillor introducing the order had a financial interest in it and would be paid off, but he could find nothing wrong with the proposal. He voted for it and it was passed.

A deputy fire chief living in Vic's ward dropped round to see him one night after the tyres were delivered. "Those aren't first-grade, heavy-duty tyres," he said. "They're retreads. The fabric on most of them is cut or broken. They're treacherous things to put on fire apparatus."

He showed Vic a couple of the tyres he'd brought with him in the back of his car.

Vic brought it up in the council next day in the best speech he would

extra long-lived



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What *did* you know
about Brandy?

H E N R I S S Y

THE BRANDY HOUSE
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ever make. He apologized to the firemen and to his constituents for being too trusting—too stupid to see through the order. He demanded that the \$30,000 be returned to the city treasury, that a new contract be awarded to an honest bidder. Newspapers headlined his exposé, flattered him as a "fearless public servant."

The applause was not unanimous. "When a politician exposes another, he'd better be sure of his past and walk a chalk line thereafter," an older officeholder warned him. "Few of us are lily-white, and most of us are vulnerable. A politician who has been hurt has a long memory."

The episode paid dividends. More than 1,500 firemen were his friends for ever, a useful group in any city-wide election; voters in his own ward were favourably impressed. Their reaction was summed up this way: "Vic Martin is on the level. He never demands money. Vic wouldn't take a wrong dollar from anyone." This implied that there was such a thing in politics as a right dollar, which Vic would take.

Victor paid the first penalty after a property speculator in his ward asked him to submit a proposal for a car park. Victor submitted it to the council—only to see the members he had humiliated manoeuvre it out of his hands, and turn it over to a competitor. It was his first bitter experience in going back to a powerful constituent to report: "Sorry! I couldn't put it over."

Never again did Victor Martin emerge as a stout little David attacking a political Goliath. But this fight was always held up as a guarantee that as he had done it once he would certainly do it again if circumstances warranted it. Circumstances never again appeared to warrant it.

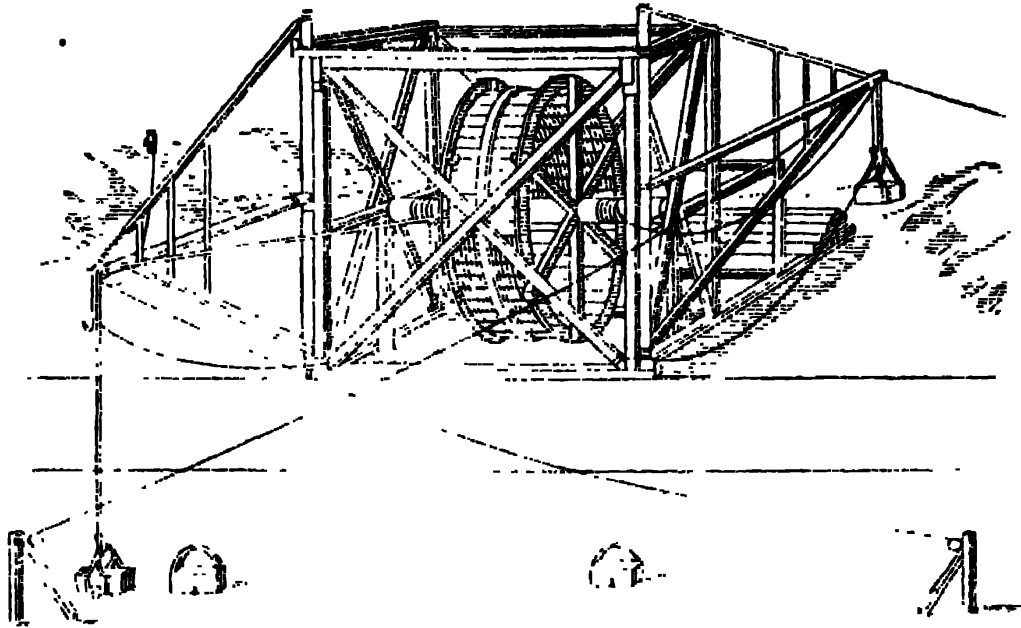
VICTOR went on in time to the legislature, where he put in four terms in the State House of Representatives and five terms in the State Senate. He was characterized as a sensible, practical politician. Party leaders considered he had everything: he was a good speaker, had an engaging personality, an attractive wife and an ideal home life.

He wanted very much to be governor, and by the time he reached 44 he felt that the moment was ripe. He was champing at the bit when one of his party superiors suggested that he should help to clear the deck in a complex city political situation by taking an appointment as U.S. Collector of Internal Revenue. He would far rather be governor. But the office of collector would be a handy vantage point from which he might be called to a higher elective office.

When his appointment was announced, people he had never met, never heard of, wired, telephoned and mailed congratulations. His friends arranged a testimonial banquet and said hail to the new tax collector with flowers, entertain-

Powerless Genius - 3


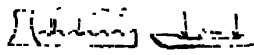


450 years ago Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) foresaw the modern drag-line scraper for shifting earth and other minerals.



From a Science Museum Photograph

Had he had at his disposal sources of power other than water, gravity and the human muscle, there is no knowing what technical advances Leonardo da Vinci might have seen in his own lifetime. His imagination was frustrated by lack of a source of power adequate to his genius. The world had to wait some 300 years after his death before man began to utilise the power that lies in coal. Another 100 years passed by before the first oil well was drilled and the latent power in mineral oils began to be utilised. In 1866 Vacuum Oil Company was founded. From their pioneering in the past 87 years, have come many of the important technological advances that have enabled so many of da Vinci's visions to become today's realities. Today, products of Vacuum Oil Company marketed under the Flying Red Horse trademark are known and used throughout the world.

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LONDON, S.W.1.

ment, speeches, distinguished guests, an expensive car, luggage for a trip and a sizable purse. An alphabetical list of donors accompanied the gifts. Neither Victor nor Jean considered this a mass bribe. He was just being honoured for 18 years' service to the people of his city.

For weeks after he took office, Vic felt like a crab in a bird cage. He had assumed that the office would run itself, but it did not work out like that. He was always being asked to make decisions concerning things he knew nothing about. His most continuous headache was a constant file of visitors, a never-ending stream of the tax-troubled, with letters of introduction from politicians.

He came to depend upon three deputies. "See what you can do for this man," was his usual instruction when he turned a suppliant over to one of them. "Give him all the help you can, but keep it legal." Vic did not want to lose any friends or make any enemies. He took special pains with special visitors, like Joe Barron. If they still cried in agony after the deputies had finished with them, he sent them back to try again. Usually they were well satisfied the second time.

Tax lawyers were another awkward problem. They appeared to know more about the law, its peculiarities and loopholes, than his own staff. They inevitably represented clients with powerful political connections. They could make out-

rageous proposals for settlements of tax debts sound plausible and strictly legal. In the background was always an alert detective force—U.S. Treasury Department Agents—who gave his staff the jitters.

After two years he felt that he knew less about income taxes than when he first took the job. He met other collectors in Washington, attended conferences, listened to technical discussions that remained unintelligible to him. The other collectors did not seem to understand too well either; as political appointees they were much the same as himself.

His calendar was usually crowded with speaking appointments. A combination press-relations director and ghost writer prepared his scripts. Gifts, gratuities, lecture fees and other compensations handsomely supplemented his \$10,500 salary. World War II was under way, but the problem of ration cards never seemed important; shortages did not affect the family. "How are you managing for sugar, Vic?" a grocer would ask. "Suppose I send out 50 pounds."

He had a freezer, a gift from a distributor. He had no trouble in getting tyres or petrol for his own car and his son's. Jean and his two daughters had extensive wardrobes—including sable coats. None of this escaped the neighbours.

Vic's son was at medical school and the two girls were at college in

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life's ups
and downs



Children *do* give a carpet a beating—but a B M K can take it! A B M K is *made* to take rough treatment—and come up smiling year after year. That's thanks to the tough, springy wool of the Scotch Blackfaced sheep, blended with other fine wools. And then there's that old Kilmarnock workmanship. Centuries of weaving know-how on the up-to-date looms give you carpet value that does take a lot of beating! So always

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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

1951 when Victor became interested in a U.S. senate committee's efforts to trace a country-wide crime syndicate pattern. Like all tax collectors, he had in his district his quota of lottery operators, amusement machine concessionaires, gambling and betting rooms.

After 18 years in politics and seven as collector, it followed that Victor knew personally almost every gambler and racketeer in his district. So did almost every other collector. Gamblers and racketeers were among the U.S. Government's best tax payers; but he was reasonably certain that none of them were evading taxes in his district.

As the hearings progressed, Victor's consternation grew. Presently gamblers and racketeers in his own district were cited before the committee. He recalled their appearances before him with their lawyers. As collector he was allowed some discretion. He had exercised it.

U.S. Treasury Department Agents moved into his office. They removed files. They would tell him nothing.

"I don't know whether I'm involved in this thing or not," he told Jean. "I've never known too much about the tax laws. I depended on these men round me. I told them to stay within the law, but they probably took liberties to please me and my friends. I'm responsible."

Treasury Agents began looking into his background, estimating the value of his home, checking on his

new car, the fur coats, the freezer, the gifts he had received in money and cheques. Vic engaged a good lawyer. He knew by now that he was certain to be indicted, and warned Jean and the children to prepare themselves for the blow.

Tension grew in his office. Employees watched him out of the corners of their eyes. The telephone stopped ringing. His friends were sure it was tapped. Political and personal associates fell away or greeted him hastily and went on their way. Telephone calls to Washington got him and his lawyer nowhere.

"**MARTIN INDICTED.**" He read the black headline and the dispatches beneath it. He went home and into complete seclusion. Among the thousands of friends he once counted, he now heard from none.

"Whatever has happened to Vic Martin?" his friends asked one another. Joe Barron shook his head and told people in his café, "I can't make it out. Vic was always an honest fellow. You could never bribe Vic. Like anybody else I always gave him presents. If he needed some money he didn't have to take it from the government. I would have been glad to let him have all he wanted—and he knew it. I can't believe he's guilty."

Joe was a sincere friend. He meant every word of it. He could not realize that Victor Martin had now come to the end of the path on which he, Joe Barron, had started him.

Cyclone in Calico

A condensation from the book by

NINA BROWN BAKER

MARY ANN BICKERDYKE, one of the first women war nurses in U.S. military history, was hardy and rebellious. The bane of life to many a hapless medical officer, she was beloved by ten of thousands of common soldiers for whose cause she fought with every ounce of her amazing strength.

Here is a vividly readable biography with "the grip of the most dynamic fiction," says the *Christian Herald*. "A grand book!"



Cyclone in Calico



ON THIS HOT Illinois Sabbath in May 1861 Dr. Edward Beecher made his dramatic entrance in Galesburg's Congregational Church. Even though Dr.

Edward was not so famous as his father, Lyman, as his brother, Henry Ward, or his sister, Harriet, he was a bona fide Beecher just the same, and he and the small-town parish he served never forgot it.

Today Dr. Edward began with a prayer, fervently thanking God for the blessings of health and food and raiment. One after another he named the everyday blessings that well-fed, secure people take for granted. After a resounding Amen, he stood silent a moment, then spoke: "My text this morning does not come from the Word. Instead I propose to read you a letter." Deliberately he unfolded a sheet of paper. A rustle of anticipation swept the pews. You never knew what Dr. Beecher would do next!

The letter was from Dr. Benjamin Woodward, a young physician who, along with 500 other Galesburg

men, had answered Lincoln's call for volunteers at the outbreak of the American Civil War. They were now stationed at Cairo, Illinois. The war was not yet two months old, and none of the Illinois troops had been in battle. But Dr. Woodward's letter was a furious, harrowing description of suffering and death.

The Galesburg boys, and others from all over the state, were dying like flies. Dying in filthy, ill equipped hospital tents, neglected and untended. Dying of dysentery, of pneumonia, of typhoid. They lay on rotten straw, under rotten canvas that let in the rain or the broiling sun. The Army surgeons took care of wounded men after battle, but paid very little attention to other patients. The only nurses were convalescent patients. The Government generously shipped the dead home for burial, free of charge.

Dr. Beecher read slowly, movingly, sparing them nothing of the horror. It was the more distressing because of the contrast created by the opening prayer. Here they sat, comfortable and safe, while the young men who had shared their comforts only a few weeks ago now lay on rotten straw, calling through fever-blackened lips for water. . . .

These were not strange soldiers. These were Galesburg men. These were *our boys*!

The reading ended, and the sound of women weeping filled the church. Men's voices muttered angrily.

Dr. Beecher refolded the letter and put it away. "It was your right to hear what Dr. Woodward wrote me," he said. "Let us discuss what can be done to improve the situation at Cairo."

The Sunday service turned into a business meeting. Medicines, invalid food and clean linen were quickly subscribed, about \$500 (£175) worth in the first half-hour. Then Dr. Beecher motioned for silence.

"You have been most generous, my brethren, for certainly our boys must have the material goods you offer. But have you thought who is to administer them? Let us send a sensible, level headed person to see that the supplies are properly used."

The president of the Ladies' Aid Society rose quietly. "Brother Beecher, I wish to propose a name. The person of whom I speak has wide experience of illness. No one in Galesburg has a better reputation for moral character, Christian charity and neighbourly good will. I do not believe we could place our mission in better hands than those of Sister Mary Ann Bickerdyke."

All heads turned towards a back pew. Her massive shoulders straight and square in black mourning, the 43-year-old Widow Bickerdyke sat

erect between her two little boys. There was sympathy and rugged kindness in her strong plain face, but the set of her jaw promised an iron determination, too.

There was no doubt about it, Mary Ann Bickerdyke had every qualification the pastor had demanded. True, she was a woman, and there were the Army regulations prohibiting women in the field. But everyone in Galesburg knew that when Mary Ann Bickerdyke took sides her side won.

Left a widow two years before, with an infant daughter (who died the following year) and with two half-grown boys and practically no money, Mary Ann had not yielded to dismay. Courageously she had put up a sign: "M. A. Bickerdyke, Botanic Physician." Wherever she had learned the physio-botanic methods which actually made her more nurse than doctor, Mrs. Bickerdyke had amply demonstrated to Galesburg that she was "good in sickness." Also, she had taken an active part in church life. Her executive ability, her willingness to tackle the toughest jobs, her utter refusal ever to concede defeat—the congregation knew about these qualities. And pretty soon the United States Army would know about them too, for Mrs. Bickerdyke was unanimously elected to accompany the gifts to Cairo.

"I'm no hand at speechmaking," she said bluntly. "You give me a job to do, and from what Dr. Wood-

ward says it's a hard job. All right, I'm used to hard jobs. All I ask is that some of you look after my boys here. Then I'll go to Cairo, and I'll clean things up down there. You don't need to worry about that. Them generals and all ain't going to stop me. This is the Lord's work you're calling me to do. And when I'm doing His work, they ain't nobody big enough to stop me."

ON THE MORNING of June 9 Mary Ann Bickerdyke arrived in Cairo, having sat up all night in the train, wedged uncomfortably among the bundles of relief supplies because she did not trust them out of her sight.

Dr. Woodward met her and drove her to Fort Defiance. "I've got you a pass for the day, ma'am," he said anxiously. "It wasn't easy. You'll have to leave before the sunset gun."

They drove through a gap in the rail stockade into a sea of freshly churned red mud. Dr. Woodward turned his horse to the left, where three tents stood apart. "My regimental hospital," he said briefly.

Mrs. Bickerdyke stepped out into the mud, clutching her medicine bag. She had come in her working clothes. Her grey calico dress drooped over a layer of plain muslin petticoats, unsustained by the fashionable hoop, and her thick brown hair was covered by a practical black bonnet.

"Well, don't stand there," she said to the young doctor. "Show me

what there is to see. Then I'll know what there is to do."

"Yes, ma'am." But still he hesitated to lift the first tent flap. "I ought to tell you, Mrs. Bickerdyke, you may be a little shocked at what you see. . . ."

"I know they're bad; that's why I came," she snapped.

It was far worse than the doctor's letter had been able to picture. Ten men were crowded into the first tent, most of them on straw pallets spread with Army blankets and so close together that there was scarcely room to move between them. The mud floor was foul with excrement. A swarm of bluebottles circled low over the sufferers, humming almost as loud as the moans and laboured breathing. The patients lay in shirts and drawers, filthy with vomit, rank with perspiration.

The two other tents were no better. Mrs. Bickerdyke drew Dr. Woodward out into the open air. "Doctor," she said, "the first thing you got to do is get me some able-bodied men. Don't ask me how. The privates have to take a captain's orders, don't they?"

"I don't know," he said frankly. "I haven't given any yet."

"You make me sick!" she said scornfully, turned away and tramped towards the nearest campfire. The soldiers looked up from their meal as her sturdy shadow fell upon them. For a long moment she stood silently, staring down at the unsavoury display of burned, half-raw

salt pork, boiled white beans and hard-tack.

"Not very good eating, I'd say," she remarked. "A piece of fried chicken 'ud go better. I tell you what, boys. The captain needs some strong backs and willing hands. If you fellows can see your way clear to helping him out, I can find you some better grub than you got there."

They came willingly to the alluring bribe. Friendly but firm, she stood over them while her orders were carried out. Men were set to sawing half a dozen empty hogsheads in two, while water boiled in every available container. Mrs. Bickerdyke opened her stores and brought out several cakes of strong brown laundry soap. Then, beckoning the doctor and two or three volunteers, she marched into the first tent. She waited a minute, while the dull eyes of the sick men turned towards her. Then, unexpectedly, she laughed.

"If your mas could see you now! I bet they ain't one of you had a bath since you left home. Well, we're going to clean things up round here, boys, including *you*. Now how many of you can get up for a hot bath and a clean bed and real home supper? Come on, now—who can walk for fried chicken?"

A surprisingly large number of them could, and did. Those too weak to totter out on their own feet were carried, and set down near the hogsheads-turned-bathtubs. "You boss this job, Doctor," she ordered.

"See they're handled easy. But I want every man of 'em ducked and scrubbed. And cut their hair and whiskers down to the skin. I can see the greybacks crawling from here. You'll find new drawers and undershirts in that biggest box. If they ain't enough, wrap 'em up in clean sheets. But don't put none of their old clothes back on 'em. I want that stuff burned, and the straw and blankets along with it. You see about it, Doctor. And get me some clean straw."

"Really, Mrs. Bickerdyke," the doctor protested. "I'm afraid this won't do. Several of these men are running high temperatures. A body bath—in the open—I couldn't be responsible. . . ."

"Don't worry," she said flatly. "I'm responsible. It's 90 in the shade, and nobody's going to take cold. Come on now, who's first in? Get them clothes off, sonny."

The man nearest her shrank as she began unbuttoning his undershirt. She gave him a hearty thwack on the shoulder. "Don't like to take a bath in front of a lady, huh? Well, don't worry. I've got other work to do. Somebody get me a spade. Here, you, what's your name? Andy? Get two spades, Andy. Me and you'll redd out the tent while the doctor tends to the baths."

Inside the stifling tent, her calico skirts tucked up to her substantial knees, she set to with her spade. With the dazed young soldier to help, she shovelled the filthy mud

outside, and scraped down to a new layer that was fairly dry.

"This'll have to do for tonight," she told Andy. "Tomorrow we'll get hold of some boards. Now go rustle up that straw, buddy, and hurry. The quicker we get 'em into a decent bed the quicker you can all eat. Fried chicken, Andy, that's what you're working for."

"You sound just like my mum," Andy told her. Young Andrew Somerville of Iowa had not been away from home long, a mother's commands still seemed more natural than a drill sergeant's. Mrs. Bickerdyke laughed and ruffled his curly hair. "You're a good boy, Andy. Now you go tackle them other tents, and get someone to help you. Lord knows they's plenty standing round doing nothing."

When at last all the sick men were back in bed, scrubbed pink, resting on clean sheets spread over clean straw, Mrs. Bickerdyke dealt out the home-cooked food she had brought from Galesburg. The patients were fed first; what was left went to the willing helpers. Most of the patients showed remarkably good appetites. Those who could not swallow solid food got a mixture of whisky, water and brown sugar. Mary Ann Bickerdyke was an uncompromising temperance advocate, but whisky as medicine she highly esteemed.

As the shadows lengthened, Dr. Woodward plucked nervously at her sleeve. "It's almost time for the

sunset gun, ma'am. You've simply got to be out of here before then. And you'll have to hurry if you're to catch the train."

Mary Ann Bickerdyke laughed and rolled down her sleeves. "Did you think I was going back to Galesburg, Doctor? This is not a one-day job. I'm staying till it's done. I'll find me a room in town somewheres. But right now, Doctor, you get back to those sick men. And, Andy, you tell whoever's your boss that I want you to help me from now on. Now run along, both of you. I'll ketch a ride back to town, or walk. 'Tain't far. Good night, Doctor. Good night, Andy."

Mary Ann smiled her warm, wide smile, and touched Andy gently on the shoulder.

"Good night, Mother," the boy's answer came unthinkingly.

*W*ITHIN a few days Mary Ann had established herself in town in a good-sized summer kitchen, long disused, but fitted with a big cooking range, handy to water and wood-pile, and with a bed in one corner. She had already written the brethren at home, informing them that this job might take all the summer, the way the Army ran things.

It did not take her long to organize the Fort Defiance hospital properly. For nurses she managed to get able-bodied men lounging in the guardhouse for minor offences. This hospital police duty proved so popular that it soon had to be abolished

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and the nurses drawn from eager volunteers.

On her second day in camp, Mrs. Bickerdyke had learned that Dr. Woodward's hospital was only one of six; and the other five were even more wretched than the first. The doctor in charge of one of them was a civilian who fitted in his camp visits as his private practice permitted. His hospital was, consequently, the filthiest of the six, with the highest mortality rate. Mrs. Bickerdyke was in the midst of her cleaning up activities there, and in a rare fit of righteous rage, when the doctor turned up on his leisurely rounds. In the presence of his patients she told him exactly what she thought of his hospital, and of him. The doctor went straight to headquarters, where, purple with anger, he shouted to the astonished commandant that a "cyclone in calico" had invaded his hospital and turned it upside down.

Brig.-Gen. Benjamin Prentiss was a sensible, hard-headed man. But he could not make head or tail of the doctor's complaint. This was the first he had heard of Mrs. Bickerdyke. His interview with her is not recorded, but in after years Mrs. Bickerdyke said simply, "I talked sense to him." From that time on she had semi-official standing in the camp.

One of the difficulties that particularly annoyed Mary Ann Bickerdyke through the long hot summer days was Army rations. Problems

of transport and supply often cut them down to two or three varieties of uncooked food. And the average male had little knowledge of how to cook them.

So, when cooking fires were lighted, she would leave the hospital to make hasty rounds, demonstrating how beans and salt pork could be made edible, if not palatable. Later, when the Army set up a system of company cooks at Cairo, Mrs. Bickerdyke trained them. Her recipes were handed about wherever Cairo men found themselves on the long front.

In time her room actually became a diet kitchen, supplied in part from the Army's scanty hospital fund. Mrs. Bickerdyke undertook to do the purchasing, as well as preparing the food. But there was never enough money for what she needed.

Homesick recruits, writing to mothers and wives of the horrible Army food, stirred the good ladies into action, and home packed boxes of food soon cluttered the trains. The summer was hot and there was much spoiling of the pastries, meats and soups. But Mrs. Bickerdyke salvaged what she could. And as the summer wore on she was delighted to find that more and more boxes contained sensible non-perishables and were marked for general distribution.

The Army Medical Department being utterly unprepared to cope with full-scale war, the United States Sanitary Commission—forerunner

From now on millions of men will have cause to thank



the Chemist who hated Shaving

If there is one thing that distinguishes Terence O'Shee (what an Irish name!) from the millions of other men in Britain who find shaving a confounded morning misery it is this—*he did something about it.* A Manufacturing Chemist, O'Shee decided to see if a cream could be devised that really would end shaving discomfort and produce a closer, quicker shave.

Soap Shaving Discarded

Brushless shaving was found to have many advantages. The 'Brushless' idea is not new. O'Shee dug up old literature on shaving; found the Romans used no brushes; just special oils. Soaps, becoming less harsh, lather shaving came in and is still popular with older men. 'Brushless' shaving is advancing; in America it has beaten lather; in England's cities, the score is now getting even with 'Brushless' gaining fast.

The "Four in Four" Formula

O'Shee made many novel experiments, using *entirely new* chemicals. He tried - and discarded - many ideas. There were many disappointments. Some formulas dried too quickly on the face. Some irritated. Some just would *not* rinse off the razor. *Then he hit it.* A combination of the old and the new! Famous Lanolin, Olive Oil and Glycerine (processed a certain way) to "emulsify" the "shellac" round each hair; giving truly fast, clean

cutting. Then G-14—a new antiseptic secret to kill off harmful bacteria attacking through tiny razor cuts; and Chlorophyll, with its remarkable freshening, deodorising and healing properties. A practical sort of "skin pick-me-up!"

Soothes as it shaves . . .

After innumerable check-tests, O'Shee and his assistants were satisfied they had the perfect shaving cream—brushless yet economical; capable of softening the stiffest beard-stubble, yet gloriously soothing to the most sensitive skin. Every man who tried it said the same—"It *soothes as it shaves!*"

The formula perfected, the product was named Lanolive, and arrangements made for its production by the Cooltan people who have just the right kind of equipment. Price was fixed at 2 zd. a large tube—made possible only by the new super-speed machinery. Chemists have *Lanolive Brushless Shaving Cream*, including Boots and Timothy Whites. Now men can be bright in the morning! . . . Now—even on a cold day—shaving won't be so bad.

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of the American Red Cross—was the main supplier of the Army's hospital needs from June 1861 until late in 1863. All Mary Ann Bickerdyke knew of the Sanitary Commission was that after October, when it opened a branch in Chicago, more supplies began to come in, and more sensible ones. She calmly appropriated them until the Commission opened its own Cairo depot, with a retired preacher named Folsom in charge. It was a little more difficult then, for Mrs. Bickerdyke had to talk the reverend gentleman into releasing them to her.

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1862, General Grant's plans for assaults against Forts Henry and Donelson got under way from Cairo. Fort Henry quickly fell to the Northern forces, but there was bitter fighting in freezing sleet before the victory flag was run up over Donelson at noon on February 16. From dawn to darkness, on the 15th, the battle raged, and when night fell the pickets' fire on both sides made it impossible for stretcher parties to bring in the wounded. The unburied dead froze quietly; and the wounded, if they were able, moved their tortured limbs about to try to keep the blood moving.

Meanwhile the *City of Memphis*—one of five river steamers the Sanitary Commission had recently leased as hospital ships—waited on the opposite side of the Mississippi River. Mary Ann Bickerdyke was aboard, waiting for the wounded.

She was not to take her clothes off for the next ten days. "I felt," she said afterwards, "like my nerves was stretched 75 miles."

The litter-bearers worked all one afternoon chopping away at the iron ground, often uncertain whether they were freeing corpses or living men. When living men were chopped from the frozen mud, their sufferings were not ended. There were no beds and almost no surgical supplies in the field hospitals. Three or four harassed Army surgeons worked valiantly, but the only hope was to get the suffering men to the hospital ship. The work went on into the night. Farm wagons and carts, which were the only ambulances, jolted down the rutted roads, delivering mummy-like figures, encased in frozen mud and their own frozen blood, to the mercy ship—and to Mother Bickerdyke.

"I never saw anybody like her," one doctor wrote afterwards. "Nourishment was ready for every man as soon as he was brought on board. Everyone was sponged free from frozen blood and mud as far as his condition allowed, and his blood-stiffened uniform exchanged for clean hospital garments. Incessant cries of 'Mother, Mother!' rang through the boat, and to every man she turned with a heavenly tenderness, as if he were indeed her son. She moved about with such a decisive air that we all had an impression that she held a commission from the Secretary of War."

She had, of course, no commission from anyone. Where she was needed she went. What needed doing she did. To her it was all perfectly simple.

Towards ten o'clock that night the relief parties reported that all the living had either been carried aboard the *Memphis* or left in the field-hospital stations until morning. But Mrs. Bickerdyke worried about the men in the comfortless field hospitals. When everything was quiet she packed a basket with food and made the rounds. It was midnight when she turned back towards the *Memphis*, but she was still uneasy. The searchers had sworn that every man alive had been brought in. But perhaps in their haste they had sometimes assumed death where life still flickered. She could not sleep until she was sure.

In his tent on the field Col. John Logan tossed on his bed and cursed a minor wound that kept him awake, too. He got up for a drink of water, and looked out to see what the weather was like. The sky had cleared and a waning moon dimly lit the darkness. Then Colonel Logan saw another light, close to the ground, that flitted from spot to spot. He shuddered. Some ghoul, robbing the dead? What else could it be out there in those shot-seared woods where only the dead were left? Indignant, Colonel Logan roused his sleeping orderly. "Find that man and bring him to me!" he roared.

The orderly did not come back for a long time. When he did he had Mother Bickerdyke with him.

"I was glad to have your boy's help," she said cheerfully. "It was quite a job, combing through them woods myself. All for nothing, too. But I had to satisfy myself they ain't nobody alive left out there. Now I know that, I can sleep. You ought to be asleep yourself, son." She peered at him, holding her lantern high. "Wounded, ain't you? That's a mighty messy-looking bandage you got there. Let me fix it." She rearranged the bandage to her own satisfaction, then had a cup of tea with him.

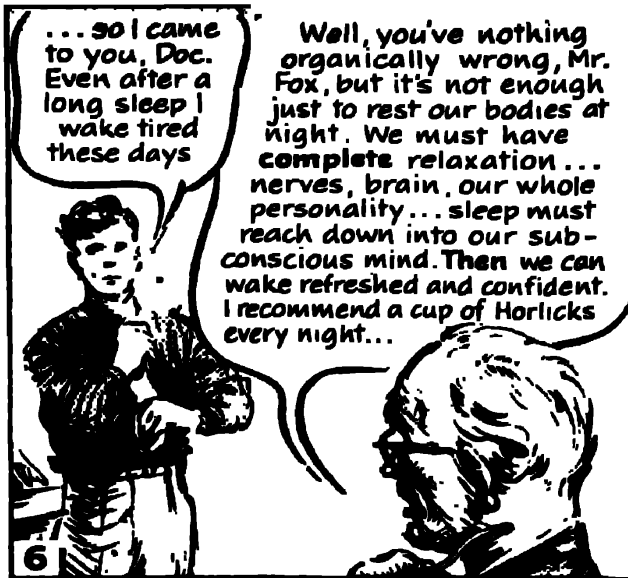
The meeting was the beginning of a long, warm friendship. Mary Ann Bickerdyke was not by nature inclined to friendliness towards officers. For the few exceptions she made, her highest compliment was to say that "you'd never know they was officers. They acted just like people."

MARY ANN did not return to her Cairo post. It seemed plain to her that she was needed closer to the battlefields, especially after seeing the inadequate field hospitals at Donelson. Without consulting anyone, she calmly attached herself to General Grant's army.

Accordingly,







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HORLICK'S
RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT

when the casualties from the bloody battle of Shiloh began to pile up on the Savannah dock, Mother Bickerdyke was there to take charge. One of the Army surgeons, who had not met her before, watched with admiration as she dispensed hot soup, tea, biscuits, whisky and water to the shivering, fainting wounded men. "Where did you get these articles?" he finally asked. "And under whose authority are you working?"

"My authority comes from the Lord God Almighty. Have you anything that ranks higher than that?" Mary Ann answered, never pausing in her work. ("And *that* shut him up all right!" she said afterwards.)

If the doctor had pressed his first question, she might have had more trouble in shutting him up. Where *did* she get the soup, the biscuits and the whisky? The doctor's question was to occur over and over again. Mother Bickerdyke admitted that her methods were sometimes frankly illegal. But, convinced that wounded men did better if they were fed at once, she always managed, somehow, to feed them. And on the third day after Shiloh, when the Sanitary Commission supplies began to come into Savannah, she grabbed them without scruple. Fortunately, the Commission, learning of her fine work, then made her their agent, a post which permitted her to use available supplies throughout the war.

That summer the war surged

round the important railhead at Corinth, Mississippi, which Union forces had occupied in May. Finally, on October 3, the Confederates attacked and attempted to recapture the town. Towards sunset of the first day a tired, dusty column of Union soldiers straggled by the hospital which Mrs. Bickerdyke had organized. They had been on the road since noon, without food or rest. Now they were heading straight into the battle at the edge of the town. It was more than Mrs. Bickerdyke's motherly heart could bear. She hailed the captain, splendid on horseback, and asked if they could not stop long enough for bread and coffee. He replied that they could not, and rode on.

She waited until he was out of earshot. Then, in her deep, strong voice, she shouted, "Halt!" The column came to a standstill. The exhausted men flung themselves down on the hospital grass. Nurses and walking patients hurried out with soup and coffee. When she was quite ready Mrs. Bickerdyke gave her second order, "Forward, march!" and the men moved on.

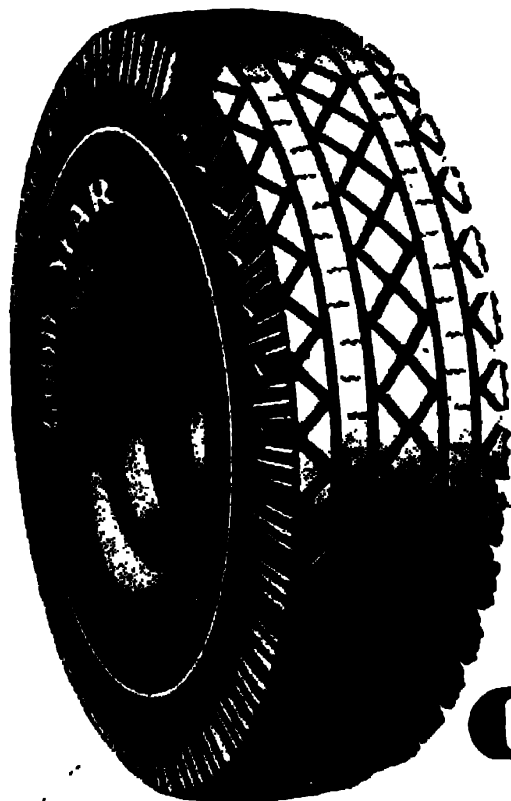
In the gathering dusk no one had seen where the orders came from. There was an inquiry later, at which a sergeant testified that he supposed it had been some general who happened to be at the hospital. It certainly sounded like a general's voice to him. Mrs. Bickerdyke, admitting her guilt, nonchalantly accepted a formal reprimand. She

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knew it was wrong, and she would not do it again.

"Unless I have to," she added cheerfully.

EARLY in January 1863 Mrs. Bickerdyke moved to Memphis—an important new concentration point for the Union forces. She asked the medical director, Dr. J. D. Irwin, for an assignment. He looked at her shabby calico, her plain face and her big work reddened hands. The young doctor was not unsusceptible to the charms of the pretty young ladies who, romantically visualizing themselves as ministering angels, often made vast nuisances of themselves in the larger city hospitals. But here obviously was no angel. Whatever she was, she flourished General Grant's pass and demanded to be put to work. He considered awhile, his distaste growing with every word she spoke. Finally he had an inspiration.

Outside the town, at Fort Pickering, was the Army pesthouse for smallpox patients. They had no attendants, for there was no treatment for smallpox and healthy men refused to go near them. At the moment, Dr. Irwin noted from a report on his desk, nine bodies lay in their beds there, awaiting burial.

The officer at Fort Pickering was afraid of mutiny if he ordered a burial party to go in for them. The doctor read the report aloud, then looked at Mrs. Bickerdyke with

lifted eyebrows. "You say you are anxious to serve, madam. Perhaps you could find scope for your talents at Fort Pickering. Or is that asking too much?"

"Not a bit, Doctor," she answered sturdily. "From what you say, it's just another place that needs cleaning up. Tell me how to get there."

Her invaluable helper, young Andy Somerville, rounded up a corps of men who had had smallpox, and they removed the dead, burned the filthy bedding, scrubbed the floors and whitewashed the walls. Soon the patients—bathed and in clean beds—were eating Mother Bickerdyke's nourishing cooking. A surprisingly large number of them recovered. Those who died died peacefully, with a woman's hand in theirs.

But there was too much work at Memphis for Mrs. Bickerdyke to spend all her time at Fort Pickering; so she went back to Memphis to make life a burden for Dr. Irwin.

The hospital was filling rapidly, mostly with typhoid and pneumonia cases shipped in from Grant's headquarters. Dr. Irwin, impatient of civilian diseases, felt Mrs. Bickerdyke was coddling the men, and the tension between them flared into a series of clashes. The infuriated doctor tried reporting her to his military superiors, but he found them unsympathetic. When it came to patients' welfare, he was told, Mother Bickerdyke knew best. He would do well to try to get along

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with her. In time he decided to preserve his superiority by accepting Mrs. Bickerdyke as a "character," endlessly amusing and always good for a laugh in the officers' mess. But even this compromising attitude failed to preserve the doctor's superiority.

There had been an outbreak of scurvy among Grant's forces, and though most of the victims had recovered by the spring, Mrs. Bickerdyke was still not happy about their diet. Her own theories called for plenty of fresh milk and eggs. But the southern farmers' prices were excessive. Besides, she suspected that the milk was watered, and there was no question at all about the staleness of the eggs.

So she went to Dr. Irwin and told him she wanted 20 days' furlough, to go North and bring back some decent milk and eggs for her boys. Dr. Irwin smiled at her simplicity, and pointed out that "milk and eggs spoil pretty quick in warm weather." But he agreed to go with her to General Hurlbut. The general would have to approve a furlough anyway, and this was a good chance to prove that the old lady was cracked.

General Hurlbut, hearing about the high price and poor quality of southern milk, nodded gravely, and said he would try to get more money for the hospital fund, so that she could buy more milk. "But that won't help the quality," he added.

"Mother B. wants to go up North

and bring back some milk," Dr. Irwin said with a sardonic grin. "A fine idea, don't you think?"

Mary Ann Bickerdyke gave him a scornful glance. "If you've had your fun, Doctor, maybe you'll let me talk. The general's a busy man. Yes, sir, I do want to go North and get some decent eggs and milk. If you'll give me 20 days off I'll come back with enough to feed my boys all the summer."

The general smiled uncertainly. "If you say so, Mother Bickerdyke, I'm sure you can do it. But how do you expect to keep them from spoiling?"

"Now that's a sensible question. If the doctor had asked me, instead of snickering over it, I'da told him. It's easy, General. I'll bring back cows and hens alive. . . ."

And that's exactly what she did, with the general's enthusiastic approval and offer of Army transport. Her mission had a strong appeal to the practical farm people she approached, and the response was terrific. Before her 20 days' leave was ended, Mrs. Bickerdyke was on the return route to her hospital, part of a bizarre procession of more than 100 cows and 1,000 hens being shipped to Memphis in small consignments.

"She entered the city in triumph, amid immense lowing and crowing and cackling," an observer wrote. "Thereafter there was an abundance of fresh milk and eggs for hospital use."

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AFTER the Northern forces captured Vicksburg, on July 4, 1863, Mrs. Bickerdyke was closely associated with General Sherman. When someone once complained to him about her, he said: "You've picked on the one person round here who outranks me. If you want to lodge a complaint against her, you'll have to take it to President Lincoln." The story made the rounds, and reached Mrs. Bickerdyke's ears. "Well, I always say I hold my commission from God," she remarked. "Reckon I do rank Billy Sherman. But it takes a big man like him to say so."

Billy Sherman was her pet general. He was frequently brusque with other Sanitary representatives, but he trusted Mary Ann Bickerdyke. From Vicksburg he made a formal request to the Commission, asking to have her permanently assigned to his corps. With the assignment confirmed, he told her to take two weeks off and go back to Illinois for a rest.

On a blazing July day she packed her carpet-bag. For a change, she had new clothing to pack, for a whole new wardrobe had been shipped to her by Commission friends. Mrs. Bickerdyke had sniffed as she unpacked it. Those women must be crazy, putting their good money into such fancy things for her. So she'd traded the frilly drawers, chemises and petticoats, and a bottle-green silk dress, with the southern ladies for food for her boys. But she'd kept a black silk

dress, and, oddly enough, two white cambric nightgowns, beautiful with lace and ruffles. Perhaps these dainty garments touched some forgotten yearning of a young Mary Ann, whose trousseau had lacked such loveliness. Whatever her reason, she put the two nightgowns into her bag.

She made a busman's holiday of her journey by escorting 20 Vicksburg patients to the general hospital at Paducah, Kentucky. It was a slow, hot, three-day trip, in an ordinary train. On the third day, just before sunset, the train was halted by a man waving a white rag. The conductor came back fuming. "Just a couple of discharged soldiers," he told his passengers. "Got no tickets, and want me to haul them into Paducah free."

He reached for the signal cord, but Mother Bickerdyke was out of her seat. "Discharged soldiers? Are they wounded, Conductor?"

"Reckon so. But it's no business of mine to get 'em there."

"I'll see about them," she protested; "you hold up the train."

"Can't do that, lady. We're late as it is."

She tied her bonnet strings, reached for her carpet-bag and jumped off the train as it moved away into the gathering dusk. There was no town, nothing but a crude wayside shelter.

"Well, son," she said to one of the soldiers, "what's the trouble here?"



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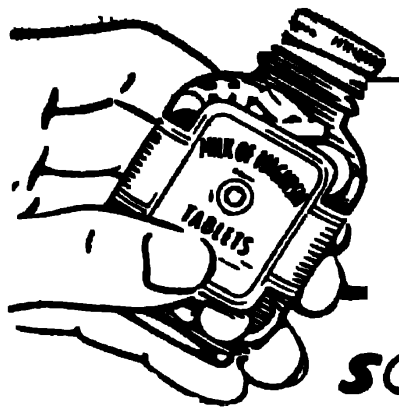
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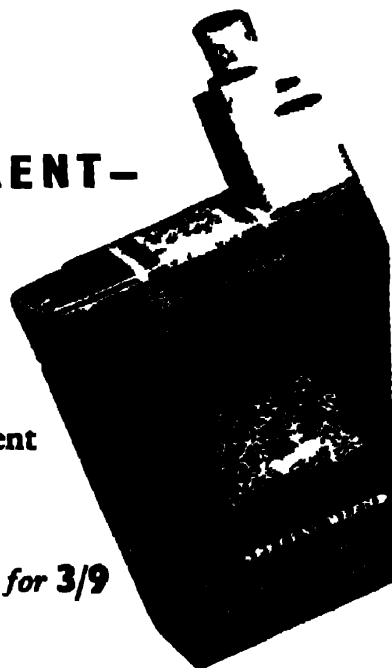
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In the hut Sam lay moaning on the dirt floor. His left leg, amputated just below the hip, had healed well enough to satisfy the Army surgeons. His friend had lost an arm. Both men had several smaller wounds now bleeding. Discharged as unfit for service, they had been given railway tickets home. The Army's responsibility ended there.

Her examination finished, Mrs. Bickerdyke asked, "You boys got anything to eat?"

The one-armed boy shook his head. "We got some water, though, in that tin pail."

"Well, that's fine. I'll see what I can scare up. You build us a fire, sonny, and put your pail of water on to heat."

She opened her bag. She had hard-tack and jelly, the remains of her lunch, and a little packet of tea. But nothing at all for bandages. She dug deeper and pulled out the two cambric nightgowns. Ruthlessly she tore off wide swaths. She washed their wounds, some of them badly infected, and bandaged them with

the fine cloth. She massaged the healed leg and arm stumps, and padded them with soft new bandages.

Then they sat round the fire, drinking tea, eating biscuits and jelly. In the morning Mother Bickerdyke stopped the first train and shepherded her new patients into Paducah, to the Soldiers' Home.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE was back with General Sherman when his assault on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, began. Her hospital tents were half full before dark on the first day. Soon the trickle of wounded changed to a torrent, and outside the operating tent a grisly pile of severed limbs grew and grew.

Mrs. Bickerdyke did her best to soothe the patients after amputation, although there was very little to work with here. But fortunately a raid on a Rebel still had produced several jugs of corn whisky. So she urged the amputees to eat their nice hot panada and try to get some sleep. Panada, her favourite post-operative nutriment, was Mrs. Bickerdyke's own invention: a thick mixture of whisky, hot water and brown sugar, into which she crumbled Army hard-tack.

As the battle went into its second day and night, in a fierce gale and driving sleet, Mrs. Bickerdyke hurried from tent to tent with hot bricks and cups of panada and soup. With a ruthlessness that was pure mercy she hurried dead bodies into stacks outside the tents, yielding the

LOOKING INTO



THE FUTURE!

There's some fascinating reading in the February 1953 issue

AFTER enjoying this issue of The Reader's Digest, you're probably wondering what you will find in the February issue. Below, we give you a foretaste of the good things in it. If you don't take the Digest regularly, why not place a standing order with your newsagent now, so that you'll be sure of getting the February issue and the succeeding ones as well?

Give my Love to the Children. "I never add up sums: I always put the answer down first and set the sum afterwards." So Charles Dodgson told a group of children; but he spoke with the accent of Lewis Carroll. Fascinating anecdotes about the author of "Formulae of Plane Trigonometry" who was also, amazingly, the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

How to Do More Work with Less Fatigue. "Early to bed and early to rise . . ." Is this invariably sound? If you want to accomplish more and tire yourself less, you should know if taken-for-granted statements about rest are true or false. Results of recent tests by physiologists and psychologists will surprise you.

Observe Science in Action. When you dive from a rowing boat, it is pushed in the opposite direction—and this principle of action and reaction explains how a jet plane works. In fact, the Comet traces its ancestry back to Sir Isaac Newton and a working model he made in 1686 to illustrate his Third Law of Motion.

How to Say No. Many of us suffer from the inability to say "No"—and find ourselves with purchases we don't want, involved in

activities we don't like. Vance Packard suggests several friendly ways of saying "No." You'll probably find one of them useful some day soon.

Tit for Tat. In Hitler's Vienna, the Polish airman bumped into a man fleeing from the Gestapo—and helped him escape. Injured in the Battle of Britain the airman, after a kull operation, gained consciousness to find his surgeon was the Austrian he flew to safety.

The Secret Weapon of Joe Smith. Joe Smith subtil part of his New York house to a United Nations delegate from beyond the Iron Curtain. He found that his tenant had a passion for complaints; but one day, he worked out a way to quell him—so simple, so sure, he wondered if he couldn't maybe use it to ruin most of the Communists in the world.

ALSO some 25 other articles, including: "People of the Deer" (condensation of the book by Farley Mowat), "They Don't Have to Retire," "They're Beating the Devil Out of Epilepsy," "Their Business Needs a Jules Verne Imagination," "America's New Divorce Haven." And, of course, the regular Reader's Digest features of wit and humour.

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shelter they no longer needed to the living.

In all, four days' fighting left Mother Bickerdyke with 2,000 badly wounded men and practically no facilities for taking care of them.

Two weeks later the Sanitary Commission's mule-drawn caravan reached Chattanooga with dressings, clothing and medicine. Food, though badly needed, would have to wait. The one food item she had asked for was a supply of baker's yeast.

With the yeast on hand, she was ready to make bread. A squad of volunteers had converted bricks from a demolished chimney into ovens, under Mother B.'s directions, and a mill supplied the flour. On a good day she turned out 500 huge loaves. When a second Sanitary shipment brought a case of dried peaches, she turned them into several hundred pies.

She was, she admitted, a good hand at baking, but she kept to her rule of cooking for patients exclusively. The only time she relented was at Christmas, that dismal Yuletide of 1863, when not a single home-packed Christmas box got through to Chattanooga. On Christmas Eve she made molasses toffee for every man in camp, sick or well. They pulled toffee round the camp-fire, sang songs and told stories, and surprised themselves by having a fairly merry time.

Christmas week was intolerably cold, with high winds blowing. Although the engineer corps had cut a

good supply of logs, Mrs. Bickerdyke burned them so recklessly to heat the hospital tents that the pile was dwindling. Towards evening on New Year's Day, when the thermometer touched zero, the pile gave out. Mrs. Bickerdyke hurried off to find the surgeon in charge and told him he'd "best send out a chopping party, before it gets any later."

The doctor glanced at the sky. "I'm afraid it's too late now. It'll be dark soon. We'll just have to pull through until another day." He mounted his horse and rode off to his warm quarters in Chattanooga.

Mrs. Bickerdyke stood in the road and shook her fist after him, then tramped the half-mile that separated the hospital from the nearest camp. The highest officer she could find was a sergeant. She ordered him to bring some men and mules over to the hospital. He hesitated. "I gotta crock of toddy just going to waste, Sarge," she said. "Reckon your men could stand a little sip on New Year's Day."

They came, and drank, and took her orders. Near the hospital was a line of log breastworks. Destroying military fortifications without orders is quite a crime, but hot toddy is very persuasive. The men tore out the logs, chopped them up and piled them on the fire. Then they had another round of toddy and went back to camp.

The major heard about it in the morning. He put the sergeant in the guardroom and hurried over to deal

with Mother Bickerdyke. "Madam, consider yourself under arrest!" he said sternly.

With a sweep of her powerful arm she brushed him aside. "All right, Major, I'm arrested. Now don't bother me. I got work to do."

There was an official inquiry, at which Mother Bickerdyke coolly admitted her guilt. Then she spoke frankly to her officer judges. "It's lucky for you fellows that I did what I did. For if I hadn't, hundreds of men would have frozen to death. No one up North would have blamed *me*. But there'd've been such a hullabaloo about your heads for allowing it to happen, that you'd have lost them whether or not."

She was right, and they knew it, and her hearing ended with most of the officers warmly commending her. The chairman went so far as to advise her "to pursue the same course again, under the circumstances." She told him not to worry, she would.

TOWARDS the end of the war, after Sherman had begun his famous march through Georgia to the sea, he absolutely refused to allow any women—including Mother Bickerdyke—to remain with the Army. So, until he could use Mary Ann again, the Sanitary Commission sent her on a lecturing tour. One Sunday in Brooklyn she went, in a purely private capacity, to hear the famous Henry Ward Beecher, brother of her own Galesburg pastor. She ex-

pected to slip into the Plymouth Church unnoticed; but she was recognized, and the congregation crowded round her after the service, eager for a word from such a celebrity.

Someone asked if she would not give a talk to the congregation, and she said she would—but just to the women. She was firm about excluding all men.

Speaking in the church's Sunday-school room, she began by giving a realistic account of battle—and its aftermath, the piles of amputated limbs, the blowflies, the gangrene, the filthy bandages that could not be changed because there was nothing to replace them. The field hospitals needed everything—but today she was going to stick to bandages, clean white cotton rags of which there were never enough.

She stopped, and looked considerably at her audience, shaken by the intolerable picture she had spread before them. She gave them time to recover; then her tone lightened.

"I reckon I put it pretty strong, didn't I? Well, war ain't pretty, that's the truth. But I didn't aim to harrow you up. Maybe we better talk about something nicer for a minute. They say when women get together they always talk about clothes. Let's talk about clothes. I heard in New York City that hoops are going out of style. They say women are depending more on starched petticoats to hold their dresses out. I was wondering about

that. Seeing you Brooklyn ladies, all dressed up for church, made me think. I reckon every one of you is wearing at least one white muslin petticoat. Well, how many are wearing two?"

Wondering, they raised their hands.

"Three? Four? Five?" Not a hand went down, but at "Six?" they all dropped. Five was the fashionable number.

Mother Bickerdyke straightened, her smile vanishing. "All right, ladies. Every one of you is sitting there in five muslin petticoats—and I had to tie up a dying boy's stump in a piece of gunnysack. Does that make you feel good, in all them yards of clean muslin? Ladies, I speak to you now as a mother. Four petticoats is enough for any decent modest Congregational woman. Stand up, all of you. Lift your dresses. There's no one but us women here. Ladies of Brooklyn, in the name of my boys, *drop that fifth petticoat!*"

Between laughter and tears, shaken by her tale of horrors, they stepped out of the garments and packed them in three trunks.

Later, the hideous running sores of the wounded were bound with strips from the Brooklyn petticoats.

MRS. BICKERDYKE now received Sherman's summons to rejoin the Army in Georgia. A small steamboat was placed at her disposal to bring supplies, and she got as far

down the coast as Wilmington, North Carolina. While the ship took on water there, she went out to see what was going on in the town. She came back in haste, ordered her cargo to be unloaded, and sent off a hasty note to General Sherman, advising him that she had found a better use for her supplies.

Northern prisoners, released from Confederate stockades by Sherman's Georgia campaign, had reached Wilmington. A heart-breaking sight, those who could walk were walking skeletons, repulsive with ugly sores attributed variously to exposure, starvation diet and rat bites. The stretcher cases suffered from graver ills, of which septic wounds were the most common.

Mrs. Bickerdyke bathed and bandaged the veterans and put them to bed between clean sheets; she brought them hot soup and cold lemonade and tapioca pudding. She wrote to families who had been without news since their sons' capture, ending their long suspense with glad tidings or with merciful finality.

General Sherman was moving northwards on his last fighting march, when Mother Bickerdyke rejoined him at Beaufort, North Carolina. She was there at her hospital on April 9, Palm Sunday, when all the church bells were set ringing to celebrate the end of the war.

Mother Bickerdyke's job had not changed, except that it was harder. For the convalescents now set up a

mighty clamour to go home, and their relatives descended in swarms, impatient of an hour's delay. Mrs. Bickerdyke moved swiftly and efficiently, and by the first of May all but a few of her patients had been released.

THROUGH that first balmy spring of peace the Union troops poured into Washington. Miles deep outside the city their tents whitened the hillsides. The capital plunged into a period of hectic gaiety like nothing in its staid history. It was all working up to a mighty climax, the Grand Military Review.

Workmen knocked together a reviewing stand in front of the White House. The parade route lay along Pennsylvania Avenue, lavishly decorated with red, white and blue bunting and packed with spectators.

Punctually at nine o'clock on May 24 a signal gun boomed. As its echo died away there came a blare of bugles, a roll of drums, the sudden glint of sunlight on drawn swords. Gen. Sherman, surrounded by his staff, came into view, and the parade of the Union's western armies was under way. The general and his staff rode past the reviewing stand and saluted the President. Then, leaving their horses in the White House grounds, they returned to the stand to enjoy the rest of the parade.

Sherman's old corps came first, its regimental band blaring out a stirring march. Just behind the band, at the head of the corps, rode General

Logan with Mother Bickerdyke at his side. He had overruled her protests, reminding her of how often he had issued some order to please her. The two horses paced side by side, as they had done so often on southern trails. General Logan wore full-dress uniform and silver spurs.

Mother Bickerdyke fully intended to do a little dressing up herself. She had a brand-new velvet basque and plum-coloured riding skirt, given to her in New York. But she hadn't had time to put it on. Instead, she wore her everyday calico dress, a sunbonnet dangling at her neck.

IT WAS NOT until March 21, 1866, that the last Illinois volunteer received his discharge. On that same day Mrs. Bickerdyke resigned.

She came out of the war a few months before her 49th birthday, a vigorous woman in the prime of life. During the 35 years that remained to her she continued to devote her energies—tirelessly, unselfishly, efficiently—to a variety of good works, most of them concerned with "her boys," now turned veterans. After her death on November 8, 1901, her fellow townsmen in Galesburg marked her grave with an ornate granite monument, and raised funds for a statue showing Mother Bickerdyke kneeling beside a wounded soldier. The statue still bears her name, but the real memorial to Mother Bickerdyke was in the hearts of the thousands whose lives she saved.

An oasis of freedom in the Communist desert

Berlin's Fighting University

Condensed from Die Woche

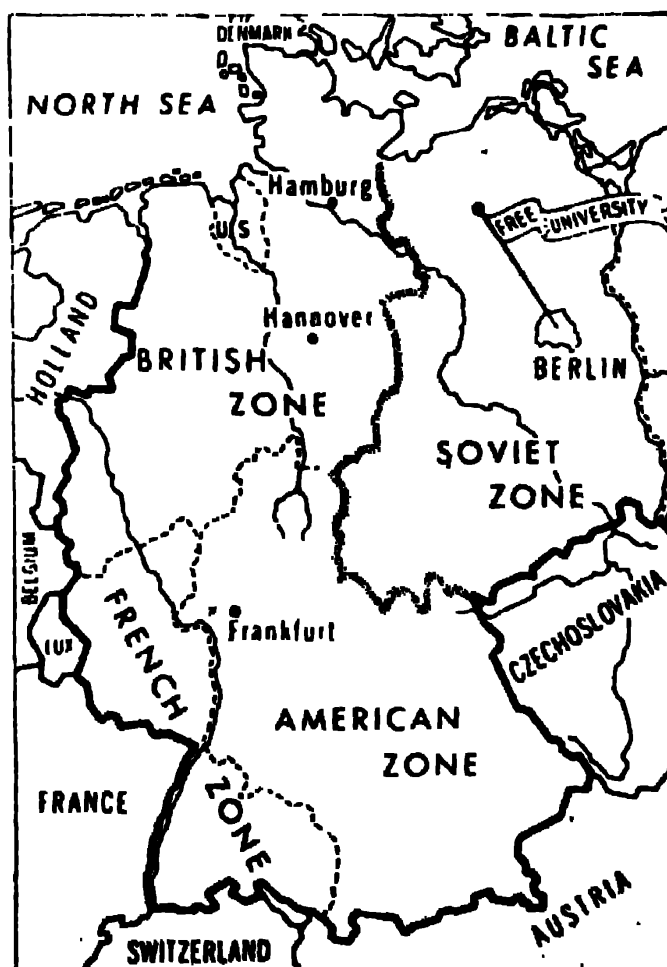
Helmut Jaesrich

SURROUNDED by Soviet darkness, 6,000 young Germans at the new Free University of Berlin are winning, with American help, a valiant battle for liberty of learning. Built up from nothing in a few months, the University's laboratories and libraries are scattered over the U.S. Sector of Berlin in improvised buildings—one of the lecture halls is in an abandoned tram shed. Few of the students have really enough to eat; many escaped from the Soviet Zone with nothing but the clothes they wore. Yet they hold the banner of scholarship high.

"We didn't sit and wait for freedom to come along," says Lieselotte Berger, a former head of student government. "We went out and got it for ourselves. We aren't going to let it be murdered before our eyes."

"To us students who fled from the Soviet Zone [two out of every five]," adds Werner H., "the Free University is a beacon that we must keep burning bright for our fellow students still behind the Curtain."

The teachers have caught this eager spirit, and are teaching with an enthusiasm and a sense of independence not felt for years. A Swiss history professor, Dr. Walther Hofer, found the University so exhilarating



that he stretched his guest lectures out into a regular appointment. "Why did I leave the safety of my beautiful Zurich," he asks, "for the ruins of besieged Berlin? Because here I found the desire for political liberty fused with the passion for knowledge. The Free University is an oasis of free inquiry in the desert of Bolshevik ideology."

This kind of faith so impressed administrators of the Ford Foundation of America, that last year they made the University a \$1,309,500 (about £458,000) grant. The money will be used to provide a central library, adequate mess halls, bigger classrooms and other desperately needed facilities.

The Free University was actually born in the Soviet Sector shortly after the Russians reopened Berlin's 135-year-old Humboldt University, once among the finest in Europe. Under the leadership of stout-hearted young George Wrazidlo, who had been in Buchenwald concentration camp, the carefully picked "anti-fascist" student body got out of hand. Wrazidlo had at first tried to work honestly with the Communists, but quickly found that they were as bad as the Nazis. He led a protest against the decoration of the University with Communist May Day emblems. This is the sort of courage that Moscow does not forgive. With two others, Wrazidlo was arrested. Nothing has been heard from them since.

The Humboldt University stu-

dent paper warned of more oppressive measures to come, and encouraged the spirit of resistance. When three of the editors were expelled, the students held a meeting and voted to set up a new, genuinely free university in West Berlin. A committee was formed to persuade the democratic members of Berlin's municipal council to pass a resolution in favour of such a move.

The New York *Post* correspondent, Kendall Foss, interested General Lucius Clay in the new university. In the midst of all his worries about the Russian blockade of Berlin, General Clay arranged to turn over to the students a grab bag of oddly assorted buildings and a grant worth \$500,000.

The Free University put up its name in a little two-story building at No. 4 Boltzmannstrasse. Bombed-out rooms were patched up; books were collected from friendly institutions; chairs and tables were pulled to classrooms on handcarts. Lectures, in shifts, began by candlelight; trees blossomed into notice boards on which were tacked up little signs reading "Typewriter Wanted," or "Used Overcoat for Sale."

Day after day an examining board of three—one staff member, one layman, one student—sat questioning applicants, some of whom might well be spies. There was room for only 2,000 students. Five thousand applied; somehow 2,200 were taken in, one-fourth of them women.

Today the University's six depart-

ments—law, science, economics, the humanities, medicine and veterinary medicine—have among their 287 members some of the most distinguished academic names in Germany. And in one classroom or another you will nearly always find a visiting professor from another country.

No other university in Germany boasts such a high degree of self-government. Students saw to it that the University's constitution gave them two out of the 16 votes in the Senate, the Free University's governing body. The Student Executive Committee screens new applicants, makes loans, finds part-time jobs and runs the student restaurant, where a free lunch of soup or noodles is served five days a week. In West Berlin, East marks are worth only a quarter as much as the West D-marks; so each East Zone student is given a "currency scholarship" of about 80 D-marks.

Many undergraduates earn a few extra marks with the *Heinzelmannchen*, a student organization named after those friendly gnomes of German folklore who do the chores while human beings sleep. Twenty-four hours a day, three shifts of telephone operators take orders for baby-sitters, interpreters, carpet-beaters or lorry drivers. Pay is one

D-mark an hour, of which ten per cent goes to support the *Heinzelmannchen* service.

One of the most important student activities in West Berlin is the AGDS (Office for Inter-German Student Affairs), which keeps up contacts with students in East Zone universities. Through the AGDS, Free University students, despite their own lack of money, manage to send packages to professors and students in the East Zone. The parcels may contain food, or medical supplies impossible to find beyond the Curtain, or copies of the technical papers written by scholars in the West, or forbidden Western textbooks.

Through the AGDS, German students everywhere are informed of the casualties in their ranks at the hands of the Soviet German police. The bureau publishes a roster of East Zone students who have been arrested, and occasionally gets word of an impending arrest and can warn the victim in time. Not long ago six students escaped from the Soviet Zone as the result of such a tip.

Until the day when German youngsters can pursue their studies without fear, the Free University of Berlin is playing a vital rôle in keeping alight the torch of freedom.



ASKED his opinion of a film which had received a tremendous build-up, a famous playwright said: "Frankly, I was underwhelmed." —L.L.

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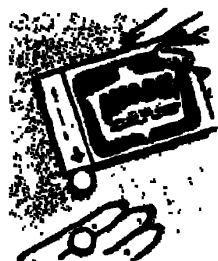


OLD "February fill-dyke" is here, and what with the wet and the cold most families are having to cope with illness of some kind. And so I've purposely included in my "Buy-Lines" this month several tested products that are invaluable at this time, either in preventing illness, treating it or building up resistance against it. Do write, too, for the free booklets given me specially for you.

What's for breakfast? Top marks for you, Mother, if it's **WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT**, served with hot milk. For this "smashing" cereal, as the children say, stays crisp with the hottest milk, saves you cooking, and starts the family off with a protein-packed meal that's energising, nourishing and warming. In fact, if anything's likely to keep them 100 per cent. fit, it's Shredded Wheat. It's made of *the whole wheat*, including the vital wheat germ, and bran (for "regularity"). You'll like it also with cold milk, and a little sugar or syrup. Big packet 1/-.



Have a healthy tan and holiday fitness all year round! You just switch on the **HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP**. It gives you two kinds of rays: *Ultra Violet*, which as well as tanning the skin helps clear up skin complaints like acne and rashes, and *Infra Red*, which relieves rheumatic conditions, chest troubles, catarrh and colds. The lamp costs only £6 15s.—is cheap and safe to run. . . . Thousands write that they've enjoyed new health, better looks since using it! **FREE TRIAL**. Test the Health Ray at home for 7 days **FREE**. Write to R.D., Health Ray Co., 50 Portland Terrace, Southampton.



I was all set for flu the other day - my head felt huge, I was shivery and hot by turns, running at the nose and so t-t-r-e-d. "**ANADIN**", I thought, and swallowed a couple of tablets. I felt better almost at *once*! That's the joy of Anadin . . . taken in time, it kills colds and chills before they get a hold. But in all cases, it *allerviates* the misery of them. Unlike old-fashioned remedies, too, Anadin doesn't leave you depressed afterwards, thanks to two stimulants in its formula. Never be without the little flat pack of Anadin!

Good news bears repeating, and to bronchitis and catarrh sufferers the news that a *different* treatment for these lingering complaints is bringing blessed relief to thousands will be welcome indeed! **LANTIGEN "B" Oral Vaccine Treatment** acts like a series of injections, but you take the vaccine like a medicine, in water. It treats the condition first, then builds up resistance to further attacks. Lantigen "B" treatment works out at a few pence a day. Cost: a guinea a bottle plus 4/8d. P.T. **FREE LEAFLET** about Lantigen "B" from your chemist or from Lantigen, Bagshot, Surrey.



If you're feeling nervy, with no energy for work, here's my tip for the **quickest pick-me-up ever**! A couple of spoonfuls of **DEXTROSOL** in a cup of tea or coffee. You react in a minute, feel full of go again. Dextrosol is glucose in its purest form, same as blood sugar, which supplies our nerves and muscles with energy. It *needs no digesting*, so acts immediately. Use Dextrosol Powdered Glucose in place of sugar in drinks, on cereals, in puddings. Children love it! 1/6d. and 2/9d. a packet. *For your handbag*, **DEXTROSOL TABLETS** (10 1/2d.). Suck one whenever energy flags!

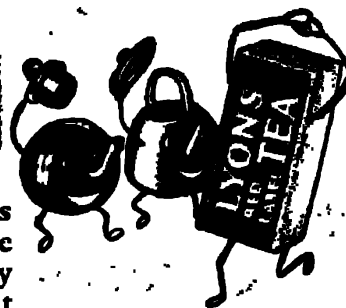


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I've finished with chamois leather—it's VILEDADA for me for every polishing job around the house and on the car. What is it? Just like a *super* chamois leather, size 18 ins. by 16 ins., but with no ragged edges, no thin patches, no stiffness after drying, no "wrong" side. Imagine, *boiling* actually improves it, and it's not harmed by bleaches, grease or detergents. In fact, one Vileda will outlast three ordinary leathers. My advice, *get one!* Only 6/11d. from Boots or the big stores. Or write to me, Alison Grey, Reader's Digest, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1, for *your* Vileda stockist.



Since tea was "freed", I've tried many brands, but LYONS RED LABEL at 1/2d. a qtr lb. beats the lot in my view. Have you tried it? If not, *do*, and to test it at its *best*, make it the way Lyons experts advise—like this: Fill the kettle with fresh, cold water. When it's hot, rinse some round the teapot to warm it thoroughly. Now put in the tea—1 teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot. Take the teapot to the kettle and the instant the water boils, pour it on the tea. Let it brew for 3 or 4 minutes, then stir and it's ready. By the way, all tea tastes best from an earthenware teapot, and that includes Lyons Red Label! Why not get this tea next time?



If your man has had flu or a cold, and comes home grouchy, not wanting to eat, don't go for him. Give him an "appetiser" before his evening meal—a few spoonfuls of BRAND'S ESSENCE. *Surprised?* Then just see how quickly this pure meat jelly stimulates his listless appetite, makes him welcome the meal you've cooked. Brand's is unique in just that—arousing an appetite for food. So, if anyone at home is "off food", start them eating again with Brand's. Beef essence 3/3d., chicken 4/3d.



Most of us get "the droops" sometimes, especially at this time of year. And on such occasions I find a cup of OVALTINE: a delightful reviver—comforting, sustaining—and so *nicel* Ovaltine helps to give you new energy and staying power, *because it's a nourishing food*. Easy to prepare, too. Of course, Ovaltine is also famous as a nightcap. So what about a surprise tonight for *your* family? Give

them a cup of Ovaltine all round before bedtime. They'll love it and will sleep all the better for it.

After you've brushed your teeth, does your mouth feel fresh as the dew? If it doesn't, *change your dentifrice*. With the new



KOLYNOS WITH CHLOROPHYLL toothpaste your mouth stays fresh, your breath is sweet . . . it's a different, *delightful* feeling! Surely it's sense to make use of the new

wonderful boon that Chlorophyll is in dental hygiene! It guards your gums, too, helping prevent decay. Kolynos with Chlorophyll won *hands down* in a flavour test against other toothpastes—whole families preferring it! So get a tube *today*. Only 1/8d.



POT-DE-NAZ

"Pot-de-Naz", one of Honoré Daumier's famous caricatures of French bourgeois society, is a pun on the name of the subject, Baron Joseph de Podenas. Before his death in 1878 at the age of seventy, Daumier had published nearly four thousand caricatures, one of which, that of King Louis Philippe as "Gargantua", led to his imprisonment for six months.

Today, the caricaturist satirises public

figures with no hindrance except the censorship of good taste exercised by the Press itself and, throughout the free world, a highly organised news-gathering system brings the searchlight of knowledge and comment to bear on world-wide affairs without restriction.

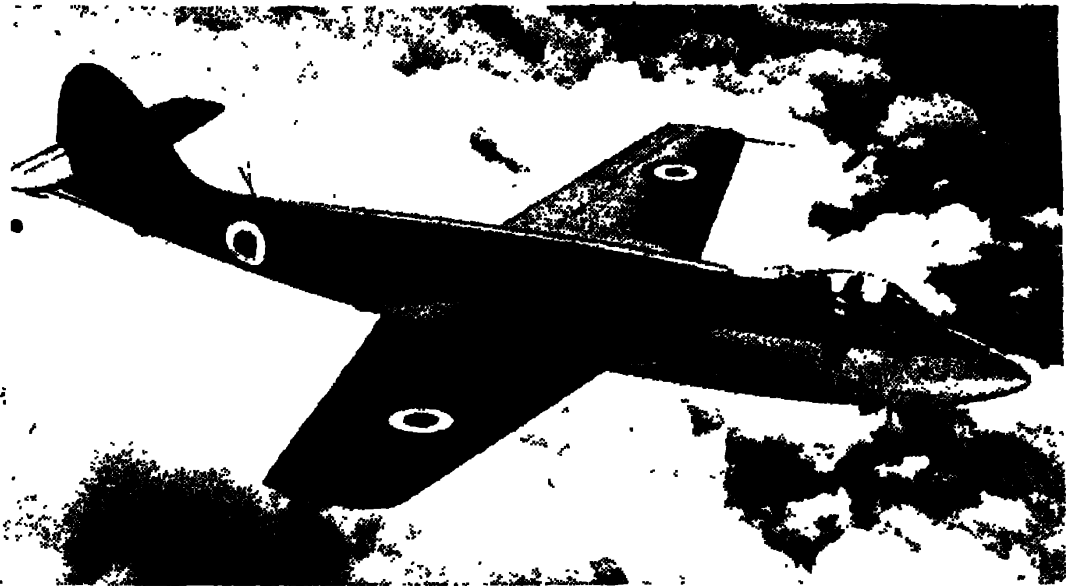
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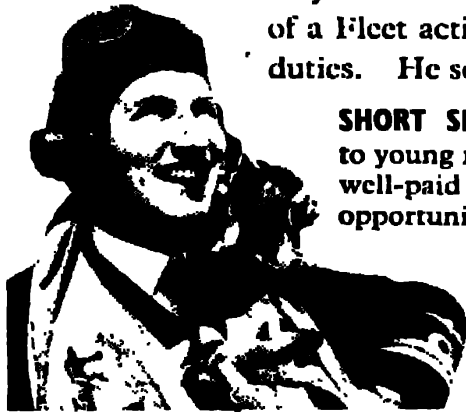
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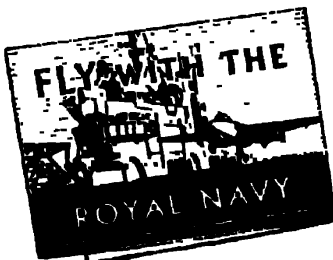
OFFICER PILOTS AND OBSERVERS in the Royal Navy have a most responsible job. The Pilot in command of this jet-propelled Hawker Sea Hawk, which gives fighter protection to the Fleet and convoys, may be called on to make decisions which will affect the whole course of a Fleet action. As an executive officer he is also trained in ship's duties. He serves—and enjoys his service—both at sea and in the air.



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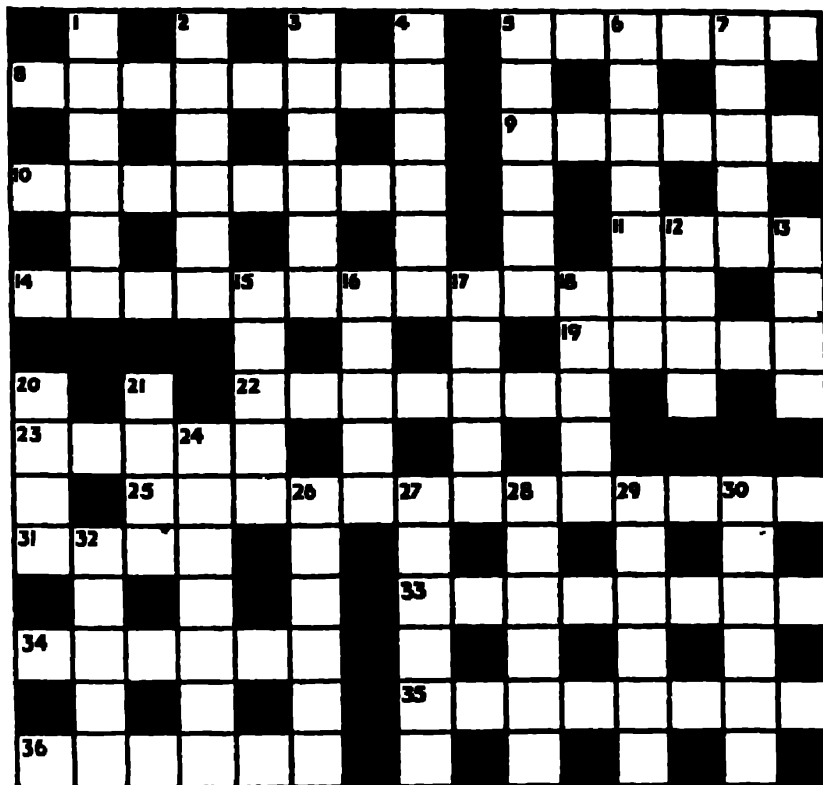
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PAN AMERICAN

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THE **Biro** CROSSWORD NO. 1

CLUES ACROSS

- 5 Walking on this is creepy! (6)
- 8 If you suspect your opponent of suffering from these, give him socks! (4, 4)
- 9 The bold stand it, the timid give it, and the hunted go to it (6)
- 10 At which there's whistling for a game finish (4, 4)
- 11 It goes out to sea but does not move (4)
- 14 The boss of the platform party, who must know his lines well (7, 6)
- 19 I scold soundly, being very annoyed (5)
- 22 With gout around I've come to report (4, 3)
- 23 This should convey a sense of proportion (5)
- 25 Very diverting form of art in tenement (13)
- 31 Remember that American tinned stuff? Turn it for plans of the 9 across (4)
- 33 Sailors, even when this, are never at a loss (3, 2, 3)
- 34 Many incense and cause peril (6)
- 35 Quite outspokenly, and in a lazy manner for the most part (8)
- 36 An example of grub that is not rough (6)



CLUES DOWN

- 1 A contrast to 36 across, or up to head and shoulders (6)
- 2 Not even chance could make this other than a queer bunch (3, 3)
- 3 Give me an iron mixture, for the wool maker (6)
- 4 A change of master should get something running well (6)
- 5 A fine stony mixture is right for a famous river (6)
- 6 One letter put into correct makes it do well (7)
- 7 A fierce little animal, but only a light-weight (5)
- 12 The country that asserts it did not stand still (4)
- 13 Very weak support for animals to turn to (4)
- 15 Lump of metal, possibly easier to cast than to throw (5)
- 16 At no time including primitive woman (5)
- 17 Something from the kitchen, possibly, that is intangible, pleasant, and appetising (5)
- 18 Giant who started as a flier (5)
- 20 Stuff for exams? It's a lie! (4)
- 21 Proceeding that upsets cats and dogs (4)
- 24 Power of acute observation appears to be visible (7)
- 26 The dish that should clearly make a formal entrance (6)
- 27 Such abnormal repose might break into a cantor (6)
- 28 Of course it is earth, but there's water around (6)
- 29 Quantitative epithet for an un-English system (6)
- 30 When it has something in its eye it is penetratively useful (6)
- 32 Suitable stone for an entrance (5)

You will obtain greater pleasure, not only in solving this crossword but in all your writing, if you use a Biro. Its smooth feather-light action and clean sharp line makes writing easy, effortless and beautifully legible.

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Solution to the Biro Crossword is on Page 16

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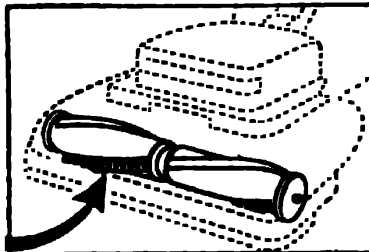
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Ask your Hoover Dealer to give you a demonstration. Prices from £14.14.0 (plus £7.7.0 tax) to £22.5.0 (plus £11.2.6 tax). Tools for Agitator models at very little extra cost.

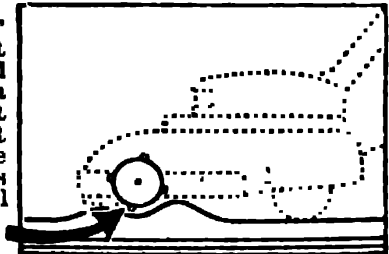
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The HOOVER

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GOOD YEAR

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR

**More
appetite
for life**



If we want to live well, in fact really to enjoy the things we like and to add new charm and energy to our daily lives, then we shall do better to choose our food with care and understanding. Hovis *does* contain the heart of the wheat—and that's good. Good enough to give you more appetite for life . . .

**and thank Hovis
for that**

Life's vital "Twin Force" boosts Health and Energy of both Men and Women . . .

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For both Men and Women

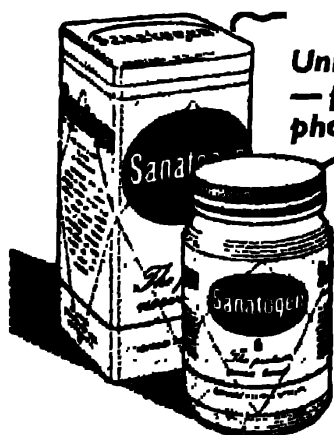
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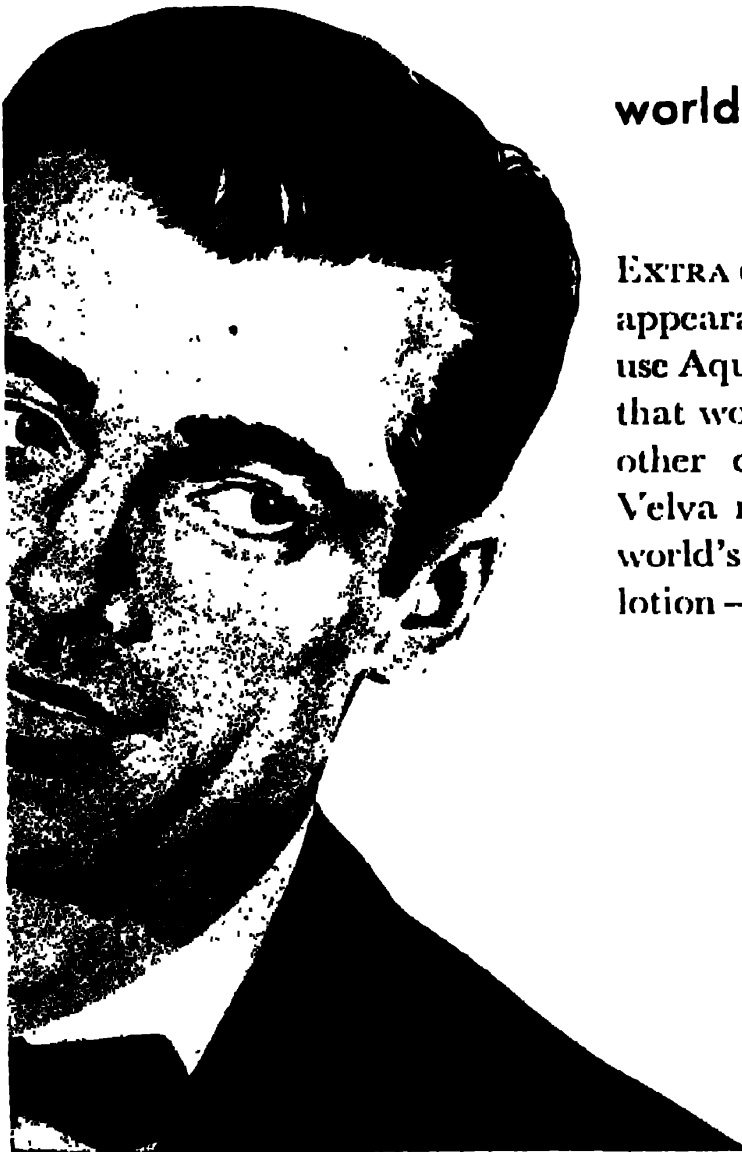
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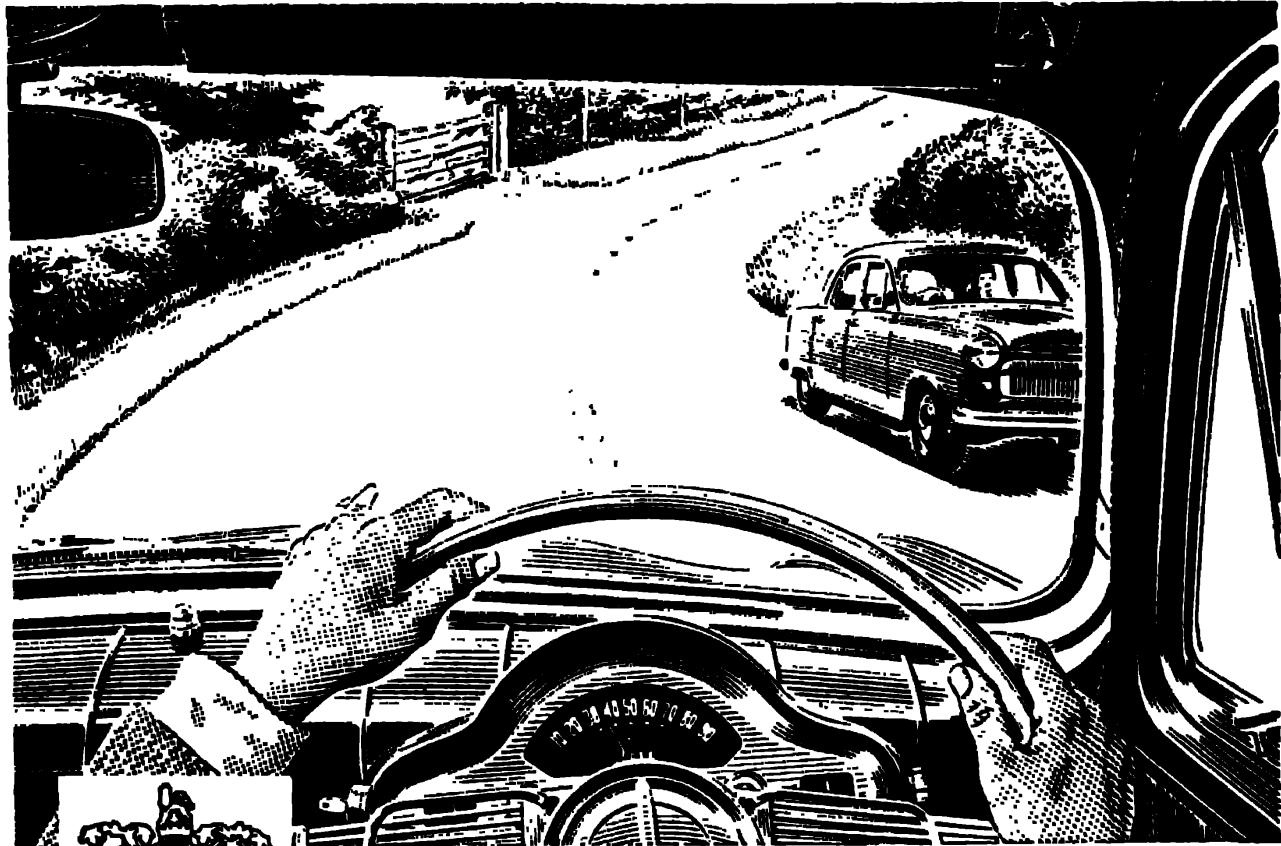
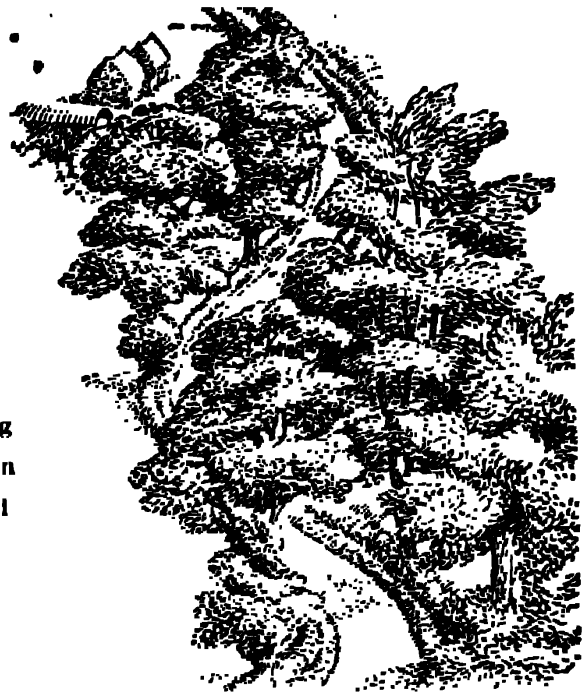
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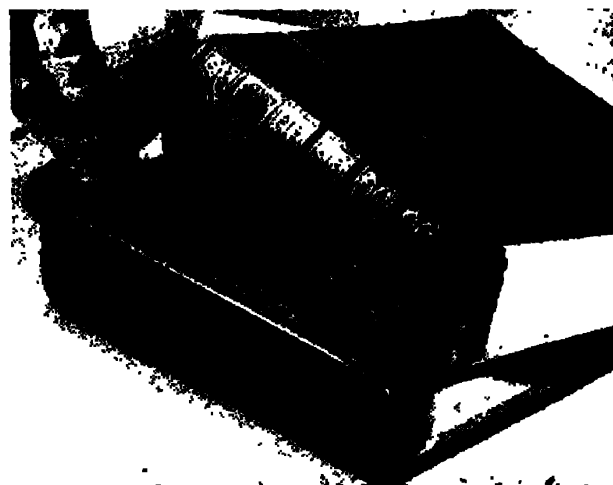
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BIRO CROSSWORD No. 1

Solution to Puzzle on page 7

ACROSS : 5, Tiptoe; 8, Cold feet; 9, Ground; 10, Full time; 11, Pier; 14, Station-master; 19, Irate; 22, Give out; 23, Ratio; 25, Entertainment; 31, Maps; 33, All at sea; 34, Danger; 35, Candidly; 36, Gentle

DOWN : 1, Robust; 2, Odd lot; 3, Merino; 4, Stream; 5, Tigris; 6, Prosper; 7, Ounce; 12, Iran; 13, Reed; 15, Ingot; 16, Never; 17, Aroma; 18, Titan; 20, Cram; 21, Step; 24, Insight; 26, Entree; 27, Trance; 28, Island; 29, Metric; 30, Needle; 32, Agate.

Nearly everybody has a secret ambition...

WHICH OF THESE IS YOUR PET SUBJECT?

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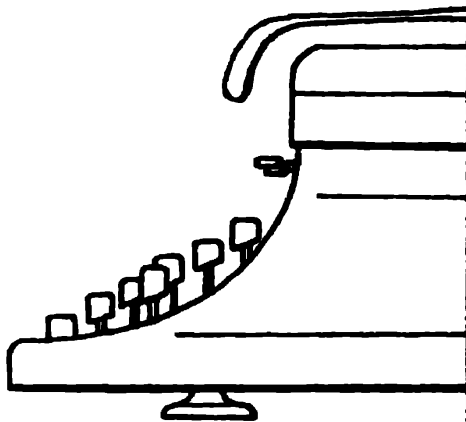
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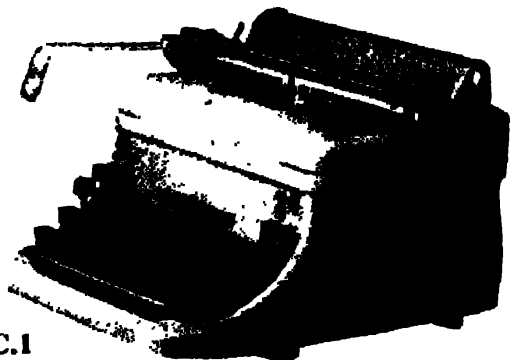


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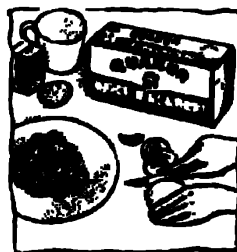
In association with **NANCY SASSER**

Here's a tip when you want to melt chocolate. Place it on waxed paper in top of a double boiler . . . then you won't lose a bit.

Want a new tasty dish for lunch or supper? Then try Macaroni Stuffed Savouries, made with top quality, time-

saving **QUAKER QUICK MACARONI**. You need 4 ozs. of the macaroni, 1 onion, 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 tsp. sage, 1 tsp. Marmite, pinch of nutmeg. Cook macaroni and sliced onion in boiling, salted water till onion's tender. Chop. Mix sausage meat with flavourings, divide into four balls. Flatten balls on floured board into rounds about 3 ins. across. Place a heaped tablespoon of the macaroni in the centre of each and mould the sausage meat around like a dumpling. Coat with egg and breadcrumbs.

Fry in deep fat (350° F.) for 10-15 minutes. As a change from onion, flavour with curry powder, pickles or tomato sauce. Good *all* ways!



I stepped inside a kitchen the other day that was every woman's—and man's—dream come true! **THE ENGLISH ROSE** Kitchen Equipment people had produced it. From its gleaming double sink, to its "fridge" with deep freeze, its concealed boiler, and its silently closing cupboards, everything was work-saving, streamlined, colour-matched. If you need any single unit, or a new kitchen planned from A to Z, get the English Rose Kitchen folder. It's **FREE!** Just write to me, Alison Grey, Reader's Digest, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



With colds and "throats" about, I play safe. I gargle every day with a few drops of O-SYL in water to scotch any germs I've picked up. I like this antiseptic because it tastes pleasant, doesn't "burn" yet is most effective. It's a *boon* in the medicine cupboard. A weak solution thoroughly disinfects cuts, abscesses or pimples—even helps cure dandruff if rubbed into the scalp daily. Harmless, too, on the skin. Recipe for hospital-hygiene at home: 2 teaspoons of O-Syl to a pail of cleaning water. Try O-Syl! 10½d. and 2/3d., in non-slip bottles.



Expecting a baby? Congratulations! I hope you're looking and feeling fine. But there's one thing you can't get too much of—even with the "extras" on your ration book—and that's the B vitamins—the "fitness" vitamins. So here's some advice doctors

will endorse: "Start your breakfast with **BEMAX**." Bemax is the whole wheat germ—the richest natural source of the extra vitamins, protein and minerals you specially need just now. It will give you more energy and vitality, more resistance to colds, and it helps if you're constipated. **FREE!** A very helpful Bemax Book. Write to me, Alison Grey, Reader's Digest, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



When I was a child and anyone was ill in the house, out came the big tin of **BENGER'S FOOD**. And I'd advise everyone today—with so many ills about—to keep a tin handy.

When the stomach's upset—as it is with flu and chills on the liver—Benger's is comforting, nourishing and it "stays down". In convalescence, too, however weak the digestion, it's safe to give Benger's, because it's the only food that digests milk before you drink it. That's why anyone who finds milk alone too "heavy" can enjoy a cup of Benger's. Order a tin today!

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are soothing and refreshing,
they last longer and
cost very little - just 3d!

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the children - will love the
true-to-fruit flavours of
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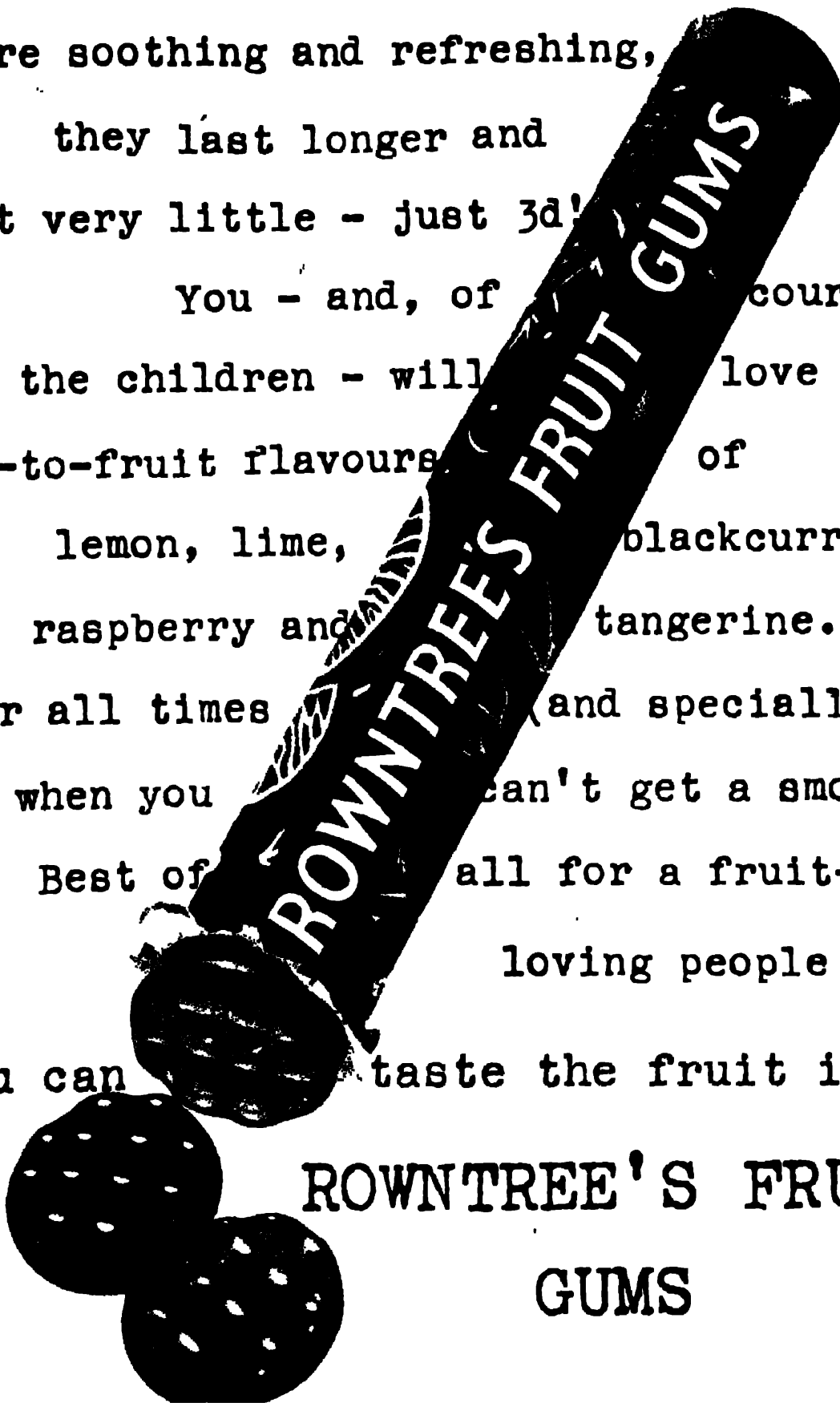
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Britain Prepares to Crown a Queen

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

René Leder

KING GEORGE VI was hardly buried in February last year before artists of the Royal Mint began to design new coins and medals. Royal heralds shook the moth balls out of their rich crimson and gold coats. Sword-makers polished up old blades. A firm of clothiers opened its vaults under Covent Garden and took an inventory of dozens of ermine trimmed crimson velvet robes, last worn in 1937, which noblemen will hire again next summer. Officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department—which deals with the affairs of the Royal household—began to use the word "Coronation" in notes and memoranda.

This was not an example of indecent hurry but the practical application of that ancient proclamation, "The King is dead; long live the King." The new Queen Elizabeth will not be crowned until June 2, but the river of official and private money—more than £100,000,000—that we shall spend on the Coronation has long since started to flow.

What is a Coronation? The placing of a crown upon a young woman's head? A four-hour ceremony in Westminster Abbey? It is all that and much more: it is the greatest spectacle that this country can put on; a bevy of crowns and sceptres, gold spurs and priceless robes; a cavalcade of gallantry—

1,200 earls, marquesses and barons, archbishops and bishops, heralds and champions, and high officers of State in the full glory of their centuries-old attire; a caravan of gilded carriages; a blast of trumpets, a glory of song.

In the modern world the ceremony is unique, for no monarch of any other country is ever crowned.

Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, is stage manager of the Coronation. Premier peer of the realm, this unassuming country nobleman is for one year the supreme arbiter of social events and fashions, and of the ceremonial behaviour not only of coroneted heads but of newspapers, radio, television and government.

The Duke of Norfolk is head of the College of Arms, the supreme authority on heraldry. The College of Arms has already produced the new Royal cipher, a bold "E-II-R" (for Elizabeth II Regina), in Roman lettering. This was one of the first steps in the preparations, for the cipher has to be embroidered on the liveries of all Royal servants and countless household articles.

The Earl Marshal will invite 7,600 people to the ceremony itself, in Westminster Abbey. Besides the blue blood, the princes of the Church, all Members of Parliament and their wives, and a host of attendants, Ladies of the Bedchamber, Mistresses of the Robes, pages and

equerries, the Duke invites a hand-picked group of scientists and industrialists, trade-union representatives, leaders of the armed forces, representatives of the Commonwealth, and foreign guests.

When the list is complete the Earl Marshal sends invitations to the commoners, but the Queen herself invites peers from dukes down to barons. Her invitation leaves them little choice in the matter:

"Right Trusty and Well-Beloved Cousin. We greet You Well. Whereas We have appointed the Second Day of June 1953 for the Solemnity of our Coronation, these are therefore to will and command You, all Excuses set apart, that You make your personal attendance upon Us, at the time above mentioned, furnished and appointed as to your Rank and Quality appertaineth, there to do and perform such Services as shall be required. . . ."

A peer must present himself at Westminster Abbey before 8.30 on the morning of the great ceremony, wearing "a mantle of crimson velvet edged with miniver, a cape furred with miniver pure and powdered with bars of ermine, a coronet of silver gilt with a cap of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine and carrying a gold tassel."

London salons—Baroque, Ltd., for instance—have been showing their first coronation robes. Robes cost four to ten times the prewar price. A baron will pay between £80 and £400 for his outfit, a duke between £100 and £500. A silver

gilt coronet, which before the war could be had for £10, now costs £35, and a ceremonial sword with the Queen's cipher on the blade and hilt costs another £15. Baroque, which sold 45 robes for the 1937 Coronation, expects to sell not more than half as many this time.

The slack will be taken up by Moss Bros., Ltd. For a century Moss Bros. has stored the robes, court dresses and uniforms of peers who were forced to sell them. They have hired the clothes out to their former owners for wearing at three Coronations. A peer whose ancestry is longer than his purse can be outfitted for £25.

Complicated protocol governs both robes and accessories. A viscountess, for example, is entitled to a train a yard and a quarter long, while a baroness wears only a yard. No outsider will see the Queen's robes before the ceremony, but it is known that the train will be about eight yards long, and the mantle will be edged with 500 skins of ermine dappled with 650 tails.

Coronation week is a time when private detectives work overtime and insurance men go grey. Diadems and tiaras, necklaces and dazzling solitaires emerge from strongboxes all over Great Britain, but no individual can expect to top the fabulous Crown Jewels.

These jewels, normally kept in an armoured-glass enclosure in the Tower of London, will all be used or shown at the Coronation. Pre-

paring them is a three-month job. Every stone has to be removed by expert hands, cleaned, polished and reset. There are about 75 pieces of jewellery ranging from a huge emerald to solid-gold saltcellars about three feet high. The Coronation crown, known as St. Edward's, is placed on the Queen's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but is worn only momentarily. This is because of its great weight—it is solid gold.

Queen Elizabeth will actually wear the Imperial State Crown made for Queen Victoria's Coronation. Official handbooks describe it as "a chased-silver band surrounding a velvet and ermine cap"—an over-modest description, since the state crown is studded with 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 18 sapphires, 11 emeralds and five rubies. One of the rubies, the famous Black Prince's Ruby, two inches long, is worth £110,000.

In preparing Westminster Abbey, the Earl Marshal gives orders, and the Ministry of Works executes them. The Abbey's new look will cost £250,000. (Last time, the call for Coronation souvenirs was so great that the government sold the Abbey's chairs and stools, 6,000 cushions and miles of brocade.)

A platform must be built to support the throne and the chairs of bishops and archbishops. Stalls usually reserved for the choir will be used by visiting royalty, ambassadors, cabinet ministers, the Speaker

of the House of Commons and other high personages. Then, in both aisles, structures will be raised to accommodate peers and peeresses, Members of Parliament and their wives and ordinary spectators. A peer is allowed 19 inches of sitting space, a commoner 18.

Outside preparations are just as elaborate. For the last Coronation, in 1937, the government spent £1,000,000 on the erection of 27 miles of stands and barriers along the procession route through the centre of London. But government expense is a drop in the bucket compared with the money that business and the public pour out. Thoroughfares such as Piccadilly and Bond Street will be covered with plaster or plastic arches supporting crowns 30 feet high—blazing with multi-coloured lights. One store is spending £8,000 on façade decorations alone. A flag-maker has doubled his staff to bring out 750,000 flags and 500 miles of hunting.

Two million people will line the procession route at least 750,000 will come from the provinces and from abroad. The large hotels in the West End will probably be full, but the sprawling city has immense resources. Some 5,000 private-house

owners will put up visitors. One huge air-raid shelter in South London will take some of the overflow.

Thousands of windows, roofs and gardens will seat spectators, and some firms have already marketed ready-made scaffolding. Prices will range from £2 for a spot among the chimney pots to £75 for a first-floor upholstered seat.

What these myriads of people will spend on eating and drinking will make restaurant owners gleeful. What they will spend on souvenirs is expected to be in the region of £18,000,000. Since Victoria's reign, the fashion is to buy a pottery mug or plate. Staffordshire firms are turning out many of the 12 million pieces that will bear the Queen's profile or crown or cipher. This requires Royal assent, and the Earl Marshal recently announced that the Queen will permit the reproduction of any Royal emblem on any souvenirs, except objects of a transient nature. The British Council of Industrial Design watches over souvenir design.

And so the pageantry of centuries comes into being again. Now as always we shall draw strength and faith from our past in order to face our future.

TO THOSE who excused people because they "meant well," an old gentleman would snap, "My father used to say, 'My son, remember this—any man who means well and does not do well is just a fool.'"

—A.L.

The Secret Weapon of Joe Smith

A Story from Harper's Magazine
Robert Wallace

JOE SMITH was a gentle, quiet man of 50, no more aggressive than a glass of stale water. A reporter for a New York newspaper, he wrote brief pale stories about the activities of various sub-committees of the United Nations.

Smith was married, with five children, to whom he was a good father. He owned a big, if decrepit, brown-stone house not far from United Nations headquarters in Manhattan. And he had let two rooms and a bath to a man named Pyotr Votichenko, delegate from one of the People's Republics.

Joe Smith had fondly hoped that he might see something of Pyotr Votichenko on a social basis, but as it turned out he rarely saw him at all, except when they passed each other in the corridors of the U.N. buildings. In the beginning Smith had several times stopped Voti-



chenko and had asked him to dinner, but Votichenko, without smiling, had simply said, "No!"

Votichenko's flat was separate from the rest of the house. Whenever he had occasion to get in touch with Smith, which he did when he wished to complain about something, he used the telephone. "Hello?" he would say. "Here is Votichenko. I have observed a rat in the bathroom." Joe Smith had several times called in the exterminators and had been informed that there were no rats. But he would call them once more. Or the tenant would say, "Here is Votichenko. Your children are creating such a disturbance that I cannot sleep," and Smith would tell his children not to talk after 9 p.m.

"In time," Smith would say, "kindness and honesty will win Votichenko over."

But he was not won over. One evening, after he had been a tenant for almost a year, he visited Smith's part of the house for the first time.

"Why, Mr. Votichenko," Smith said, standing open-mouthed in his doorway. "And Patrolman Weiss. Is something wrong?"

Patrolman Weiss, who had worked the beat for many years and knew Smith well, was obviously embarrassed. "I—I'm very sorry," he said. "Mr. Votichenko rang up the station with a complaint."

"Complaint?" said Smith.

Votichenko stood beside the policeman, saying nothing, his heavy face red, his eyes sullen.

"Well," said the patrolman. "This Mr. Votichenko says someone broke into his room today. He says he thinks it was someone in this house who broke in."

Smith flinched as though Weiss had struck him. "That's—why, that's unbelievable!"

"Well, it doesn't look as though you'd do it," said Weiss. "All I'm to do is to warn you, since he doesn't say anything's been taken."

"Mr. Votichenko," Smith said. "In heaven's name, do you really——?"

Votichenko walked away. The policeman stared after him, then looked blankly at Smith. "I don't know," he said. "I swear I don't know. But I've got to pay attention to him, since he is who he is. Good night, Mr. Smith, and forget it."

Smith went back into his living-room and sat down.

"Well, I've *never*——" began his wife.

"Nor I," Smith said. "But I think I understand. He's frightened."

"Of what?" demanded his wife.

"Of what people think. Not our people, his people—here and at home. He has to keep proving that he doesn't like us, he has to build up a case for himself."

"Joseph!" she cried with exasperation. "Joseph Smith, you've got to get that man out of this house."

"I'll talk to him," Joe Smith said.

Next day Smith found Votichenko in one of the U.N. corridors. "I have something to say to you," Smith said.

Votichenko glowered.

"Look," Smith said. "I understand that we can't possibly have any friendly relations, and even that you've got to—that you think you've got to—take certain steps. But I want to warn you. No more police, no more trouble like that."

Votichenko looked at the earnest little man and shrugged his shoulders. "Ha!" he said. "You are a fascist whelp."

"Really," Smith said. "I'm not asking you to like me or my family. But if you go out of your way to make trouble, I'll——".

"You'll what?" Votichenko said.

Smith spoke softly. "I'm serious. I could destroy you. I could do it——" He paused and appeared to be counting on his fingers. "I could

do it with words. Perhaps ten small words. Tonight I am going to use two of those ten words."

Votichenko's face reddened and he made a loud honking sound. Laughter.

"You do read, don't you?" Smith said. "The newspapers?"

Votichenko continued to laugh.

Later Smith sat at his typewriter and began a story about the sub-committee on cultural relations, of which Votichenko was a member. "Pleasant, warm-hearted Pyotr Votichenko, delegate from——"

Next evening as Smith sat in his living-room the telephone rang. "Here is Votichenko. I have read your lying, filthy story. I forbid you ever to write my name again."

"Ah," Smith replied. "But that's impossible. I have already written the story for tomorrow. It contains two words that may be of interest to you. Good night." The words, which Smith had arrived at after considerable thought, were "constructive" and "co-operative."

A day later Votichenko called again. His voice had an edge of terror. "Mr. Smith, he said forbid——"

"Forbid?"

"I implore you——"

"Ah. That's a nice word."

"Please do not write any more."

"But that's impossible. I have already written——"

"Please!" Votichenko shouted. "There will be no more trouble. Upon my word."

"I don't know," Smith said. "Your word—"

"Please. I beg you."

"Very well. But I must ask you to bear in mind that I still have six more words. I have used only four."

"I will bear it in mind."

Smith hung up the receiver, then picked it up once more and rang up the newspaper office. "Composing-room, please."

"Yes?"

"This is Joe Smith. I have a little story on the U.N. that should be on the stone now. There's a reference to a man named Pyotr Votichenko. I called him friendly and pro-Western. Will you kill the adjectives?"

"Right. Did you get annoyed with him or something?"

"No, I'm not angry with him."

He hung up.

"Why," his wife asked, "are you sitting there looking so pleased with yourself?"

"I've taken care of Votichenko," Smith said. "There'll be no more trouble. Do you know something?"

"What?"

"If I were—if I had the inclination—I could ruin most of the Communists in the world. The ones outside Russia, anyway. I could arrange to have every ship loaded with Communists being called home to be shot."

"Have you gone mad?"

"No. It's just a little idea I have. I don't suppose I'll ever do anything with it."

HOW TO SAY NO

Condensed from Future
Vance Packard

(1) **ANY** OF US are harassed in daily life by an inability to utter a firm but gracious no. Often our difficulty is caused by a desire to be a good fellow.

A relative of mine, Edgar Wright, is a businessman in a small town. Edgar serves on 17 committees, mostly because he just can't say no. He goes to bridge parties which bore him. When his hostess offers him chocolate cake, for which he has an allergy, he eats it politely and is sorry later.

Edgar's wife, Ella, is just as bad. A few weeks ago an acquaintance who sells cosmetics by home demonstration asked her to sponsor a "cosmetic party." Ella tried to say no, but the woman kept coaxing until she said yes. Ella persuaded 20 of her friends to come; they couldn't say no either. Edgar estimates that the "party" cost him and the other husbands \$148 (about £50).

Almost every day many of us are caught in positions where we should logically say no, but don't. There

are, however, several reasonable and friendly ways of saying no. You may find one of them useful the next time you are faced with the problem.

Put it on an impersonal basis.

One of the most serene housewives I know says she achieved her serenity when she licked the problem of saying no. She explained: "I go by rules."

When an acquaintance asks her to wrap up parcels for unfortunates in Mozambique she says simply: "Sorry, I can't. This year I'm confining myself to two things, the Girl Guides and the polio drive, and trying to do them right."

When a salesman knocks at her door, she is polite but firm: "My husband won't let me buy anything at the door."

Make it clear that you would like to say yes.

An insurance claim adjuster I know, although his office approves large sums in payments each year, often has to say no. However, he always shows sympathy for the claimant. He explains that morally he may agree with him, but legally his hands are tied. In this case the company's legal department has ruled that the insured has no liability. He adds, regretfully, "We are unable to make a voluntary payment."

"People usually go away," he says, "feeling that at least we would like to be helpful."

Show that you have given the request real thought.

And *do* give it real thought. It is indifference that causes resentment. Make the person see that you understand his problem, even if you have to say no.

Joe Stauffer, of N. W. Ayer & Son advertising agency, has to turn down many amateur ideas submitted for radio and television programmes. He observes, however, that "most of the people seem satisfied if they simply get a chance to tell their story."

U.S. Congressman Jacob Javits, from New York City, says he receives about 75 requests a week, many of them utterly unreasonable. Recently a mother appealed to him to get her fighting son out of Korea on the ground that it is dangerous there. Javits explained that the request was beyond his powers, but that he was sending along a welfare report on her son which showed that he was in good health.

Say no by helping the person to say no to himself.

One of my neighbours is an interior decorator. He never says no to clients when they want to incorporate impractical ideas into their homes. Instead he educates them to say yes to what he wants them to do.

He told me about a couple who built a modern home with floor-to-ceiling windows and open plan. The day came when the wife was to pick curtain material. She pre-

ferred flowery chintz—most inappropriate to the house.

The decorator suggested: "Let's go through the house and see just what you want your curtains to do." As they walked he talked about the functions the curtains would serve in each room, and what fabrics would harmonize best with the modern *décor*. By the time they were finished, the woman had forgotten her enthusiasm for chintz.

In saying no, show what needs to be done to get a yes.

When a person tries to cash a cheque at one of the famous Statler hotels without sufficient identification, the clerk does not merely say no. He helpfully suggests some way to obtain identification locally.

Dr. William Reilly, author of *Successful Human Relations*, is a management consultant. This is how he advises business executives to handle the man who wants a rise but doesn't deserve it.

"Yes, George, I understand your need for a rise. To give it to you, however, we shall have to make you more valuable to the company. Now let's see what we need to do. . . ."

Say no by showing that the request isn't reasonable.

By asking questions you may turn up circumstances which give you a legitimate excuse for saying no. Asking questions also gives you time to think up a graceful refusal.

This is how a smart executive will say no, gently, to a poor idea

without discouraging future ideas: "John, your suggestion has merit, but what would you decide if you were in my place?" He then weighs the pros and cons to show why the answer must be no.

Most important, say your no in the nicest, warmest way you can.

I learned one of my best lessons in the art of saying no nicely from my four-year-old daughter, Cindy. A few days ago a rather effusive elderly woman decided to become Cindy's pal. After fussing over the

child a while she asked: "Cindy, would you like to come up to my house and play tomorrow?"

I held my breath as Cindy considered the proposal. I would have stumbled all over myself trying to reject such an invitation. Cindy's face broke into a big warm grin as she gave her one-word answer. She said, "No."

Her no was friendly and appreciative and good-humoured. But it was so unmistakably firm that the woman did not pursue the matter.



In Case of Poisoning

EACH YEAR thousands of children accidentally swallow poison; yet few parents know about the "universal antidote." This simple remedy, which ought to be made up and kept in every medicine chest, consists of:

- 2 parts pulverized charcoal (pulverized burned toast may be substituted, but if toast is used be sure it is charred to a cinder)
- 1 part milk of magnesia
- 1 part strong tea

If your child swallows poison, give at least two tablespoons of the mixture in a little water as quickly as possible.

Why is this remedy effective? If a metal or alkaloid poison is swallowed, the tannic acid in the tea will help neutralize it. If the poison is an acid, the magnesia will help counteract that. And small amounts of charcoal will absorb and hold tremendous quantities of poison.

After giving the antidote and calling your doctor, there are three other things to do. First, find out what the child swallowed; keep the box or bottle so that the doctor can determine the poison quickly. Second, unless the child has swallowed a strong cleanser or some other alkali and has burns round his mouth, make him vomit. The best way to proceed is to give the child a glass of milk with a whole egg broken into it. After he drinks this, induce vomiting by sticking a finger down his throat. Third, give another dose of the "universal antidote."

Above all, act quickly. Some poisons act very rapidly.

—W.A.L.

The scientists are conquering the seizures, but only you and I can overcome the evils of secrecy and stigma

THEY'RE BEATING THE DEVIL OUT OF EPILEPSY

Condensed from Today's Health

Paul de Kruif



FOR AGES, epilepsy has been a sinister mystery. Epileptics have been outcasts; their parents have felt hopeless and ashamed. Today, in America, 750,000 suffer the terror of epileptic seizure. Belief persists that epilepsy tends to get worse, usually ending in mental decay.

Yet the fact is that many epileptics get well spontaneously; and powerful new medicines in the hands of experienced doctors can rid still more victims of their seizures.

Still epileptics go on having convulsions. "This need not be," says Dr. William G. Lennox, an expert in the field. Dr. Lennox carries on his work at Children's Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, a leading centre in the fight against epilepsy.

Thirty years ago Dr. Lennox declared his own private war on epilepsy when a close relative was hit by the terror. He became master of the weird ins-and-outs of the sick-

In December 1951 Northwestern University conferred its Centennial Award on Paul de Kruif, citing the "world-wide recognition" won by his writing, and his work as a "crusader for medical research and public health." In September 1952 the Michigan State Medical Society heard De Kruif deliver the annual Biddle Lecture and made him an honorary member of the society "in recognition of unusual service rendered to medicine and to the public."

ness that could show itself by furious convulsions, or just by momentary blackouts of consciousness; or by fogs of mental confusion, nightmares, unaccountable falling down or bursts of dangerous rage.

Any or all of these, alone or together, might spell epilepsy to

expert doctors. Seizures have one hopeful peculiarity. They're paroxysmal. Most of the time the average seizure victim seems fit as a fiddle. The cause of the paroxysms? That was still a mystery after Dr. Lennox and Professor Stanley Cobb had dug for it for 15 years.

Then the Austrian genius Hans Berger demonstrated that the human brain has a constant electrical beat, a rhythm. When these pulses were picked up by electrodes and amplified, they wrote a smooth ripple on moving strips of paper.

Berger's machine, the electroencephalograph (EEG), told Lennox and his co-workers an exciting story. In every type of epileptic fit the quiet ripple of normal brain waves goes haywire, a different burst for each kind of fit. In convulsions (*grand mal*) the rhythm is faster, the waves bigger. In blackouts (*petit mal*) waves alternate, fast then slow. During epileptic confusion (*psychomotor*) the waves are much bigger and slower than normal.

By 1940 the Boston group had proved that epilepsy is a temporary electrical storm in the brain—an upset of circuits connecting millions of brain cells, the neurons. The EEG recorded badly upset waves, even with no outward seizures. It showed that sudden spells of bad behaviour were sometimes caused by epilepsy. It revealed which treatment made victims worse, what chemical might have a chance to make them better.

Systematic brain-wave surveys un-

covered a curious fact: For every out-and-out epileptic, there are 20 people with slightly abnormal brain waves—no seizures, but maybe *pre-disposed* to them. What the machine told held hope. The Boston searchers questioned families in which epilepsy had appeared. They learned that of those relatives who had suffered convulsions at least half had only a few, which faded away without treatment. Nature, stabilizing their abnormal brain waves, had cured them. The EEG helped prove that time is on the side of the epileptic, whose disorder is primarily one of youth.

The scientists still had a black devil to fight: the belief that epileptics progress to mental deterioration. Of a series of 1,640 out-patient victims, only seven per cent were deteriorated mentally. Mental decay is *not* common among epileptics. Dr. Louise Collins, of Boston, found the average IQ of 300 surgery patients to be above the norm.

At the bottom of this cruel superstition is a statistical blunder. Old surveys dealt only with institutionalized cases, neglecting the far greater outside epileptic population.

The majority of the deteriorated drift into epileptic colonies and mental hospitals; almost ten per cent of the patients in the latter are, or *were*, epileptic. The horrible thing is that in these hospitals you'll find many no longer liable to convulsions. There is not enough social service to find them useful work;

they're a stagnant pool of the unwanted.

Of course, years of heavy seizures, unrelieved, can and do result in deterioration. But the cause of the bulk of epileptic deterioration is injury to the brain, at birth or afterwards, or infections like encephalitis.

Until 15 years ago, almost the only relief offered seizure victims was through sedatives like phenobarbital, which is still a valuable aid. Then doctors at Harvard found that the drug phenytoin wiped out or cut down the seizures of 100 out of 118 supersevere epileptics.

Phenytoin and then its relative, mesantoin, were a godsend against *grand mal* convulsions. But they didn't clear up *petit mal* blackouts, often made them worse. Then a new chemical, tridione, came to the rescue. It was startling how it at once brought sharp, clear headed life to thousands of *petit mal* victims, after they'd lived for years muddle headed by daily blackouts.

Phenytoin and tridione are not sedatives; they're like vitamins, chemically correcting sick neurons. The chemical precision of phenytoin's action can be amazing.

One patient named June had been tormented by thousands of convulsions for 20 years. All treatment had failed. Then phenytoin. On this medicine, taken faithfully every day for 12 years, not a seizure. Then the doctor cut down the dose from four capsules to three. In a day June suf-

fered a burst of six bad convulsions. Back on the old dose, she is again living as if she has no epilepsy.

Most patients don't have to take these medicines permanently; usually they'll be able to stop after attacks are controlled. The treatment *must* be under a doctor's supervision; in some cases phenytoin brings on wobbly walking, rashes, swollen gums. In the early days of their use, a few patients died from anaemia brought on by mesantoin or tridione. So doctors watch blood counts sharply.

This is epilepsy's sadness: When seizures have been conquered, social treatment has only just begun. Patients whose epilepsy is controlled may still be ostracized. That's one devil that haunts them.

Parents with epilepsy are ashamed, believing they've tainted their children. Yet epilepsy is *not* inherited; only a predisposition to it may or may not be passed on. Marriage and children are possible for seizure victims otherwise normal, says Dr. Lennox after studying the families of 4,000 patients.

Another demon robs many ex-victims of the best chance to solidify recovery. They feel fine; they want to work; but many are told that rest is best. Actually, inactivity tends to bring seizures back. There are far fewer seizures when children are studying and adults are working, yet most victims are denied work—even at jobs they could do safely and well.

The epileptic's hopes for an education are blasted by many a school and college. But at the University of Michigan it has been proved what epilepsy victims can do. A study of 93 epileptic students showed that two-thirds did good work. In many, epileptic attacks diminished. Of 63 answering a questionnaire, all had jobs—ten in the army, eight in teaching, others as lawyers, doctors and engineers. Most of them did this before today's great medicines became available.

Should we give victims a chance to learn? Philosopher Pascal did pretty well with his thinking; Van Gogh wasn't a bad artist; Dostoevsky was no mean writer. All were epileptics.

It's the faith of researchers that not sermons but more science will cast the devils out of epilepsy. Saddest and most difficult to treat are children whose brains have been infected by bacteria or virus (encephalitis). Doctors at the University of Illinois Medical School found help for a hopeful number of these cases from the antibiotic, aureomycin. More powerful or safer anti-epileptics, such as phenurone and hibicon, are also being tried out.

The family doctor, interested in the patient as a person and not averse to calling in expert aid, is usually in the best position to care for most patients, say the experts. The doctor's relief of the unjustified

It is estimated that one person in a thousand in this country has epilepsy, and that the vast majority manage to keep going with varying success with the help of anti-convulsant drugs.

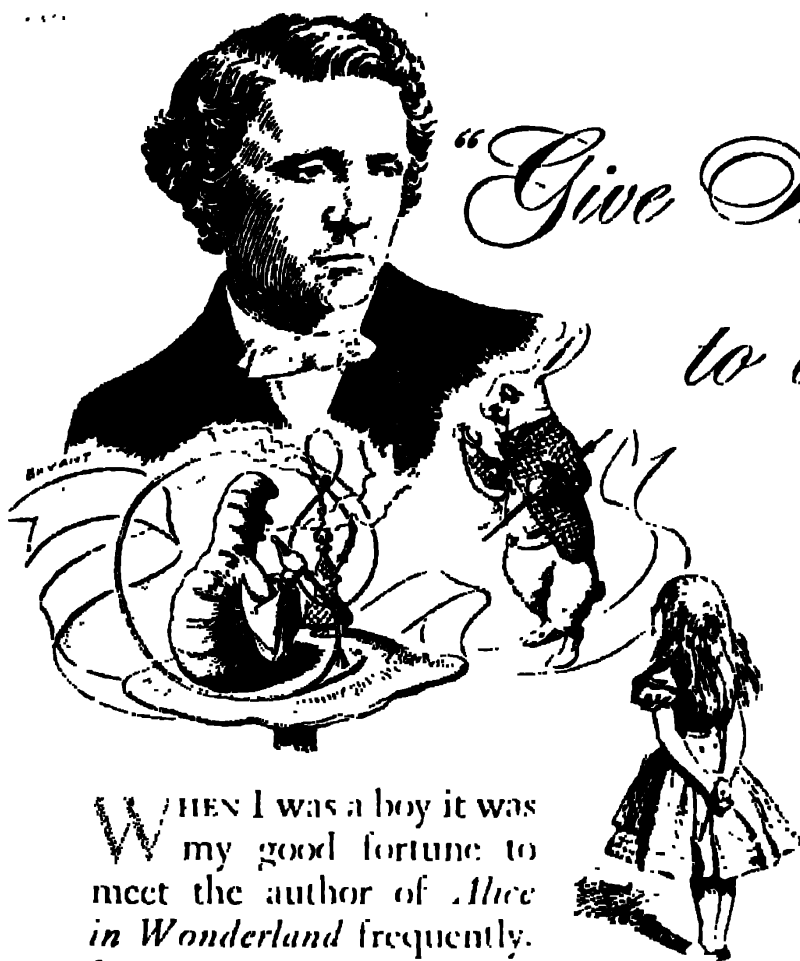
The British Epilepsy Association, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, was founded three years ago to bring before the public the true facts about epilepsy and its social effects, so that the secrecy and stigma attached in the past to the disease may be removed, and persons so handicapped helped to take their proper place in the community.

Among other activities of the Association is the provision of an advisory service, an index of accommodation in hostels and small homes, particulars of Colony treatment, and a badge which conveys to Police and Ambulance men that the person wearing it is epileptic and carries an Association card giving information as to how he should be treated should he have a fit, and his home address. Social clubs and centres have been started for companionship among those handicapped by the disease.

The British Epilepsy Association is in close touch with the National Epilepsy League of America, with whom it exchanges information.

fears of the family is as important as relief of the patient's seizures.

Doctors and patients need more than new medicines. The public must drop its age-old ignorance and prejudices and accept the epileptic as one who, except for his occasional seizure, is a normal person.



"Give My Love to the Children"

By
Lancelot Robson

WHEN I was a boy it was my good fortune to meet the author of *Alice in Wonderland* frequently, for the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who wrote his children's fantasies under the name of Lewis Carroll, was a close friend of my father. Both were clergymen and both were mathematicians.

I remember Dodgson as a tall, slim figure, with pale face, dark wavy hair and a peculiar high-pitched voice. His dark blue eyes met a child's with a kindly twinkle. Whatever the weather, he never wore an overcoat over his clerical blacks--but he always wore a tall black hat. And, winter and summer, he invariably wore knitted black woollen gloves. Meeting him in the street you would not have just noticed him, you would have looked twice.

One day we were having a children's party and unexpectedly "Mr. Alice in Wonderland," as we called him, came in to see my father. How delighted we were! He asked us if, at our school, we did sums. A chorus answered, "Yes." There was a little pause, then Lewis Carroll said, "I am afraid you go to a very poor school. I never do sums; I always put the answer down first and set the sum afterwards."

There was silence.

Then he continued, "We will do some sums." He wrote some figures on a piece of paper, and gave it to my stepmother, saying, "That will be the answer to our sum when we have set it."

Then he wrote 1,066 on another piece of paper. Choosing a little girl, he let her put down any four figures

she liked under his 1,066. Then he put down four figures under hers and a small boy contributed another line. Lewis Carroll added a fifth line, so the column stood:

1,066	Lewis Carroll
3,478	Little Girl
6,521	Lewis Carroll
7,150	Little Boy
2,849	Lewis Carroll

A rather cheeky youngster was allowed to add it up, and he pronounced the answer to be 21,064.

My stepmother then read the figures on the paper Lewis Carroll had given her: 21,064. There were cries of "Oh!" from the children.

Actually, it was not so intricate as it at first appeared. Whatever figure a child wrote, Carroll each time added a number that made both lines total 9,999. Thus no matter what numbers the children wrote, the total of the five lines would be known to him in advance; it would be 20,000 more, less 2, than the number he originally wrote down at the top of the column.

We begged him for another trick, so he asked a little boy to write the number 12345679. He surveyed it in silence, then said, "You don't form your figures very clearly, do you? Which of these figures do you think you have made the worst?"

The boy thought his 5 was poorest. Lewis Carroll suggested he should multiply the line by 45. The child laboriously worked it out and to his surprise found the result was

555555555. "Supposing I had said four, what then?" the boy queried. "In that case we would have made the answer all fours," Carroll replied. He would have told the boy to multiply by 36, another multiple of nine. But he did not attempt to explain "mystic nines" to us.

It was in 1862 that Lewis Carroll first told the story of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By that time Charles Dodgson, who had spent a happy childhood inventing games, mathematical puzzles and puppet plays for seven adoring younger sisters, was teaching mathematics at Oxford as an ordained deacon of Christ Church. From his window the lonely young man watched three little girls playing in Dean Liddell's garden.

Their friendship started by his introducing them to "castle croquet"—his own variation of the game, involving ten balls, ten wickets, five stakes and other complications. Soon the children were regularly invading his rooms at story time. Picnics on the river followed, with stories "that lived and died like summer midges, each in its own golden afternoon."

One day the picnic party went ashore to have their tea in the shade of a haystack. "The children clamoured for a story: and then the miracle began. Straight down the rabbit-hole went the most lovely, the most confused, and the most appealing little girl that English literature has produced—'Alice'—to meet the

fantastic, wistful, ludicrous creatures that peopled her Wonderland." *

The story of "Alice" didn't die, because her namesake, Alice Liddell, begged Mr. Dodgson to write it down for her. And her friend sat up all night to recapture the spontaneous flow of verses and stories.

The little handwritten book lay on the Liddells' table for visitors to see. They urged publication upon the reluctant author. It wasn't until Tenniel, the famous *Punch* artist, agreed to do the illustrations that Dodgson decided to add several chapters and arrange with Macmillans to publish it "on commission"—which meant at the author's expense. It was not signed by Charles L. Dodgson, Oxford don and author of such works as *Curiosa Mathematica* and *The Formule of Plane Trigonometry*, but by Lewis Carroll, a blither spirit who had occasionally contributed poems to a literary paper.

Alice appeared in 1865 and was taken immediately to everyone's heart. Even Queen Victoria loved her, and invited the author to Windsor Castle. At the close of his visit she said, "And now, Mr. Dodgson, you must send me a copy of the next book you write." True to the Royal command he did so. It must have been a great disappointment to the Queen, for it was a treatise on an abstruse mathematical problem.

The acclaim showered on *Alice's* creator would have turned a lesser man's head. But Carroll, always shy with all but his intimates, fled whenever his work was praised; he refused to read reviews because such reading seemed to him "unhealthy"; and he objected to being invited to dinners or other social engagements, preferring to see his friends singly. "Because you have invited me, I cannot come," was the usual form of his refusal.

In his suite of rooms at Christ Church he led a contented and happy life, his many eccentricities seeming to his friends but delightful additions to his charming personality. Florence Becker Lennon, in *Lewis Carroll*,† tells of his horror of draughts. "His theory was that there could be no draughts if the temperature were the same all over the room. Accordingly, he had a number of thermometers about the room, and near each one an oil stove. Periodically he made a round of the thermometers, adjusting the adjacent stove according to the reading. All cracks under doors were boarded up with coats and rugs.

"Dodgson," Mrs. Lennon also relates, "was a meticulous traveller. He had two pocketbooks, each made up with labelled compartments. Exact change for some particular contingency was placed in each one of the compartments." This precise planning extended to his correspondence—he made an ab-

* Watten Weaver in *The Princeton University Library Chronicle*, Autumn 1951

† Cassell & Co., Ltd., London.

stract of every letter he wrote or received, and cross-indexed each (the last entry in his file was numbered 98,721).

His wit and charm won him the friendship of the great Victorians, including Ruskin, Tennyson and Rossetti. Yet he preferred the company of children, and he would use his fame as Lewis Carroll to make their acquaintance. He introduced himself to them in railway trains and in the gardens at Oxford. His pockets always contained games, puzzles, toys, and tiny scissors the size of his thumbnail.

Carroll was more than a friend to the many children who played in the stage version of *Alice*. He saw that they got the best education and coaching possible, took them for country walks and entertained them to dinner in his Oxford rooms. There he had a wardrobe full of costumes for "dressing up." There was always something new to attract a child's fancy. There was a vast collection of puzzles, clockwork mice and frogs, and a toy bat which would fly round the room. And, after dinner, the happy little girl would sit on Carroll's knee before the fire, while he made the animals in the hearth tiles come alive through the stories he told her.

Carroll undertook personally to teach Isa Bowman, a well-loved stage "Alice," geography (with the aid of jigsaw puzzles), arithmetic and Biblical knowledge. Langford Reed, in his charming *Life of Lewis*

Carroll,* quotes Miss Bowman as saying that these lessons continued for years. When her mother took her to America to play children's parts in Shakespearean repertory, the lessons continued by post. Just before Isa left England, Carroll took her to see a panorama of Niagara Falls. She says that the panorama had, in the foreground, the model of a little dog accompanying the wax tourists who appeared to be gazing at the Falls. "In a moment, the academic Dodgson, intent on geographical instruction, was effaced by Carroll, who began relating a story about the dog, which, he said, was really alive but trained to stand motionless.

" 'If you watch ever so carefully,' he declared, 'you will see his tail move slightly.' "

" 'I do!' I cried excitedly, and I really thought I did. Mr. Carroll told me that, if we waited long enough, we should see an attendant bring him a bone, and that the dog on one occasion jumped right out of the panorama, attracted by a little girl's sandwich, and so on. Suddenly he began to stammer, and looking up I saw that a dozen grown-ups and children had gathered round to listen. It was not Mr. Carroll but a very confused Mr. Dodgson who led me quickly from the scene."

One of Carroll's nephews tells of another occasion when Lewis Carroll embarrassed the Rev. Charles Dodgson. He had been invited to a

* W & G. Fovle, Ltd., London.

children's party. Entering the house, he dropped on all fours and went into the drawing-room growling like a bear. But the children's party was next door. He found himself confronting an astonished party of ladies . . . and fled without a word.

Of all the stories about Lewis Carroll, I like best one my father used to tell. In Guildford there was a shop called Brett's, where the well-to-do took morning coffee or afternoon tea. The windows were full of luscious cakes and pastries. On a cold winter morning Carroll noticed

a group of poor, ill-clad children gazing longingly at the fairy-tale display. He watched the group for a moment, then went up to them and said, "I think you all ought to have cakes." And into the shop he led the little band, where all were asked to choose the confections they fancied most.



One of the thousands of playful letters he wrote to his young friends ends charmingly, "Give my love to any children you happen to meet." And that is precisely what the shy old mathematician did all his life.

Universal Principle

THE REVOLUTION that everyone longs for would be simple, and yet it would be complete. It would begin in the hearts of men and women all over the world. And it would start acting this moment on the universal principle: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them: for this is the law and the prophets."

This line covers everything in every field of activity everywhere. It is the genius of the Christian religion, which took it from Jewish laws, giving it a positive rather than negative accent. The same thought appears in Buddhism and Confucianism. Like most really inspired observations it represents common sense and is practical.

The organization of modern life is too complex to be understood by anyone. No one can learn enough to put it in order. But amid the rubble of the centuries this is the one golden idea that could transmute our broken, despairing century into a mansion of enlightenment and well being. If everyone began this morning to live by the oldest idea in history the world would be green and golden tonight.

-Brooks Atkinson *Once Around the Sun*

An outstanding lay Catholic answers the most frequently asked questions about Catholicism

WHAT IS A CATHOLIC?

Condensed from Look

John Cogley

Executive editor of The Commemorial, American Catholic weekly



Do Catholics believe theirs is the only true religion?

Yes. The idea of many different religions, all holding different—often contradictory—doctrines about God and man strikes the Catholic as illogical.

But by “the only true religion,” Catholics do not mean that they alone are the children of God or that only Catholics are righteous and God-fearing. Nor do they believe that only Catholics go to heaven. Pope Pius IX wrote: “. . . those who are ignorant of the true religion, if that ignorance is invincible, will not be held guilty in the eyes of the Lord.” Catholics believe that in the sight of God all who love Him and sincerely desire to do His will are related in some way to the Church that His Son founded and so can be saved.

What are the chief differences between the Catholic and Jewish faiths? * The Catholic and Protes-

tant? Catholicism and Judaism share the belief in God the Father, in the brotherhood of man and in the moral teachings of the prophets. The main difference is that Catholics believe that Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah, true God and true man.† They believe that mankind was redeemed by Christ’s atonement, though individual men must still work out their own personal salvation by faith and good works. Catholics believe that with the coming of Christ all races and nations became “chosen people.”

The chief differences between Catholicism and Protestantism seem to be these:

Protestants believe in private interpretation of the Bible. Catholics believe that the Church is the divinely appointed custodian of the Bible and has the final word on what is meant in any specific passage. The Church guards orthodoxy and passes down essential

* See “What Is a Jew?”, *The Reader’s Digest*, September, 1952.

† The Jews believe the Messiah is still to come.

Christian tradition from one generation to another. Most Protestants affirm the "priesthood of all believers," in opposition to the Catholic idea of a specially ordained priesthood.

Protestantism provides for a greater variety of opinion on such matters as divorce and birth control, which Catholics feel have been settled once and for all either by natural law or by revelation. The average Protestant thinks of "the Church" as a broad spiritual unity; the Catholic using the same words means the Roman Catholic Church.

What is the meaning of the Mass? The Catholic Mass differs from a Protestant Communion service—not only in ceremony but in what each congregation believes is taking place. The Mass is the central act of worship in the Catholic Church. It is the true sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, made present on the altar by the words of consecration (over the bread, "This is my body"; over the wine, "This is . . . my blood . . .").

"In this divine sacrifice," the Council of Trent declared, "the same Christ is present . . . who offered Himself . . . on the altar of the cross . . . only the manner of offering is different."

Mass must be celebrated by a priest or bishop, with whom the congregation joins in offering to God "a re-presentation and a renewal of the offering made on Calvary."

Catholics believe that after the priest pronounces the words of consecration the whole substance of the bread becomes the Body of Christ, the whole substance of the wine becomes the Blood of Christ. They believe that Christ is truly and substantially present in the Eucharist, body and soul, humanity and divinity.

Do Catholics believe the Pope can do no wrong? Must Catholics accept everything he says? Catholics do not believe the Pope can do no wrong. Nor does the Pope. He confesses regularly to a simple priest, like the humblest peasant in the Church. While admitting that there have been Popes who were wicked men, Catholics believe that a Pope, be he saint or sinner, is preserved by God from leading the Church into doctrinal error.

These are the conditions of a papal pronouncement which Catholics consider infallible: (1) It must come under the heading of faith or morals; (2) the Pope must be speaking as head of the Church with the intention of obliging its members to assent to his definition.

Everything that the Church teaches as infallible doctrine a Catholic must accept.

What do Catholics believe about the Virgin Mary? What does the recent doctrine of the Assumption mean? Catholics believe that from the moment of *her* conception Mary was preserved free from original sin. This is what is known as the

Immaculate Conception, often confused with the Virgin Birth—which, of course, refers to the birth of Christ. Because of her stainless life and vast dignity as the Virgin Mother of Christ, Catholics believe Mary is the greatest of the saints. Catholics pray to God *through* her because they believe that she is a powerful intercessor.

The Assumption (the belief that soon after Mary's death her body was reunited with her soul in heaven) is not a new belief. The Feast of the Assumption was celebrated as early as 1,500 years ago. But in 1950 Pope Pius XII declared that the ancient belief was now formal doctrine, to which all Catholics must give assent. The Pope made this declaration in answer to a widespread popular request by clergy and laity.

Do Catholics believe that unbaptized babies cannot go to heaven because of "original sin"? Yes. It is Catholic belief that no one by nature has a "right" to heaven. Man does not have a claim on the *supernatural* happiness which he enjoys in seeing God "face to face" (I Cor. xiii. 12). It is a free gift of God. The loss of supernatural life—generally called the fall from grace—was incurred by Adam. Because Adam was head of the human race, all mankind was involved in the historic sin of disobedience.

Since the redemption by Christ, it has been possible to regain the life of grace. Baptism restores super-

natural life. Without that life, man simply does not have the capacity to enjoy heaven. Unbaptized babies (in limbo) do not suffer in any way, even from a sense of loss. Their happiness is greater than any known by man on earth, however limited in comparison with that of the saints in heaven.

What is purgatory? The word refers to a place and a state. Catholics believe that purgatory exists to *purge* those souls not pure enough for heaven, yet not in a state of serious (mortal) sin. Though they have escaped eternal hell, they must undergo the purifying pain of intense longing for God until they have paid their debt of temporal punishment.

Why do Catholics worship "graven images"? They don't. Like other religions, Catholicism uses symbols to heighten the meaning of spiritual truths. The Council of Trent summed up the Catholic position 400 years ago: "The images of Christ and the Virgin Mother of God, and of the other saints, are to be honoured and venerated; not that any divinity or virtue is believed to be in them but because the honour which is shown them is referred to the prototypes which these images represent."

Is it true that Catholics consider all non-Catholic children illegitimate? No. It is Church law that the wedding of a Catholic must be performed in the presence of a priest and two witnesses. In the case of

non-Catholics, the Church recognizes the sacredness and binding nature of all ceremonies that mark "the conjugal union of man and woman, contracted between two qualified persons, which obliges them to live together throughout life."

Is a Catholic permitted to get a divorce? The Church does not recognize any absolute divorce between a couple who are validly married, where one or the other would be free to marry again. For good reasons (infidelity, cruelty), the Church may approve separation from bed and board. In such cases, a Catholic may be permitted to get a civil divorce in order to satisfy some legal requirement. He may not, however, remarry during the lifetime of the other party. In cases where the Church has decreed nullity --where, according to Church law, there was no marriage in the first place--a civil annulment or divorce may sometimes be necessary.

In a case where doctors agree that a mother may die during childbirth, must Catholic doctors save the child rather than the mother? No. The Catholic doctor is bound to make every effort to save both. Both mother and child have an inherent right to life. Neither may be killed so that the other shall live. *Directly* to take the life of an innocent is never permitted --even as a means to a good end.

Why don't priests and nuns marry? This is a disciplinary ruling of the Western Church which could

-- but undoubtedly won't -- be changed overnight. The rule leaves the clergy wholly free from the responsibilities of family life for pastoral and missionary work.

Nuns and monks take a vow of chastity not because they despise marriage and human love but in order to dedicate themselves wholly to the service of God. Nuns (and those monks who have not received priestly orders) may marry with the Church's blessing if they are dispensed from their vows by the proper authority.

Why does the Catholic Church oppose birth control? Why does the Church oppose the dissemination of birth-control information among non-Catholics? Strictly speaking, it is artificial birth *prevention* by means of contraceptive devices, chemicals, etc., which the Church condemns as intrinsically evil. "Natural" birth control--the so-called rhythm theory--is permitted (as the Pope recently stated) in cases where undue medical or economic hardship makes family limitation imperative.

The proper end of the sexual act is procreation. Deliberately to frustrate this proper end, the Church says, is contrary to the natural law, is conduct unbecoming to rational beings and, for this reason, is immoral. The natural law binds all men, Catholics and non Catholics alike.

Through confession, can a Catholic gain absolution for a sin,

repeat the same sin and receive absolution repeatedly? Catholics, like other people, find themselves repeating the same old sins. But if one does not intend to make a sincere effort to break sinful habits, there is no point in going to confession. A "bad confession" (where sins are withheld or where genuine contrition is not present) is considered invalid and sacrilegious.

Why does the Church forbid Catholics to read or see certain books, plays and films? Catholics regard their Church as a moral teacher. When books, plays and films are forbidden, it is because in the Church's judgment they may provide a temptation to sin, a false religious understanding, or a challenge to faith which the ordinary person is not equipped to handle. Many of the forbidden books are theological studies written in good faith by Catholics. The Church has proscribed them because they contain some theological error.

A Catholic may ask for permission (from a representative of the local bishop) to read a forbidden book or to see a proscribed play. If it is felt he is sufficiently well instructed to meet the challenge to his faith, and there is good reason for his request, the permission is readily granted.

Do Catholics believe in religious tolerance? If religious tolerance means living in peace with one's neighbours, making no attempt to interfere with his religious practices, and recognizing his civil right to pick his own church (or no church), then the record of Catholics is second to none. There are bigots in the Church, as in every group, but this is a failing of individuals, not something that derives from Catholic belief.

Often by "religious tolerance" is understood something more properly called "religious indifferentism"—the idea that "one religion is as good (or as bad) as another." This is a proposition which Catholics cannot accept. It should not be imposed on citizens as a test of patriotism—especially in the name of tolerance!

The Catholic Church is an authoritarian institution. Does this contradict democratic principle? The Church is a religious, not a political, society. Democracy is a system of government in which each man is free to serve God—that is, to acknowledge the authority of God—according to his own conscience. How can one "contradict democratic principle" by following the religious dictates of his conscience?

God has promised forgiveness to your repentance; but He has not promised tomorrow to your procrastination.

—St. Augustine

*In the ironic collapse of the Communist myth lies the
free world's power and hope*

Good Reason for Optimism

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Barbara Ward *International affairs expert for The Ec
author of 'The West at Bay'*

ONE OF the main successes of Soviet propaganda has been to convince people of Communism's diabolical cleverness, resourcefulness and unfailing accuracy. "History is on our side," chant the Communists, and in the West men and women to whom the Soviet system is anathema fearfully take up the theme. If this near-hypnosis is to be ended, Soviet policy must be seen for what it is—brutal and ruthless, but by any standard, Russian or Western, a remarkable flop.

This is not to deny that Soviet power has dangerously increased in the last decade. But if that increase is looked at not with Western eyes but from Moscow, the gains are small indeed compared with earlier hopes and opportunities. What is more, they contain within them the destruction of any future Communist world order.

In 1945 the Russian leaders looked out on a world which seemed re-

markably favourable to the furthering of their ultimate aims—a world dazed with admiration for the courage of the Russian people, reconciled to local Communists by common resistance against Hitler and, above all, absorbed in demobilization and disarmament.

The way seemed clear to achieve a Communist world order under Moscow leadership. The Western armies melted away. Communists entered coalition governments in Europe, the Far East stirred with colonial revolt. The Kremlin had only to wait for the "inevitable American slump"; use its Communist minorities vigorously in Europe; fan the anti-imperialist flames in Asia and watch the great Eurasian land mass slide inevitably under its control.

Only if the certainty of these developments in the Soviet mind is understood can one grasp the degree to which Russia has lost control of

its policy. Nothing is going according to plan. The free world has failed to fulfil the predictions of doom. The American economy continued to pour out wealth, and the Marshall Plan shared that wealth with Europe. The end of Western imperial control in most of Asia and the beginning of assistance to backward countries revolutionized the political situation in the East. Above all, the free world built up a defensive alliance, avoided "appeasement" and began to forge an adequate armament.

The Soviets themselves are to blame for the failure of their view of history to materialize. They could not hide their time. If the Soviet Government had been able to maintain its armies quietly, to build up an atomic armoury in secret, to permit the reunion of a weakened Germany and thus secure the withdrawal of Allied garrisons, and all the time present to the West the co-operative façade of the war years, the Western World might have fallen apart.

Would it have been so impossible by 1949 to stage a *coup d'état* in Paris on the Czechoslovak pattern if the Communists had remained in the French Government, if the French economy had collapsed—as it would have without Marshall aid—and if an unarmed and powerless America had looked on from 3,000 miles away?

But the Russian leaders believed their Marxist mythology too firmly

to doubt that the real aim of the capitalist states was to encircle and destroy the Soviet Union. In 1945 they could not entertain the possibility that the Western allies simply wanted to live in peace.

From the first days of the armistice the Soviets believed in "capitalist hostility" and began counter-ing with incredible clumsiness "threats" which existed only in their own minds. Their maintenance of large postwar armies, their failure to reunite Germany, their abolition of all non Communist influence in Eastern Europe sprang from their fear that all non-Communists everywhere were in league with the "American imperialists." The free world recovered from its wartime admiration for Russia to the sound of firing squads in Eastern Europe shooting as traitors all those suspected of friendship with the West.

And in these firing squads, too, lies another significant fact. It is a Marxist axiom that a Communist society will be a good and happy society in which all frictions between man and man, nation and nation, will vanish. This has given Communism much of its strong emotional appeal. Since 1945, however, the Soviets' system has been growing worse and worse, and more and more people have become aware of it.

The relations between man and man have been destroyed with the destruction of confidence. Children

spy on parents. The labour camp lies at the end of every road. The once-free workers of Czechoslovakia have seen their unions dismantled, their living standards ruined and 350,000 men and women set to work in slave camps and uranium mines.

Even the smallest groups of Communists, if they seize power, set up at once the hideous apparatus of the concentration camp. The murder of non-Communist prisoners in the Korean prisoner-of-war camps at Kojé showed that a few square yards of absolute power are enough to establish the full savagery of the new totalitarian state.

The relations between state and state have been undermined to an equal degree by Soviet exploitation and imperialism. The revolt of Marshal Tito is the end of the dream that Communism automatically brings peace and brotherhood on earth. Soviet Russia offers peace only in return for total subjection.

Soviet Russia, whose stock in trade is the denunciation of "imperialism," has established in Eastern Europe a drastic system of economic exploitation. The political troubles that last summer led to the disappearance of Ana Pauker and other Communist leaders in Rumania were directly caused by the need to find scapegoats for the desperate state to which Russian exploitation has reduced the Rumanian economy. Everything of value—such as oil—is in large measure appropriated by Soviet-

controlled companies. All Rumanian exports are manipulated in the interests of Soviet economic policy. And Rumania is only the extreme example of a system of colonization throughout the Soviet zone.

Some critics say: "The Communists may have thrown away the advantages they could have secured in 1945; but the free world cannot survive for ever on the mistakes of its enemies. We may agree that Russia's performance must not be over estimated. But what about our own?"

It is true that within the Atlantic Alliance there is confusion and indecision, a sense of fumbling uncertainty. In spite of this, there is good reason for optimism. Three principles of vital importance are surviving the vicissitudes of day-to-day politics and are likely to be the basis of the free world's long-term strategy.

First: the notion of security by effective defence is accepted even by those who dislike its economic implications. In Britain, Aneurin Bevan, who questions the scale of the effort, does not dispute its necessity, and the Trades Union Congress recently affirmed the British workers' support for the policy of defence by rearmament. In the United States, although there may be grave disagreements on the type of armaments to be produced, and on strategy, there is no politician of any influence who believes that America can abdicate from world affairs.

THIS IS THE FIRST PRINCIPLE

This relative unanimity on the need for positive defence is a measure of the path the democracies have covered since the '30s, when aggression was met everywhere by retreat and appeasement. Such realism in 1937 or 1938 might have prevented World War II.

The second principle which is slowly thrusting down its roots into the foundations of the free world is the need for an Atlantic community. The Labour Party in Britain includes support of the Atlantic community as one of the principal planks in its foreign-policy platform. In America Senator Robert Taft stresses in his book on foreign policy the need to maintain "the Atlantic fringe" within the American defence system. In fact, he has considered a U.S. doctrine according to which any power attacking Western Europe would be deemed to be attacking the United States.

Thus British Labourites on the Left and men as conservative as Senator Taft believe in a developing Atlantic community.

The free world's third principle concerns the relations between the wealthy nations of the West and their less fortunate and less developed neighbours. The old imperial control is being abandoned, and a whole new area of experimental relationships has to be built up with a new world of independent Asiatic states.

The experiments have hardly begun. Yet the realization is growing that the whole Atlantic world as a capital-producing, raw-materials-consuming area has reasons of self-interest, beyond benevolence, for building up the more backward economies of the East.

It may be, however, that the greatest gain of the last five years lies not in concrete achievement but in an attitude of mind. The gravest loss the Soviets have suffered is undoubtedly loss of faith in the final efficacy of their system. Fewer and fewer people believe that the new Eden lies under Soviet tyranny.

In the West, by a paradox, the greatest gain may be a similar loss of confidence in a different yet equally automatic faith—the faith that the unfettered pursuit of national interest creates the general good. Confronted by the disasters of two world wars and the aftermath of Communist pressure, the free nations are, reluctantly and possibly querulously, accepting the fact that they must create a community or perish.

In pursuit of this community, they will experience good years and bad. But underneath these oscillations the acceptance of unity goes steadfastly forward. In spite of superficial Soviet successes, it is the Soviets that have lost faith in the last seven years. The West bids fair to re-create its own.



TURN ABOUT

By
Roman Turski

I WAS BORN in Poland, where before the last war religious intolerance was not uncommon. In spite of my father's objection to my participation in anti-Semitic demonstrations in Warsaw, I often threw stones at the windows of shops owned by Jews. I had no qualms about my behaviour, and later it took months of hardship and persecution—and a Jew—to show me how to abide by the Biblical injunction: "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

Here's the story.

When Hitler annexed Austria and war seemed imminent, I gave up my job as instructor of a flying

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club in Lyons, France, and started for home in my plane. The engine developed magneto trouble and I had to land at Vienna and stay there overnight to have it repaired.

The following morning, just as I stepped out of my hotel to buy a few souvenirs before leaving, a man who came running past the door bumped into me and sent me reeling. Outraged, I grabbed him and was about to give him a piece of my mind when I saw that his face was white with fear. Panting heavily, he tried to wrench himself from my grip, and said, "Gestapo—Gestapo!" I knew only a little German but understood that he was running away from the dreaded German secret police.

I rushed him into the lobby and upstairs to my room, pointed to the foot of my bed and motioned to him to lie down. I covered his

slender, doubled-up body with artfully draped blankets, so that the rumpled bed looked empty. Then I pulled off my jacket, tie and collar so that I could pretend I'd just got up if the Gestapo men came. In a few minutes they did.

They examined my passport, returned it and shouted questions, to which I replied: "*Ich verstehe es nicht*—I don't understand it," a phrase I knew by heart. They left without searching the room.

When they had gone I locked the door and lifted the blankets. The poor man let out a stream of rapid German. It was not necessary to understand a word to comprehend his gratitude.

I got out my flight chart and, by gesturing and drawing pictures on the margin of the map, explained that I had a plane and could take him out of Austria. He pointed to Warsaw, and his expressive hands asked: "Would you take me there?"

I shook my head and made him understand that I had to land for fuel in Cracow. I drew pictures of police and prison bars to illustrate that he would be arrested upon arrival at any airport, and made it clear that we could land in some meadow just over the Polish border and he could get away. He nodded with satisfaction, and his narrow face and dark brown eyes again conveyed deep thanks.

The customs and immigration men at the airport waved us through

when I told them my friend wanted to see me off. My plane was warmed up and ready for flight. We quickly climbed into it and took off.

We crossed Czechoslovakia, and soon saw the thin ribbon of the Vistula River and the city of Cracow. Landing in a large field by a wood near a country railway station, I showed my companion where we were on the map, gave him most of my money and wished him luck. He took my hand and looked at me wordlessly, then walked rapidly into the woods.

When I arrived at the Cracow airport there was a detachment of police waiting beside the immigration inspector. One of the police said, "We have a warrant to search your plane—you have helped a man escape from Vienna."

"Go ahead and search it. Incidentally, what was the man wanted for?"

"He was a Jew!"

They searched my plane, and of course had to let me go for lack of evidence.

THE WAR CAME, and after Poland's short and bloody struggle against the Germans, in which I served as a fighter pilot in the Polish Air Force, I joined the thousands of my countrymen who wanted to carry on the fight for freedom. We crossed the border into Rumania, and were promptly caught and sent to concentration camps.

I finally managed to escape, and joined the French Air Force. After France collapsed I crossed to England and fought in the Battle of Britain. The following June I was wounded while on a fighter sweep across the English Channel, when the Luftwaffe attacked us over Boulogne. In those early offensive missions we were always outnumbered and outdone by the Luftwaffe, and our only superiority was our morale.

As we started for home I rammed an Me-109 and was hit by a piece of its sheared-off tail. I was half-blinded with blood. My squadron covered my withdrawal across the Channel, but I was unconscious when my Spitfire crash landed in England. (I learned later that my skull had been fractured, and that I was so near death that the head surgeon of the hospital to which I was taken believed it would be almost useless to operate on me.)

When I returned to consciousness and opened my eyes I gradually realized that a narrow face with large brown eyes was looking down at me.

"Remember me?" their owner said. "You saved my life in Vienna." He spoke with only a trace of German accent.

His words ended my confusion. I remembered this sensitive face and managed to say, "How did you find me?" I noticed his white coat. "Do you work here?"

"It's a long story," he replied. "After you dropped me off I made my way to Warsaw, where an old friend helped me. Just before the war I escaped and reached safety in Scotland. When one of your Polish squadrons distinguished itself in the Battle of Britain, I thought you might be in it, so I wrote to the Air Ministry and found that you were."

"How did you know my name?"

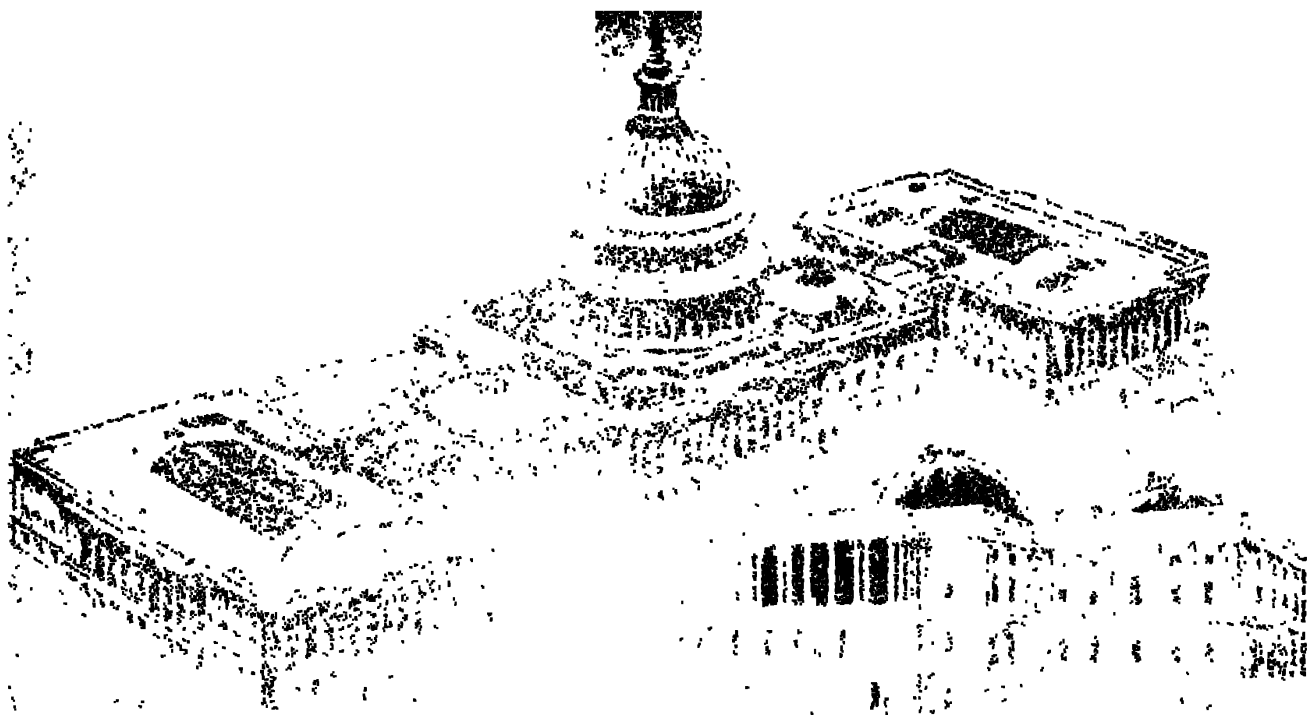
"It was written on the margin of your map. I remembered it."

His long fingers felt cool on my wrist. "Yesterday I read the story in the newspapers about a Polish hero shooting down five enemy planes in one day and then crash-landing near this hospital. It said your condition was considered hopeless. I immediately asked the Royal Air Force at Edinburgh to fly me to this hospital."

"Why?"

"I thought that at last I could do something to show my gratitude. You see, I am a brain surgeon—I operated on you this morning."

READERS will be glad to know that the book "Last Leaves" by Stephen Leacock, from which a short excerpt appeared on page 124 of our November 1952 issue, is published by The Bodley Head, London, under the title of "The Boy I Left Behind Me."



The Capitol—

By
Donald Culross Peattie

"The Constitution in Stone"

PROUD upon an eminence, with its wings widespread and its lifted white dome thrust to the fore, like the American eagle itself, the Capitol looks out over Washington. The city was still only a dream in the head of Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant when in 1791 he rode with George Washington up Jenkins Hill, to point out to the first President how this rise of ground was a very "pedestal waiting for a monument." That monument to U.S. democracy came thus to stand at the hub of L'Enfant's wheel-shaped plan for the city—and, indeed, of the free world's hopes today.

Last month the grand old build-

From its steps, Dwight D. Eisenhower delivered his inaugural address—the 44th in its history

ing was a focus of global attention. For from its broad steps, where Lincoln spoke of "malice towards none and charity for all," a new President's inaugural address rang out into history—the 44th to be delivered from this spot. The resolutions of the Congress that will sit here for the next two years will influence the destiny of 155 million Americans, and the councils of every foreign office on earth.

From its conception, the Capitol

was as dear to George Washington as if it were the Constitution in stone. He himself, wearing a Masonic apron, laid the cornerstone on September 18, 1793, while cannon boomed salute to the future, and a 500-pound ox turned sizzling on a barbecue spit.

Designs for the home of Congress had been invited by a competition, in which the prize was the munificent sum of \$500 (£100 at that time) or a medal, plus some land in the unbuilt city. The specifications were for a building containing two lofty chambers for Senate and House, each capable of holding 300 persons (spectators included), with two lobbies and 12 offices, for committees and clerks.

The judges—Washington and Jefferson—inclined towards the plans of a Paris-trained architect, Stephen Hallet. Then they were offered drawings by Dr. William Thornton of Philadelphia, physician, wit, painter, poet, who was then but a novice at architecture. This first product of the genius he later developed won the prize. The disappointed Hallet was put in charge of the construction, and promptly substituted many of his own schemes for those of the winner. He was discovered and dismissed, but only after these ideas had begun to take shape, so that this house of our two-party system was from the beginning formed by successful compromise.

And it reached completion only

by virtue of endless amendments. Congress, like any home builder, was upset by unforeseen costs, sometimes into ill-considered economies such as replacing skilled architects by Army engineers, chief clerks, or even the postmaster of the city. And rascally contractors cheated Uncle Sam; the shingle roof leaked; wall plaster crumbled; a chandelier fell out of the ceiling; an arch collapsed, killing an architect. The acoustics were so faulty that precious pearls of oratory floated to the roof and were lost.

Yet by 1812 the Capitol was, for all its defects, complete in the modest dignity which befitted that era. Rich decorations, fine portraits of our early heroes and statesmen adorned its walls; it housed a wealth of precious documents, as well as the Congressional library, already a notable collection of books. Then war with Great Britain broke out.

In August of 1814, by a surprise dash up the Potomac, the British fleet under Admiral Cockburn landed forces which captured the defenceless city. President Madison fled with his cabinet. Cockburn gave orders to destroy all public buildings. In the Capitol he mockingly took the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives and asked for a vote on whether to "burn this harbour of Yankee democracy." The ringing "Ayes" had it. When the noble building resisted attempts to ignite it, the soldiers piled books, papers and portraits

in a heap in the centre of the hall, poured tar on them and set the pyre aflame with rockets. Even the enemy was shocked; several British officers recorded their horror at the scene, and London newspapers denounced Cockburn's barbarism.

When peace came the gutted walls alone remained intact. Benjamin Henry Latrobe, whose talents had been noted by President Jefferson, himself no mean architect, was placed in charge of reconstruction. To Latrobe are owed many lovely details in the crypt, notably the use, atop the columns, of American motifs like ears of corn and tobacco leaves, instead of the conventional Greek acanthus. His work was carried on by the gifted Boston architect Charles Bulfinch, who contributed the great east steps, one for every day of the year.

Not long after its home was rebuilt Congress realized that it had outgrown it. What had started out as a shoestring of 13 little states along the Atlantic seaboard had by 1851 spread clear across the continent. Now both chambers were packed, as the forces of the South, the expanding West, the abolitionist down East were locked in tense struggle under the eyes of the visitors in the galleries. Hundreds of clerks jostled each other for space. Members from the new states were demanding offices. The library was bursting at the seams and its books were spreading down the corridors. The Supreme Court, which at first

sometimes had no cases to consider, was now busy and elbowing judiciously for room.

So were begun (with cornerstone oratory by Daniel Webster) the two great wings, in one of which the Senators presently established themselves, in the other the Representatives. The great lengthening of the dimensions required a new and higher dome, and construction was started. But tragically the improved house of Congress was soon to be divided against itself. At the lightning flashes of the approaching Civil War, the southern legislators prepared to depart, old friends saying farewell with ashen faces. Hard on the heels of these seceding members, the first Union troops marched into the city. Now the Capitol was commandeered by military authority and 1,500 beds crowded the stately halls and chambers. A bakery, set up in the centre of the building, menaced the books of the Congressional library. It took an order from President Lincoln to oust the Army, and let the country's lawmakers return to their half-empty halls.

The new dome at that time stood uncompleted, open to the sky like a great cauldron. Visible both south and north of the dividing Potomac, it was eloquent, in its arrested growth, of the nation's dilemma. None saw better than Lincoln how vital it was that, before the eyes of all, this lofty symbol should reach fulfilment. Thus, while the wartime debt of the Government grew by

a million dollars each day, and the federal city itself seemed time and again about to fall, the dome rose, tier by tier, topped at last by the gigantic figure of Freedom.

Two hundred and eighty five feet above the eastern plaza the great dome soars. It is a miracle of engineering, with an inner dome inside the great shell of the outer, each so constructed that the cast iron parts can move harmlessly with expansions and contractions resulting from temperature changes. By day it shines cloud-white from afar over the leafy countryside. By night, illumined with floodlights, its nine million pounds of metal seem to float above the world's most powerful capital like dreams of enduring peace.

Old-style though it is, the Capitol superbly meets the needs of even today's nation. (Senate and House offices, as well as the Library of Congress and the Supreme Court, have all moved out into handsome houses of their own.) Esthetes may wince at the art—sometimes more grandiose than grand—of the historic old building. Architects know how to design a better and engineers a more efficient structure than this vast old pile. Yet with all its faults Americans love it still. One million tourists a year clamber up its steps, mill about the Great Rotunda, tramp the corridors, and climb inside and outside the dome.

Here you can watch in action the men elected to Congress. By call-

ing at the office of a Senator or Congressman, you can obtain a ticket to one of the seats in the galleries to hear the debates upon the floor. If you expect fireworks, you may be disappointed, for the discussion often seems long drawn out. But when a crucial issue is coming up, the air begins to tingle, galleries are full, messengers hasten to and fro, and down there on the floor the honourable gentlemen hammer out arguments that will travel round the world.

Yet "the Senate chamber is the Senate on display; the committee-rooms are Congress at work." So I was told by one of its most distinguished members, who was generously taking me on a tour of the Capitol. As he spoke, we were standing in the most historic and beautiful of these committee-rooms—the original Senate chamber. Stately but intimate, this mellow spot reverberates with moments of past greatness. Here was ratified the Louisiana Purchase; here was declared the Monroe Doctrine; here Webster, Clay and Calhoun made their famous speeches.

In earlier days the House met in what is now Statuary Hall; each state is allowed to place here the figures of two favourite sons. This was the room where Congressmen, when they used to sit here, had so much trouble with acoustics. At the spot (now marked by a brass star in the floor) where even a whisper bounces back, the desk of Congress-

man John Quincy Adams stood, and he once irritably interrupted himself in a speech to ask "the gentleman who keeps echoing my words" to be quiet!

The Great Rotunda is full of giant historical canvases, heroic-sized statues of America's great, and high in the eye of the dome overhead is a glowing canopy painting. In this lofty ceremonial place have lain in state the bodies of all the Presidents who have died in office, and of other statesmen and heroes; here, too, the Unknown Soldier rested briefly, while thousands of reverent fellow citizens filed past in tribute.

Yet for all its monumental splendours, the Capitol provides practical working quarters, cool, spacious and quiet. "As self-sustaining as an ocean liner," the Senator called it, with its own post office, machine shop, carpenter's shop, even an arsenal in case of riot. He talked of the 435 rooms and 14 acres of floor space, requiring more than 1,000

employees for maintenance. He told how books from the Library of Congress across the street come whizzing upon demand on a conveyor belt. He took us, too, upon the miniature subway train which carries the Senators from their offices to the Capitol and back.

As we made our tour we saw from time to time the men who steer this ship of state upon its course. Some were heroes to me; some stood for all I most strongly oppose. Together they are Congress; and together they maintain the government by the very principle of opposing thrust which upholds the great symbolic dome itself. So it is that here, through fierce partisan struggle, American freedom for ever flies high, like the flag above the dome. At forts and post offices and other federal stations throughout the land the colours are lowered at nightfall. But above the Capitol in Washington Old Glory never comes down, riding out the sunset, flying even in storm.



A NERVOUS young woman, being taught to drive by her husband on a narrow country road, suddenly exclaimed: "Quick, take the wheel, darling! Here comes a tree!"

-E.E.

SHE ALWAYS drove for her husband, and one day she came round a corner a little too fast just as a lorry driver drove his lorry a little too fast from the opposite direction. Both stopped in the nick of time, and, partly from fright, began a fierce argument about the near accident. She got more vocal and the lorry driver did, too, until her husband spoke up. "Go ahead and tell him off, dear!" he said. "I'm not a bit afraid to get out and run!"

-C.M.M.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

THE NUMBER of words you know may help to determine how far you can go in life. Words are our tools of thought, and the work of the most skilled artisan is dependent on his tools. Before you try to choose the definition A, B, C or D that is *nearest in meaning* to a key word, see if you can write down your own definition. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) SURFEIT (sūr' fit)—A: *disappointment*. B: *what is left over*. C: *more than is needed*. D: *snobbery*.
- (2) CLICHÉS (clee shayz)—A: *grammatical errors*. B: *social groups*. C: *stereotyped expressions*. D: *awkward situations*.
- (3) RAPSCALLION (rap scal' yun)—A: *a daring adventurer*. B: *a rogue or scamp*. C: *a cranky or irritable person*. D: *a tattered person*.
- (4) SIBILANT (sib' i lant)—A: *a soft musical note*. B: *a hissing sound*. C: *teacher's*. D: *talkative*.
- (5) NUMISMATICS (nu miss mat' icks)—A: *the science of coins and medals*. B: *exercises*. C: *the study of logic*. D: *the science of monsters*.
- (6) VILUPERATION (vy tu pur ay' shun)—A: *repetition*. B: *abusive faultfinding*. C: *cynicism*. D: *a poisonous substance*.
- (7) VOWE (vō' tiv)—A: *given in fulfillment of a vow*. B: *changeable*. C: *in agreement with*. D: *enthusiastic*.
- (8) VACUITY (vā ku' i ti)—A: *emptiness*. B: *temporary relaxation*. C: *shrewdness*. D: *amusement*.
- (9) DELECTATION (dē lek tay' shun)—A: *in good taste*. B: *adornment*. C: *omission*. D: *great pleasure*.
- (10) MALAISE (mā laze')—A: *uneasiness*. B: *hatred*. C: *discouragement*. D: *acute pain*.
- (11) INDEMNIFY (in dem' ni fy)—A: *point out*. B: *condemn*. C: *compensate for damage*. D: *describe*.
- (12) PRESTIDIGITATION (pres ti dij i tay' shan)—A: *nervousness*. B: *confusion*. C: *prophecy*. D: *jugglery*.
- (13) INAPT (in apt)—A: *weak*. B: *insulting*. C: *not suitable*. D: *ignorant*.
- (14) INNOCUOUS (ī nok' ū us)—A: *empty*. B: *immune*. C: *simple-minded*. D: *harmless*.
- (15) ORIFICE (or' i fiss)—A: *a religious ceremony*. B: *a holy office*. C: *an opening*. D: *a sacrifice*.
- (16) CATECHIZE (cat' e kize)—A: *convert*. B: *destroy*. C: *question carefully*. D: *irritate*.
- (17) INAUSPICIOUS (in āwss pish' ūs)—A: *obscure*. B: *manifesting mistrust*. C: *unfavourable*. D: *lacking in tact*.
- (18) TRUNCATED (trung' kate id)—A: *square*. B: *surly*. C: *sharp*. D: *without a top*.
- (19) GRATUITY (grā tu' i ty)—A: *thankfulness*. B: *a tip for service*. C: *charity*. D: *inherited money*.
- (20) SACERDOTAL (sas ur dō' tal)—A: *something to be sacrificed*. B: *superstitious*. C: *musical*. D: *pertaining to priesthood*.

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **SURFEIT**—C: More than is needed; overabundant supply; oppressive fullness; as, "We have had a *surfeit* of poor films this year."
- (2) **CLICHÉS**—C: In French a *cliché* is an electrotype or stereotype plate for printing. Thus, a *cliché* is any stereotyped, trite and worn-out expression.
- (3) **RAPSCALLION**—B: A rogue or scamp. Derived from "rascal."
- (4) **SIBILANT**—B: From the Latin *sibilare*, "to hiss." Hence, a hissing sound; also a sibilant speech sound or its symbol, such as the letter "s."
- (5) **NUMISMATICS**—A: From the Greek *nomisma*, "coin," and so the science of coins and medals. A *numismatist* is a collector of coins.
- (6) **VITUPERATION**—B: Wordy abuse and faultfinding. "His speech was filled with insulting *vituperation*."
- (7) **VOTIVE**—A: The Latin *votum*, from *vovere*, "to vow." Hence, given in fulfillment of a vow; dedicated by a promise; as, "Jade was used as a *votive* offering before the Christian era."
- (8) **VACUITY**—A: Emptiness; vacancy of mind or attention; as, "I received a look of complete *vacuity*." From the Latin *vacuitas*, "empty space."
- (9) **DELECTATION**—D: Great pleasure or enjoyment; delight; as, "This meal is especially prepared for your *delectation*." From the Latin *delectare*, meaning "to delight."
- (10) **MALAISE**—A: A French borrowing from *mal*, "ill," and *aise*, "ease." Hence uneasiness; indisposition of the body without actual disease.
- (11) **INDEMNIFY**—C: The Latin parts are *indemnitas*, "free from hurt," and *facere*, "to make." So when we *indemnify* a person, we "make" him "free from hurt"

and compensate him for loss or injury.

- (12) **PRESTIDIGITATION**—D: Jugglery; sleight-of-hand; as, "We just saw a very clever act of *prestidigitation*." From the Latin *praesto*, "ready," and *digitus*, "finger."
- (13) **INAPT**—C: Not suitable; inappropriate; as, "He has the habit of making the most *inapt* remarks."
- (14) **INNOCUOUS**—D: The Latin parts of this word are *in-*, "not," and *nocere*, "to hurt." Therefore, harmless; that can produce no ill effects; as, "There was nothing in his speech except a few *innocuous* platitudes."
- (15) **ORIFICE**—C: A small opening into a cavity; an aperture. From the Latin *os*, "mouth," and *facere*, "to make."
- (16) **CATECHIZE**—C: Interrogate fully and in a searching manner, often with reproof in mind; as, "He *catechized* his son about his wrongdoing."
- (17) **INAUSPICIOUS**—C: Unfavourable; boding ill; unfortunate; unlucky; as, "He assumed office at the most *inauspicious* time." From *in-*, "not," and the Latin *auspicium*, from *auspex*, which, in ancient days, meant one who observed the habits of birds for the purpose of divination. Hence, *inauspicious* means that the birds did not portend good fortune.
- (18) **TRUNCATED**—D: Without a top; having had the top cut off; ending abruptly. From the Latin *truncare*, "to truncate."
- (19) **GRATUITY**—B: A tip or present in return for some service; a voluntary gift; as, "He received a small *gratuity* for waiting on us." From the Latin *gratuitus*, "gift."
- (20) **SACERDOTAL**—D: Pertaining to a priest or to the priesthood; as "*sacerdotal* duties." From the Latin *sacer*, "sacred," and *dare*, "to give."

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct.....	exceptional
19-17 correct.....	excellent
16-14 correct.....	good
13-11 correct.....	fair



A new star of evil rises in East Germany

Wilhelm Zaisser

The Red Himmler

Condensed from Maclean

By Richard Hanser and Frederic Sondern, Jr.

OUTSIDE GERMANY, General Wilhelm Zaisser is little known—as yet. For 18 million East Germans, however, the shaggy and towering Minister of State Security and his secret police—the SSD—are the terrible Communist successors of Heinrich Himmler and the Nazi Gestapo. Personal friend of Stalin, and the Kremlin's key German, Zaisser has been given the task of stamping out all resistance to Moscow's absolute rule in East Germany and making that satellite into a secure bridgehead for future Soviet

operations against Western Europe. He is carrying out his orders quietly, thoroughly and ruthlessly.

Zaisser has power of life or death over every citizen of the East German "Democratic Republic" except the 14 members of the Berlin Politburo. His agents arrest, torture and execute at his discretion. More than 50,000 unfortunates have already been dragged off to prisons, concentration camps or uranium mines. "Hitler's great trouble was that he had no Siberia," Zaisser remarked not long ago. "We have."

Wilhelm Zaisser has served the Kremlin with unswerving loyalty for 30 years. Under half a dozen different names, he has been military organizer, spy, saboteur and instigator of Red risings in Germany, Spain, China and the Arab countries. He has probably caused more

The authors of this article have studied all available documents concerning Wilhelm Zaisser. They interviewed officers of the West German Government, and German and American experts who specialize in East German affairs. By remarkable good fortune they were able to talk with a former Communist who, until recently, was a Zaisser assistant of long standing.

interest in the world than any other single emissary of Moscow. As a reward Stalin has made him a full citizen of the U.S.S.R. and a General of the Red Army—a Communist eminence shared by no other German.

In spite of his power, Zaisser has a passion for obscurity. "I prefer to remain in the background," he rumbles in his slow, deep bass. This attitude contrasts sharply with that of his colleagues in the East German Government. Every weekday morning one cortège of big automobiles after another, with sirens screaming and warning lights flashing, roars out of the main gate of the walled "Government Town" in East Berlin, where the Party chiefs all live. These cars carry President Pieck and other prominent members of the Politburo to their city offices. Zaisser's car has no whistle, no distinguishing lights, no accompanying armed cars. The General in his leather jacket sits next to his driver, puffing placidly at a cigar as his car stops obediently for traffic lights.

On rare occasions when Zaisser feels compelled by Party etiquette to appear at a political gathering, he contrives to remain inconspicuous in spite of his rugged six feet three inches, and escapes as quickly and silently as possible. When, even more rarely, he consents to make a speech, it is brief and contains none of the bombastic rhetoric so fashionable in Communist circles. A horrified Politburo colleague once chided

him for leaving out the customary adulations of Stalin.

"I leave the talking to people who have less to do," growled the General, adding pointedly, "as they know in Moscow."

At Politburo meetings Prime Minister Grotewohl, a pompous puppet, occasionally likes to pretend that he can give orders to his Minister of Security. Zaisser listens solemnly, nodding and looking at the ceiling. Then, when he has had enough, he swings his massive head and fixes the speaker with his deep-set eyes—the ominous "Zaisser stare." "May I make a suggestion, *Herr Minister Präsident?*" he drones. And after that the comments of Grotewohl and his conferees are usually limited to "*Ja*" and "*Jawohl.*"

From a modest office in the Ministry of State Security building the General controls a political police system which is an almost exact copy of the huge Internal Security Ministry—the MVD—run by his Soviet intimate and mentor, Lavrenti Beria. Zaisser's 4,000 agents, carefully chosen from fanatic Communists, are well paid and fed, and treated as a privileged class. But every man in the SSD is constantly watched for the slightest aberration of loyalty by a special division responsible directly to the General.

One requisite for promotion in the SSD is ruthless brutality. "I will not have a man in a superior position," Zaisser said once to a group of his

officers, "who is not capable of whipping a prisoner to death if need be—himself, and without a qualm."

We have seen some of the consequences of this edict. Every day a pathetic stream of refugees pours into the West Berlin offices of organizations which help escaped East Germans. Some of these people are still wild-eyed with fright and jump at the slightest noise; others drag themselves along with the stumbling gait of the utterly beaten. Many have scars—a broken nose, a twisted leg, crippled fingers. Most of their stories are similar.

"I was with some colleagues in a *Bierstube*," we heard an elderly railway guard tell a West German interviewer. "I said that this was a funny way of running a free election—with only one candidate. That night the SSD came for me. For six weeks they had me in prison—eight of us in a cell big enough for two. Then they began a marathon questioning: four hours under the lights, an hour back in the cell, then again four hours under the lights.

"They insisted that I belonged to an underground. I didn't. And I had no names to give them. They flogged me with a whip. They wanted a confession, so I signed something about 'sabotage against the Democratic Republic.' It was all nonsense, but I just couldn't stand the pain any more. Then they let me go."

The Free Jurists, a group of West

Berlin lawyers engaged in helping East German anti-Communists, have several thousand depositions like this stacked in their files.* And these are cases in which Zaisser's men used comparatively mild, routine procedure.

In one month last summer more than 13,000 East Germans fled to the West. To stop this mass migration General Zaisser designed the "death barrier"—a narrow strip of land from which all trees and houses have been removed, extending along the entire East German-West German frontier. Guards in watch-towers, each within sight of the next and equipped with floodlights, fire on anything that moves.

The SSD, like its Soviet counterpart, is practically a government within a government. Its officers are stationed in every People's Police headquarters, in the political section of every superior court. In any case that might prove politically embarrassing, these officers immediately take the prisoner from the regular authorities. The Public Prosecutor is told what sort of indictment to draw up; the People's Judge is told what sentence to pronounce.

SSD men also watch over every prison and concentration camp maintained for "foes of the state." The files of the Free Jurists tell of conditions which would be hard to believe if they were not so well documented. Out of a population of

* See "German Lawyers vs. Communist Crimes," *The Reader's Digest*, August, 1951.

6,000 in the Waldheim Prison, built to accommodate 2,000, more than 700 political prisoners died in 1951 from malnutrition and disease. Every month the Soviet MVD tells Zaisser how many prisoners are wanted for slave labour in the U.S.S.R.

To help watch the population, censor the mails, telephone and telegraph, and compile the huge central file which contains the record of almost every East German, the SSD maintains more than 50,000 informers, or *Spitzel*, as they are called. All business concerns, factories and blocks of flats are covered by these *Spitzel*.

The SSD boss began his career as an infantry lieutenant in the German Army during World War I. At home again in Essen after the war, young Zaisser became interested in the growing Communist Party. When the bloody 1923 "Workers' Rebellion" broke out in the Ruhr, Zaisser put his military knowledge at Moscow's disposal. He became the "Red General of the Ruhr" and on several occasions, with his poorly armed and outnumbered "workers' brigades," fought government troops to a standstill.

Zaisser was finally taken prisoner

FRAU ELSE ZAISSER, wife of the Kremlin's hatchet man, wields a tremendous influence in East Germany today. As Minister for Public Education, she determines what youth shall be taught. The yardstick is simple and crude: Love the Kremlin; hate the West. From her office streams a steady flow of orders to the schools of East Germany, to the publishing firms, to all avenues of public enlightenment.

In addition to her work as Minister of Education, she is writing a new history of Germany—from Hermann, the tribal leader who whipped the Romans 19 centuries ago, to the "liberation" of Berlin by the Russians in 1945. It will be history as the Soviets wish it might have been. And as long as the regime is in power it will be the only history that East German students are taught.

AP dispatch from Berlin

by government forces, but escaped to Russia, where he was sent to the Soviet Military School.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, Zaisser was again in Germany, as chief of the Soviet industrial espionage net. He likes to tell of his train trips between Berlin and Warsaw, where he delivered the secrets of big German armament plants to another agent for transport to Russia. "I used to sit in the compartment reserved for the Gestapo," he says, laughing his deep belly-laugh. "No one ever asked for my credentials after I had given them a good stare. Besides, I usually had a useful chat with the Gestapo man who was watching the train."

At the outbreak of the Spanish

1957
MILITARY HISTORY
1957
Civil War, Zaisser was sent to Barcelona, where, as "General Gomez," he commanded the Loyalist XIII Brigade and later became Chief of Staff of all the International Brigades. In this assignment Gomez-Zaisser placed political commissars at every key command post. Hundreds of Loyalist officers and men who deviated from the Communist line were summarily executed.

In World War II, when large numbers of German officers were captured after the siege of Stalin-grad, Stalin ordered anti-Fascist schools to be set up to win them to Communism. Zaisser was made chief of the important Antifa Academy at Krasnorgorsk. Having never lost the stamp and bearing of a Prussian officer, he could talk to captured generals and colonels in their own language. His powers of

persuasion and soldierly bluntness made important converts of many high-ranking Nazis. Several hundred Antifa graduates are now in top positions in the new army which is being organized in East Germany.

In 1949, after planning with Beria and others of the Kremlin's high command the construction of the new Soviet-German state, Zaisser went to Berlin. During the next two years, the SSD was quietly set up. And under Zaisser's direction 50,000 men were selected from the People's Police and formed into elite "Alert Units" designed to be the core of a coming Soviet-style army, already trained and furnished with the heaviest equipment.

The figure of this big, quiet man in the leather jacket throws a lengthening shadow over Europe.

A cocky young American colonel was added to the U.N. delegation discussing armistice terms with the Chinese at Panmunjom—an appointment that he considered excellent in every respect. It was his private opinion that bungling was largely responsible for the endless delays and that he might be just the man to put the whole business back on the tracks.

His first morning at the conference table, he accidentally kicked a young secretary from Shanghai in the shin. "Forgive me, please," he begged. But the young secretary gave him no answer. Instead she whispered urgently into the ear of a Chinese colonel. The colonel passed on the message to a general. The general rushed to the long-distance telephone where he engaged in animated discussion.

Some 50 minutes later the general returned to his seat, whispered to the colonel, who passed on the word to the secretary. She then smiled fleetingly at the American colonel and said, "Certainly."

--Bennett Cerf

*The electronic age has brought
us not only music as it really
is but music as it should be*

The Men Behind

Condensed from Newsweek

Your Gramophone Records

IN 1877 Thomas Edison recorded "Mary had a little lamb" on his latest invention, the gramophone. The inventor's voice, cackling from the tin-foil-coated cylinder, sounded human only to ears poised for a fresh Edison miracle. Seventy years later, in spite of vast improvements, gramophone records were still an obviously artificial expression of what they were meant to reproduce. Operatic and symphonic works were arbitrarily sliced into five-minute-or-so lengths, each punctuated by the changing of a record. There was a constant hiss of needle on shellac.

In the last five years, however, a swift revolution has taken place. Major technological developments have included: the long-playing microgroove disk, which gives up to half an hour of uninterrupted listening; Vinylite plastic, which reduces needle noise to insignificance; and magnetic tape, which enables engineers and musicians to remove

flaws from recorded performances as easily as an editor deletes errors from a manuscript. Records now represent music as it is actually played—or, better still, as it should be played.

The electronics engineers and musicians operate on the principle that the over-all effect of recorded music depends largely on reverberation, the number of microphones employed and where those microphones are placed. Reverberation, the resonance of a good concert hall, causes a tone to fade gradually instead of stopping abruptly. Today all recording companies have abandoned the old dead studio with its quilted walls and muffling drapery; they now record in large concert halls or step up reverberation with judiciously placed panels of sound-reflecting materials.

Some music is even enhanced by synthetic reverberation. Andre Kostelanetz, for instance, whose classical, semi-classical and popular re-

cordings have sold 25 million copies in the last ten years, makes moderate use of an echo chamber. Some of the sounds that enter the microphones are diverted through a loud speaker in a small, bare room, where they pick up more resonance before entering another microphone to be transcribed on magnetic tape. Purists insist that this is cheating. Kostelanetz retorts: "Music is not what you play but what people hear."

The closer a microphone stands to an orchestra, the more clearly it picks out individual instruments; the farther away, the more it tends to blend the sounds of the orchestra. By turning up the volume controls on his microphone mixer, an engineer can accentuate the sounds directed through any microphone or combination of microphones and thus bring to the fore any section of the orchestra. Kostelanetz's engineer always works from a score which has been marked by the conductor with instructions for raising or lowering volume on the various microphone channels.

One of the biggest advances in record engineering is magnetic tape. Since 1949 virtually every company has switched to recording music first on tape and later transcribing it to a master disk from which pressings are made. Tape provides a means whereby an engineer can, if need be, scissor out a single note and replace it with another. (A recording director once got a tape that was perfect except that some-

one had carelessly snipped off the initial note, a semi-demi-semiquaver on the cellos. He searched the tape, found a cello note of the same pitch but of longer duration, copied it, trimmed it to semi-demi-semiquaver size, and inserted it in the proper place.)

Wrong notes, tolerable in a concert performance because they are scattered, cannot be allowed on a record—the listener would object to the same mistake repeated each time he played the record. Therefore engineers, working with musical directors and the artists themselves, cut and splice to edit flaws. The final tape is a composite of many successful "takes," like a film.

Sometimes an engineer gets instructions to "clean up" a fundamentally faulty recording from years before. Here is where scientific ingenuity has full play. Prime examples of revamped recordings are the ancient operatic pieces (one Caruso aria dates back to 1904) which were re-recorded in 1951. The old disks were first recorded on magnetic tape—they were full of ticks and pops, and the orchestra, heard dimly in the background, had a hurdy-gurdy tinniness. Then an engineer removed the ticks and pops, each lasting about 1/30 of a second and representing an inch of tape, by cutting and splicing. Thus he eliminated the noise without seriously distorting tune or tempo. Then he superimposed a modern orchestral accompaniment.

One of the most extensive editing jobs in the history of the record industry was performed on a tape recorded in Russia of Shostakovich's oratorio, *Song of the Forests*. The orchestra and singers had performed well, but the tape was technically a mess—in 13 places the music changed pitch, because of speed fluctuations in the original recording machine.

An engineer cut the tape at each shift and then correctly tuned each portion by playing it at the speed that would restore the proper pitch. After all the sections had been tuned, he spliced them. An annoying flutter, caused by bad acoustics in the Russian concert hall, was

covered up by adding reverberation—sending the music through a special echo chamber, a seven-story steel-and-concrete staircase.

It is conceivable that engineers could entirely dispense with musicians. A calculating machine is already available (on paper) that would compose music in the style of Bach or any other composer. Thus, given a bushel basket of tape slivers, one for each note played by each instrument, a clever engineer could grind out innumerable and wholly mechanical symphonies. But today's crop of record engineers is far too appreciative of the human beauty of music to betray art to a robot.



Pert and Pertinent

NOTHING makes you more tolerant of a neighbour's noisy party than being there yourself. F.P.I.

IF A WOMAN likes another woman, she's cordial. If she doesn't like her, she's very cordial.--L.S.C.

THE second day of a diet isn't too hard--because by that time you're off it.--Mrs. E.W.

IT'S NICE for children to have pets until the pets start having children.

THE prime purpose of eloquence is to keep other people from speaking.
--L.V.

NOTHING's more responsible for the good old days than a bad memory.
--F.P.I.

SKI-ING is wonderful exercise for women, and why, do you think? Because it makes them look so much younger. After a day outdoors on skis, a woman of 40 looks just like a man of thirty.

To Do More Work with Less Fatigue

Condensed from
Woman's Home Companion

Judith Chase Churchill

IF you want to accomplish more and tire yourself less, it will pay you to know whether the following statements are true or false. The answers are the result of extensive tests by physiologists and psychologists. Some of them will explode your pet theories.

A half-hour nap equals three hours of night sleep.

True. Take a nap after lunch or before dinner and you can do with much less sleep. Some experts say this is equivalent to the three hours of sleep just before waking in the morning. The chances are that people who boast they sleep only a few hours at night are such nap snatchers.

How well you rest means more than how long you sleep.

True. Relaxed rest is about 80 per cent as effective as sleep in restoring energy. If an insomniac slept only a

few hours but was completely relaxed the rest of the night he'd still be refreshed. The insomniac rarely relaxes, however, because he worries about not sleeping. And worry keeps him awake.

Small tensions wear you down more than large ones.

True. Mostly because you can't identify and attack them, a lot of small worries you can't put your finger on will thoroughly exhaust you. So will continuous nagging. But in a big crisis of which you're fully conscious all your resources come to the rescue.

High-pressure workers are most efficient.

False. Studies show that in any activity the best workers are those who are the most relaxed. Unnecessary pressure and high pace tense and exhaust you and decrease your efficiency. In relaxed even-paced work you use less energy and accomplish most.

Raise your feet to rest them.

True. A daily ten-minute rest at hip level stimulates circulation and refreshes you.

Quiet entertainment relaxes you best.

Not necessarily. For long-term relaxation many experts advise giving up passive pleasures like TV and radio for active ones that in-

volve your mind and body. Try gardening, sports, home decoration, painting or any other hobby in which you can participate.

Don't trust evening decisions.

True. Postpone them till morning. The chances are that your opinions then will be quite different from what they are in the late afternoon or evening, when they're likely to be biased by fatigue.

Extravagance tires you.

True. Fatigue often follows on the heels of buying something you can't afford. Uncertainty and doubt produce muscle and nerve exhaustion just as tiring as strenuous physical exercise.

Early to bed and early to rise——.

Not an infallible rule. There are

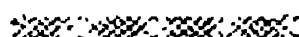
two types of people. A's peak efficiency is early in the day; he gets his best sleep during the early part of the night. B's maximum efficiency is in the afternoon or evening—he sleeps best during the last part of the night. B's best bet is late work and late rising.

Standing is more tiring than walking.

True. When you walk, each leg rests half the time; when you stand, neither leg rests. And the stress and impatience of waiting in a queue tire you more than straight standing.

Do the worst chores first.

True. Go straight at them. Dodging a job gives you double fatigue—from dreading the work and then from doing it. Tackling the tough jobs first makes others seem easier.



You Can't Trust Anybody?

"WHAT we call society," says S. I. Hayakawa, "is a vast network of mutual agreements." We cheerfully trust our lives to total strangers in the persons of railway engine drivers, underground train drivers, aircraft pilots, lift boys, ships' captains, taxi drivers, traffic police, and unhesitatingly consign all our worldly goods to bankers and insurance companies.

I asked a hotel manager to estimate how many of his patrons turned out to be poor risks. "Oh, a quarter of one per cent," he said. If this proportion were as much as ten per cent, society would rock; shop accounts, hire-purchase arrangements, even ordinary banking would be impossible. If it were 25 per cent, society would explode. Yet how many of us cherish the delusion that "you can't trust anybody these days"? If you couldn't, it is safe to say you wouldn't be here.

—Stuart Chase, *Roads to Agreement*

Bernt Balchen-

Viking of the Air

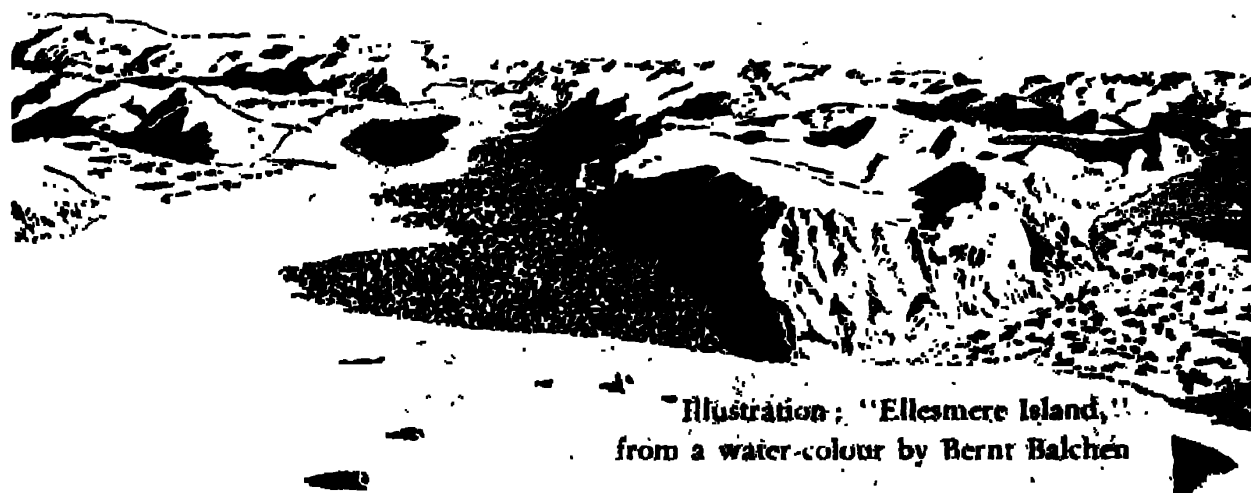


Illustration: "Ellesmere Island,"
from a water-colour by Bernt Balchen

By Francis and Katherine Drake

IS COMING SPRING a sleek commercial airliner will take off from Scandinavia and fly to the West Coast of the United States with only one stop to refuel. The flight will inaugurate a new passenger service, cutting nearly 2,000 miles from the conventional distance. It's not the mileage, however, that makes this such a remarkable achievement -- it's the route. Passengers will fly over the Northwest Passage, the fabled water route across the North American continent, to the Pacific sought by explorers down the centuries. They will stare down at the mysterious ice wastes of the North Pole. Their one refuelling stop will be above the Arctic Circle, at Thule, the amazing new American air base in Greenland.*

*His fabulous exploits in war and peace
extend over a quarter of a century*

This transformation of the polar rooftop into an aerial highway is to a great extent due to one man. He is that all-but legendary Norseman, Bernt Balchen, best known up to now for air explorations and rescues which read like pages out of an adventure story. Not only is Balchen responsible for mapping out the one site suitable for a global air base in a million frozen square miles, but his perseverance was the order for building it, and his Arctic and Antarctic experience taught men how to operate in latitudes discouraging even to polar bears.

* See "Giant New Air Base at the Top of the World," *The Reader's Digest*, January, 1953.

Besides being the world's greatest Arctic pilot, Balchen is probably as unusual a character as this century has produced. Muscled like an Olympic athlete—which he was—he has a mild manner and guileless smile that have fooled some of his cleverest adversaries, including Hitler's Gestapo. Behind this façade is a mind so nimble that it has enabled him to outwit man and nature time and again. Even his oldest friends have difficulty in keeping track of his varied accomplishments. Recently he took up water colour painting and, without any instruction, did about 150 fine pictures of the eerie splendour of the polar landscape. Result: a scramble among New York art galleries to exhibit original Balchens.

On his barrel chest, over the uniform of a colonel in the United States Air Force, Bernt Balchen wears three rows of ribbons, including Norway's highest award—Commander of St. Olav, First Class. Notwithstanding these military distinctions, almost all his work has been devoted to saving life, not taking it.

His spectacular career had its real beginning in 1926, as the result of a chance favour he did for an American naval officer. He had gained his wings in the Norwegian Air Service and was on leave in Spitzbergen, helping explorer Roald Amundsen prepare for a flight to the North Pole in an Italian dirigible. Richard Byrd, then a lieu-

tenant commander in the United States Navy, was up there too, hoping to beat the dirigible with his American aeroplane. Byrd's plane wrecked its skis, a mishap which would have ruined his chances had not Amundsen generously lent him the services of 26-year-old Bernt Balchen, Norway's ski champion.

The husky young redhead rapidly constructed a more serviceable type of ski which enabled Byrd to take off first and achieve an historic triumph. The Commander was so impressed that he invited Bernt to the United States to become a member of his team. Byrd's ambition was one shared by most airmen in those days—to fly non-stop from New York to Paris.

The following spring, with numerous aspirants warming up, Byrd's trimotor the *America* was a hot favourite and Balchen was thrilled when he was chosen as co-pilot. The *America* took off on June 29, a month after Lindbergh had "made it." The weather, bad from the outset, grew steadily worse, and Bernt, the only instrument flier aboard, took over the controls. For 42 hours he drove on from one storm to the next. At last a cloud rift showed a glimpse of France—but jubilation was short-lived. The plane's radio, unprecedented equipment in those days, advised that Paris, and every other airport within range, was closed in. While Bernt groped across Normandy, the radio went dead and the petrol

gauge swung almost to zero. He headed back towards the Channel.

It was then that Balchen, grey with fatigue, made one of the most dramatic landings in aviation history. Suddenly his eye picked up a gleam. A lighthouse! In a split second he dived down, calling to his companions to drop flares. Their light revealed a narrow beach cluttered with boats, and a white-capped bay. Before the flares expired, Balchen had worked out the odds. Nose up, switch cut, he pancaked. The plane slammed to a stop in a few feet of water, just as he had intended. Out of the wreck crawled the men, bruised and shaken, but safe.

Balchen's performance, together with his disarming modesty, captured the affection of the public. From then on Bernt was rated among the world's ace pilots, and his confident "Vee do it!" moved into flying language. The booming air industry offered him numerous opportunities, but for this adventurous Viking they could not compare with the beckonings of the unknown. Next year he was off to the bottom of the world with Byrd's first Antarctic expedition. The Commander was hoping to cap a two-year exploration of the ice continent with another "first," a flight to the South Pole.

In the slow, low-ceiling planes of those days this was a formidable undertaking, for the South Pole lies behind towering mountains, on a

plateau two miles high. On November 28, 1929, however, Byrd's ski-shod Ford trimotor lifted from the snow on the edge of the polar ice-cap and headed south into an empty ghost world almost twice the size of the United States. Aboard were four men: Byrd, navigating; Balchen at the controls; Ashley McKinley, photographer; and Harold June, co-pilot and radio operator.

Crossing the 450-mile-wide Ross Ice Shelf, Balchen advanced the throttles for the long climb. But when the plane neared the ermine peaks protecting the Pole it was still 1,000 feet too low to get through the lowest pass. Bernt opened the engines wide. No go. The Ford had reached its ceiling.

Balchen shouted: "Dump!"

Overboard went a sack containing enough food to keep four men alive for a month. Up lurched the plane a few hundred feet. Not enough. There was still time to turn round. Through Balchen's mind raced half a dozen calculations—speed, climb, distance, updraught at the summit.

"Dump more!" he yelled.

Now the plane gave an exhilarating surge, and at the same second the updraught on which Bernt was counting hoisted the wings up, up, up! They were over the pass!

Three hours later the trap-door opened again and down parachuted the American flag. Then, in honour of the leaders of the only two overland expeditions to reach the Pole—Scott and Amundsen—the colours

of Britain and Norway followed. The plane's radio stuttered, and thousands of miles away, in the capitals of the world, morning broadcasts were suddenly interrupted for a bulletin: "They have made it! . . . Byrd is circling the South Pole!"

When World War II threatened, Balchen, now an American citizen, was commissioned into the U.S. Army Air Force. He was given as his first assignment one of the most difficult operations of the war—the conversion of desolate Greenland into a halt for America's battle-bound air fleets. He and his army of raw recruits and construction workers carried out the assignment at top speed under conditions of unending hardship: cold, powered by 100-mile winds that drilled through the warmest clothing; smothering blizzards that hampered the work of hacking runways out of ice crust and establishing radio and weather stations.

Later, as U.S. bombers began rolling eastwards to Europe, visions of engine failure over Greenland's vast unexplored interior haunted the battle crews. If they were forced down, who would find them? "I'll find you," Balchen reassured them, "if I have to crawl there on my knees!" How this promise was kept will never be forgotten by airmen who travelled that wartime highway. Bernt and his rescue teams contrived impossible landings on mountains and crevasses. They

sledged through every weather to rescue stranded crews. One operation cost 132 days of effort, but Balchen made good his promise. And, thanks to teachings based on his vast Arctic experience, forced landings were eventually reduced to .014 per cent of the many thousands of planes that flew across the Atlantic.

The brawny Norwegian also functioned as trouble smoother and chief spy catcher in Greenland. The Nazis continually landed small parties on lonely stretches of shore, to sabotage installations and harass Allied operations with false radio signals. It required three months of aerial stalking to uncover one such entrenchment, on an island off the north-east coast. This was a tricky target, obscured by crags and camouflage, but Balchen, with three other planes, demolished it in the most northerly bombing mission of the war.

Meanwhile, interned in neutral Sweden under constant surveillance of Gestapo spies, were some 4,000 trained Norwegians and 1,000 interned American airmen, anxious to fight with the Allies. The challenge was right up Balchen's street. With the connivance of the Swedish Government, he and a group of volunteer pilots spirited every one of them to Scotland. Flying planes without guns or markings, fired on by Spitfires and Messerschmitts alike, they shuttled to and fro at wave-top level across the North Sea,

cluding flak and fighters. Balchen was a constant frustration to the Gestapo, hobbing up at the Stockholm airport in civilian clothes, with his empty plane, his guileless smile and cel-like facility for ditching the best "shadows." Once he walked calmly over the border to Oslo—which swarmed with Germans—and out again next day, after posting a postcard to the chief of the Gestapo.

After the war Balchen, nearing 50, came up against the greatest undertaking of his career. When Russia exploded her first atomic bomb, prudence demanded that something be done about America's vulnerable northern frontier, which lies on the direct route from Moscow to U.S. industrial centres. Was it possible to keep 5,400,000 square miles of ice waste, overlooked on three sides by the Iron Curtain, safe from intrusion? Balchen was summoned. Ironically, he had been urging the practicability of polar bases and installations for years, and had, in fact, already surveyed the entire Arctic Circle with just this in mind.

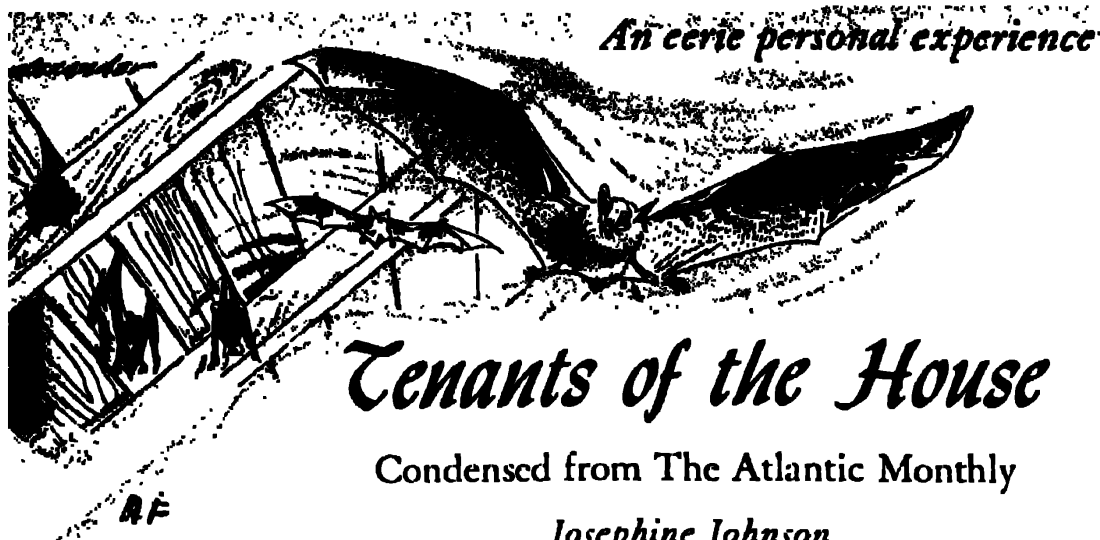
At long last, U.S. Government authorities listened to his proposals, with this result: there has now risen north of the magnetic pole the ice-anchored fortress of Thule, probably the most staggering engineering feat ever carried out by man. Its global-bomber runways are so incredibly thick—2,500 feet

of permanently frozen ground—that Balchen believes not even an atom bomb could destroy their usefulness.

To keep watch from one extreme to the other of this polar frontier, Balchen organized a redoubtable patrol outfit called the Tenth Rescue Squadron. Day in, day out, often in 100-mile winds and 60-below-zero temperatures, it scouts the empty whiteness, carrying out its work by means of radar planes, gliders, dog teams, helicopters, snowmobiles and parachute teams. It has established auxiliary air bases, radar stations and emergency strips all over the Arctic. In the course of its routine it has rescued upwards of 3,000 inhabitants from predicaments ranging from imminent starvation to burst appendices.

"In this Air Age the centre of the world is the North Pole," says Balchen, "because the majority of the air lanes connecting strategic areas benefit from its much shorter distances. And our Arctic installations and operations are not limited to military usefulness. I foresee a steadily increasing passenger and cargo traffic over Thule."

What emergencies may arise along the Arctic frontier no one knows. But whatever the problem, we can expect the usual reaction from this versatile Viking: the long, hard stare at the map, the rapid dip into the experience of a lifetime, then the familiar "Vee do it!"



An eerie personal experience

Tenants of the House

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Josephine Johnson

TWO YEARS AGO my husband and I bought an enormous old house in the suburbs. We moved in at Christmas-time. The following April we became aware that we were no longer alone; up from their southern wintering spa had come the tenants of over a hundred years, an enormous summer colony of bats.

The extent of this homecoming was not apparent to us all at once. We began to be aware of bats drifting out from under the eaves at twilight, swooping to and fro under the porch. Then one evening we saw a comet-like streak of bat after bat emerging from the eaves.

"You sit on this side of the house and count," my husband said. "I'll take the other side."

I got tired of counting and just watched. After a while Grant came back.

"I counted one thousand three hundred and seventy-three!" he said. His voice had a curious, strained sound.

Bats were still flowing out from under the eaves.

As June warmed into July a mousy smell like musky mignonette became a palpable presence. It filled the upper rooms thick as a furry fog and started to creep softly and smotheringly down the stairs. And then the bats themselves, a few of the finally estimated 4,000, began coming inside the house. Their small restless shapes would suddenly swoop across a lighted room. From cracks round sills, from supposedly sealed fireplaces, and from goodness knows where, they crept forth, and a long, unforgettable summer had begun.

As twilight of each evening drew on, my husband would place a broom close at hand in the sitting-room, relax nervously and begin to read. By the door we kept an empty wastepaper-basket and a flat metal baking tin. Soon a soundless shadow would speed across the light; Grant would leap up with the broom and the evening had begun.

The radar mechanism of the bat is such that he avoids all obstacles in front with unerring accuracy. On the wing he is not likely to touch anything he does not wish to devour. (This is hard to believe, and it is next to impossible to convince the white-faced guest that the low slicing dive which fans his cheek and lifts his hair is a deliberate miss, and not a deliberate attack that failed.) After some trial and error, Grant learned to outwit the radar warning by swinging at the bat from behind, fouling its control mechanisms, as he put it, and speeding it into the nearest wall, where it bumped, folded, and fell to the floor. Then the wastepaper-basket would be inverted over it, the baking tin slipped under the wastepaper-basket and the whole borne hastily out of the front door.

Several times I was awakened at night by the sense of a presence in the room, and once, stumbling to find the light, I stepped on a soft-furred thing that squirmed under my foot. Other furred things with wings swept back and forth an inch or two above Grant's innocent sleeping face. He is a sound sleeper and did not wake while I furiously beat the air with his shirt and finally drove them into the hall and shut the door. In the morning I found them snuggled upside down between the curtain folds.

Reports of our bats began to circulate. Friends who used to drop in began quietly staying away.

Then one sweltering summer day Grant determined to carry the fight to the very stronghold under the roof. His plan was simple. At ten in the evening, long after the working hours of the bats had started, he would go up with a bright light. This would drive away any who might have expected to spend the evening in.

Midnight. Go up and light two sulphur candles.

Four-thirty to 5 a.m. Bats return, snell sulphur and go elsewhere.

Four p.m. Grant to go up into dark attic (now to be free of sulphur fumes and all bats), plug up holes and the problem is solved.

Grant tucked trouser-legs into heavy boots, put on beekeeper's gloves and then placed over his head a paper bag in which he had cut two eyeholes sealed with cellophane. He took a last look at the known and loved, and climbed the ladder up to the trap-door.

It was at this point that the plan began to disintegrate. In the first place, more bats like to stay in at night than you would imagine. Disturbed by the glare and sound, dozens of furry bodies started swirling insanely round. Some opened their mouths and snarled.

Grant decided to step up the procedure. He lit the sulphur candles, and descended the ladder, a seriously troubled man.

In the grey dawn we discovered that the sulphur had neither driven the bats away entirely nor kept

them entirely from returning. It had in fact suffocated a certain selected number.

The smell of dead bats, live bats and sulphur descended heavily throughout the house. Two days later, a grim, tight-lipped man dressed in his airtight suit ascended the ladder bearing a bucket and a bottle of pine-oil deodorant. Fighting his way among swirling and snarling little shapes, he collected all the bodies he could find, splashed pine oil over the rafters and lowered the bucket of dead bats through the door. When Grant came down, something in his kindly open nature had hardened and his eyes had the withdrawn and distant look of those who have known some experience not communicable to mortal men.

The summing up of our efforts was an unpleasant old house, redolent with pine oil, sulphur, live bats and dead bats. Bats were distributed about uncomfortably behind shutters; bats in the hollow pillars of the porch; and most of the bats up under the roof where they had always been.

This was in August. We sat down in exhaustion and waited for the first sharp breath of frost to send them south.

In the following April the mass immigration took place again. All that was left was professional mass extermination. It is difficult to explain, quite apart from the costliness of such a thing, the moral

scruples involved. Four thousand bats is a lot of life. For two months I temporized, hoping that this year would be different, better; but by June things were worse. We came to dread the gathering darkness, and not a single evening passed without a number of swooping shadows moving from room to room. We could not stand it any longer.

The exterminator said that we should first get a carpenter and tin-smith to seal up all the holes in roof and gutters. While this was being done, I took the children and fled the neighbourhood. A large poison warning sign was posted on the door, and the exterminators set the cyanide-gas cylinders up inside the attic. For a week the house was uninhabitable.

Well, it was done, and successfully. Gradually the incomparable smell of dead bats faded from the hot summer air. Friends looked upon us again with something besides horror; and we now sleep peacefully at night without the soundless intrusion of little swooping wings.

But I am not wholly happy about it all, for bats on such a grand scale as ours seemed an extraordinary phenomenon, a hundred years' accumulation of life, and an act of God not to be tampered with. Will not nature take her revenge in some unknown form? Sometimes, awakening in the dark, I hear the laughter of little bat ghosts, sneering in the night.

A Darlaston factory's solution of an increasingly pressing problem



THEY DON'T HAVE TO RETIRE

Condensed from
The Kiwanis Magazine
George Kent

ALFRED OWEN, chairman of the Rubery, Owen engineering works at Darlaston, Staffordshire—a roaring 75-acre establishment—was painfully aware of what retirement meant to his workers. Men about to be retired tapped at his office door and begged to be allowed to go on working. Those already retired pleaded to be allowed to return.

“What got the old people down,” says Owen, “was the feeling that they could no longer keep themselves and had to rely on their children.” Their old age pensions gave

them little more than enough for tobacco.

Money was only part of the problem, as Owen well realized. In a factory town where every able man was expected to be at a job when the whistle blew, the old people needed something that would keep alive their self-esteem, their right to the respect of the community. That something was work.

Three years ago Owen developed a scheme for handling elderly workmen which is so successful that it might become widely adopted by industry everywhere. His plan was simple: he put a group of 15 old men into a shop by themselves, gave them work, and told them they could do it at their own speed. Last year the number of old men so employed was increased. It will go on increasing until every man in Rubery, Owen eligible for retirement will, if he wishes, be included.

Owen started by installing in an unused company building some easy chairs, a radio, a dartboard, games tables, a magazine rack. He also set up drills, lathes, presses, grinders—altogether about 20 machines. Then he said, in effect, to the 15 old men who took him up on his idea:

“This is your part of Rubery, Owen. You needn’t clock in. You can work when you want to. When you’re not working you can take a nap, play games or listen to the radio. No one will tell you what to do—you have no foreman. But you

are not retired. You are still working, at your own pace. And you will be paid for what you turn out."

What amazed Owen, who had seen the place at first as one where the pensioners could play draughts and be happy making ash trays, lamp bases, and such, was the fact that the old men insisted on really working. They made not knick-knacks but essential articles and machine parts. They were given only one concession—the privilege of reporting for work at 8.30 a.m. instead of 7.30. But even with this shorter working week the men received more money than before, because they had their pensions as well as their wages.

In this shop without a boss, where every worker is over 70, there is no lateness. Absenteeism is as low as in any factory in England. And there have been no accidents in spite of the fact that the sight and hearing of the aged are less acute.

With their future now secure, the men are healthier and happier. Sam Checketts, 75, said to me: "A man needs work. When there's nothing to do, that's when we begin to think of dying."

Owen expected the programme to run at a loss. Instead it has turned in a clear profit above wages and overheads. This money, kept on the books as a separate item, is being ploughed back into the shop in order to accommodate more and more old men.

Many schemes have been tried

for keeping at work men who have passed 65. In some places their hours have been reduced; elsewhere the working week has been cut to three days. But in virtually every case the old people have gone on working in the main plant, subject to the mental and physical pressure of competition with younger and stronger men. At Rubery, Owen the old men work in a quieter atmosphere, among men of their own age. Their work is, of course, laid out for them, but if they wish they can knock off for a smoke or a nap.

Rubery, Owen produces heavy steel frames for cars and lorries, structural steel, refrigerators. The sort of light work best suited to the old had to be found or created. Owen was fortunate in having on his staff J. P. Rainsbury, a man with a deep interest in the works programme.

Rainsbury prowls the parent shops for small assembly and salvage jobs—such things as precision drilling, putting locks together, re-threading bolts. But he doesn't get these jobs for the asking. Hard-bitten foremen insist on competitive bids; if Rainsbury's figure is low—and not otherwise—he gets the job.

The men in the programme have come up with some creative ideas. Once they were asked to machine a quantity of forked joints for aeroplane controls. This had always been a hand operation—until 76-year-old Caleb Ludford arrived one morning with a plan for a special broaching

tool and jig that would make the process 100 per cent mechanical. Production went up from 200 to 2,400 a day. Ludford got a bonus.

Rainsbury also goes outside for jobs. Last year he obtained an order from the Ferguson Tractor Co. for 14-row grain drills. Making this 250-pound, eight-foot-long apparatus took two men six hours. They turned out 200, all perfect. Later the same company came through with a large order for a part on a tractor's hydraulic lift.

Rubery, Owen pensioners have disproved over and over again the axiom that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. At 75 Elizah Bradley, who was a bricklayer's foreman, learned to be a riveter. In ten days he was level with the parent plant's average output. In three weeks he was even better. John Beddows, 86 years old and a great-grandfather, used to be a furnace man. He was skilfully assembling intricate locks the day I stopped at his bench.

Factory owners of many countries have watched these men at work and have come away enthusi-

astic. At least a dozen plans for setting up a similar programme are in the discussion stage in other parts of England, in Sweden and in Holland. In Copenhagen, Knud Lauritzen, a shipbuilder and refrigerator manufacturer, adapted the Owen plan a year ago in what he calls The Senior Workshop. With the old men he put youngsters who were just beginning. The young men do the lifting and hauling and, as they work alongside the experienced older men, learn their skills.

In spite of old age security payments and pensions, most old men and women cannot live on the money they receive after retirement. Also, to boycott people of mature judgment because of their age is to deprive a country of a valuable portion of its resources.

Productivity is the vital need of today—for nations and for individuals. And for old people past the so-called age of retirement it is no hardship to work at their own pace, under conditions that suit them. In fact, as Alfred Owen has discovered, it is a joy and a tonic.



Don't Believe It Just Because It's Proverbial

LOOK before you leap.

Yes, but—He who hesitates is lost.

A MAN gets no more than he pays for.

But—The best things in life are free.

LEAVE well enough alone.

But—Progress never stands still.

Toward More Picturesque Speech

ALL the roads are slip-
shape . . . The face of the
lake was chapped by the
strong wind.

*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

Wife to husband, "Your
mother telephoned again
today" . . . At the bridge
table, "You—you idiot!"

Shoppers at the sales
barnacled with parcels . . . The rain
had turned the girl's ringlets into
stringlets . . . She hindered him on
with his coat . . . That fraud be-
tween seven and eight in the morn-
ing that calls itself an hour . . . One
of those moments small enough to
pack away and keep for ever, large
enough to lean against when you're
tired.

Define points: Amateur photo-
grapher—a person who takes a dim
view of things . . . Girdle—the dif-
ference between facts and figures
. . . Marriage licence—a certificate
that gives a woman the right to
drive a man . . . Bargain—anything
that costs no more than it's worth
. . . Modesty—the art of encourag-
ing people to find out for themselves
how important you are.

Wordly wisecracks: She's all
topsy-curvy . . . Economisering . . .

Aside lines: When a
woman, indulging in rich canapés,
commented that she had to watch
her waistline, her friend purred,
"And how lucky you are to have it
right out there where you can" . . .
I can't stand him—he makes mole-
hills out of all my mountains! . . .
He spent £10 on chlorophyll tablets
before he found out that people
didn't like him anyway . . . Soldier
explaining his black eye, "I was hit
by a guided muscle" . . . Any man
who thinks that "old soldiers just
fade away" should try getting into
his old uniform.

What have you read or heard lately
that deserves a wider audience? To the
first contributor of each item used in
this department a payment of 3 guineas
will be made upon publication. *Con-
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Observe Science in Action! — II



By Harland Manchester

WHEN you dive from a rowing-boat, the boat is pushed in the opposite direction. This is an example of Sir Isaac Newton's epoch-making Third Law of Motion: "*For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.*" The pioneer in science stated this principle in 1686, and to show how it could be used he proposed a simple vehicle to be pushed forward by an escaping jet of steam. A working model was built to prove his point; thus the seed was planted for today's "reaction motors."

One of the simplest applications of Newton's law is seen in the whirling lawn sprinkler. The force of the spurting water (action) has an equal and opposite backward

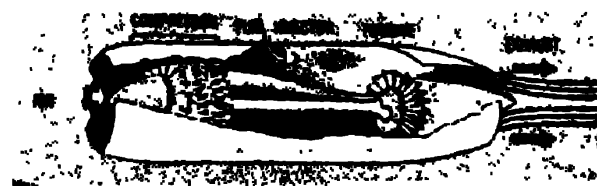
push against the curved sprinkler arm (reaction) which makes it rotate.

To combat Nazi tanks in World War II, U.S. inventors harnessed



Newton's law to create the **bazooka**, a thin-walled open tube with a rocket projectile in which explosive reaction is so used that there is no recoil, enabling an infantryman to pick up a cannon, so to speak, and fire it from his shoulder. While in a rifle or cannon the whole charge explodes rapidly so that expanding gases kick backwards against the breech, the bazooka projectile expends its force gradually, taking its power plant with it.

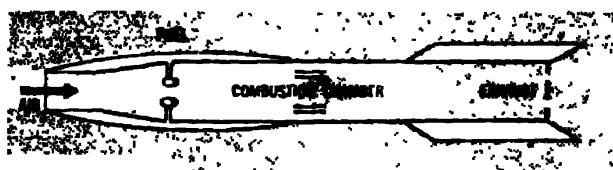
Like Newton's crude horseless



carriage, the **jet plane** is driven by the reaction of expanding gases. The engine's essential parts are three: an air compressor to supply the oxygen needed for a big fire, a combustion chamber into which fuel oil is spurted and a turbine which drives the compressor. Rushing to escape, the hot gases use a part of their power to spin the turbine; the remaining power kicks the plane

forward. A common error is the belief that the jet exhaust drives the plane by pushing against the air behind. In fact, the *action* of the exhaust, flowing backwards, is accompanied by a propulsive *reaction* in the opposite direction. Jet efficiency actually increases in the thin air of high altitude. A jet airliner now flying between London and South Africa at 500 m.p.h., without vibration or cabin noise, gives us a glimpse of the future of jet air travel.

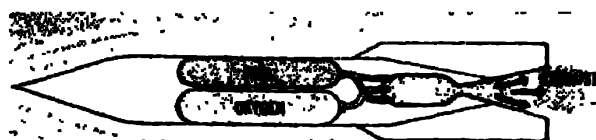
Jet planes have reached 671 m.p.h., but there is an even faster



design, the **ramjet**. This is as simple as a stovepipe, but it must reach much higher speeds before it can scoop up air fast enough to operate efficiently. A craft driven by ramjets would need another power source—perhaps take-off rockets—to build

up speed so that the “stove-pipes” would operate.

Fastest of all the reaction-power



plants is the **rocket**, which operates like a jet but carries its own oxygen supply or uses fuel containing the oxygen needed to burn it. Independent of the earth's air blanket, rockets containing cameras have soared 250 miles above the earth to gather data for high-altitude flying. The Douglas Skyrocket took off from the belly of a B-29 and set a new altitude record—approximately 14 miles—for manned aircraft. The German V-2 rocket which bombed London pointed the way for faster craft which may be flying with crews within ten years. Airships ten times as big, fitted with stubby wings and travelling at heights and speeds now thought fantastic, may be tomorrow's long-distance air liners.

Moonlight and Tractors

THE Moscow Radio took its listeners to a music-hall in the Soviet capital for a “boy meets girl” scene—a collective farmer and a woman tractor driver working together on the night shift.

The girl broke the ice. “How wonderful it is,” she sighed, “to work on such a beautiful night under the full moon and do one's utmost to save petrol.”

Her companion took his cue. “The night inspires me to surpass my quota by a higher and still higher percentage,” he declared fervently.

Soon he declared his love—“I fell in love with your working achievements from the very first moment.”

—Reuters

PEOPLE IN TIME

Excerpts from Time

Scientist of the Soul

CARL GUSTAV JUNG, of Zurich, is not only the most famous of living psychiatrists, he is one of the few practitioners of that craft who admit that man has a soul—not just a psyche, but the old-fashioned kind of soul that might even go to heaven. He is an unabashed user of the word “spiritual,” and a strong believer in the practical utility of conceptions like God and the Devil. Unlike the orthodox followers of Sigmund Freud, who attribute most of our mental troubles to the sexual conflicts of infancy, Jung maintains that the religious instinct is as strong as the sexual, and that man ignores it at his peril.

The ebullient state of Dr. Jung's own psyche is a striking argument for the soundness of his ideas. He is a massive 77-year-old who seems to row himself joyfully about his home in suburban Küsnacht with large, oarlike hands. He lives a happy domestic life with his wife,

who is a practising psychiatrist; they have 19 grandchildren. His white hair usually looks as though he has just come in out of a high wind. His laughter often shakes the walls of the room, and he will discuss his ideas by the hour, with almost anybody.

In Jung's view, the ideas of God and the Devil are manifestations of age-old archetypes present in the more obscure layers of the human mind since the earliest times. He observed that the myths and religious symbols of widely differing peoples and epochs often included the same cast of characters. From this, it was reasonable to suppose the existence of a universal unconscious



mind—a vast reservoir of wisdom from which these legends and symbols arose. “The idea of an all-powerful being,” he says, “is present everywhere; if not consciously recognized, then unconsciously accepted. . . . I consider it wiser to recognize the idea of God consciously.”

Jung's conception of religion embraces everything from Catholicism to Zen Buddhism, and finds truth of some sort in nearly every form of dogma and ritual. “His principal weakness, apart from overeating,”

a close associate remarks, "is his habit of seeing all points of view and agreeing with practically everybody."

When Jung is not pondering the relation of modern man to his soul, he is likely to be found sailing a small ketch on the Lake of Zurich, or reading an endless chain of violent detective stories. Though his large, snow-peaked figure is a familiar sight in Zurich, few of his fellow citizens have the slightest idea who he is, and most of them

think of him vaguely as a pleasant old man who likes people and dogs. (Dr. Jung observes gravely that dogs dream, and therefore have some part in the collective unconscious, too.)

Four-fifths of Dr. Jung's patients have been women, and their ecstatic reaction to this experience has been so universal that Zurich wits have evolved a name for the type: the *Jungfrau*. This embarrasses the rosy-cheeked Dr. Jung. "After all," he protests, "I am an old man—much too old to have any vices."

"A Guy Gets Accepted"

ROCCO MARCHEGIANO is a simple, good-natured fellow who goes about hitting people. He blasts the breath from their lungs, breaks the skin of their heads and generally bangs them about until they fall unconscious. In his case it is a profitable habit.

Millions know him by his professional name—Rocky Marciano, heavyweight champion of the world. Never defeated, Rocky has won 38 of his 43 professional fights by knockouts, and has made upwards of a quarter of a million dollars with his fists. Now the ultimate glory is his, and far greater purses are within his grasp.

Boxers have no trouble hitting

Rocky; he stumbles straight against their gloves. The poser is to hurt him. Hit hard, he merely frowns and keeps coming, and swinging, and missing. He windmills like an earnest apprentice, until sooner or later he lands one or two. Then he drubs them.

Born in the shoe-manufacturing town of Brockton, Massachusetts, Rocky was the eldest of six children. At the age of seven he delivered 100 papers a day. He kept up his education long enough to

take part in sports in high school, then left to begin a variety of hard odd jobs—dishwasher, ditchdigger, beer-deliverer's helper. He spent three years in the U.S. Army, where he



**You can't
rear
a child
in
cellophane**



*but you can give practical protection with the
natural wealth of goodness stored up in SevenSeaS
cod liver oil. This ensures the healthy, happy future that
goes with a sound constitution, sturdy bones and strong teeth.*

SevenSeaS COD LIVER OIL

*Sea-fresh, vitamin rich, daily SevenSeaS—
golden liquid or handy capsules—builds up reserves
of health and energy.*

Every chemist sells SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9.



fill up and
feel the difference



boxed a bit; after his return he did some amateur boxing for fun—and broke his thumb. That small misfortune made him. “It cost money to fix the thumb,” he recalls, “so I thought I might as well earn some, fighting.” His first professional fights were in Providence, Rhode Island, 30 miles away. To get in condition, he walked there.

As a boy, Rocky could lick anybody near his size, yet he never suffered the loneliness and frustration of being a bully. Secure in the love of his family and friends, he grew up modest and gentle. “Rocco,” his warmly matriarchal mother sighs, “was the best-natured child you ever see. He always want to be friendly.”

Rocky insists he enjoys “99 per cent of the fight game,” and likes the actual fighting best of all. “Of course when you’re in there you want to get it over with as quick as possible . . . anything can happen in the ring. You like beating the other guy. You like the way people treat you afterwards. . . . A guy gets accepted.”

The one per cent that sometimes galls Rocky is the discipline of training—six to eight weeks of rigidly controlled rest and exercise. “You gotta harden up so you can take a punch better,” Rocky says. “That discourages the other guy.” To strengthen his heavy weapons, Rocky wears out rubber balls with repeated squeezings. “I like to better myself, like an artist would.”

Rocky looks much younger than his 28 years, and smaller than his 187 pounds fighting weight. Soft-spoken and self-effacing, he does not seem made for gore and glory; he never looms, except in the ring.

Rocky plans to stay on top a long time. “One reason the old-time fighters were champions longer,” he suggests, “is they took care of themselves real good. I don’t drink or smoke and I’m always in condition. When it’s all over it would be nice to be a man people remember in the Boxing Book. Now, it’s Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. I hope some day it’s Dempsey, Louis and Rocky Marciano.”



NEW ZEALAND has a folk tale about a Maori warrior who was caught at sea in a small boat during a violent storm. Fearing he could not survive, he prayed, not for the abating of the storm, but that the sky might clear so that he could see the stars to steer by.

—D.H.C.C.

MOST PEOPLE like hard work. Particularly when they are paying for it.

—F.P.J.

What happens when housewives
stir up a town

"NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER—"

By Karl Detzer

ONE MIDDAY 12 years ago, 75 energetic women invited the leading merchants of St. Paul, Minnesota, to lunch. There, while the men grumbled as usual that Minneapolis, just across the river, had stolen their business, the women handed each merchant a report on how his shop looked to customers. The reports had been prepared quietly by women volunteers in teams of two, who had spent days studying each establishment, inside and out. Their findings were unflattering.

"Your building needs paint," one merchant read. "Your display windows are out of date. The ugly sign extending across the pavement spoils the whole block."

On each report the astonished businessmen found a pledge, ready for signature, promising to make the suggested improvements.

"Of course," a spokesman for the women explained, pleasantly, "We can't force anyone to sign; but we

really would like to shop in St. Paul. Now, the shops over in Minneapolis . . ."

The merchants winced and reached for their pens. The next year they spent \$16,000,000 on a face lifting such as few cities have known. They rebuilt, painted, filled counters and windows with bright new merchandise.

The 75 luncheon hostesses and the 12,000 other members of the Women's Institute for whom they spoke stuck to their word, too. By shopping at home the next year they raised St. Paul from 11th place to fourth among American cities in the annual volume of retail sales per family. It has remained there ever since.

Not content with improving shops, the women plunged into a dozen other fields. They have led successful campaigns for city beautification, more playgrounds, better parking facilities, and Culture with a capital C.



Blue Hyacinth

The project got its first push in 1939 from a mere man, who spent \$50,000 on it the next year, and still underwrites annual deficits, sometimes in excess of \$25,000. What's more, he says frankly that he does it not as a civic duty but to stimulate his own business. The man is Bernard H. Ridder, a New York newspaper publisher who, with two brothers, had bought two fading St. Paul dailies, hoping to put them on their feet. But, after nearly a year, red ink still coloured their ledgers.

"I'm going out there myself for two weeks to see what's wrong," Mr. Ridder declared. He's still there.

Shortly after he arrived, he asked economists to make a business survey of the city. The survey disclosed that the women of St. Paul crossed the bridges to spend \$11,000,000 in Minneapolis each year.

"So I went to the businessmen of St. Paul," Ridder says, "and suggested that we do something to keep this money at home. I knew I couldn't run a live newspaper in a dead town."

Most of the men to whom Ridder talked merely shrugged. Hadn't they already tried everything, and failed? At last, in desperation, he called in the leaders of a dozen women's organizations. Among them was a bridge teacher and church organist named Agnes Kennedy, who had a large supply of common sense.

"It does no good to tell a woman to shop at home," she pointed out to

Ridder. "Women don't like to be told. But give us good reasons for spending our money here, and here is where we'll spend it. Give us a job we think worth doing, and we'll do it."

Ridder gave her the job. Then he married her. She started the Women's Institute and is still its managing director, a full-time job.

The business revival alone might have satisfied Ridder. His advertising revenues boomed. But the taste of power only whetted the enthusiasm of the 12,000 members of the Women's Institute.

One of their earliest projects was a mammoth Christmas pageant, now held annually in the civic auditorium, with dozens of churches, singing societies, clubs and lodges taking part. After this the women initiated a cultural programme which revolves round six "Institute Days" per year with afternoon and evening performances.

Season tickets for all 12 attractions are sold at a low price to make sure that the ladies have plenty of money in their handbags for the shopping hours between shows. The merchants co-operate enthusiastically. If Tito Guizar and his Mexican musicians present the *matinée*, St. Paul shop windows feature Mexican goods. Both Elizabeth Arden and Elsa Schiaparelli have appeared on Institute Days, and shopkeepers all over the town outdid themselves matching their stocks to the occasions.

Symphony orchestras, string quartets and stars from the Metropolitan Opera furnish the music. Lecturers include such diverse entertainers as Eleanor Roosevelt, Gracie Fields, Dale Carnegie, Franklin P. Adams.

Perhaps the most popular programme every winter is a fashion show staged by models from New York and Hollywood, wearing clothes from St. Paul's own shops. Although only 12,000 women can crowd into the auditorium for the show, thousands of others from all over Minnesota swarm through the shops examining the costumes at close range.

Every season the ladies sponsor the St. Paul appearance of the New York Theatre Guild. They also brought the famous Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra across the river until three years ago, when they decided to start St. Paul's own symphony orchestra. The St. Paul Orchestra, despite its youth, now presents an annual series of fine concerts.

When the ladies heard that visitors to St. Paul were dissatisfied with local restaurants and dining-rooms, they quietly sent out committees to sample luncheons and dinners all over the town. There were many red faces when hotel and restaurant managers met to hear the frank appraisals of their food and service. Careless waiters and cooks were sent packing; many dining-rooms were sound-proofed and air-conditioned.

In Britain for the past thirty years the National Federation of Women's Institutes—comprised of country-women from all walks of life and all races and creeds—have brought forward in the form of resolutions many questions of importance to rural and national life. These resolutions have often been brought before Government Departments and other authorities, and as a result direct action has sometimes been taken. Advice of the NFWI is frequently sought by Government Departments on such varied subjects as rural water supplies, electricity, local bus services, and NFWI representatives have often been asked to serve on Government and other Committees concerned with rural amenities.

A survey of village amenities and public services was recently published for the guidance of local Institutes. One of the examples of local enterprise it described was a village suffering from a particularly insanitary rubbish dump which not only informed the Ministry of Health, but "shanghaied the Mayor and transported him to the dump to see the flies for himself." Another, having been refused a street lamp on grounds of expense, raised the necessary funds to buy one, while a third—in a village of only 200 population—raised £1,000 for a village hall.

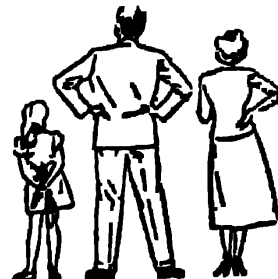
City officials, the local Association of Commerce, labour unions and a score of other organizations have learned to call on the ladies when there is a particularly hard job to do. Each section of the city is represented on the Institute board by a captain responsible for special projects in her own area. The Institute leads or takes active part in nearly all local campaigns. Such things as

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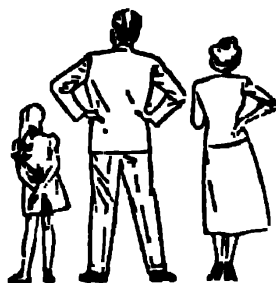
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Queen's House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

additional traffic lights and one-way streets have already resulted from the women's study of traffic problems. They are working for more municipal off-street parking places. Thanks to them, there will be more public playgrounds. As a result of

their prodding, flowers bloom all the summer in gardens which were ugly spaces a few years ago.

With its housewives in the driver's seat, and the businessmen galloping in harness, St. Paul is going to town.



Cartoon Quips

ONE DOCTOR to another, in military induction centre: "On the other hand, he's not in shape to be a civilian, either."

ONE WIFE to another: "George has put us on a pay-as-you-go budget and it's working out fine except that we don't go anywhere."

GIRL, in living-room with boy friend, to irate father: "Bill *did* go, Daddy. This is Marty."

MAN, reading paper, to wife: "All the best jobs are in the situations wanted column."—*Punch*

DOCTOR to man in bed, whose room is filled with noisy youngsters: "You need plenty of rest and quiet. I suggest you go back to work."

WIFE, addressing invitations, to husband: "Of course, I'm not asking the Dumonts. She's the reason I'm giving it."

ONE KANGAROO MOTHER to another on rainy day: "I dread these days when they can't play outside."

HUSBAND to wife: "Of course you can have a fur coat. Who offered you one?"

ONE GIRL to another: "There's never a dull moment when you're out with Stanley—it lasts the whole evening!"

WIFE, doing accounts, to husband: "We saved nearly £150 last year, dear. Of course, we spent it all."

Capsule Wisdom

A CARPENTER once said to me: "Best rule I know for talkin' is the same as the one for carpenterin': measure twice and saw once." —V.B.

BULLETIN METEOROLOGIQUE
WEATHER REPORT

Une grande dépression
A DEEP DEPRESSION
menace mon grand-
IS CENTRED ON MY GRAND-
père. Atmosphère
FATHER. ATMOSPHERE
orageuse jusqu'après
STORMY TILL AFTER
la livraison du Dubonnet.
THE DELIVERY OF THE DUBONNET.
Probabilités pour ce soir:
OUTLOOK FOR THIS EVENING.
un climat calme et gai
CALM AND CHEERFUL CONDITIONS
s'établira et se répandra sur
WILL DEVELOP AND WILL SPREAD
toute la maisonnée.
THROUGHOUT THE HOUSEHOLD.

When the atmosphere is chilly a bottle of Dubonnet can quickly remove those frosty looks. As the mainstay of a party or a general raiser of morale Dubonnet is unrivalled. Remember too that this famous French aperitif *does not affect the liver*, and that the price of a large bottle is 20/-. Ask for Dubonnet today—all bars and wine merchants stock it.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT



AN UTTER LACK of show—and of modern conveniences—characterizes a certain New England summer hotel. Its owner, a retired sea captain, steadfastly refuses to paint the old building on the theory that it would “attract the wrong kind of people.” Its fine food, good sailing and swimming, however, draw customers who devotedly return every year. One summer a city banker reserved one of the outlying cottages and offered to install, at his own expense, a modern bathroom. “Go ahead,” replied the captain, “but if you put her in you must rip her out in the autumn.”

And that’s exactly what happened. The hotel still has no conveniences to attract “the wrong kind of people.”

—G.L.H.

I put another mark on the leg of the table beside my army hospital bed: 14 lonely and painful days

since the operation—seven still to go. I was feeling pretty sorry for myself when there was a knock at the door and a nurse announced that a man wanted to look at the room. “Show him in,” I said.

He came in on crutches, one foot dragging. For some time he stared at each wall, at the floor and the ceiling. Then he hobbled to the door. Turning back towards me with considerable effort, he said, “Excuse me—I was very rude. But I was completely lost in memories. You see, I was wounded in World War II and for five years I lay in this room without much hope of leaving it. But now”—and he smiled happily—“I’m well again, thank God.”

As he hobbled down the hall I rubbed out those 14 marks. It was hard to see them anyway—my glasses seemed to be fogged over.

—R.G.H.

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Bring them New Health, Vigour and Vitality

Doctors will tell you many common ailments are due to vitamin mineral deficiency. During the war vitamin and mineral capsules were made available for children by the Ministry of Food.

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Vykmin is prescribed to correct anaemia, faulty circulation, frequent colds, spasmodic digestive upsets, blotchy skin, general weakness and debility, undue tiredness, loss of weight. It's tasteless.

**Combined
Complex**
Vykmin
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AN OLD Blackfoot Indian and I used to patronize the same village store, where we often discussed the ways of the world. "Do you like women?" I asked one day.

"My squaw, she good woman."

"She must be, for you to have stayed married 31 years," I said.

There was a long silence and then he said, "First ten years, me and



squaw fight, fight, fight. Second ten years, papooses and squaw fight, I shut up. Third ten years, papooses grow up, I grow up, we all shut up."

—G.F.T.

"I WANT to exchange these snake-skin pumps," a woman in the crowded shoeshop told the assistant. "They are imperfect—see those scratches?"

The assistant agreed that there were some tiny scratches and brought out another pair. The lady examined them carefully. "These are damaged, too."

A few minutes later the assistant returned with eight pairs of shoes. The customer thought she detected

some flaw in each pair. "They're all imperfect!" she exclaimed as she discarded the last one.

"Madam," the salesman said wearily, "I'm not perfect, you're not perfect. How can you expect a *snake* to be perfect?"

—P.E.R.

AS A GARDENER who was shared by several neighbours passed her house Miss Susie called to him to come in and finish a job he had begun for her.

"No, Miss Susie, I can't come to-day."

"Why not?"

"Well, Miss Susie, Miss Lucy paid me five shillings she owed me and I ain't spent it. And Mr. Jones, he give me a ten shilling note and I got it right here in my pocket. And I jus' don't believe in over-supporting myself."

—MRS. S.C.

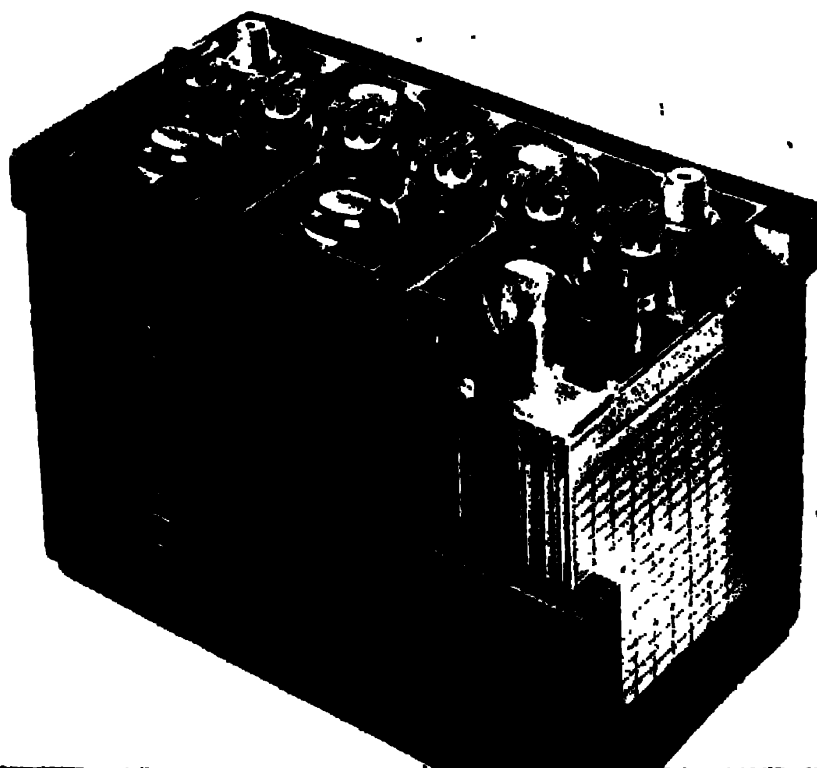
DRIVING ALONG a dusty, desolate Arizona road I was surprised to come upon a small roadside stall. Its sign proclaimed: FREE! DIG YOUR OWN DESERT CACTUS. Seated beside it was a wizened old man in a rocking chair. I asked why he chose to sit there giving away cactus.

"Well, son, there's three purposes," he replied. "It gives people a chance to dig in the earth and get themselves a nice memento of Arizona; it gives me a chance to meet a lot of interesting people. And it's already half-cleared an acre of cactus that I would have had to haul away anyhow."

—R.A.

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"A REASON TO LIVE AND A REASON TO DIE"

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal

Dorothy Thompson

*W*N Whittaker Chambers' remarkable book, *Witness*,* which enables one to penetrate the mind of the genuine Communist more easily than anything else I have read, this sentence appears: "A man . . . peering upon a world in chaos finds in the vision the two certainties for which the mind of man tirelessly seeks: a reason to live and a reason to die."

The sentence struck me as a strictly personal challenge. Have I been "tirelessly seeking a reason to live and a reason to die"? Definitely not. Is that because I lack a seeking mind? I do not think so. Mine is a mind constantly questioning, weighing, doubting, looking for answers and dissatisfied with most of them, including many generally accepted.

A reason to live? Life itself is a "reason to live." My reason to live is because I love being alive. Or one

could drop the last two words: My reason to live is because I love.

I don't mean "love" in the limited sense of sexual love, mother love or love of humanity, in all of which there is pain as well as joy. I mean the love that sings hymns in praise of things.

Sometimes I think that people actually have "taken leave of their senses." We can see, hear, taste, smell and touch, and these senses are not only a means of self-protection but the source of our greatest delight. It is through them that we make our first discriminations—between beauty and ugliness, bitter and sweet, music and noise.

The cultivation of the senses is intimately related to cerebral processes. "Vision" is an intellectual extension of the eye. Logic strives to arrange thoughts in an order. But whence comes the idea of order? Obviously, it seems to me, from observation of order—an order not created by man but of which man is an organic part.

My "reason to live" is to strive to recognize, accept and serve that order, and thus help to fulfil the law of Nature, creation, God. And since that order encompasses death, the acceptance gives me sufficient "reason to die."

The Bible is the greatest book ever written because it contains the most penetrating observations of the operation of natural law; the greatest warnings of what happens to

* An account of the author's experience as an underground agent of the U.S. Communist Party.

men who defy it; and the most certain promises of happiness to those who co-operate with it.

Over and over again these days we hear the phrase, "The world is in chaos." But "the world" is not in chaos. It is in perfect order and always has been.

In the many years during which I have been living and admiring it, this planet has never failed to turn on its axis with exact mathematical certitude; the polestar has never kicked over the traces to distract the mariner. An acorn has always produced an oak and not an elm; and the swallows have always flown south at the same time.

The best guide to ethics is observation of natural attractions and polarities. The aggressive invite aggression; the hateful, hate; the loving, love. We reap what we sow. We do not gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. The parables and teachings of Christ are almost all drawn from observation of nature, applied to human conduct.

Christ was the great life lover. Whose love of life encompassed His own sacrificial death "that man might have life and have it more abundantly." His "reason to die" was His knowledge that, being lifted up on the cross as the very symbol of love and life, He would draw all men unto Him. Christianity is a science of conduct.

No, "the world" is not in chaos. *Men* are in chaos, because of dis-

obedience, because of opposition to accepting their place in the natural order.

Communism is the cult of those who think man created God, and not the other way round. The basic premise of Communism is that it is man's duty to "change the world" in contemptuous disregard of its natural order. But God's nature has a way of getting rid of disturbers of its order and peace. "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

Those who look for beauty will find it; those who listen for the voice of truth will hear; those who love will be loved; those who protect life will be protected by it—as long as the stars continue in their courses, the winds rise and the rivers flow.

This is no longer something "I believe." It is something I *know*, confirmed by experience. When I have betrayed the belief and disregarded the knowledge, as I often have, I have been punished, not by courts but by inexorable effects of causes, and the punishment has never been unjust.

Life is a wonder and a miracle—in all its phases, in fortune and misfortune. We take life, as we take our beloved in marriage, "for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health," and the first debt we owe to life is a debt of gratitude.

"Because I have loved life, I know I shall love death as well," said Rabindranath Tagore.

He needed no further "reason to live, or reason to die."



I Don't Like Drunks

By
Don Herold

THE POPULARITY of alcohol is primarily due to the fact that it charms people with their own personalities. The drinker glows with self-affection—and takes for granted that you share his adoration of himself. He has a few drinks, and all of a sudden this nobody achieves intellect, profundity, wit and sex appeal. He becomes a raconteur, acquires a singing voice, discovers how to rumba, attains new stature and standing. He who has been so little suddenly becomes so big.

Well, I like him better when he's little.

Don't get me wrong. My own abstinence has nothing to do with righteousness. Several years ago I discovered that I had a severe allergy to alcohol, and gave it up. Since then I have been forced to view the drunken antics of my friends with a sober eye, and I have not found them as amusing as they are cracked up to be.

In all my life I've known only two men who have been improved by alcohol. But both, I may say, have an exceptional talent for amiability in the first place. And one of them lapses into an almost unendurable long-windedness when tight. His stories all become sagas.

A drunk has superhuman powers of vision and hearing. He can spot a potential victim across a clouded room. Never let one corner you; he will transfix you with his stare and you won't escape before he has confessed all his sins to you. Then he will avoid you for the next month out of shame and remorse.

It is impossible to carry on a conversation with a drunk. Ordinary words take on inscrutable meanings for him, and the simplest idea becomes so elusive that he cannot communicate it, although he'll spend the evening trying. He is, you'll gather, incoherently and aggressively *for* something or other. If you try to agree with him, however, it just makes him angry: it



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leaves him no excuse to keep on talking.

Time is of no consequence to drinkers. No wonder they stay out all night! Did you ever try to get a bunch of drunks to move? When I'm with them I am conscious of eternally waiting for them to finish what they're saying or doing.

Of all forms of mass alcoholism, the cocktail party is the most painful to any participant even partially sober. It is a sad comment on human progress that, after many centuries of effort, mankind has evolved no better form of group self-entertainment than horrible little or big cocktail parties, with all that standing around on aching arches, all that forced pumping of inane conversation. Here is the most infantile of all adult social diversions.

The only thing that could make cocktail parties worse would be for the hostesses to provide guests with megaphones. For drunks get louder and louder. This comes naturally with the quick increase in self-esteem. My remark becomes worth so much more than yours that it calls for shouting, to drown yours. This leads to the most intricate

series of interruptions. Seldom is anybody allowed to finish a sentence. There are interruptions of interruptions of interruptions. I have sat and longed to make a chart, or a sort of family tree, of the chain of interruptions at drinking parties.

I must not neglect to mention the drinkers who get mean, boorish, morose and frank, instead of over-amiable, like the fellow who is emboldened to say, "Your wife doesn't like me, does she?"—how are you going to answer that?

I know a few men and a couple of remarkable women who can remain dignified when plastered. But this seems a waste of perfectly good whisky and money, doesn't it? You ought to get something for your investment, even if it's nothing more than a chance to make a No. 1 ass of yourself.

I am tired of drunken flights of fancy, of alcoholic metaphors, of enthusiasms sprung from gin. And fellows who are dull when sober are even duller when drunk; they just spread it round more audaciously.

No, I don't like drunks. But a drunk doesn't care. He likes himself well enough for both of us.

THE former head of an important women's organization was given an unusually glowing introduction before making a speech. "Whenever my ego is inflated," she began, "I'm reminded of a visit I paid to my sister's home. The children welcomed me eagerly, and everything seemed fine until they were being put to bed. Then I heard a small but piping voice say: 'Mummy, why was it we were so glad Aunt Milly was coming?'"

—E.K.

AiResearch, makers of gadgets for the
stratosphere—and beyond

You Need a Jules Verne Imagination in This Business

Condensed from Skyways

Frank J. Taylor

CLIFFORD GARRETT likes to say that he has built a solid business on thin air. This is literally true. In the last 15 years Garrett and his staff at AiResearch, the company he founded, have become authorities on the problems of men and machines in the upper troposphere and lower stratosphere — the area five to 50 miles above the earth. In two bustling plants sprawled alongside the Los Angeles, California, and Phoenix, Arizona, airports, Garrett has 6,000 employees designing and manufacturing wizard aircraft accessories without which flight into this thin blue beyond—now a critical military frontier—would be impossible.



The name of AiResearch is a byword among American aircraft designers. "We can't fly any faster or higher than gadgets like Cliff Garrett's will let our planes go," says Hall Hibbard, chief engineer for the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

One of these gadgets is a minuscule tornado machine, about the size of a grapefruit and weighing 16 pounds. This little tempest in a teapot has the cooling capacity of 35 household refrigerators. Garrett's engineers designed it to protect jet pilots from "ram heat"—caused by friction of air on the plane's surface—which would turn a cockpit into an oven, were it not for one of these coolers.

Another cooling problem arose out of the necessity for jet pilots to wear pressure suits to counteract the terrific pulls on their bodies at sonic speeds. Sweating inside these airtight togs, pilots often landed with water up to their knees. Garrett's answer is a vest-pocket contraption, hooked to the pressure suit, which the pilot can switch on to cool and dry his inner clothing as he flies.

Keeping the pilot from cooking is only part of Garrett's worry. At tomorrow's speeds, the instruments, fuel and lubricants, even the plane itself, must be prevented from bursting into flame, as some 400,000 meteors do every year when they flash into the earth's outer air. AiResearch engineers try to keep five years ahead of the aerodynamics procession.

"Designs are now on the boards for aircraft flying 2,500 miles an hour at altitudes up to 100,000 feet, where the outside temperature is minus 70 degrees," Garrett says. "At that point, skin-friction temperatures alone may reach 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit. Adding other heat factors, you get a cockpit temperature of 1,800 degrees, nearly enough to melt iron!"

Without waiting for tomorrow's air headaches, Garrett has plenty of them in today's speeds. Each problem has called for a new gadget, and each plane for a special model of each gadget, with the result that the AiResearch line includes 700 different products. The company sold

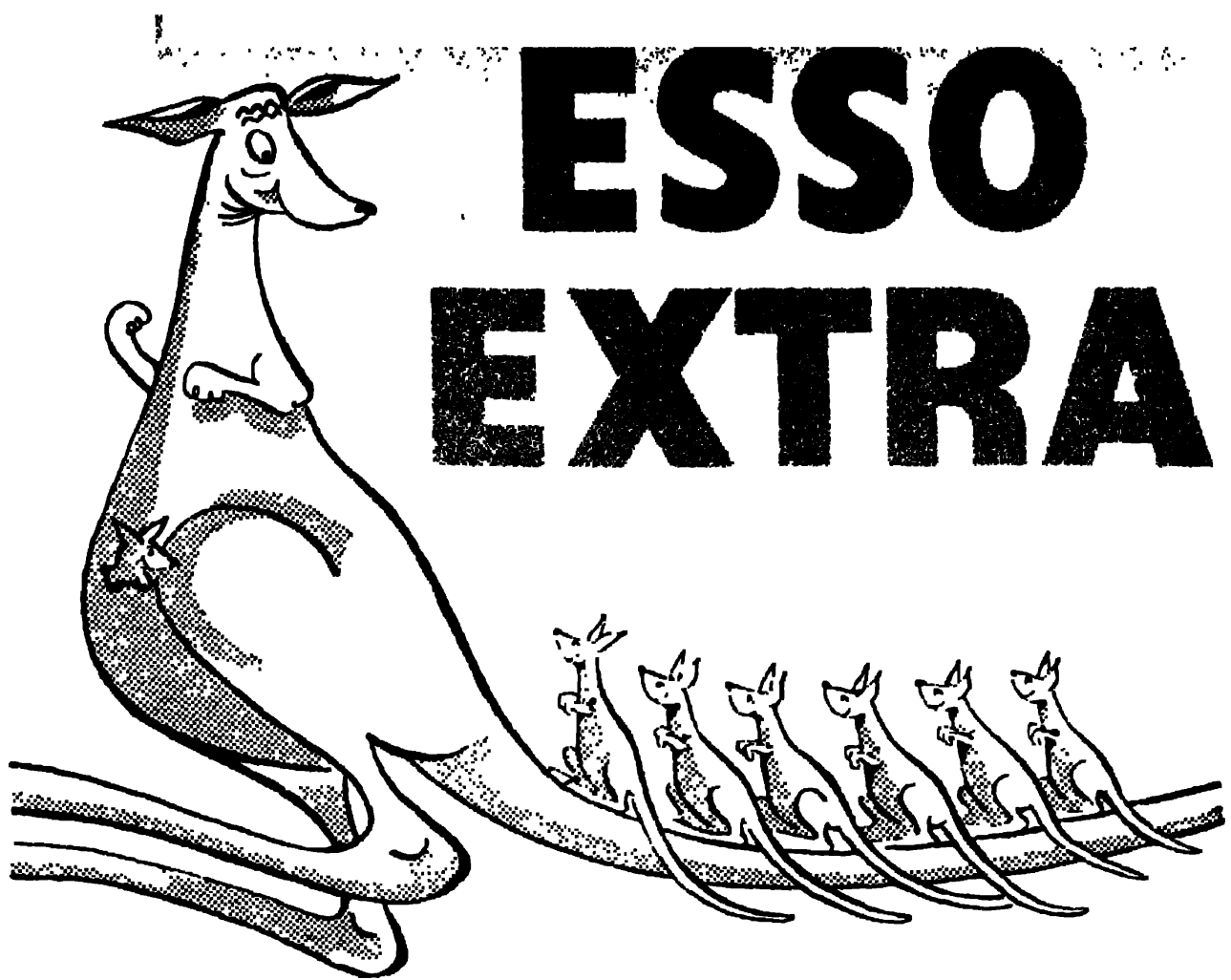
\$65,000,000 worth of them last year to aircraft builders and airlines, and has a \$145,000,000 backlog of orders.

It was the death of his brother, a naval air pilot, which determined young Cliff Garrett to devote his life to making flight safer. In 1936, at the age of 28, after working six years for aeroplane manufacturers while studying engineering at night, he founded an accessory-supply business which catered exclusively to American aircraft builders.

Wanting to find out more about the technicalities of flight, he persuaded a group of associates to help him start a research laboratory, and AiResearch was launched in 1938.

After his researchers found the answer to a featherweight heat exchanger to cool engine oil, Garrett had to make the coolers himself, because no established manufacturer wanted to bother with the intricate devices. Soon, when planes soared upstairs where jet fuel solidifies like paraffin, the engines needed heaters as well as coolers, so Garrett added heaters to his list.

The gadget that put AiResearch on the map was a cabin regulator, a sort of iron lung for the first pressurized passenger plane, the Boeing Stratoliner. Without some means of maintaining low-altitude atmosphere pressures, travellers and crew would have had to sit with oxygen tubes in their mouths. Boeing engineers designed a cabin pressurizer, but shied at manufacturing it because the tolerances were too exact.



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They called in Garrett, who was already known as an expert on anything that couldn't be done.

When Garrett told experienced mechanics that he wanted a tolerance of 80 millionths of an inch, 15 times as fine as the finest human hair, most of them threw up their hands. Garrett hired a bunch of bright youngsters fresh from trade schools and indoctrinated them with his ideas. "They didn't know what was impossible, so they went ahead and did what we told them to do," he explains.

The regulators, standard now on many airliners, gave Garrett's people the experience to build other equipment. As planes climbed higher and dived faster, builders needed controls that responded to atmospheric and temperature changes faster than human fingers react to a red-hot stove. This led to the perfection of an electronic brain, housed in a little five-inch cube, and so sensitive that it thinks and acts for the pilot. AiResearch also manufactures a line of actuators which replace pilots' muscles in operation of the ailerons, rudder and landing gear. At sonic speeds the strength required to move the controls is increased 80-fold, so Garrett's men devised little motors, no larger than spools, that act as mechanical muscles.

With the advent of the turbo-jet bomber, Garrett and his brains trust of nearly 1,000 engineers faced another problem. The turbo-jet engine

One British designer with a "Jules Verne Imagination" has produced something every stratospheric fighter pilot is pleased to have—an automatic ejection seat. In an emergency, this not only throws the crewman clear of his aircraft, it also feeds him with oxygen until he gets down to a safe height, then releases him from the seat and opens his parachute for him. If the pilot is ejected from his aircraft at low altitude, there is no delay mechanism; the barometric brain opens the parachute at once.

British commercial jets are now flying at 500 m.p.h. way up in the stratosphere—formerly the fighter pilot's domain—and new gadgets are being invented to keep the passenger cabin pressurized, cooled, heated and dehumidified for the ordinary airline traveller as well. For instance, when the Comet is flying at over 40,000 ft. with internal cabin pressure down to only 10,000 ft., there is an outside force of nearly eight tons on the cabin door. Britain's jet airliners use metal to metal bonding instead of the conventional rivets to give the structural efficiency necessary in a high-speed, high-altitude passenger airliner.

requires 100 times more power to start than the conventional radial engine. Carrying a starter and batteries capable of starting the turbo jet was out of the question, because of the weight involved. Under Garrett's impatient prodding, AiResearch came up with an 88-pound, suitcase-size gas turbine engine that is the lightest and most compact portable package of power yet invented. After it kicks over the plane's engines, it is switched to generate electric power needed in flight.

Although he is a crack transport pilot, Garrett never needs to go aloft to observe how his gadgets are working. In their strato-lab, which looks like a battered old bomber on the outside, he and his researchers duplicate on the ground the stratospheric conditions that torment metals, fibres, fuels and oils, as well as pilots. Sitting in a specially built compartment, they can simulate flight up to 1,200 miles per hour at 75,000 feet, and watch what is happening on recording instruments.

Garrett's insatiable curiosity and his willingness to risk large sums to get answers to the unknown have rocketed him to the front in the thin-air business.

Last summer, when he was forced

to take time off for a long rest, he did a lot of cogitating about the gadgets required for tomorrow's missiles, which may attain speeds up to a mile a second. At this pace, Garrett thinks earth-made vehicles will wrench themselves free from the earth's gravitational pull.

"The big problem then," he muses, "will be to create artificial gravity so that we'll have some way to navigate. We're going to have to work out how to sustain life up there where we can't pressurize because there's no air to compress. But some of our boys will be coming up with the answers. You can bet that when the first space ship takes off for the moon it will be equipped with a lot of AiResearch gadgets."

Rum Humour

ONE MORNING my father met Frank Thompson, an engaging inebriate. "Frank, why don't you cut out the booze?" he asked.

"Well, Lou," Frank answered, "sometimes I do get to feelin' mighty mean, an' my stomach goes back on me, and I decide to swear off. I go for two or three days without touchin' a drop, and then one morning I wake up, and the sky is blue and the birds are singin' and the sun is all bright and warm - and then, by God, Lou, I rally!"

—C.M.F.

AT A POLITICAL convention in Mississippi, one of the delegates got somewhat intoxicated. During a discussion on appointing the temporary and permanent officers, the drunk got up and tried to move a resolution. A crony pulled his coat-tail and hissed, "Keep quiet! You're drunk and you don't know what you're talking about. You don't even know the difference between permanent and temporary."

"Oh yes, I do," he retorted. "I'm drunk, and that's temporary. But you're a darned fool, and that's permanent."

—G.E.A.

Once called Uncle Sam's "poorhouse," the Virgin Islands are now prospering from tourists, holiday-makers and divorce-seekers

Condensed from Cosmopolitan Albert Q. Maisel

"THE Virgin Islands, three tiny specks in the Caribbean which the United States purchased from Denmark in 1917, are becoming a booming divorce centre. Besides the usual grounds—impotence, desertion, cruelty, insanity and habitual drunkenness—a Virgin Islands divorce can be granted on the vague basis of incompatibility. All that is demanded in addition is that a divorce-seeker prove to the judge that he or she has spent the last six weeks in this tropical paradise.

The case can be filed only 43 days after arrival. The divorce-seeker, however, must be careful not to buy a round-trip ticket, or her former spouse can go into his home court years later and claim that the divorce is invalid and fraudulent, using the ticket record to prove that the divorcée never really intended to establish permanent residence. The easy-divorce law came along just as World War II ended. The territory—once labelled "an effective

poorhouse" by Herbert Hoover when he was President—has been booming ever since.

The U.S. possession comprises three little islands—St. Croix, St. John and St. Thomas. The winding streets of St. Thomas's capital, Charlotte Amalie—trod, a few years ago, by bare feet and donkeys—bustle with trade and traffic. Two-hundred-year-old warehouses, empty since Blackbeard and his fellow pirates were put out of business, have been converted into busy shops where cigarettes sell for 11 cents a packet and tourists snatch up bargains in Danish silver, British tweeds and French perfumes.

On the surrounding hills and along the many curving bays a swarm of guesthouses and small hotels has sprung up, capped by the \$3,500,000 Virgin Isle hotel, which sports a swimming pool on stilts 400 feet above the turquoise sea and advertises itself as "The Most Magnificent Hotel in the Americas."

do you realise that

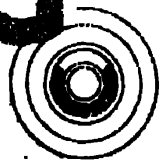
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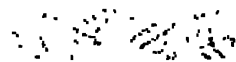
Some of its more attractive suites cost a shade over \$100 a day. Nearly half the jobs in St. Thomas are provided by the tourist business.

Men make up a larger percentage of the plaintiffs than in most divorce centres and their number is growing, because in the V.I. divorce mill a man doesn't have to go into the witness box and besmirch the good name of the little woman. All he has to testify to is that he and she are incompatible.

The Islanders, much as they welcome divorce-seekers, cast a disapproving eye at indecorous goings-on. Gallivantings that would not stir a ripple in other resorts are frowned upon.

Hotel-keepers, shop-owners and lawyers who are riding the divorce boom know that the long-term development of their prosperity rests upon the many quiet people who—spending modestly—may yet leave millions in the Islands' coffers. That's why their most conservative elements, led by Governor de Castro, have sternly refused to license gambling.

And that is also why responsible people in the Virgin Islands are advertising their islands only as a wonderful resort, winter or summer, and are counting on the divorce lawyers to keep quietly sending them an ever-growing crop of customers.



How's That Again?

FOR a Virginia Bankers' Association course the lecture topics announced were: "Opportunities in Banking" and "Embezzlements and Defalcations."

A MAN filling in an application for duty in the U.S. Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps found himself stopped dead by this question: "Have you or any of your relatives ever committed suicide?"

THE MAGAZINE *Quack* predicted: "Less young beef will get to market this autumn. Reason: cattlemen will hold back young steers to build up their herds."

ITEM in *The Times*: "The Clairvoyant Society will not have its usual meeting this week, owing to unforeseen circumstances."

CLUB *Nocturne*, a New York night club, advertised: "All Girl Revue. No Cover Ever."

The Most Unforgettable Character

By *Henri Temianka*

I've Met

MY PARENTS discovered early that my one serious interest was music, and on my seventh birthday they gave me the present I wanted most—a violin teacher. I had had a few lessons from my father, but this was the real thing, a professional.

As I trudged to Mr. Blitz's home for my first lesson, I was overjoyed—and also scared. Would my teacher be tall? Would he have a beard? If I made a mistake, would he hit me with the fiddle, stand me in a corner?

Carel Blitz turned out to be small. That rather comforted me. He had a little black moustache and neatly combed brown hair. His little steps, as he walked across the room, were full of bouncing energy. He wore immaculate grey spats and his shoes shone like mirrors.

He greeted me warmly, then

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HENRI TEMIANKA, concert violinist, is leader of the well-known Paganini Quartet, which has performed widely in Europe and America.



with a twinkle in his eye stood my fiddle on its end on his forehead. With both arms spread, he did a precarious balancing act across the room. Turning round triumphantly, he then took my bow and balanced it on the tip of his nose. I felt a growing confidence in my new teacher.

Then he sat down at the piano and played a few sweeping arpeg

gios. "Come, my lad," he said, "let's play." He tuned my tiny fiddle and played a tune on it. I had never heard anything so beautiful. I vowed at that instant that some day I would play like Mr. Blitz.

While I tried my hand on the violin, he accompanied me at the piano, improvising as we went along. Once in a while he would shout an encouraging remark above the din: "Bravo," or "Come on, Paganini." Or he would sing in a child-like falsetto, conveying the true phrasing of the music. Occasionally he would stop to correct my fingering or the way I held my violin, and then we'd be off again, the violin, piano and the falsetto voice all flooding the room with exuberant sound.

Thus began an association which lasted for many years and developed into a deep friendship. Mr. Blitz became the fixed star by which I judged all other values.

Carel Blitz was a born musician. When he was a boy in Rotterdam, the great Ysaye heard him and was so impressed that he offered to take the lad with him on his tours and teach him for nothing. But the family was poor and needed the money young Carel was earning by playing in cafés and night clubs.

Unable to pursue any formal studies, he practised alone. Perhaps it was the toughness of his early struggle that made him such a fine teacher, for he had to discover for himself almost everything he learned.

He never became a concert soloist, but while still in his teens he landed a coveted membership in the world-famous Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. There he was inspired by daily communion with the world's greatest conductors and soloists.

But it was not enough for him to love music; he had to teach others to know its power. So, when he was offered a teaching position at the Music School in Rotterdam some years later, he seized the opportunity. That was when I came to know him.

You reached Mr. Blitz's study by walking through his music shop. Anyone entering the shop automatically set in motion a plectrum attached to the top of the door, which scraped against the strings of a violin facing downwards from the ceiling, producing a resounding and perfect D major chord. Here every member of the family—husband, wife, son, daughter—took turns selling ocarinas, mutes, rosin, bows, violins, strings. In the back of the house was a violin repair shop, which Mr. Blitz shared with his son, an expert violin maker.

The Blitzes' home was the most hospitable in Rotterdam. People dropped in all day; tea was for ever stewing on a little wick-and-pewter contraption. With Mrs. Blitz, a woman of generous proportions and indestructible good humour, presiding, the whole house glowed with coziness and contentment.

On days when Mr. Blitz taught at the school he set out early. His walk was punctuated by frequent hat-lifting, nodding and hand-shaking, for he seemed to be on friendly terms with at least half Rotterdam. He took a never-ending delight in the sounds and sights of the zoo, the busy railway station, the canals, the flower stalls, the countless cafés, as he passed them. "My morning symphony," he called this walk.

On some evenings Mr. Blitz went off to conduct his Longshoremen's Choir. Here he was really in his element. He had welded this group of simple men, who could not read a note of music, into a really fine choir. He instilled in them a love and understanding of music and a zest for all that made life worth living.

Mr. Blitz was paid nothing for this work, nor for many other things he did, like lending violins to students who could not buy them or giving them the finest of strings and musical scores.

Many teachers made their students' lives miserable by forcing them to repeat single passages over and over again. Mr. Blitz had a different approach. When frequent repetition of a difficult passage seemed indispensable, he would bet his student that he couldn't do it right ten times in succession. Naturally we snapped at the bait.

He had even found a way of making scales palatable. He would accompany them at the piano, giving

free reign to his imagination. Fragments from the Beethoven concerto would pop up in the accompaniment, quite possibly followed by a variation on "The Last Rose of Summer." On one occasion, as I was mangling a difficult four-octave scale, a running counterpoint on "Yes, We Have No Bananas" suddenly erupted in the bass. In short, as every real teacher must, sooner or later, he found the key to his students' hearts. Having won their trust and affection, he knew they were ready to absorb all he could give them.

There were times when I found it hard to cut short a soccer game in order to practise my fiddle, and on such occasions it became a contest between temptation and my sense of duty to Mr. Blitz. He always won—after one shattering experience.

On that Wednesday afternoon, as I walked into his study, I imagined there was a little less cordiality than usual in his welcome. Instead of performing a trick or telling a joke, he asked immediately, "Have you practised well this week?"

I said I had spent several hours in the most consecrated communion with my violin.

"That's fine," he said. "Let's begin."

I opened my fiddle case. It was empty! Muttering something about running home for the instrument, I dashed out. But my fiddle was nowhere at home!

Red with humiliation, I went

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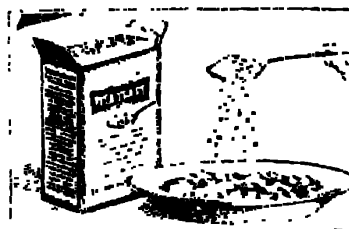
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*Turns a meal into a tonic*



back to Mr. Blitz. He solemnly walked to the cupboard, opened the door and brought forth my violin. It had been there since the previous Wednesday.

After he had devoted seven years to me, Mr. Blitz decided the time had come for my first public appearance. For weeks he coached me in an atmosphere of excitement that rose in a feverish crescendo. Fortunately, the concert went off well. Mr. Blitz accompanied me at the piano, and beamed or made faces at every pause. It was so much like one of our lessons that I was never really nervous. Twice, as I seemed about to falter, he whispered, "Come on, Paganini"—and played a bit louder until we got through the passage.

On my 15th birthday my parents decided that I should broaden my musical horizon by going to Berlin to study with an internationally famous teacher. Mr. Blitz had always known that this day must come. But giving his star pupil into the hands of another was not easy. He spent much of the day of my departure polishing and restringing and tuning my violin. Together we played over all our favourite pieces.

It was only after I began to study with my new teacher that I realized that Mr. Blitz had taught me much more than music. He taught me a way of life. He had such zest for the simple joys that he had no time for malice. His music, his family and pupils, the buzzing workshop and

his beloved city of Rotterdam—all required loving care and attention. There remained no room for envying others with more money or success.

I never lost touch with Mr. Blitz. During holidays we played all the pieces I had been learning. I felt that he saw in my budding career the concert career which he had once hoped to have himself—and was pleased.

From Berlin I went to Paris, where, for a living, I played the most horrible trash in a circus band, and, for glory, the heavenly Mozart concertos over the Eiffel Tower Radio. Frequent telegrams arrived from Mr. Blitz. Telegrams like "Mozart concerto beautiful, watch intonation last page," or, "Bravo, Paganini."

One day the famous violinist Carl Flesch offered to take me with him to the United States, where I would have a scholarship at the Curtis Institute. For me to accept without consulting Mr. Blitz would have been unthinkable. I rushed to Rotterdam to get his blessing. He gave it enthusiastically.

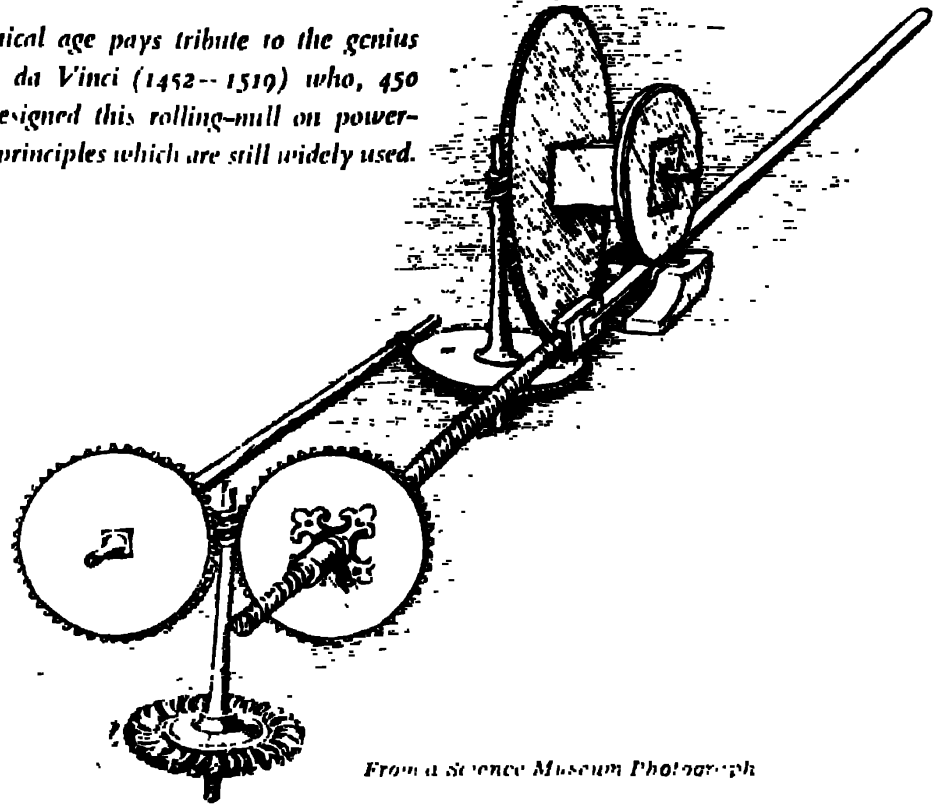
Three years later I graduated from the Curtis Institute and took up residence in London. I was now on my own—almost. For Carel Blitz was always with me in his letters, cheering and encouraging me along the tortuous road to recognition, helping me not only with my musical problems but with my personal ones.

In the late '30s I visited Holland

# Powerless Genius - 4



*This mechanical age pays tribute to the genius of Leonardo da Vinci (1452--1519) who, 450 years ago, designed this rolling-mill on power-transmission principles which are still widely used.*

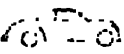
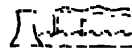

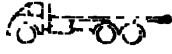


*From a Science Museum Photograph*

Leonardo da Vinci's inventiveness was severely restricted by the inadequate forms of power available to him; human muscle, water power and gravity. Foreseeing so many things, it is possible he realised that this handicap would one day be overcome.

Yet it was not until 250 years after his death that man began to utilise the power that lies in coal. A further 100 years passed before the vast potentialities of mineral oil for power and lubrication were realised. In the early pioneering days of the new oil era Vacuum Oil Company was founded. By constant research from 1866 onwards Vacuum have contributed to many of the mechanical advances taken for granted today. The Flying Red Horse trade mark under which Vacuum's many products are marketed is known throughout the world.

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frequently, appearing as soloist with symphony orchestras and playing for concert societies. I would play for Mr. Blitz before every important concert and he would criticize me unsparingly if I veered from the path of true musicianship. We travelled together from city to city. We would talk of music, but increasingly our minds were on the dark threat of war.

In April 1939 I ended a European tour at The Hague, appearing with the Residentie Orchestra. Immediately afterwards I boarded a train for the ship which was to take me to America. Mr. and Mrs. Blitz came to the train to see me off, as did my parents. We should all have been happy after the success of the concert, but a silence descended upon us. For the first time there was no music in Mr. Blitz's voice or eyes as he said good-bye.

When Holland was invaded my correspondence with Mr. Blitz was cut off. I learned that his family had survived the dreadful bombing of Rotterdam, but where were they now? No one could tell me.

After the war I hastened back to Rotterdam. Stepping off the train, I faced a scene of utter desolation.

The Blitz home had been near the station. But now there was no station. It had been near the zoo. But where was the zoo? I found not a trace of the spotlessly clean house with the display window filled with violins and ocarinas—nothing but weeds and mud and rubble.

I soon learned that the whole family, except for a son who went underground, had been sent by the Nazis to the gas chambers. I was stunned. For a long, long moment I could not conceive of playing again. Without Mr. Blitz my violin would have made no music. How could I go on without him?

But he had taught me better than that. From the very first his advice had been to keep on playing—stumble, but keep on. His teaching finally penetrated my grief and I played again.

Mr. Blitz had many pupils, and today they are making music, and teaching music, in many cities and towns. I have heard his students, and his students' students, throughout Europe. Each time I hear their music I have the feeling that Mr. Blitz is hearing it, too; that he is nodding and beaming and crying, "Bravo, Paganini, bravo!"



### *Spontaneous and Unrehearsed*

IN HIS radio programme, Groucho Marx asked a man if he knew what an extravaganza was.

"I ought to," replied the man. "I married one."

—NBC Broadcast

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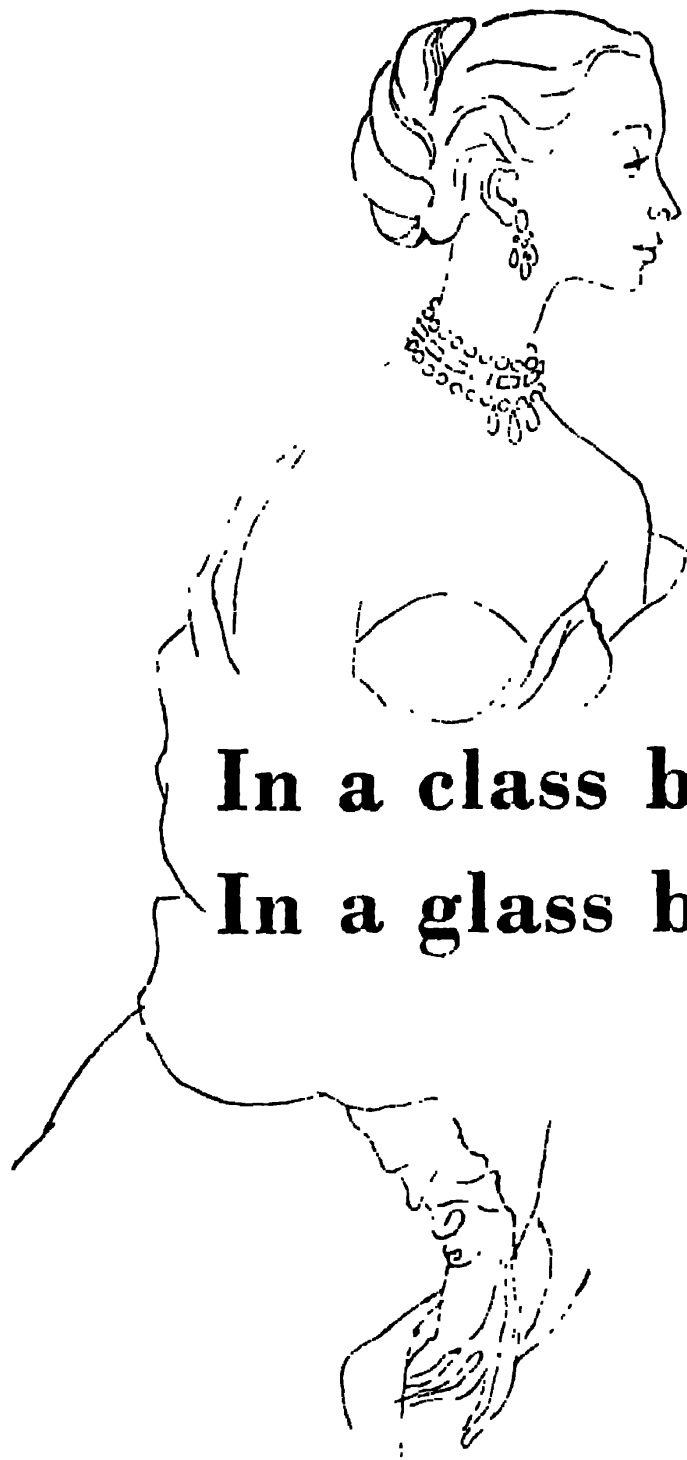
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***—or with a kindred spirit***

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*It's time pyromaniacs were properly dealt with*



## WHY IS A FIREBUG?

Condensed from *Parade*  
*A. E. Hotchner*

THE 19-year-old son of a distinguished doctor, a brilliant, prepossessing youth, left his room one evening carrying a deadly weapon—a box of matches. Responding to an overwhelming urge, he started fires in one building after another. He attempted to burn down two hotels, three churches, his own boarding-house, two warehouses, three doctors' surgeries, a library, the new town hall, a chemist's shop and the police headquarters.

This is the way of the pyromaniac, a member of the most peculiar criminal set in the United States. He gives no rational motive for what he does. He is a puzzle to the police. He realizes that people in a

building he touches off may be burned to death, but he cannot help himself—he *must* start that fire. There are cases on record of firebugs who have rushed into police stations shouting, "Stop me! Stop me before I start another!"

Ten years ago the U.S. National Board of Fire Underwriters was faced with the fact that arson (malicious burning, usually for insurance money) had greatly diminished, but that pyromania (the firebug's disease) was increasing to alarming proportions. Millions of dollars had been spent to teach American communities fire control and safety; more millions had been spent to track down and convict arson rings. But insurance losses were as high as ever; death from fires had increased.

The Fire Underwriters went to Dr. Nolan Lewis, head of the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital, and described the frightening problem. Would he undertake the first comprehensive study ever made of pyromania? The resulting report, *Pathological Fire-setting*—recently completed by Dr. Lewis in cooperation with Dr. Helen Yarnell—has laid bare the eerie workings of the firebug's mind.

To understand the pyromaniac, we must first realize, says Dr. Lewis, that "fire seems an embodiment of the entire life force—as well as the force of destruction. It seems

an implement endowed with supernatural powers."

"Everyone loves a fire," says Dr. Yarnell. "But whereas normal people satisfy their interest with a campfire or a fire in the fireplace, or with candles on the dinner table, the pyromaniac cannot.

"There is something in the pyro's make-up which prevents him from handling frustrations like a normal person or even like a neurotic. Since fire can be so completely destructive it is an excellent means for the weak individual to carry out aggressive acts of hatred or violence. And in striving for an outlet, the pyro's emotions undergo a change so complete that he is indifferent to the violence he is committing. The fire itself becomes complete satisfaction—no matter what or how much it destroys."

A 24-year-old who started 17 fires that caused \$200,000 worth of destruction said in his confession: "My mind and will were overpowered, and I completely lost control over myself."

The son of a wealthy family started 31 fires, then blocked roads to prevent fire engines from getting through. Churches, schools, barns, houses, blocks of flats and shops in a four-mile area were consumed by the conflagrations. A volunteer fireman burned out a 40-square-mile area with these results: 30 families homeless; 12 people killed; \$3,000,000 worth of timber destroyed; a score of fire-fighters seriously

injured; barns, stores, grain elevators and coal stock-piles wiped out.

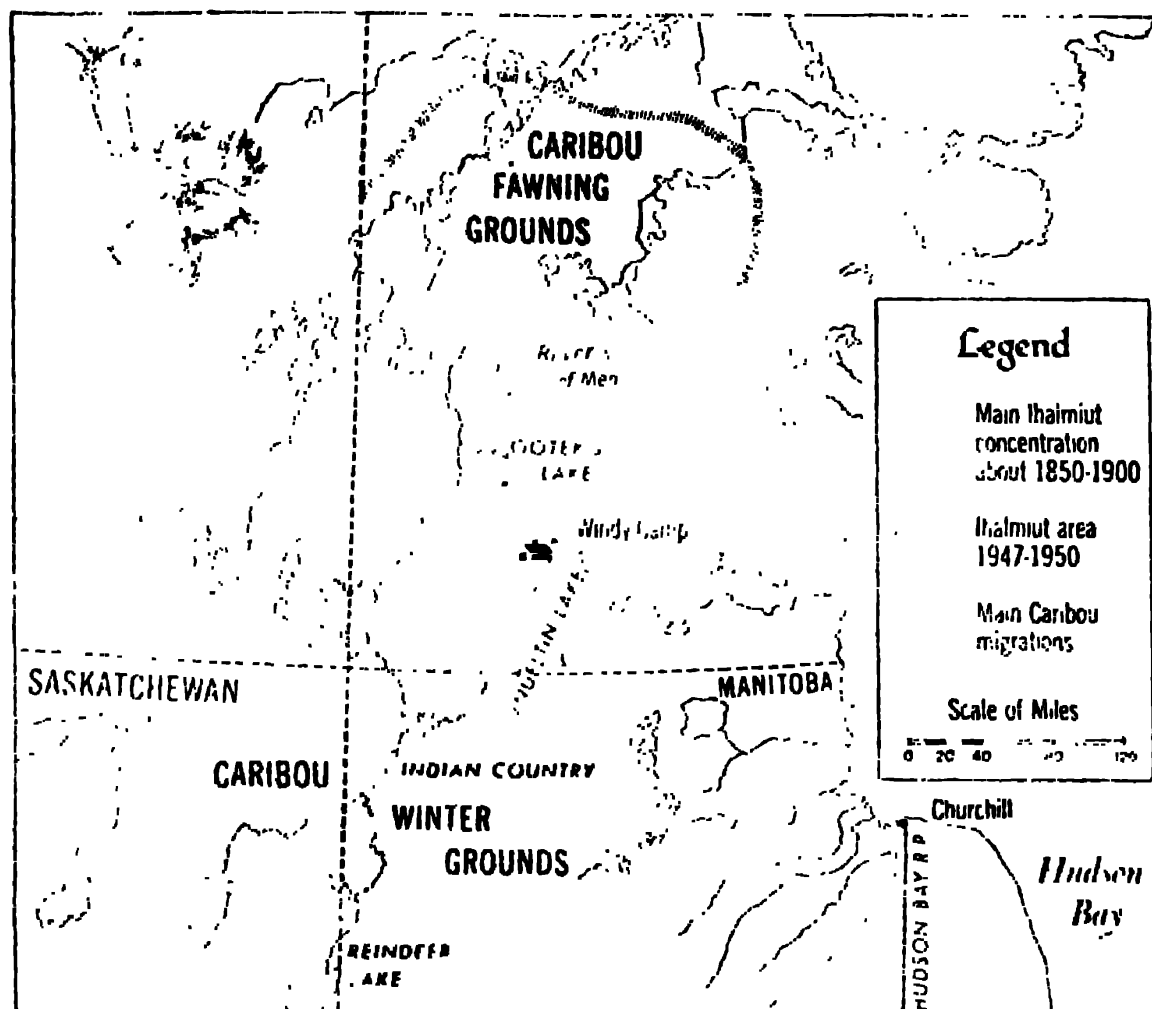
"Probably the most frightening aspect of pyromaniacs," Dr. Lewis says, "is that to the casual observer they seem so normal that they attract little attention, even though for a time their will, judgment, sense of danger and appreciation of right and wrong are in suspense. In their confessions they invariably describe themselves as Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes."

For many pyros fire-raising has a definite sexual connotation. One young man, son of a university professor, formed a habit of starting a small fire, calling for his girl, then returning to the fire to watch it with her. He told detectives that it was no fun seeing his girl if there was no fire.

It is commonly believed that women never start fires, but this is not so. The female pyro seems to like playing the rôle of heroic victim: she usually burns property that has emotional meaning for her—her own house, her neighbour's house or sometimes the church.

Drs. Lewis and Yarnell say that every fire-raiser should be classified as psychotic (having a mental disorder) until it is definitely proved otherwise. Confirmed firebugs cannot be changed by prison, nor usually by state hospitals for the insane. They need to be treated in a hospital devoted exclusively to pyromania and similar types of psychopathology.

# People of the Deer



*Condensed from the book by FARLEY MOWAT*

**T**HE unusual and absorbing story of a young Canadian ex-service-man who, disillusioned by the endless slaughter of war, found friendly sanctuary in the Arctic Barren Lands. Adopted by a lost tribe of Eskimos, he followed the vast herds of migrating caribou and came to know the "People of the Deer" as no other white man ever has.

"One need not be an Arctic enthusiast," writes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "to enjoy this immensely readable book."

*"People of the Deer," an Atlantic Monthly Press book, copyright 1952 by Farley Mowat, is published by Michael Joseph, London, at 15s.*



## People of the Deer



IN THE SPRING OF 1935, when I was 15, I made my first journey into the Arctic on the "Muskeg Express," the rebellious and contrary railway which stretches northwards for 500 desolate miles to the town of Churchill on Hudson Bay. At Mile 410, where the stunted spruce forests gave way to those great Arctic plains we call the Barrens, something happened that was to lead me into an undreamed-of world in the years which still lay far ahead.

The rusty whistle of the old engine began to blow furiously. A brown, turbulent river was surging out of the dying forests and plunging its sinuous course across the snow-covered roadbed. But this was no river of water. It was a river of life—perhaps the most tremendous living spectacle our continent knows. It was the almost incredible mass migration of the numberless herds of Arctic caribou.

The train whistle blew with increasing exasperation, but the rolling hordes did not deviate from their course. For an hour the half-mile-wide river of caribou flowed unhurriedly north in a phenomenal procession, so overwhelming in its

magnitude that I could hardly credit my senses. Then, abruptly, it thinned out and in a few moments was gone, leaving behind it a broad highway in the snow.

It was a sight that a boy—or a man—does not forget. Then and there I acquired a disease—Arctic fever, which fills its victims with a consuming urge to wander for ever through those mighty spaces at the top of the world.

My infection lay dormant for many years. Then, when I returned from the war, I longed again for the quiet sanctuaries where the senseless slaughter of war has never been known. I read every book about the Arctic I could find. In one I found a reference to a race of Eskimos living where it was thought no men could live—the "People of the Deer," who devoted their total strength to a bitter struggle against implacable natural forces. The idea came to me that they might never have found the desire to turn their strength against one another. If this were true, then they were a people I wanted to know.

But in the most recent atlases I found that the central plains were largely blank and marked "Un-

mapped." In the hidden depths of that space lived—if they still lived—the People of the Deer.

ON A May morning in 1947 I boarded that same Muskeg Express and gave myself up to the fever that was in me. Arriving at Churchill, I learned that a German immigrant had once run a trading post for the mysterious Barren Eskimos, deep in the interior. It was rumoured that he had left a half-breed son there, a trapper named Franz.

On a map I was shown the site of his cabin at Windy Bay near Nuel-tin Lake. If I was lucky, I might find the young Indian-German, and with his help realize my dreams. Whereas, travelling alone, I might only add another unpleasant paragraph to the grim tales that are told of the men who have challenged the Barrens and failed.

There remained the slight problem of how to cross the intervening 350 miles of frozen plains to Windy Bay. I looked wistfully at Johnny Bourasso, the captain and crew of an ancient twin-engined Anson who made a precarious living by flying improbable tramp freighting runs over the top of the world.

"We'll give it a try," he said.

Our overburdened plane lumbered forward on homemade skis and we were airborne. Johnny held a map on his knees. Over its expanse of vagueness he had drawn a straight compass course to where Windy Bay should be.

For more than 300 miles there was no change in the undulating, unbroken whiteness below us. Our petrol was half gone, the limit of our search reached, and we were flying in a steadily lowering overcast at less than 500 feet, when suddenly we saw beneath us a great valley walled in by rocky cliffs. And in that instant I caught a fleeting glimpse of something. "Johnny!" I yelled. "Cabin . . . down there!"

Johnny wasted no precious petrol on a preliminary circuit. We sank heavily between the valley walls, landed, and jumped stiffly down to the ice. There was no doubt about this being my destination—there was no other cabin within 200 miles. But we saw no sign of life, nothing but desolation.

Because the leaden skies were fast closing in, there was only time to dump my gear on the ice. Johnny stood for a long moment in the doorway of the plane, as if debating whether to ask if I had changed my mind. I'm glad he didn't. I think I should have been tempted beyond my strength.

Then he waved his hand and took off. The plane vanished into the overcast with appalling rapidity.

I was alone in the land I had set my heart on finding.

WHEN I had dug my way through the cabin's snowed-in doorway, I found wolf and fox pelts spread over the log walls to dry. I came to regard these furs with affection, for

they were a link with the unknown owner of the cabin, who, I sincerely hoped, would turn up before long.

For three days a storm raged, but on the fourth the weather changed abruptly into violent Arctic spring. The sun shone with a passion that it hardly knows even in the Tropics. And it kept on shining for 18 hours out of every 24. The river ice began to rot. Thin sheets of water were soon sliding out from under all the mighty drifts along the shore.

The violence of the change awed me. The sterile, unbreathing land of winter breathed deeply now, and there was a restlessness in the land that swept over me and kept me from sleep even during the brief interval of dusk.

On June 4 I heard the bark of dogs from far up the half-frozen river. At once I was confused by an anticipatory excitement combined with a strange hesitancy to show myself until I had seen the approaching stranger first. I had hidden behind a boulder when the dogs came into view—nine immense beasts hauling a 20-foot sledge piled with deerskins. And on the skins was the figure of a man.

Presently I could see that the driver was not an Eskimo. Nevertheless, I remained hidden, for I felt dubious about my reception by this isolated man who saw no strangers from one year's end until the next. So, weakly, I postponed the moment, and watched the man get down slowly from his sledge and

stand staring at the cabin door.

The shock of arriving home and seeing that someone had been living in his camp must have been tremendous. He stood quite still for several minutes. Then he took his rifle from the sledge, and entered the cabin. My strange belongings must have baffled him; but he stayed inside, and I chose that time to approach.

The dogs saw me at once and their hysterical outcry brought the man to the door with rifle crooked over his arm.

It was a tense and uneasy meeting. The half-breed Franz, like all men who live too long alone, had come to dread human contact. I set about explaining my presence as best I could, but the words sounded rather lame. Franz gave me no help at all. After I had said my piece, he stood for a good five minutes staring stolidly at me without uttering a word.

His unblinking scrutiny was rapidly unnerving me, when I had an inspiration. Remembering what I had always heard about the North, I made a stumbling appeal for hospitality. Blankness faded from his face, he smiled a little and stepped into the cabin, beckoning me to enter.

I felt that I needed a stiff drink, so I burrowed in my kit and produced a bottle of rum. Without asking Franz, I poured out a drink for each of us. I suppose it was the first that he had ever had. He gulped it down and as he coughed and wiped

*There's always time for*

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**ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS**

tears from his eyes, his frozen taciturnity began to thaw.

He started to talk—stiffly and awkwardly at first—of the long trip he had just completed, and of the past winter—and into the years before. Finally, when dawn was with us, he was back as far as childhood's memory would go. It was an amazing experience. I listened as I have never listened to another man.

His father, Karl, had married a Cree Indian and built this cabin about 1930 for a trading post. His customers were the People of the Barrens whom I had come to see. About 1940 Karl had decided to close the post and go outside. Franz and his brother, Hans, unwilling to leave, had remained behind to support themselves by trapping. The years had passed.

A few days after our talk, just as the ice went out of the river with a heavy-throated roar, Hans drove his dog team up to the cabin door. Two fur-clad children erupted from the sledge. One of them, a little girl no more than five, rushed upon Franz and flung herself ecstatically into his arms. The second, a boy of perhaps ten, stood awkwardly, smiling broadly under his flattened nose.

"*KUNEE*," Franz said, pointing to the little girl, "and *Anoteelik*," pointing to the boy. The children began hustling about the cabin. *Anoteelik* quickly got a fire going in the wet stove, while *Kunee*, that five-year-old minuscule model of a

woman, ran to the river, got water and in a few minutes had a brew of tea ready for all of us. Then she made herself comfortable on Franz's knee, rolled a competent cigarette and smoked happily.

"Franz," I said, "is she—yours?"

Franz nodded. "Yes," he replied, and his voice was almost hostile. "I found her out there in the North, and she's mine!"

Then he told me of the finding of *Kunee* and her brother, *Anoteelik*. And later I was to hear more details from the Eskimos themselves.

Some 60 miles north across the sodden plains is the *Innuït Ku*—the River of Men. (*Innuït* is the People's own name for their race. Translated, it simply means Mankind. The term "Eskimo" is not used by them, but is a label applied by the Indians, meaning "Eaters of Raw Meat.") Near the River of Men lived the remnants of what was once the large and flourishing tribe of the *Ihalmiut*, the People of the Deer, now reduced by plague and starvation to a few families.

Among the people at that place there was the family of *Anektaiuwa*. And in *Anektaiuwa*'s tent lived his mother, who was very old; his wife, *Utukalee*; and his two children, *Kunee* and *Anoteelik*. *Utukalee* was a good mother and wife, though her strength was often drained away by coughing spells. *Anektaiuwa* was a good hunter, yet his efforts were too often brought to nothing, for his old gun could



**Please do not tease!**

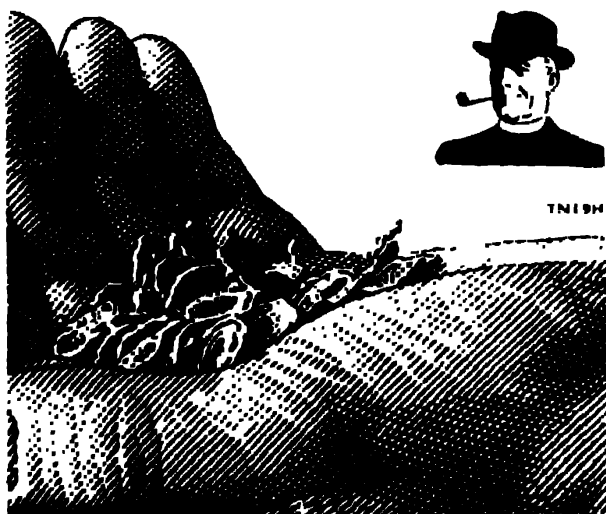


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*What  
do you know  
about  
BRANDY?*

not bring down its game when there were no cartridges. As for the old woman, she waited, almost impatiently, for death.

In the late winter of 1946, his family's food having grown scarce, Anektaiuwa travelled the 60 miles southwards to Franz's cabin. In all that broad sweep of land he saw no deer, and he was a frightened man. He stayed overnight with Franz and in the morning departed, carrying with him the few food supplies that Franz could spare from his own scanty stocks.

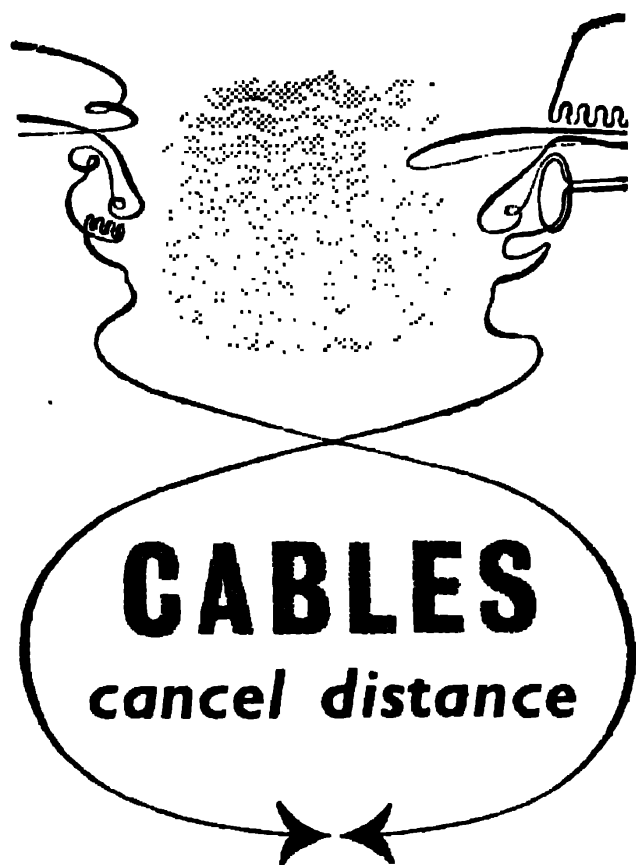
After he had gone, Franz thought about him with a mixed foreboding. His visitor had told him that unless the spring and the deer came early his people could not survive. Franz was angry that he should feel responsibility towards these improvident "savages." But what angered the young trapper most was the insistent feeling that his very presence here had helped to bring about the fatal misery of the People.

His father, and the other traders who had once bought furs from the Ihalmiut, had shown the People that pursuit of fox pelts was more desirable than pursuit of meat. And so the People had learned to neglect the caches of good meat which they had been used to making every autumn. Instead, they learned to trap the white fox and to trade the pelts for flour, shells and guns. It seemed a satisfactory change, for they were able to live with much less labour after the traders came.

But when trading ceased to pay high profits, the trading company withdrew its post, and the new way of life that had been taught to the People now became the way of death. Men who were once great hunters of the deer had become great hunters of the fox instead—but men cannot eat fox pelts. The People could not change their ways again. "Surely," they thought, "if we trap fox this winter and take the pelts south, we shall find the trader has returned." But when the hunters travelled south, the trading post stood empty.

The traders had abandoned the land and thought no more of the destruction they had wrought. But Franz lived there still: and he could not drive out the hidden knowledge of the fault. As the winter months dragged slowly by, he decided that with the coming of spring he would visit Anektaiuwa's camp.

IT was mid-March and Anektaiuwa had returned to his igloo from a futile hunt during which he carried no gun, but only a crude bow that served him little better than a toy serves a child; for the men of the Ihalmiut had forgotten how to make cunning bows of horn, during the long years when they had no need of bows, and guns were to be had in return for pelts. Anektaiuwa brought back two ptarmigan, and these winter-starved birds were to be all the food that four people and three dogs would have till the time



*say it  
'via Imperial'*



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about Brandy?

No. 1

1. I have heard that the quality of  
Wine is good, but I have never  
tasted it. The wine is  
known as the "Wine of the  
South" and is very famous.

2. I have heard that the quality of  
Wine is good, but I have never  
tasted it. The wine is  
known as the "Wine of the  
South" and is very famous.

3. I have heard that the quality of  
Wine is good, but I have never  
tasted it. The wine is  
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4. I have heard that the quality of  
Wine is good, but I have never  
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Wine is good, but I have never  
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6. I have heard that the quality of  
Wine is good, but I have never  
tasted it. The wine is  
known as the "Wine of the  
South" and is very famous.

**H E N N E S S Y**

*The BRANDY of France  
COGNAC*



came when most of them would have no further need of food.

For a month before that last desperate hunt of Anektaiuwa's there had been no more than a mouthful of food for each person on each day. The hunt had failed, as it was bound to fail, and now the course of things followed an inevitable pattern which the hunter could no longer break, no matter how he tried. Death was upon the camp. All that could be done was to channel its approach so that the least important of the living might go first.

There was no open mention of the problem, for none was needed. While Anektaiuwa still lived there was still hope. But should he, the hunter, die, then the family must perish even though the deer returned.

Next to him stood the children. Kunec and Anoteelik, for they were the visible expression of the Ithamiut's waning will to live. Behind the children was Utukalee, wife, mother, and source of new life—yet her work was nearly done, for the children were old enough to live without her help.

Then came the three dogs, the scrawny, irreplaceable dogs, survivors of a once-good team. Without their power to move across the frozen land, not even a great hunter could survive for long.

That was the family then—except for the old woman. What was her place? Nothing more secure than the niche that love and filial affec-

tion could ensure for her, and these emotions die readily when hunger closes its inexorable jaws.

On the night after Anektaiuwa's return with the two birds, the old woman did not sleep. It was her time. She sat staring unseeingly past her family's sleeping forms. She had looked forward to death, yet now that it was near, fear rose within her. The old woman heard the whisper of the sandlike snow as the never-ending winds drove it along the polished curve of the igloo's dome. As the snow noise grew, so grew her fear of death.

The long night was nearly over when the skeletal guardians of the passageway, the dogs, lifted gaunt heads and cowered against the snow blocks to leave the passage free for her. And the old woman passed out of the igloo into the darkness. The driving snow enveloped her and the darkness grew about her. She loosened her fur clothes and they slipped soundlessly into the drifts, and she was naked. The darkness drew about her frail and tortured form.

When morning came, no one in the family spoke of her. But later, when the brief half light of day was on them, Anektaiuwa went out alone into the snow, and he stood facing the wind. Then he spoke the words that he had learned as a child in the great and populous camps of the People. He spoke the phrases that he had been taught to say over the newly dead.

The two birds were eaten. The

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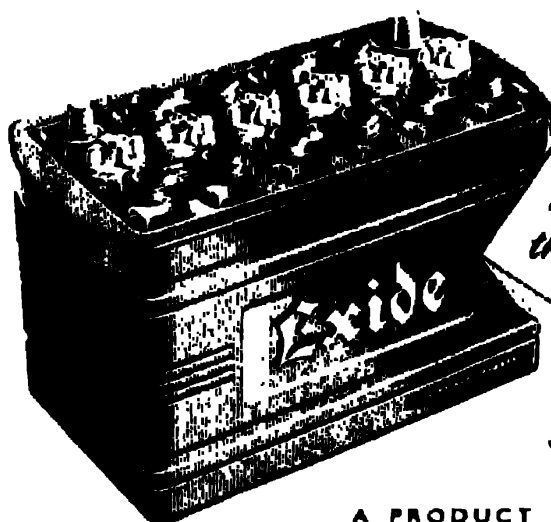
Battery improvement was blocked—by the separators used between the plates. Separators normally wear away, slowly but surely, in motor car service: till failure of even one of them ends the battery's life. That was the deadlock a British discovery broke—Porvic, a new microporous plastic. Porvic is pliable but tough—porous yet a perfect electrical insulator; and it simply does not wear out in use. Porvic has given Exide a separator virtually indestructible in service! Now Exide can use to full advantage the new longer-life plates developed in the Exide research laboratories.

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children had most of their meat, but Anektaiuwa had a small share. The guts and feathers went to the dogs, and Utukalee ate nothing. Her husband tried to make her eat his own slim portion, but she turned from him coughing blood, and would not eat.

A few days later, when Anektaiuwa awoke, he found his wife's body frozen in a grotesque contortion. He tried desperately to drag it out of the igloo before the children woke, but he could not bend the legs and arms that had been flung out from the body in its last convulsion.

A dog had also died that night, so it was eaten. The children ate the dry and bitter meat of the dog that died of hunger, and Anektaiuwa ate just enough to keep his strength in hand for what remained. A week passed and the other dogs were killed before they grew so thin that they became completely useless to the living. March passed into April.

When the last of the dog meat was eaten, Anektaiuwa took his old rifle and crawled out of the door tunnel into the light of day. The hunter was going hunting once again. Dragging the rifle behind him, he crept weakly over the ice-hard snow. He had gone perhaps 100 yards, his eyes half-blinded by the glare, when he saw movement on a ridge ahead. Trembling with weakness and with hope, he raised his ancient gun, steadied it briefly and fired at the miraculous vision of

the caribou that stood watchfully before him.

The children, huddled together in the igloo, heard no shot, for none was fired. They ate no meat—for there had been no deer. And in the white brilliance of the day, the thing that was Anektaiuwa grew stiff, beside the old and useless gun which still pointed to the unblemished drifts where the hunter had seen the last of his deer.

It was just after dawn the following day when Franz reached the camp. Seeing no sign of life, he prepared to travel south again. But when one of his dogs raised its head and howled, Franz glanced off to the side and saw the brown, shapeless hummock on the snow. At first he thought it was a wolverine and he slipped his rifle free of its case. But the brown thing did not stir and when Franz reached it, he recognized Anektaiuwa.

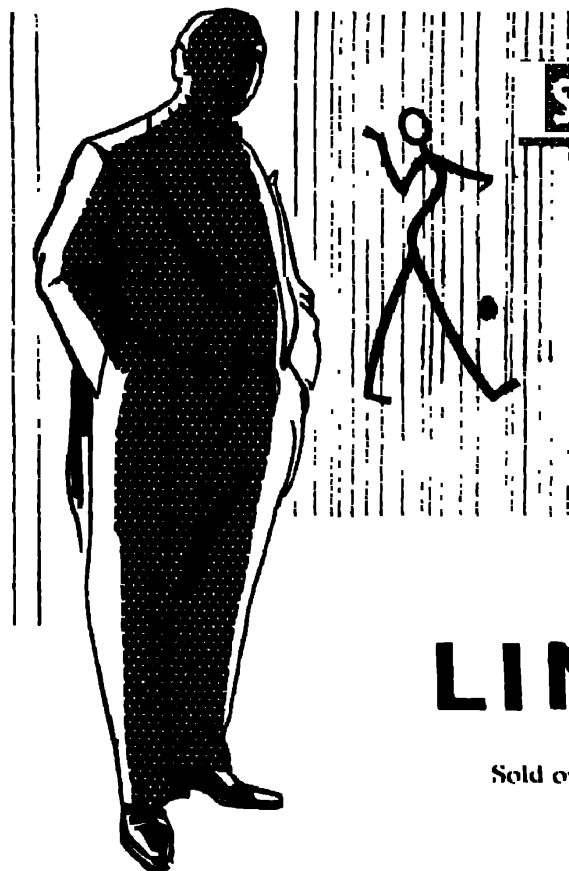
He did not touch the frozen corpse, and would have fled from the place—but faintly he heard a sound as of an animal maimed and left for dead. Summoning all his courage, he wormed his way down the long passage of Anektaiuwa's igloo. There he found the two children beside the frozen and contorted body of their mother. The whimpers of the little girl grew louder.

Franz covered the mother's body with skins, and then he stayed a full day in that igloo. He fed hot soup

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to the two bony things he had found, and he waited patiently while the children retched it up again; then he once more fed them soup until their rebellious stomachs would accept the nourishment. The little girl held out her hands to him, trembling little talons that were white with frost, and Franz massaged them gently until some warmth returned.

By the next day the children were already displaying the incredible resilience of the very young, and Franz was able to start the 60-mile trek back to Windy Bay. He left the children there with Hans, hitched up his dogs again and returned to the River of Men.

At the other camps there, he distributed enough food to prevent immediate disaster. Then he returned at once to Windy Bay and, after one day's rest, drove southwards for seven days on the 300-mile journey to the nearest outpost of white men. There, at Deer Lake, an ancient short-wave radio told the outside world of the plight of the Ihalmiut.

It was the first message ever to go out from the inland plains; the first cry for help in all the centuries that the People had lived their hidden lives within the land. Franz was the first of those—traders, trappers or missionaries who had heard of the People and their plight—to take it on himself to seek help for them.

And at last the slow wheels of government began to turn. An air-

craft unloaded supplies at the extreme south end of Nueltin Lake, 200 miles short of its destination. Franz travelled over 100 miles to the cache, and found that it consisted largely of things that would be of no use to the dying Ihalmiuts. There were white beans; sacks of white beans—for people who had no fuel for fires and whose world was still one of ice and snow!

Loading his tired dogs with the things that could be used, Franz started north again: 200 miles of bitter driving, with the spring thaws already making progress difficult. After having travelled altogether almost a thousand miles on behalf of the People, he came to the River of Men again—to learn that many had not been able to await his coming. Some of the dead were buried under rock piles. Others were attended to by wolves. As for the survivors, it was just another spring for them, little different from two-score past springs.

But there was something to balance the ledger this time—for a message *had* gone out. At long last the government had acknowledged that in the great plains lived a people who were its wards.

ON THE DAY after Hans and the children arrived at Windy Bay, I was awakened by the crash of gun shots. Franz, Anoteelik and Hans were steadily firing their rifles across the river. On the sloping bank nearly 100 deer were milling in stu-



**Whatever the pleasure  
Player's complete it**



*Player's  
Please*

[NCC: 808T]

**PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO**

pid anxiety. I could hear the flat thud of bullets going home in living flesh.

When the last of the struggling herd had passed, the three hunters and I crossed to the other shore where lay a dozen dying deer. I was sickened by the sight, for I had not yet come to recognize the stark utility of such killing.

Franz was quite unperturbed. Rapidly, he made one dexterous knife-thrust into the back of each deer's neck and neatly severed the spinal cord. Within ten minutes he began cutting up the meat. The hungry dogs raised their gaunt faces and howled exuberantly.

Kunee and Anoteelik were in an ecstasy. This was the first fresh meat they had tasted for months. Anoteelik snatched up a still-warm piece and wolfed it down with feverish excitement. Kunee was not far behind him; I cannot describe my emotions as I watched this girl-child with a knife in one hand and a great chunk of dripping meat in the other, stuffing her little face and burping like an old clubman after a gargantuan meal.

The fire had just been lit under a pot of deer tongues when a wild babble from the dogs brought me outside again, to find a great new herd of deer milling about. Hans could hardly restrain his urge to take up a rifle again, and the dogs threatened to uproot their tethering posts from the frozen ground. But the deer paid little heed. Splitting

into two groups, they flowed past the cabin, enveloping it in their midst. The stink of the barnyard was strong in our nostrils as they passed.

In less than an hour I had seen so many deer that it seemed as if the world were full of them. But I had seen nothing yet.

That afternoon Franz took me to a rock-sheathed height, from which I could just discern a line of motion on the distant southern hills. It seemed to me that the entire slopes were sliding gently downward to the bay. In broken twisted lines, the deer streamed out on to the ice until they were moving north across a six-mile front. The surface of the bay was one undulating mass of animals. And still they came. The flow continued unbroken until the sun stood on the horizon, and I became slowly conscious of a great apathy. Life, my life and that of Franz, of all living things I knew, seemed to have become meaningless. For here was Life on such a scale that it was beyond all comprehension. I thought of the 12 slaughtered deer, and I no longer felt horror. For the dead were drowned beyond memory in this living flow of blood that swept across the plains.

THE CARIBOU have no home. Winter and summer they must always be on the move, for the lichens and dwarf-willow leaves that form their chief foods are speedily exhausted by such numbers. And the People

of the Deer await their coming and live from them. When the deer are destroyed, as they are now being destroyed, the People die.

As the endless herds pass by, talk of the destruction of the caribou seems insane. But as their slaughter continues, the herds are disappearing. In the wooded country of northern Manitoba, where many of the herds still winter, I have seen a narrow neck of water, connecting two lakes, which was entirely filled with deer bones. The antlers alone, in that vast boneyard, could have been counted only in the tens of thousands.

Years ago the migrating deer were funnelled by two parallel lines of hills into the narrow channel between the lakes, and it took them two weeks to get through. The forest Indians came there every autumn and each man brought a case of ammunition for his rifle, and remained until the ammunition failed or until the deer were past. Those that *did* pass.

The ice creaked with the weight of the dead deer until it melted in the spring and dropped the bodies into the deep water. In the course of two decades the channel became so clogged with bones that a canoe could not be safely paddled through it. And most of these deer were untouched by man—except that all had their tongues removed. *An outpost of a world-famous trading concern had encouraged the sale of tremendous quantities of ammunition*

*by offering to buy all the deer tongues that were brought in!*

Now only a trickle of the great herd of caribou flows past that place. The deer have not changed their routes—they have simply gone. And the rifles that destroyed the deer have also destroyed the Indians who held the rifles as surely as if the Indians had turned them on themselves. For starvation followed as the aftermath of the great slaughter.

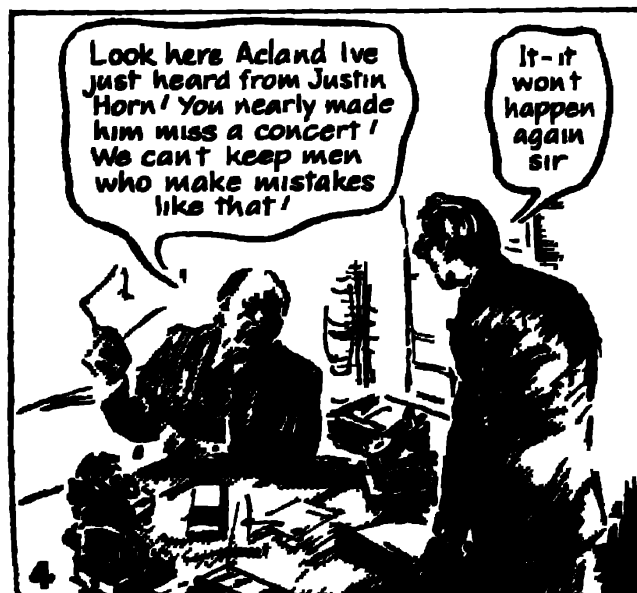
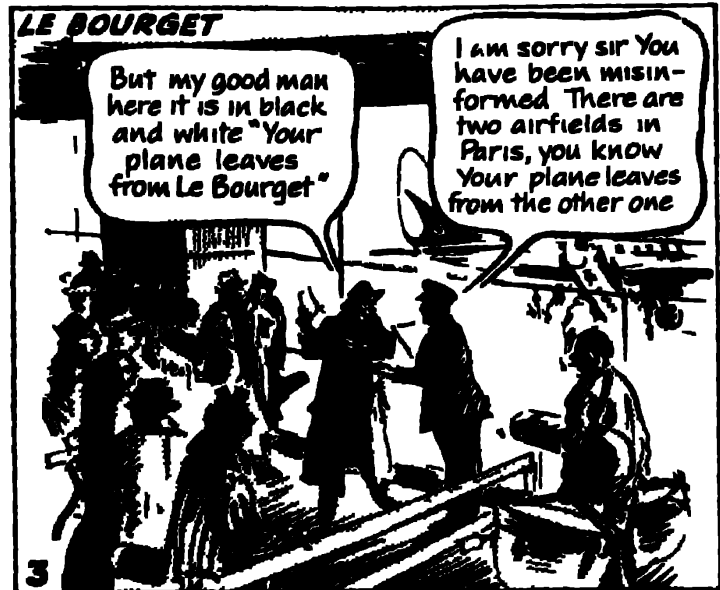
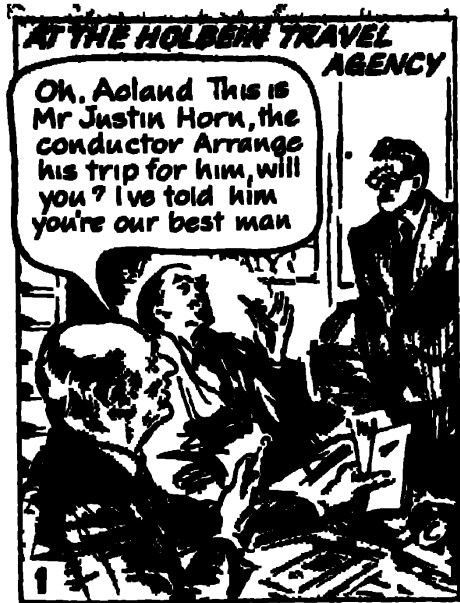
It is almost the same tale throughout the entire wooded winter range of the caribou. At Reindeer Lake, only ten years ago, the annual kill was somewhere in the vicinity of 50,000 animals. Now there are not so many living deer in the whole vast district.

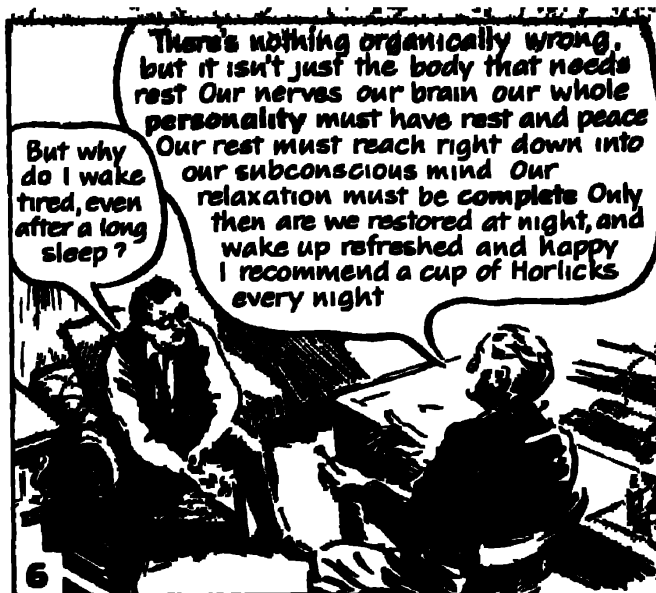
Still, no one but a fool will blame the Indians and Eskimos. Before the coming of white men, they lived in harmony with the animals who gave them life. But when the trading posts began to spread into the northern forests, a race of men who for centuries had been killing deer with weapons that were efficient only when used with great skill were presented with the magazine rifle, a weapon that could destroy without the need of skill. The trading firms grew wealthy and still today grow wealthier.

Today the caribou herds still form. Yet now they pass along one route, where once they moved by many roads. Out on the frozen plains the People of the Deer wait amid famine and fear. For they can

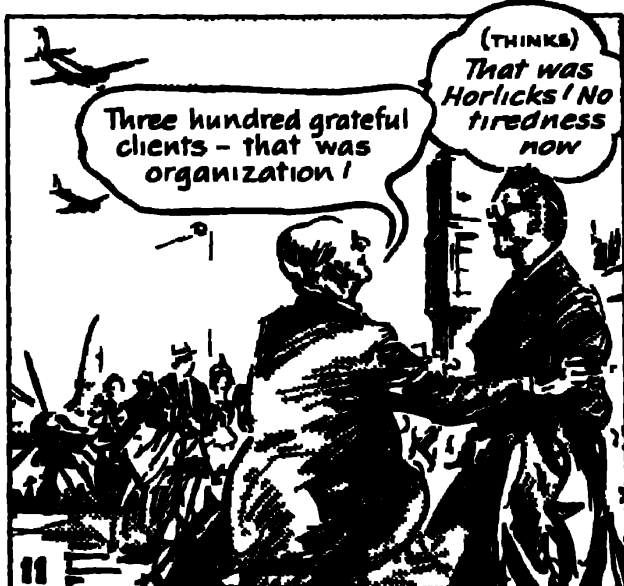
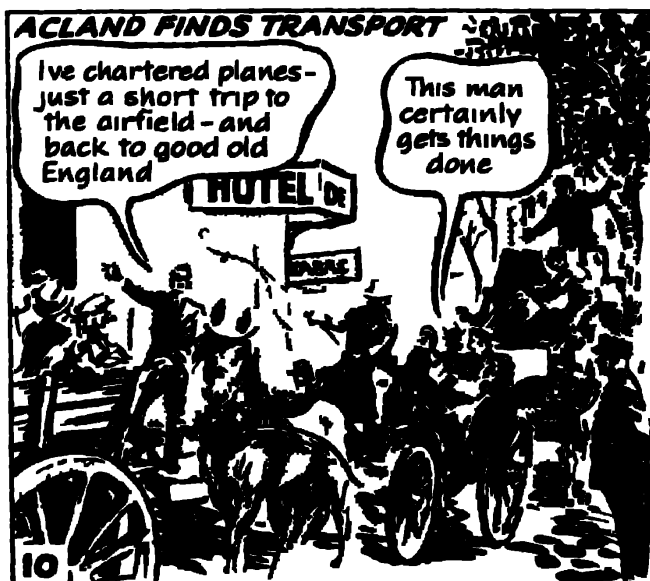


# Travel Trouble





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**HORLICKS**  
**RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT**

no longer tell if the remaining herds will pass within reach of their camps or whether they will pass 100 miles away—and bring no hope to those who starve and die.

SUMMER was upon us before it was possible to journey to the River of Men to meet the People of the Deer. I shall not soon forget the tortures of our march. It took Franz and me more than a week to cover the same 60 miles that the Ihalmiut cross in two days and a night.

While the sun shone, the heat was as intense as in the Tropics. Yet we were forced to wear sweaters and even caribou-skin jackets, for the flies and mosquitoes hung like a malevolent mist about us. They came in such numbers that they actually gave me a feeling of physical terror. They worked under our shirts and glued themselves to our flesh with the blood of countless bites. There was simply no avoiding them. The bleak Barrens stretched into emptiness on every side, and offered no escape. To stop for food was torture and to continue in the overwhelming heat was worse. At times a kind of insanity would seize us and we would run wildly, but the pursuing hordes stayed with us.

Our path took us over a succession of rolling hills strewn with angular rocks which cut our boots and bruised our feet until it was agony to walk at all. The valley floors were one continuous mattress of wet moss into which we sank

until our feet found the perpetual ice that lay underneath. Stumbling through the icy waters of the muskegs, floundering across streams, we would become numbed from the waist down, while our upper bodies were bathed in sweat. If, as happened for three solid days, it rained, then we lived a sodden nightmare as we crossed those endless bogs.

I am not detailing the conditions to emphasize my own discomforts, but to illustrate the amazing capacity of the Ihalmiut as travellers. Over such country a man of the People moves with ease. He travels light. In summer he carries little more than his knife, a pipe and perhaps a spare pair of skin boots. He eats when he finds something to eat. He catches suckers in the shrunken streams with his hands, snares ground squirrels with a length of rawhide, looks for eggs or flightless birds. It is not that he is impervious to discomfort, but simply that—unlike the white man, who in this land always lives at odds with his environment—the Eskimo has adjusted himself to the conditions he must face.

By the time we approached the River of Men I was aware of a desperation not very far from madness. I cursed the land and the ephemeral dreams which had brought me to it. I was so tired that I did not greatly care whether or not I survived. If only those bloodthirsty legions of flies would let me die in peace!



*The instinct warns of the split-second when the corner of the net will be unguarded. Off spring-heels the body becomes a balanced jack-in-the-box. The head twists. The forehead flicks the bullet-swift ball away at the perfect acute angle. **It all adds up to** two points for the home side.*

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On the last day, I was trailing half a mile behind Franz when I heard him call and looked up to see three figures on the crest ahead. When I reached them, Franz and two Ihalmiuts were sitting cross-legged on the rocks.

One of the People was manipulating a drill which looked rather like a bow and arrow with the arrow pointed down into a piece of wood upon the ground, while the bow was being pushed back and forth. From the spinning tip rose a little curl of yellow smoke. For three days we had had neither a smoke nor a mug of tea—the two things that make life just barely tolerable for white men in the Barrens. Now I stood panting on the hill and watched an Eskimo casually producing fire as our prehistoric ancestors had produced it in their time.

Franz motioned me to sit down while he got out our packet of sodden tea. Now the second Eskimo took our pail and with a broad grin ran down the slope to fetch us water from a tundra pool. Franz nodded his head after the water-getter.

"Ohoto," he said. "One of the best. And this one over here is Hekwaw, the finest hunter of the bunch."

Both were dressed in *holiktuk*—parkas of autumn deerskin with fur side turned out. Although one of these was decorated with insets of pure white fur about the shoulders and the other had a bead-embroidered neck and cuffs, the general

appearance of both men was positively scruffy. Tears in the garments had been imperfectly mended, and great patches of hair were worn off. Food drippings and dirt from unidentifiable sources had matted the fur that remained.

My first reaction as I saw and smelled these men was one of revulsion. I felt the instinctive surge of the white man's ego as I wondered why the devil they couldn't wear clean clothes. That was, of course, the superficial thought of one who had no knowledge.

Old Hekwaw—the Bear, the others called him—was a mountain of a man. His face, above a short and massive neck, was deeply seamed and marked by a slanting forehead and a flattened nose with sprawling nostrils. But there was intelligence in his eyes, humour and good nature, that belied the weathered hide and flat-planed cheeks.

Ohoto returned with the water and with an armful of willow twigs for a fire and began to heat water for tea. Ohoto's was a young and still unwrinkled face. He had a high, broad forehead and the eyes below it were black and very bright with alert curiosity.

Ohoto had an empty stone pipe clenched between his teeth, and I was not slow to take the hint. I pulled out a bit of plug, damp and covered with debris, and when Ohoto saw it he beamed broadly. Squatting on his hams beside me and grinning in the grand manner,

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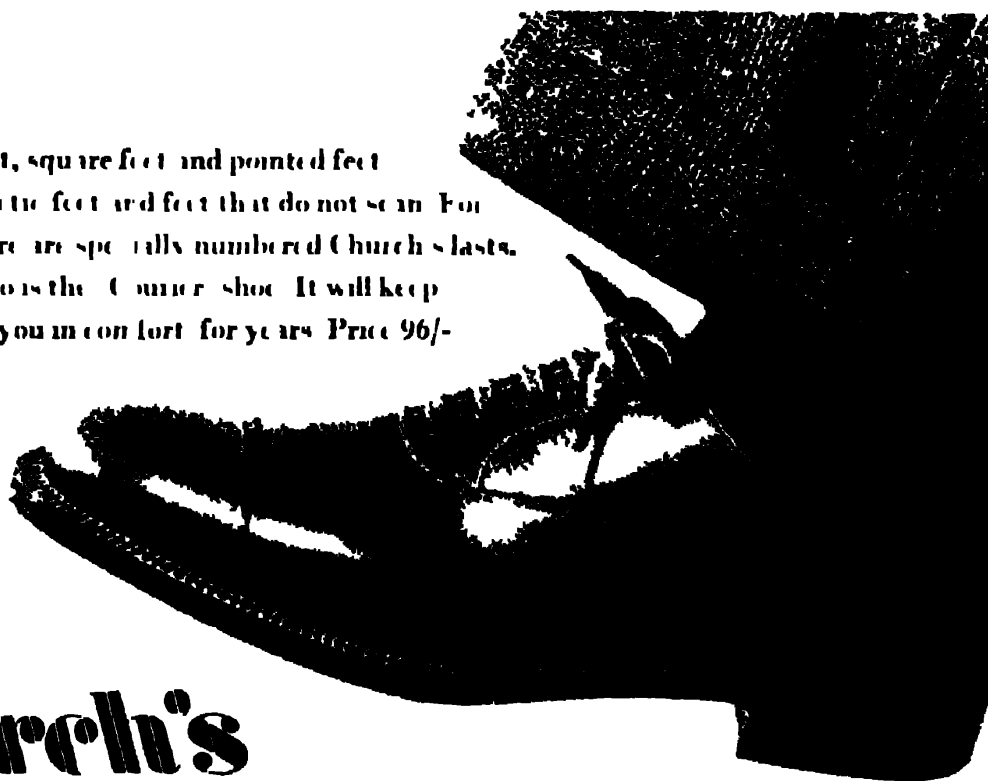
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he stretched his arm towards a large lake a few miles to the north, and said, "*Ootek Kumanik!* (Ootek's Lake!)" I saw beside the lake a fine thread of smoke—the tents of the People!

Later, after we had drunk our tea, the two Eskimos led us down into Ihalmiut land. Their bounding agility over the rough rocks would have put a caribou to shame. We followed painfully a long way behind, and at last came to the low shores of Ootek's Lake.

Two new fires had been lighted before the three tents, for the People had seen strangers approaching, and it is mandatory that all strangers must be fed as soon as they arrive. Here were the tents of Hekwaw, Ootek and Ohoto and on nearby lakes there were four other such little groups. Thus, within a radius of three miles, dwelt all the living People in a land which measures 150,000 square miles. It was the most ancient camp of the Ihalmiut, and it was also the last.

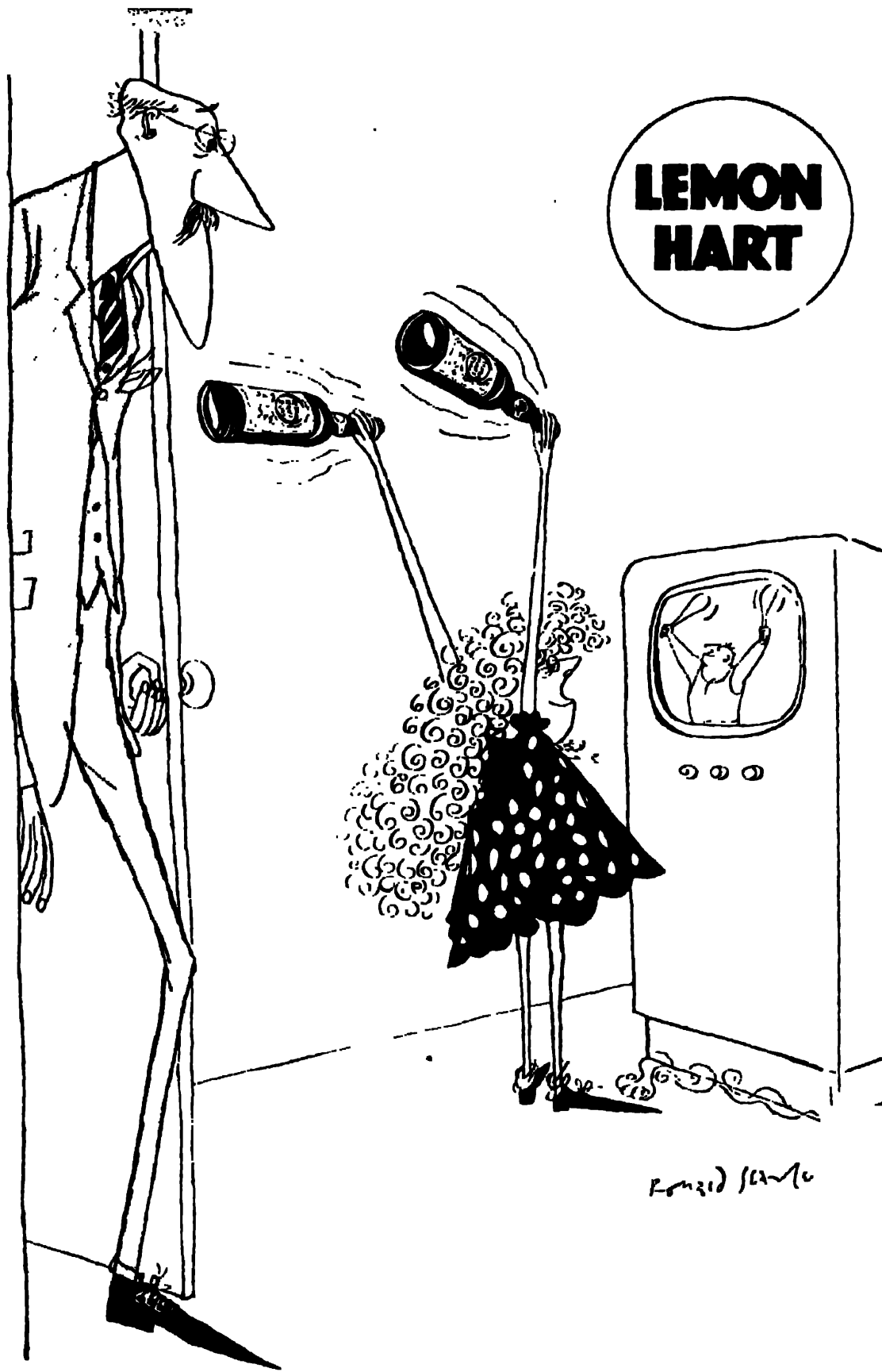
And I was the first outlander to come upon it in all the centuries that tents had stood beside the River of Men.

*ON* A WAY, the Ihalmiut camp seemed only to accentuate the apparent desolation and emptiness of the Arctic plains. Piles of whitened caribou bones formed a pavement all about the camp, having mounted with the years on this ancient site, for in the Barrens neither wood nor

bone ever seems to rot. The three tents stood on a sloping ledge where they would catch any breeze, which was the sole protection from the flies. Near each tent were a rough stone hearth and a tremendous mound of willow twigs. On the nearest fireplace was a huge iron pot, obtained in trade with coastal Eskimos, which looked ridiculously like the pots cannibals favour in cartoons. Each tent was a cone perhaps ten feet high—a patchwork of roughly scraped and stretched-together deer hides on a wooden frame. The untanned-hide doors faced north—the direction from which the returning deer should come.

Hekwaw and Ohoto had run ahead, shouting loudly, but their warning was superfluous, for every man, woman and child was out about the fires. Ootek's wife, Howmik, was wrestling with the hind quarters of a deer, still dripping wet, which she had hauled out of the cold storage of the frigid lake. Her child Inoti, who lived in the back of her parka, screamed with pleasure as he clutched at her flying braids. Even the dogs caught the excitement and began to chase their tails or joined in noisy battle.

Ootek, Hekwaw and Ohoto now welcomed us formally into their homes, Ohoto and Hekwaw acting as if they were meeting us for the first time. They were very correct and very solemn as they gravely touched our finger tips. Then we



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SP 19

walked together to Ootek's tent, and all the children, women and old men from the entire camp crowded in closely behind.

Ootek bade us sit down, and while his wife prepared the meal I had a good look at this Ihalmiut home. Along one half of the enclosed circle was the low sleeping bench of willow twigs and lichens, covered with a haphazard mattress of tanned deer hides. This was the communal bed where the entire family slept together under a robe of skins.

The rest of the floor space was given over to an amazing litter of half-eaten, ready-to-be eaten and never-to-be-eaten bits of caribou. I saw an entire boiled head that had been pretty well chewed over, and a pile of leg bones which had been cracked for marrow. On one side was a brisket, with skin attached, of a deer that obviously should have been eaten long ago. Later I discovered this was a sort of snack bar where hungry visitors could slice off a bit of raw, but well-tenderized, meat while waiting for mealtime.

Franz now passed round a plug of tobacco, and I noticed that Ootek, after filling his pipe with the precious stuff, passed it to his wife so that she might have the first smoke. A small gesture, this, but one I was to find typical of the consideration and affection with which the Ihalmiut men treated their wives.

There was a tremendous amount of talk while we waited for supper, most of it between Franz and the

three Eskimo men, while the rest listened avidly and interjected comments and bursts of laughter. Franz translated. The conversation was, as always, mostly about *Tuktu*, the deer. But Franz was soon too interested to waste time translating for me and I began to get bored. To occupy myself, I got out my notebook and began to sketch a caribou, idly putting a pipe in his mouth and giving the beast a self-satisfied and human leer.

I had not realized that I was being watched by Hekwaw peering intently over my shoulder. At first he was puzzled, but suddenly the full humour of a caribou that smoked a pipe struck him with the force of a physical blow, and he rolled off the bench in hysterics.

Both Franz and I jumped up in real consternation. My notebook fell face upwards on the floor, where it was pounced on by Ohoto, who took one quick look and burst into wild guffaws. The book was snatched from his hand and passed round the circle of eager faces, and with the rapidity of chain lightning the laughter spread and grew wilder until it engulfed the tent in one insane pandemonium.

I finally realized that all this was but a tribute to my wit, and I looked again at my drawing. Oddly enough it struck me, too, as being hilariously funny, and I began to bellow with laughter. The thing was now quite out of control. Hekwaw had a choking fit and someone hauled

him outside for treatment. One old crone lost her balance and fell through the tent wall, sprawling on the rocks outside still shrieking dementedly. Mass hysteria had seized the People, and nothing seemed capable of stopping it.

Nothing, that is, except food. Howmik appeared in the doorway bearing a big wooden tray heaped high with steaming deer meat. As if by magic the rich aroma quelled the mirth, and everyone sat down expectantly.

**H**OWMIK placed the great tray on the floor of the tent and we five men squatted round it for my first meal with the People. That tray was a magnificent piece of work, nearly four feet long by two feet wide with upcurved ends and sides. It had been constructed with what must have been heartbreaking labour from the tiny dwarf spruce, with at least 30 hand hewn sections of wood meticulously fitted together with waterproof mortised joints and pegs of deer horn.

On the tray half a dozen par-boiled legs of deer were spread out in a thick gravy full of deer hairs. Bobbing about in the debris were a dozen tongues and, like a cage holding the lesser cuts of meat, there was an entire boiled ribbasket.

The sight of this vast array of meat left me a trifle weak, but as the others were waiting impatiently for the major guest to make the first move, I took my sheath knife and

cautiously sawed off a good-sized chunk, scraped away the encrustation of hairs and cuddled it in my lap since there was nothing else to serve as a plate.

Now the three Ihalmiut men tusked in—I use that word advisedly. Ohoto seized an entire leg, sank his teeth into it, held the joint away from his face, and made a quick slash at the meat with his knife. I watched in horrified consternation—the sharp blade no more than cleared the tip of his broad nose, and he made his cut without looking.

Iekwaw seemed to prefer the soup. He dipped his cupped hands in it and then sucked up the greasy fluid with gusty relish, now and again chewing at a deer's tongue which he dropped back into the soup to keep warm between bites.

It struck me that I was being a little fussy. So I took a deep breath and, seizing my meat in both hands, began to gnaw away on it. It was delicious.

Then Ootek, beaming with the pride of a good host, pressed me to try a marrowbone and showed me how to tap it with a little rock so that the long, jelly like marrow dropped out intact. You can doubt me if you wish, but I have never tasted anything quite as good as that hot marrow. Fat, but not oily, it beggars all description!

It wasn't long before I was too full to tackle even one more marrow bone. Franz felt the same, but



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the other men continued their attack on the heaping mound of meat until it was all gone, to the last drop of gravy. Then, while they sat back and burped with prolonged fervour, Howmik took the tray away, refilled it, and the women had their meal.

That was my first dinner with the Eskimos but not, as may have seemed inevitable, my last. Five times each day we sat down to a new meal—considered barely adequate by the Ihalmiut when they have food—and in between we had light lunches. The cooking varied somewhat, but the food did not. At every meal we had nothing but meat, unless you could count a few well-rotted ducks' eggs which served as appetizers.

I tried to estimate the quantity of meat Hekwaw put away every day. I discovered that when he was really hungry he could manage 15 pounds.

**U**NDoubtedly the most important item of Ihalmiut food is fat. The lucky coastal Eskimos have had an abundance of fat and oil available from sea mammals for both food and fuel. The inland people must depend upon the caribou for fats, and there is never enough to provide fuel and food together. As a result, the winter igloos generally remain entirely unheated, and almost without light during the interminable winter darkness. Yet the people manage to survive temperatures of 50 degrees below zero in

their winter homes because fat is being burned—*within their bodies*. Each man is his own furnace, and so long as there is enough deer fat to last until spring, the People manage to stay alive.

But even in summer, fat remains absolutely essential to anyone living on an all-meat diet. I learned this during one long canoe trip Franz and I took later. The deer were extraordinarily thin at the time, so our diet consisted almost entirely of lean meat. Before the end of the week I was smitten with diarrhoea and an increasing lassitude that made me quite useless in the canoe. Then Franz turned physician. One evening he took our half-pound of precious lard, melted it in a frying pan and, when it was lukewarm, ordered me to drink it. Strangely, I was greedy for it, though the thought of tepid lard nauseates me now. I drank a lot of it, then went to bed. By morning I was completely recovered.

The Barrens are not given over to the deer alone. In winter Arctic hares abound and make delicious food. In spring and autumn flocks of ptarmigan may cover the hills. And in summer the rivers and lakes are filled with fish.

But the People know that hares, ptarmigan and fish simply cannot supply enough fat to support human life in the Barrens.

**I**N SEPTEMBER 1947 I reluctantly said good-bye to the Ihalmiut.

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CONVERSATION STUDIES (Dept. RG/CS4)  
MARPLE CHESHIRE

Franz and his brother moved to Churchill with the two Eskimo children. So by the beginning of the new year the Barren Lands were empty of white men.

In 1948, however, I again travelled North by chartered plane to the half-hidden cabin lying under its mantle of drifts. Ootek was waiting there. He ran swiftly forward, and on his gaunt face a smile spread and grew until wild laughter, born of relief, sprang from his throat.

When we reached the cabin and burrowed through the drifts to its dubious shelter, Ootek explained by gestures that he had come in the forlorn belief that the white man might have returned to Windy Bay. Starvation had driven him here, though he knew the cabin was deserted. Stubbornly he had stayed on for two days without food, and with only the blind hope that help might come from the skies to sustain him. On the third day he had begun his dark journey homewards when he heard the miraculous roar of *Kone-taiiv*—the wings of the white man.

Ootek remained only long enough for a meal and to receive some ammunition for his rifle. The forerunners of the deer herds were already in the plains and so, now with cartridges for his gun, the spring

famine was at an end for Ootek. Had I come a month later, that evil spring when Kune and Anoteelik were orphaned would have been repeated.

Four days after Ootek left, he returned accompanied by all the men of the Ihalmiut camp, and they could not do enough to show their joy at my arrival. Without Franz to interpret for me, however, the barrier of language was now completely frustrating. Clearly, unless I could learn the Ihalmiut tongue, I would leave the Barrens in as great ignorance of its People as when I came. I made it clear to Ootek that I was going to learn his language.

The unadorned fact that I, a white man, should voluntarily ask the People to teach me their tongue, instead of expecting them to learn mine—this was the key to their hearts. Their response was instant, enthusiastic and almost overwhelming. Both Ootek and Ohoto, who was called in to assist in the task, abruptly ceased to treat me with the usual deference they extended to white strangers. They made me understand, by highly emotional and anxious pantomime, that I was no longer a stranger; I was now a man of the Ihalmiut.

This initiation was so informal that for a while its deep significance escaped me. It was some time before I discovered that Ootek and Ohoto had not only made me an adopted man of the land but had also given me a relationship with them both. I



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became their song-cousin, a difficult relationship to define, but one that is only extended on the most complete and comprehensive basis of friendship. If I wished, I might have shared all things that Ootek and Ohoto possessed, even to their wives, though this honour was not thrust upon me.

Under their tutelage, by asking the names of objects about me and acting out the verbs, I quickly learned a working language of the People. In a month I was able to make myself understood and I could understand most of what was said to me. I thought the tales I had heard of the difficulties of the language were, like so many other popular misconceptions about the Eskimos, absolute nonsense. It was not until nearly a year had gone by that I discovered the true reason for my quick progress.

The secret lay, of course, with Ootek and Ohoto, who, with the co-operation of the rest of the People, had devised a special method of teaching me a language that is, in reality, a most difficult one. They had approached the problem with great acumen, first reasoning that a white man probably possesses a rather inferior brain which cannot be expected to cope with the full-blown intricacies of the language.

They therefore invented a short cut, solely for my personal use. They taught me root words, shorn of the multitudinous suffixes and prefixes which give their tongue a flexibility

and a delicate shading of meaning that is probably unsurpassed by any language spoken today. In effect, they developed a specialized "basic Eskimo," and they themselves learned to use it, not only when talking to me but when talking to each other within my hearing.

As I GREW to know the People, my respect for their intelligence and ingenuity increased.

At first I could not understand why they built such poor, shoddy dwelling places. Although their open skin tents offer hardly more shelter than a thicket of trees, they grudgingly abandon them for snow igloos only when the temperature reaches 60 or 70 below. But willow is their only fuel, and, while it burns well enough in an open tent, in a snow igloo its smoke chokes out human occupants. In the tent one can at least have hot soup once in a while; but after life in the igloos begins, almost all food must be eaten while it is frozen rock hard.

It took me nearly a year to realize that the People not only have good homes but that they have devised the one perfect house. The tent is really only an auxiliary shelter. The real home of the Inuit is carried about on his back—his clothing. In truth, it is the only house that can enable men to survive in the merciless Barrens. It has central heating from the fat furnace of the body; its walls are perfectly insulated. It

is complete, light in weight, easy to make and to repair.

Primarily the Ihalmiut house consists of two suits of deer hide, worn one over the other, and each carefully tailored to the owner's dimensions. The inner suit is worn with the hair facing inwards while the outer suit has its hair turned out to the weather. Each suit consists of a pullover parka with a hood, a pair of fur trousers, fur gloves and fur boots, and the double motif is extended even to the tips of the fingers. Both inner and outer parkas hang slackly at least to the knees, and provide full ventilation.

The inner hides are held away from the body by the resiliency of the deer hairs, and in the resulting space there is a constantly moving layer of warm air which absorbs all the sweat and carries it off. Thus the Eskimo has protection over all parts of his body—even the narrow oval in front of his face is covered by a long silken fringe of wolverine fur, the one fur to which the moisture of breathing will not adhere and freeze.

In summer, when the outer suit is discarded, the single remaining layer not only sheds water but, because it is efficiently ventilated, remains surprisingly cool. Also it offers the nearest thing to perfect protection against the flies—the hood is pulled up so that it covers the neck and the ears, and the flies find it nearly impossible to get at the skin underneath.

In the case of women's clothing, the Ihalmiut home has two rooms. The back of the parka has an enlargement, as if it were made to fit a hunchback, and in this space, called the *amaut*, lives the unweaned child of the family. He sits there stark naked, in unrestricted delight, where he can look out on the world. Under his backside goes a bundle of remarkably absorbent sphagnum moss, which in that land of moss can be replaced in an instant.

This then is the home of the People. It is the gift of the land, but mainly it is the gift of *Tuktu*, the deer.

THE FIRST great law of the Barrens is that a man's business is sacred unto himself, and that it is no part of his neighbour's duty to interfere unless the community is endangered. The second law is that, while there is food or equipment in any one of the tents, no man in another tent shall want for any of these.

Put it this way: Every item of equipment is the personal property of one person, or of a family group. But if a stranger in need of a spear should come to the place, any spear is his for the taking. He may or may not return the spear when he is finished with it, for the spear



is now *his* property, and is not just something he borrowed.

The unwritten laws form a code of behaviour—known as the Law of Life—which, though flexible, imposes barriers beyond which an Eskimo does not dream of stepping. There is a remarkable absence of crime in the camps of the Ihalmiut.

Sexual promiscuity is not so scandalously prevalent among the Eskimos as many stories would lead us to believe. Wife-sharing, as it is called, is its only manifestation. Women for hire, clandestine sexual experiences, the thinly cloaked extra-marital relations of those who have been joined by the Church—all these belong to our race and not to the Ihalmiut. Wife-trading, which is practised only by song-cousins or other close friends, is a voluntary device which helps alleviate the hardships of the land. When a man must make a prolonged hunting trip, or visit a distant relative, he often leaves his wife at home because of the dangers of travel. So when he arrives at his destination his song-cousin may volunteer to share *his* wife with the visitor during his stay—but only with the wife's full consent. This is contrary to our law, but it seems a perfectly sane arrangement among the Ihalmiut.

Infanticide is another favourite bogey of the sensationalist writers. The tragedy is that it does occur, and will continue to occur while there is need for it. That is the

point—there is an inescapable need for it at times, and nothing we can say will change that need. The unwritten order of survival places the man, the hunter, at the head of the list as the most indispensable member of the family group. Next come the wife and their helpless young children.

Can the wife feed her family when there is no man to bring in the meat? Who can care for children who have not yet been weaned, when the mother is gone? So infanticide happens. But I have seen the overmastering devotion Ootek feels for his son Inoti, and I have seen the frantic desperation that fills him when danger threatens the child. I should not like to feel what Ootek felt as he watched his first children die, unable to help them in the face of death. Let the moralists keep their sanctimonious mouthings from the ears of Ootek and those of his race who know what it is to assist death in its work.

I remember I once expressed surprise to Ootek that no Ihalmiut child is ever spanked, even when provocation is great. I spoke casually; but Ootek replied with vehemence.

"Who but a madman would raise his hand against blood of his blood?" he asked me. "Who but a madman would, in his man's strength, stoop to strike against the weakness of a child?"

So the children live their lives free of all restraint—and they are

at least as well behaved as any children anywhere.

Even among adults there is absolutely no organization to hold authority over the People, no council of elders, no policeman. Yet the People exist in amity together, and the secret of this is co operative endeavour.

There are certain things the Barrens do not allow to coexist with men, and foremost among these is anger. Anger in the heart of an Ithalmiut is as potentially dangerous as homicidal madness, for anger can lead him to ignore the perils which beset him, and so bring him and his fellows to destruction. The Ithalmiut have always looked upon anger as a sign of savagery and immaturity.

As for murder, examine the Royal Canadian Mounted Police reports for the last 20 years and you will discover that murder is a rarity in the Eskimo camps. Furthermore, many of the so called Eskimo "murders" were not murders at all but mercy killings dictated by dire necessity, a solution to a situation where other men's lives were threatened.

When a man becomes mad and threatens the life of those who live about him, then the sentence of death is invoked. There is no trial, no official passing of judgment. Perhaps three or four men, usually those most closely related to the madman, meet and speak indirectly of the problem which faces the en-

tire community. One of their number is designated as the executioner.

The executioner does his deed quickly and humanely. If he is lucky and the white men do not hear of it, this is the end of it. But in not a few cases, Eskimos who have had the terrible task of destroying brothers, fathers or sons, so that the rest may survive, have been rewarded by white man's justice for the mental sufferings they have endured by being hanged by the neck until they were dead.

As I BECAME more competent with the language, I discovered that the talk of the People was largely devoted to times past. It almost seemed as if the Ithalmiut deliberately tried to relive those happier days. And it was not long before I could picture the vanished years when a man might stand on a hill and, though he looked east, west, north or south, could see nothing but deer.

In the spring there was much gorging on fresh meat. Yet the People then killed only enough deer to meet their needs until the autumn. For the hides of the spring deer are useless for clothing and the meat is lean and lacking in fat.

It was in the autumn, when the herds returned from the North, that the excitement mounted to a frenzy of action during the week that the migration continued. In the camps huge fires burned day and night, and blocks of white deer fat began to mount up in the tents. All

over the plains, little rock cairns covered the quartered bodies of deer. And by the tents the women and children worked over many fine hides, cleaning and scraping them thin.

Those were the years of richness and vigour for the Ihalmiut. Their numbers were in the thousands.

But one day one of the Ihalmiut went southwards to a white man's trading post. And when he returned he brought the People a gift from *us*.

A strange sickness broke out in the camp of the returned traveller. A Great Pain—the Ihalmiut name for tuberculosis—sat on the People's chests and denied them air for their lungs. The Great Pain swept on up the River of Men, and into the hidden camps by the lakes, and over all the face of the land. Before the end of that spring more than a third of the People had died of it.

When summer was old the River of Men was deserted, and only hasty graves on its banks remained to mark the habitations of men. In the years to follow, the river never again saw the great camps of the Ihalmiut, for now it was a river of ghosts.

The plague had broken the People. They never recovered their strength. By 1947 only two score survivors remained of the thousands who once roamed the central plains. And that winter—when the parents of Kuneek and Anoteelik perished and their grandmother stepped

naked into the winter night—took 12 more lives.

Nor was the tragedy yet at an end. In 1950 famine again struck with undiminished ferocity, leaving the Ihalmiut, in effect, a dead race—for they had lost two of the four remaining women capable of child-bearing. The outcome of our neglect was that the People had lost their last chance of survival.

IN MID-SEPTEMBER 1948, when I left the Barrens to return to my own world, I said good-bye to Ohoto and Ootek in the white man's way. After we had shaken hands, Ohoto took from his mouth the pipe he was smoking, a tiny and shapely object of semi-transparent stone, artistically bound with brass from an old cartridge. Silently, he handed it to me—a trivial gift in farewell.

And yet?—how trivial was it? I knew how that pipe had come down from a century that is gone, for it was the pipe of Ohoto's father. It had seen more of the things in the land than any man living. It was to have gone with Ohoto into his grave, to remain with him as a familiar thing in the eternity he sought at the end of his days.

Now it would go with me, instead, out of the land, to lie warm and smouldering in the palm of my hand as I remembered the things I needed to say if the voices of the Ihalmiut were to be heard in the world of the white man.

My conscience will not rest. It is not enough that I have chronicled the tragedy of certain men. For the story of the Ihalmiut is not theirs alone. Much of what I have written holds true for many thousands of Indians and Eskimos across the whole breadth of the continent.

If the tragedy of the Barrens is not to become the final history of all those who dwell within the cold sweep of the Arctic, we must give them freedom from their long starvation. Charity is usually fatal to a primitive people, even as it is often fatal to civilized ones. The outright gift of food to the natives brings about a dependency which is often mortal, for they do not understand our motivations, and they believe—not unreasonably—that we are so rich that we can afford to go on giving, so that they will never again need to lift their hands in their own cause. No, we must not give "food." We must *give the natives the means of procuring their own fat and meat from the land which is theirs.*

The fate of the deer has been the fate of all the Arctic meat-animals. The musk oxen have almost vanished. The whalers have long since destroyed the great mammals which once came into Hudson Bay and into all the narrow waters at the top of the continent; and with the passing of the whales whole tribes of Eskimos have also vanished. The sealing fleets have done yeoman work. And the walrus, which were

once the most important of the sea beasts to the coast Eskimos, have been terribly diminished.

The question is, what can we do to restore the food we have stolen from the mouths of the northern peoples? The caribou provide a clear example of what might be done. At the moment the deer are close to the fatal level beyond which further reduction in numbers will doom them to extinction. But they have not yet passed the point of no return. There are enough caribou left so that the species could stage a quick comeback.

For this they need only protection. Not from wolves, nor from the legitimate appetites of the natives, *but from us.* Directly, they need protection from white trappers and hunters; indirectly, they need protection from the trading companies who profit from the uncontrolled sale of repeating rifles and astronomical amounts of ammunition. If we were to place an absolute prohibition on the killing of deer by the white man, and if we were to restrict the sale of ammunition and the types of weapons sold to the natives, the deer would do the rest.

The Eskimos have little hope of sharing our civilization until we extend to them the material facilities which are needed for their transition—proper schools, proper medical facilities and honest economic treatment. With these, they could cross the void which now

separates their world from ours.

Fortunately, I have the proof that these ideas are realistic. For I can tell you of a place where all I have asked for the natives of our Arctic has already been granted to an Eskimo people. This place is Greenland, the far-eastern outpost of the Eskimo, where the Danish Government has long followed an enlightened policy of native administration.

In Greenland today there are no people called Eskimos. There are only Greenlanders. Some carry pure Eskimo blood in their veins; some carry a mixture, and some are of pure Danish blood—but *all* are one people. Men of Eskimo stock attend Danish universities and return to Greenland to teach in schoolrooms built for the children of all bloods. They also take an increasing part in industry—not as brute labour but as men of equal stature with all other men.



They operate a large, efficient and lucrative fishing industry. They help run trading posts, and man the intricate scientific apparatus of weather stations. In effect, the Greenlanders now own their own economy. They are rigidly protected from the commercial exploitation which has a stranglehold on our Arctic regions. Because one humane white race saw far into the future, the Eskimos of Greenland now belong to that future—and the future belongs to them.

So you see, it can be done.

And it may come to pass that, in the winters that still stretch ahead, there may be no need for Inoti, son of Ootek, to place *his* children under the dark snows because there is no food for them. It may come to pass that Inoti's mother may rest secure in the knowledge that she will never be called upon to walk naked into the winter night and not to return.

### *Crack Behind the Curtain*

A LONDON COLUMNIST reports that a sight-seer inspecting the Kremlin noticed two oil-paintings. He inquired about the first, a moderate-sized portrait of some worthy, and was told it was a picture of the great Russian inventor Ivanov, "who invented radar, wireless, artillery, railways, lead pencils, the X-ray, the piano and cement roads." Then he asked about the second portrait, which was ten times as large. "That," he was told, "is a picture of Petrov, our greatest inventor."

"And what did he invent?"

"He invented Ivanov."

—W.C.W.

# THE EARLIEST DREAMS

*Condensed from The American Mercury*

Nancy Hale

THAT was long, long ago. Your bed was maple, the colour of brown sugar, and upon the small round posts of it in the darkness some moonlight danced. Your mother had rustled away, and your window stood open to the great stars and the wide dark snow. It was so quiet, and the air of the night and the snow came through the window and smelled so cold, so sweet, and of far away sad promises. What was it you wanted so? From miles away you heard a late train breathing across the countryside, hurrying distantly through the white winter night to the yellow lights and the little quiet towns. . . . You longed for something, lying still between two smooth slices of sheet, but you could not think what it was.

Downstairs they were all laughing in the dining-room, and you could hear, from the back of the house, the comfortable low clatter in the kitchen. Bridie and Catherine, moving about in the hot yellow

light, over the dry boards of the floor, between the white table and the sink, between the pantry with all the cups on hooks and the stove. You thought of the black stove with strange wonderful things to eat steaming in covered pots, and the piles of plates heating up on the shelf at the back. You could hear the footsteps heavy and busy across the old boards, and your heart caught in your throat when they opened the door to go in to wait on the dinner-party, and all the laughter came upstairs in a gust.

Outside the house a car drove by up the dark road, with a broken chain rapping louder and louder, and the lights came in the window and ran along the wall until they came to the bed. For just a minute your bed was blue-white and bright, and then the lights scraped along the other wall, bobbing up and down along the pictures and over the bookcase, and ran out of the window so fast. Far up the road the broken chain beat further and



further and then it was gone away. It was enormous and still outside, with the stars a million miles deep in the high sky.

They were laughing downstairs. It rang like the wind running in and out among little bells, fewer and fewer, and then all at once another and another until the bells were all tinkling and singing in different keys. You heard the important clatter of plates, fragile, impossible fairy plates. What were they all laughing at? Something you knew nothing about, something beautiful and exalted. In the lovely evenings, in the pale candle-light, they were all so beautiful downstairs in their dresses and their little coloured slippers. They knew about strange things, places and shining people, and they knew slender little jokes that nobody but they could understand.

You lay very still in your bed and listened. All over the round smooth world it was dark and still and beautifully cold; under you only was a house full of lights and the sound of people laughing.

You heard the peal of the front door-bell sing through the house, and someone opened a door, and all the laughter came up to you in a clear sudden burst. And then they closed the door, somewhere, and the sound clapped shut. You thought about the little animals in the woods, the rabbits packed together in warm clusters in holes, and little mice among the roots of

trees where there were no lights and no sound. You thought of the meadows rolling over the hills, with the moon shining blank white upon the snow, with the wind sliding like a skimmer over the crust.

You fitted the pillow to your cheek, and lay still. You alone were alive in this still, unbelievable world, in your own room with its long window.

Then downstairs someone began to play the piano, and you listened to the muted music. You knew there was something that the music had known and wept for, something that was over and could never be forgotten, but for you it had never been begun. You felt so happy and so sad, because something that was all the beauty and the tears in the world was over, that something lovely was lost and could only be remembered, and still you knew that for you the thing had not yet started.

Then they stopped playing and it was all still again. You lay in your bed in the dark and watched the moon. Outdoors you heard a leaf scrambling across the crust of the snow, scratching minutely with fingers of wire; it slid and ceased. They were all laughing again in the drawing-room below. You wondered what made the laughter sound so wise, so gay, so confident and foreign. You never knew what things they laughed at when they laughed so long in the evenings, and now you never will know.

# Saving for retirement



## A tax-free income — and your savings remain intact

When you come to retire you will find, like most people, that any *extra* income is a tremendous help. That is exactly what National Savings Certificates can do for you — pay you regularly (and income tax-free) each year something additional to the pension you expect, whilst all the time keeping your savings intact for any emergency. For instance, a holding of £525, i.e. 700 Certificates (9th Issue) can

give you a tax-free income of up to £18.7.6 per annum — or twice as much if your wife also has a similar holding — without diminishing your savings. This, and other useful methods of providing for your future are explained very simply in 'Saving for Retirement' — a new folder issued by the National Savings Committee. You *must* have a copy — fill in the request form below.

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Please send me a free copy of 'SAVING FOR RETIREMENT'

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Issued by the National Savings Committee

# New! one-minute **QUAKER OATS**

**NOW—THE CREAMIEST, SMOOTHEST PORRIDGE EVER  
COOKS IN 50 TO 60 SECONDS**

Piping hot . . . truly delicious . . . best energy breakfast for all the family . . . and yet it's the easiest breakfast of all to prepare—IT COOKS IN ONLY ONE MINUTE! Yes, Quaker's new milling process now enables you to serve the creamiest, smoothest porridge ever — and save time, fuel and trouble into the bargain! Put One-Minute Quaker Oats on your shopping list NOW! 9½d and 1/5d everywhere. Another wonderful thing about new One-Minute Quaker Oats — it cooks without sticking. All the saucepan needs is a quick wipe!

**REDUCED PRICE**  
Now only  
**1/5<sup>d</sup>**  
The large packet

**NOW**  
Cooks in  
50 to 60  
seconds

LOOK FOR THE QUAKER MAN FOR FINEST CEREAL FOODS

*Ask for Olde English*



*See* the tender thick cut peel  
*Taste* the natural tang of  
Seville Oranges—so  
appetising •  
*Enjoy* the refreshing flavour  
of marmalade at its  
very best



*Chivers*  
**Olde English**  
*Marmalade*



**The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table**

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE and at Montrose, Huntingdon and York



Hallo, readers! This month I have been shopping for you at all sorts of counters. I've got things for your health, for your toilet, for your store-cupboard . . . and some that will specially interest your menfolk. All in all, a stimulating selection, as I think you will agree, and I hope each of you will find a Buy-Line or two that you'll say is "just what I needed."



If you love nice soap, then make a point of trying CUSSONS BLUE HYACINTH. Yes, it really has the perfume of these sweet, spring flowers (smell your fragrant fingers after washing!). What I like, too, is the feel of this soap. The big white

tablet is satin smooth because it's *hand-poured*, and though the lather is creamy soft, the tablet stays *hard*. That makes it extra long-lasting. Treat yourself to Blue Hyacinth Soap by Cussons (makers of Imperial Leather soap and other toilet luxuries). 1/8d. for a near-bath size tablet. Talcum 4/6d.



I've got breakfast cooked in one minute these days! I'm giving the family porridge made with the new ONE-MINUTE QUAKER OATS.

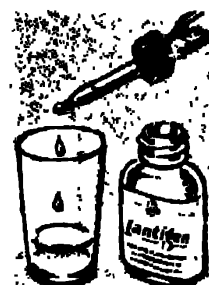
Quaker have got a new milling process that makes it possible to cook a creamy, smooth porridge (no lumps) in this amazingly short time. The children dote on it, which pleases me because it's such an *easygoing* food to start their day on. Another advantage, it doesn't stick to the saucepan! Try One-Minute Quaker Oats yourself. They're *down in price* only 1/5d. for the big packet!

Save on smoking without cutting down! Impossible? Not if you change to FOUR SQUARE FILTER CORK-TIPS. These excellent *full-size* cigarettes give you a full-length, first-class smoke and cost *only* 3/- a packet. You save 7d., which is the cost of the tobacco in those stubs you never smoke anyway — and the filter tip is cleaner, healthier, doesn't stick to the lips. Why not be economical *and* enjoy your smoking as you've always done! Put 3/- only on the tobacconist's counter next time, and say, "20 Four Square Filters, please".



Everyone fell for the biscuits I served the other night with a tray of mixed cheeses. "Do tell us the name of them," I was asked. Well, they were JACOB'S HIGH-BAKE Water Biscuits, and if you like a

dry biscuit that partners cheese as perfectly as nuts do wine, get some yourself. They're crisp, clean, dry, with a nutty flavour all their own. The secret's in the *baking* and only Jacob's have this "know how". Ask your grocer for Jacob's High-Bakes — the epicure's biscuit with cheese or sherry. They're 11d. a 4-lb. loose, or 1/- a packet.



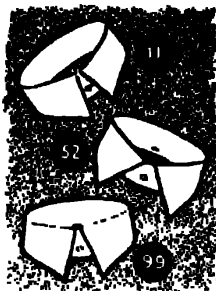
To be free of continuous attacks of catarrh or bronchitis . . . do you long for that? Thousands of grateful people have gained real relief from these complaints for the first time by using LANTIGEN 'B' Oral Vaccine. This

different treatment acts like a *series of injections* against bronchitis and catarrh, but you take the vaccine like medicine — in water. It also builds up resistance to further attacks. The Lantigen 'B' treatment costs only a few pence a day. Why not ask your chemist for a FREE LEAFLET about it, or write to Lantigen, Bagshot, Surrey.



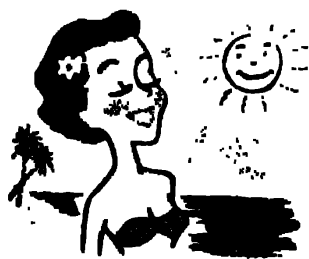
In association with NANCY SASSER

**Good news for men!** Your favourite VAN HEUSEN collars *cost less* now—3/- instead of 3/6d. Cheers from us women, too! We approve these collars—they look so smart, fit so slickly, iron in a jiffy. Like to know why? Their patented weave—on the curve—accounts for their perfect “set”, and a woven-in “fold line” means they “double” automatically. Why do they *neat* so long? Thanks to pure Egyptian cotton, so woven that it's *naturally* semi-stiff. Popular Van Heusen shapes are Nos. 11, 52 or 99. What's *your* choice?



**Nervy?** It's awful to feel that way, to worry about trifles, to snap at the children, losing sleep at night, being tired all day. Do something about it—*now*. Take a course of that wonderful tonic SANATOGEN. Jangling nerves are a sign that you're run down, that your blood's poor. Sanatogen feeds those “starved” nerves, puts new red corpuscles into your blood by supplying you with essential proteins and organic phosphates. Nothing else has this *double- tonic action*. Read how Sanatogen will help *you*. Let me send you **FREE!** an inspiring book “The Good Life”. Write to me, Alison Grey, Reader's Digest, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

**Amazing household treasure!** I'm drying up the dishes with a *damp* cloth these days—and it's *wonderful*! It's called the VILEX (same family as the Vileda “chamois” I described recently). This suede-like cloth polishes as it dries—china, glass, silver *glam* with the merest wipe. Dusting? Use it again—Vilex *abolishes* the dust, shines up furniture and mirrors magically. When soiled wash out, use *damp* at once. No drying, no ironing, no mending *ever*. Vilex, in blue, pink, green costs 4/11d. from Boots or principal stores . . . or write for *your* stockist to the Viledon Co., 67/70, The House, Minories, London, E.C.3.



**“How wonderful you look!”** friends will say, and you'll *feel* fine, too, if you have a few minutes' “sunshine” every day from the

HEALTH RAY Sun Lamp. Switch on the Ultra Violet ray—while *tanning* you'll clear up spots and skin troubles. Use the Infra Red ray to ease rheumatic pains, chest troubles, colds, catarrh. The Health Ray costs £6 15s., and has benefited *thousands*! If it doesn't benefit you, get your money back in *full*. **FREE 7-DAY TEST**, in your own home. Write for details to Health Ray Co., 50X, Portland Terrace, Southampton.



**It's not too much to say** that the kind of toothbrush you use can lessen—or lengthen—the life of your teeth!

Dentists usually advocate a *bristle* brush and in this class KENT'S of London make some *beauties*. I've pictured three popular shapes—each costing 2/6d. Ask for the “Park Lane” if you like a long, tufted brush; the “Pedigree” if a shorthead suits your mouth; and the “Harley Street” (two rows of bristles only) which dentists recommend. You can get Kent's Toothbrushes everywhere, and if you want to *cherish* your teeth, they're the ones to do it!

# USA

## FLY THIS MONTH

## AND SAVE!

### Choose the luxury of "THE PRESIDENT"

- Double-decked "Strato" Clippers.\*
- Superlative cuisine.
- Cocktails, wines and liqueurs.
- Lower-deck lounge.
- Smart overnight bag.
- Orchids and perfume for the ladies.

Return, London to New only £217.18.0. *You save £36.2.0. over usual first-class fare...reductions end March 31st.*

- Foam-soft berths available at moderate surcharge. Ask about the even greater luxuries offered on the extra-fare *President Special*!

Thrift season ends Mar. 31st.

### ... or the economy of "THE RAINBOW"

#### Clipper Tourist Service

- New, dependable Super-6 Clippers.

• Return, London to New York only £148.19.0. *You save £105.1.0 over usual first-class fare...reductions end March 31st.*

- Meals available at thrifty prices.
- The same experienced Flight Crews as have been operating the *de luxe* services.
- Super-6 Clippers fly above the weather . . . have comfortable, pressurized, sound-proofed cabins.

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OVER 40,000  
ATLANTIC CROSSINGS BY  
World's Most Experienced Airline

# PAA

PAN AMERICAN

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**Unruffled...** Hair groomed with Silvifix Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvifix really *controls* your hair... without gumming or greasiness... and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual.  
4/6 a jar, including tax.



**THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS**

Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red Lamps from

**FIVE YEARS' GUARANTEE £6.15.0 IMMEDIATE DELIVERY**

**ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS**—Will give you a wonderful tan, improve your appearance, form vitamins in the tissues and increase your vigour and vitality. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs. Pimples, blotchy and unhealthy skin yield quickly to their purifying action. **INFRA RED RAYS**—Relieve Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Fibrositis, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Test the Health Ray at home for 7 days at our expense. If it does not ease your aches and pains or make you look and feel better, your money back.

Order direct from the Makers. Medical certificate no longer required. Made for home use, safe and easy to use. All voltages A.C. or D.C.

**OVER 650,000 SOLD IN U.S.A. AND GREAT BRITAIN SINCE 1935**

## **WORLD-FAMOUS "HEALTH RAY"**

(Dual Purpose—Patented)

**ULTRA - VIOLET OR INFRA - RED RAYS**

Improve your appearance

**SUN-TAN and  
FITNESS FOR ALL**

**NOT SOLD IN SHOPS**

**DON'T WAIT! POST COUPON NOW**

**Health Ray Co., Dept. R.D.98,  
Southampton.**

Send me booklet and details of your **FREE TRIAL OFFER** of the Health Ray.

Name

Address





# AILING? BAD NERVES? RUN DOWN?

## How a course of SANATOGEN restores you to abounding good health

**Y**OUR POOR HEALTH and "touchy" nerves, especially on today's diet may well originate from mild "cell starving". Sanatogen transforms your health by feeding these "starved" cells with extra, life-giving protein, plus organic phosphates to tone up your nerves -- a unique double tonic action; *unique* because only Sanatogen can give you *this!* Health, vitality, calm nerves --- all can be yours for a few pence a day. Start your Sanatogen course today -- and get your husband to take it, too. From 7/3 at all chemists.



Unique double-tonic action —  
protein plus organic phosphates!

### *Endorsed by 1000's of doctors*

*R*housands of doctors all over the world have endorsed Sanatogen over the past 50 years, and thankful letters from all over the country prove Sanatogen's value. Mrs. Catherine Evans, 6 Malmesbury Rd., Liverpool, writes:--

"Six months ago I lost my husband and I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I spent weeks of sleepless nights. I took Sanatogen and after two tins could hardly believe it was true. I was really living again."

### Is your complaint here?

Physical Exhaustion, Nervous Strain, Mental Fatigue, Lack of Energy, Nervousness, Lack of Concentration, Sleeplessness, Convalescent Weakness.

# Sanatogen

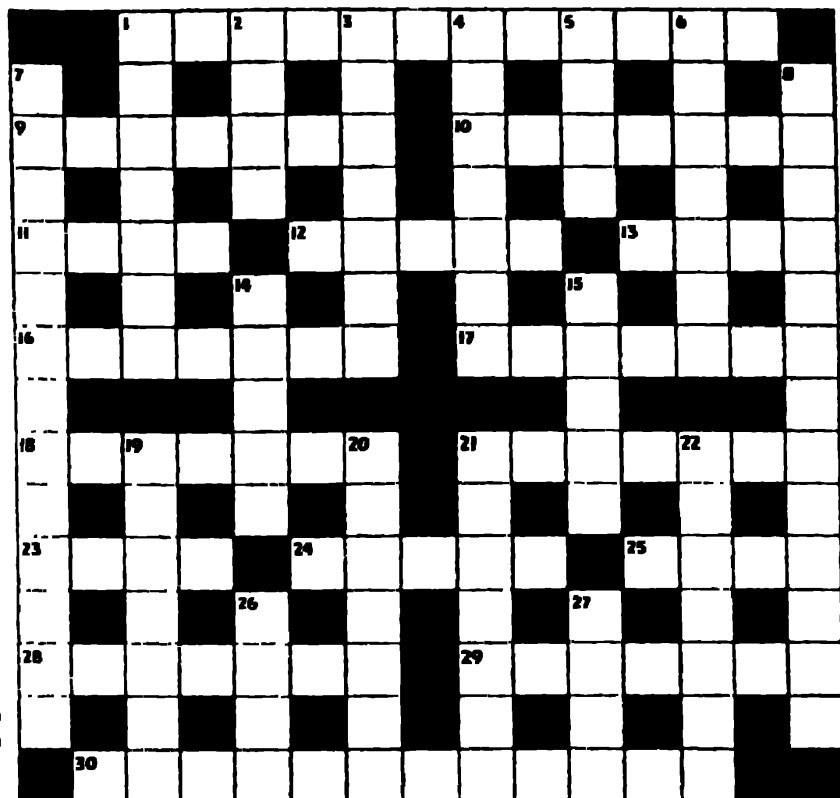
THE PROTEIN  
NERVE TONIC

The word 'Sanatogen' is a regd. trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

# THE **Biro** CROSSWORD NO. 2

## CLUES ACROSS

- 1 A bit of London that suggests doing housework in a bad temper (7, 5)
- 9 Something to get music out of, with vehicle in (7)
- 10 It just shows how small a thing can lead to ill-feeling (7)
- 11 A 5 down course feature to carry around (4)
- 12 A piece of furniture no doubt delivered in the end of it (5)
- 13 It helps to focus one's views in most spectacles (4)
- 16 Nice present for a girl to give to a young man she is hoping to collar (7)
- 17 Encouragement to a teaser from a W. Country town (7)
- 18 Number sounding the tonic fear (7)
- 21 All tear all over the place from the side (7)
- 23 An emission from 9 across perhaps (4)
- 24 Only one person, but it takes a host to look after him (5)
- 25 Put some artistic work into sketching (4)
- 28 If you wish to this yourself in a riot, rile mob for a charge (7)
- 29 Start a tune out of doors (1, 3)
- 30 Substitute for Kingsway in London ? (6, 6)



## CLUES DOWN

- 1 As describing the initial state of the universe (this is quite in order) (7)
- 2 Biting and to those who 25 across (4)
- 3 Just fancy, it mostly confesses to being a short one ! (7)
- 4 He is most jumpy when he is feeling most fit (7)
- 5 Contest that may include a whole nation (4)
- 6 Who arrives this wins 5 down (7)
- 7 What he most admires in ladies is a nice balance . . . (7, 6)
- 8 . . . and he relies on this change of Errol Chapinans to get it (8, 5)
- 11 If this bird pays a visit, it will only be a little one (5)
- 15 A soft material to put in the window (5)
- 19 Distinguished, but apparently far from clever (7)
- 20 Old garment always in knitting (7)
- 21 The tenth one to lose his wicket, obviously (4, 3)
- 22 Recant in the matter of that pamphlet (7)
- 26 The only way to suffer this pest is to let his talk go right through one (4)
- 27 An unmixed pool (4)

*Solution to the Biro Crossword is on Page 22*

**Biro** *the ballpoint pen.* WITH THE WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

## A New Feature

— If you have found the Biro Crosswords of interest and amusement, you will be glad to know that they are to be a regular feature on this page.

In the meantime, if you feel they are too difficult or too easy for you, don't hesitate to write and give your opinion.



## The famous actress with a Queen Anne

DIANA WYNYARD believes that drawing rooms should be practical as well as beautiful. "For instance," says Miss Wynyard, "table lighters are as essential as ashtrays." Miss Wynyard's choice of lighter for the home is the Ronson Queen Anne model—a work of outstanding contemporary craftsman and modern designers. Once filled it lights for months and being a Ronson it really lights first time every time. Have you

ever thought of giving a Ronson Queen Anne table lighter as a present—for a wedding, an anniversary, or for a very special birthday? Or, if your own home is ungraced by the practical loveliness of a Queen Anne, has it occurred to you that someone might like to give you one? It costs 4 guineas.

**RONSON**  
WORLD GREATEST LIGHTER

*for the Home  
—a fine gift*



**Amongst those present . . . a car that fulfils many roles—as smartly right at a wedding as for a country run. The Zephyr-Six gives you—when you want it—sports car performance with limousine luxury.**

# *The Zephyr 6* is an exciting car



ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297.1.1

There's an unmistakable 'feel' about it . . . an urge, a responsiveness—something that very few cars can give you and certainly no cars in *this* price range. Brilliant acceleration (0-50 m.p.h. in 14 seconds) . . . that's the famous Zephyr 'Over-Square' engine. The Zephyr-Six has qualities which you can discover only by taking the wheel yourself. This can be quickly arranged.

**Ford** ★★★★★ **MOTORING**  
*The best at lowest cost*



BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR  
VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI  
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

## *Invitation to a Trial Run*

TO: FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM

*Please arrange for my nearest Ford Dealer to give me a trial run in a Zephyr-Six.*

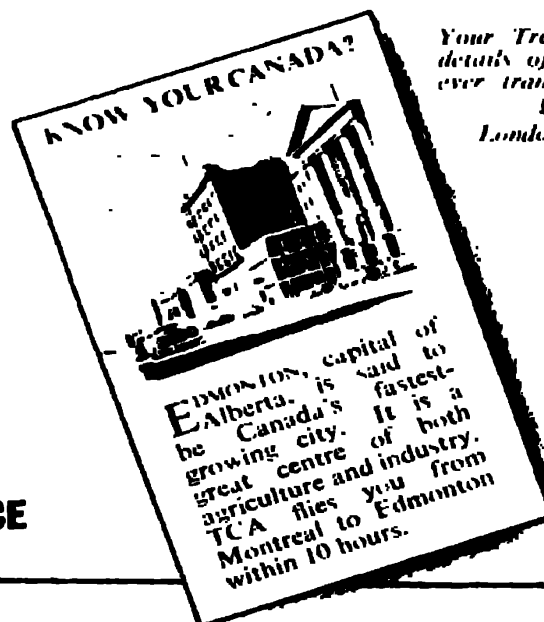
NAME . . . . .  
ADDRESS . . . . . R.D.1

# IF YOU WANT BUSINESS IN CANADA YOU'VE GOT TO BE QUICK!!

*It's less than a day by **TCA***

CANADIANS think in terms not of miles but of *flying hours* -- and you need to be in Canada quickly if you want to do business. That is why you should fly TCA. Canada's own Air Line takes you from London to Montreal and every industrial centre in Canada.

**FLY**  
  
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**MAPLE LEAF SERVICE**



*Your Travel Agent has details of TCA's lowest ever trans-Atlantic fare  
£94.13.0  
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**TRANS-CANADA**

LESS THAN A DAY — BY TCA

*Air Lines*

# Here's the Cleanest Coolest Shave yet!

## THE SECRET IS COLGATE'S RICHER 'MENTHOL-BLENDED' LATHER

**N**O more choppy, painful shaves! No stinging razor rash! Because Colgate Lather is made from pure, rich creams specially blended with menthol, for a *cleaner, cooler* shave. Its richer, creamier lather gets right in and softens the toughest whiskers. Meanwhile the menthol ingredient in Colgate begins its cooling action. It eases the tenderest skins—leaves your face glowing with a cool refreshing tingle. Ask for "mentholated" Colgate Lather Shaving Cream, today. You'll get the cleanest, coolest shave possible.

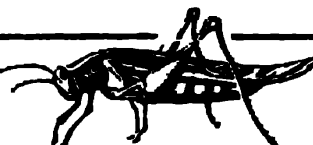


*Colgate's richer, creamier  
lather is scientifically  
blended for a  
cleaner, cooler shave.*



**1/6d. and 2/6d.**

## The "Grasshopper Mind"



**Y**OU know the man with a "Grasshopper Mind" as well as you know yourself. His mind rubbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—tires of it—then glances through a magazine—can't get interested. Finally, unable to concentrate on anything, he either goes to the pictures or falls asleep in his chair. At his work he always takes up the easiest job first, puts it down when it gets hard, and starts something else. Jumps from one thing to another all the time.

*Reduced Fees for serving and ex-Servicemen members of Her Majesty's Forces.*

There are thousands of these people with "Grasshopper Minds" in the world. In fact, they are the very people who do the world's most tiresome tasks and get but a pittance for their work. They do the world's clerical work and the routine drudgery. Day after day, year after year—endlessly—they hang on to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houted, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

**Remember—Everything you do is preceded by your attitude of mind**

### What Can You Do About It!

Take up Pelmanism now! A course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest point of efficiency.

Pelmanism banishes such weaknesses and defects as Mind-Wandering, Inferiority, and Indecision which interfere with the effective working powers of the mind, and in their place develops strong, positive, vital qualities such as Optimism, Concentration, and Reliability, all qualities of the utmost value in any walk of life.

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John McCallum gave Googie Withers  
a Parker '51' for  
her birthday



John McCallum (see him in J. Arthur Rank's latest film 'The Long Memory') and Googie Withers (now in the London theatre success 'The Deep Blue Sea') are one of the best-known married couples in British films. For her birthday, John McCallum gave his wife a Parker '51.' The New Parker '51' is more than a good writing instrument; elegant and distinguished in the true contemporary manner, it is an emblem of distinction known all over the world.

*Choice of four colours and eight nib grades. Price 36/2  
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**'51' PEN & PENCIL SET £6.4.1**

*Other famous Parker models —  
New Duofold pen 39/9, pencil to  
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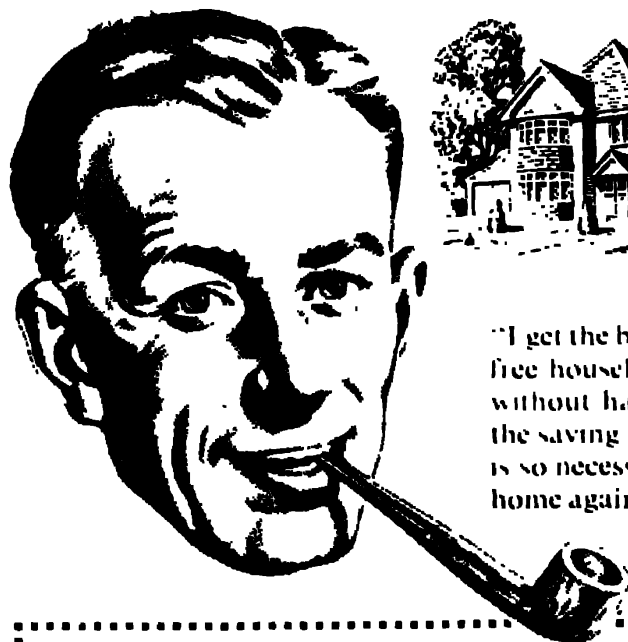
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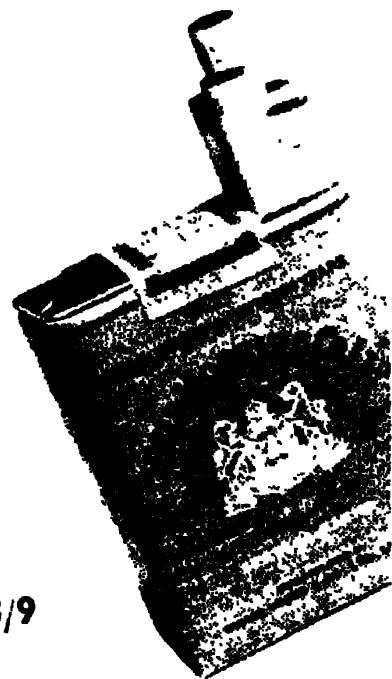
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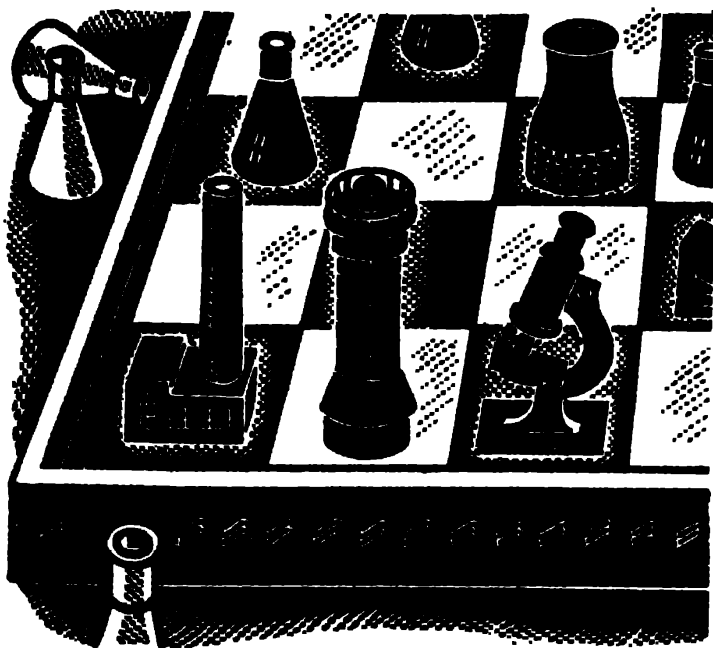
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Technical service works in two ways. It confers obvious and direct advantages on the consumer, and the chemical industry also benefits. Out of the experience of its technical service are born new products and new techniques, to improve efficiency in many trades. I.C.I. employs hundreds of qualified men in this specialist organisation, which covers nearly every branch of Industry and Agriculture at home and abroad, and costs over £1,000,000 a year. Such an organisation can only be maintained by a large-scale enterprise.



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Each Three Nuns disc is a complete blend in itself. Except for the few at the top of the bowl, don't tease them out. They burn so slowly and coolly that, pipeful for pipeful, Three Nuns is most economical.



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Take a preview... look at a copy of 'Holidaymaking', a magnificent free magazine, profusely illustrated in full colour, produced by travel's two biggest names... Cooks and Dean & Dawson. Two ideas are shown below, and there are plenty more, from 13 guineas!

**Bordighera—8 days holiday for only £21 5s. 0d.**

A really grand spot on the 'Riviera of Flowers'. £19 10s. 0d. left for spending out of your £25 allowance.

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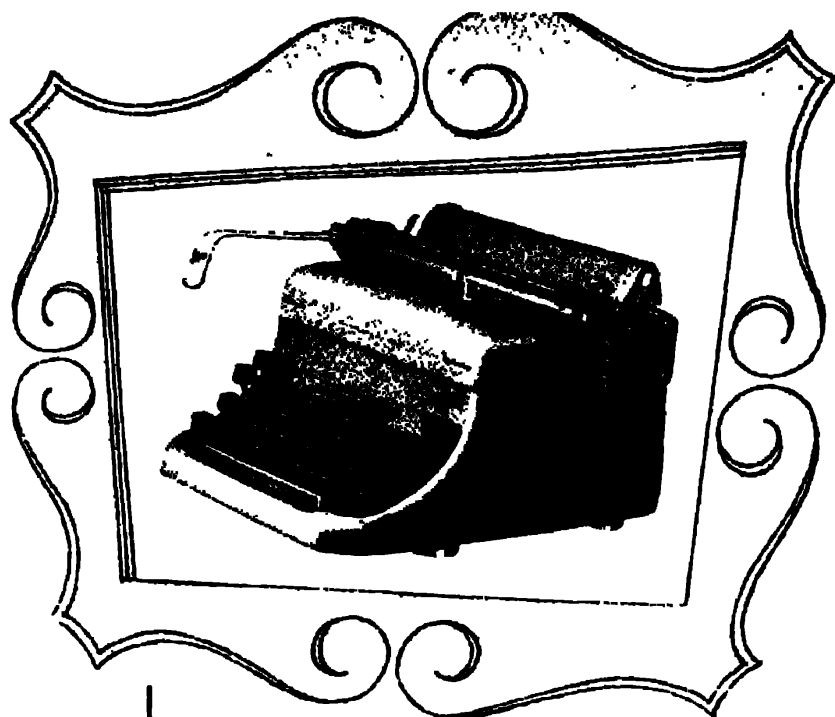
To Dept. F/3A/MR, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Berkeley St., London, W.1, or branches. Please send me by return a free copy of 'Holidaymaking'.

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**Q** Two Natural Plant Wonders prove great Health-helps to Men and Women . . .

‘NATURE’S DYNAMO’ plus  
‘NATURE’S DEODORANT’

## Big Secret of New Energizer

Yeast, famous five thousand years ago as a power-packed vitaliser (*known as ‘Nature’s Dynamo’*) is now helped in an astonishing way by another of Nature’s Wonders — Chlorophyll.

Dr. Howard Westcott, of New York, one of the leading investigators on Chlorophyll, recently discovered an odd thing about this material — he noticed it had a special influence following the taking of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. *It happens that a certain yeast is a potent donor of all the B Vitamins, including B<sub>1</sub>.*



### Multiple Medicinal Technique

A British firm of manufacturing Chemists is scoring a distinctive success in combining the right malted barley Yeast “culture” with a new Chlorophyll of efficient “Chlorophyllin” content. In fact, what has been achieved in Chloro-Yeast, as the new medicine is called, is to make two natural plant marvels into one *super* power-packed compound. In this, not only are both Chlorophyll and Yeast brought to a high plane of usefulness, but further effective tonic and pain-relieving medicinals are added with considerable advantage

### What are the Results?

This new, exclusive combination can be relied upon to replace lethargy with energy; sleeplessness with refreshing slumber; depression and irritability with buoyant spirits. The Chlorophyll-factor purifies the system of the causes of bad breath and body odours. In Chloro-Yeast a sizeable group of distressing ailments is dealt with promptly, and with unusual efficacy. . . . Also, to a surprising degree, the skin clears.

### More Energy—at any age!

If you are feeling weary, run down, restless or irritable — perhaps subject to headaches, lassitude, “stomach nerves”, or “achey

the better — mentally and physically — following the use of Chloro-Yeast.

### Today—Chlorophyll is Big News

Severe tests have *proven* the value of Chlorophyll as an internal deodorant and reviver of bodily tissue. Chlorophyll, as combined in Chloro-Yeast — with vitamins and other valuable agents — means wholesome breath in a wholesome, active body.

### Obtainable without prescription

Chloro-Yeast is packed in two sizes — 2. - and 3.9. Chemists are meeting the growing demand, but readers unable to obtain Chloro-Yeast locally may order from Sun Island Chemicals, Ltd., The Research Laboratories (*Special Branch*), Hampton, Middx.



*The fame of Yeast, medicinally, goes back to the dawn of history, and the great “Father of Medicine”—Hippocrates—early discovered yeast’s remarkable medicinal virtues.*

### CHLORO-YEAST is for both Men and Women

Medical Science is able to show how both sexes can maintain health and energy, probably living longer, through the virtues of corrective “dried culture” yeast. Some yeasts are useless — merely consuming themselves once inside the human system. The Chloro-Yeast culture provides the benefits of the finest medicinal yeast — with

Feel **GREEN**

# Kolynos

freshen your mouth!



## Active Chlorophyll Kolynos

is a smiling success . . . What a 'fresh-feel' your mouth has after using green Kolynos! That's *active* Chlorophyll! That freshness tells you your teeth and every part of your mouth are perfectly clean . . . sweet . . . so much pleasanter all day long. Choose green Kolynos with Chlorophyll for four-fold mouth-care:—  
(1) It keeps your breath fresh. (2) It fights off gum troubles. (3) It checks teeth-destroying bacilli. (4) It cleans teeth *whiter*!

FOR CHLOROPHYLL FRESHNESS

GREEN

# Kolynos

## YOUR WHOLE FAMILY needs VYKMIN'S Vitamins & Minerals Bring them New Health, Vigour and Vitality

Doctors will tell you many common ailments are due to vitamin mineral deficiency. During the war vitamin and mineral capsules were made available for children by the Ministry of Food.

Vykmin's unitage of 6 life-giving vitamins is based upon the recommendations of the British Medical Council (Report of Council B.M.A. 1950, page 20) and other world eminent medical authorities, as the approximate daily requirements of the average person. To these are added a high potency of Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus and Manganese.

Vykmin is prescribed to correct anaemia, faulty circulation, frequent colds, spasmodic digestive upsets, blotchy skin, general weakness and debility, undue tiredness, loss of weight. It's tasteless.

**Combined  
Complex**  
**Vykmin**  
VITAMIN MINERAL CAPSULES

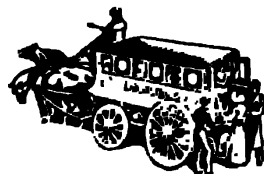
The daily dose of one red and one black capsule meets the vitamin requirements as recommended by B.M.A. and world eminent authorities.  
Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (250 I.U.) for appetite and nervous stomach. Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> Riboflavin (250 micrograms) for appetite, nerves, brain vigour and skin. Vitamin A (5000 I.U.) for eyes, skin and resistance. Vitamin C (300 I.U.) for veins and kidneys, anaemia prevention and blood. Vitamin D (750 I.U.) for teeth and bone. Vitamin E (the equivalent of 1 minum Wheat Germ Oil) for strength and nerves.  
Phosphorus 15.2 mgs. Calcium 30.7 mgs.  
Iron 17.3 mgs. and Manganese 0.5 mgs.

Especially efficacious for growing children. The improvement in the state of health and mental attitude becomes apparent in a very short time.

Obtainable at Chemists, Boots and Timothy Whites.  
One month's supply 8/9, two weeks' supply 4/9.

Roberts Pharmaceutical Laboratories Ltd.,  
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# THE LONDON OMNIBUS



## *A Vehicle of Information*

### **Staff Pension Schemes**

We have a wide experience of instituting and administering Staff Pension Schemes, and this specialist knowledge is always at the disposal of organisations and employers. For those firms who are thinking of starting such a scheme, we have a pamphlet on this subject which we should be pleased to send.

### **For Your Panes**

The bigger the windows, the more natural targets they become for sticks, stones and elbows. When they are broken, our Plate Glass Policy makes sure you are fairly compensated for the damage.

### **Future Outlook Settled**

However promising the present, the future safeguard is all-important for you and your dependants. The problem demands a careful consideration of a Life Policy, and our booklet 'How to be Well Assured' gives a variety of choices to suit your need. You'd be well-advised to read it.

### **Home Fires**

Fires are quite all right in their proper place. When they break out elsewhere, within the house or out-buildings, they can quickly run through the property. Though nothing can put back what has been lost, our Fire Policy can make good your losses.

### **Better Terms**

When school fees come in, some fathers find themselves wrestling with sums. Others have discovered however, that the right answer to this particular problem is to take out an Education Policy with us well before schooling begins. It's just a matter of good arithmetic.

### *And finally . . .*

If you would know more about any of the policies outlined here, if we can provide any information about any particular policies or about insurance problems generally, pray make what use of us you wish. Our address is 1 King William Street, Dept. P.57, London, E.C.4.

## THE LONDON ASSURANCE

*Very good people to deal with*





## ADVERTISEMENT



**T**HIS month you'll be planning your Easter outfit. Do have something *new* for the holiday. So go gay, even if it's only with a sweet, Spanish posy for your buttonhole. By the way, if you're packing a pleated skirt, pull it through an old silk stocking from which you've cut the foot. It



will emerge from your suitcase *impeccable*! And here's my tip for those who say "Spring takes it out of me." Get a packet of Dextrosol. In no time you'll be bounding with energy like the lambs! See my other Buy-Lines on pages 2 and 3? If not, turn back now.

"At my age I don't need so much food." How often elderly people say this. Trouble is, the food they do eat is so often deficient in the vitamins and proteins necessary to keep them in active health. That's why BEMAX, which is the whole wheat germ, is such a boon for them! It's rich in the very vitamins the elderly need most, and full of protein - one ounce provides as much protein as 2 ozs. of mutton or bacon. We'd all have better health taking Bemax daily. **FREE.** A book about nutrition and your health. Write to me, Alison Grev, Reader's Digest, 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

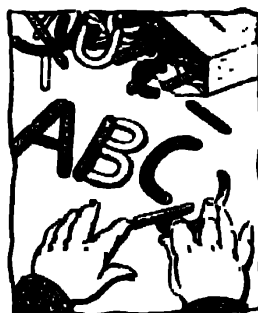


**Dry Rot**—that pernicious, costly destroyer of damp timber—is it in *your* house? If so, I know a remarkable preventive and cure. Many Borough Councils use it. Name: STOPROT. Soak Stoprot deeply into infected timber, and the surrounding wood. It will stop the infection spreading, and wet won't wash it out. Stoprot dries quickly, is non-inflammable, and takes paint on top. You can apply it. Price: 1 gallon can 11/-, gallon 21/- (carnage pud) direct from Stoprot Co., Radnor House, 93-7 Regent Street, London, W.1. Informative folder FREE.



**Drink a health unto Her Majesty** at Coronation in FENU BURGUNDY, poured from a glorious golden flagon! I mu have produced the Coronation Souvenir of all time in this enduring, gleaming gold flagon with

heraldic design in colour of the lion and kangaroo! Content: 1½ bottles of Fenu Burgundy, first prize winner for export burgundy in the Australian Wine Championships last year, worthy indeed for toasting the Queen! Children may drink "Coronation Cup" (the recipe's provided). Book the Fenu Flagon from your wine merchant *now*. Only 11/6d. plus 6d. "on the bottle" (as if you'd ever return it!).



"I can do my letters," said a 3-year-old proudly. And she showed me how she builds A, B, C, from a box of gay coloured plastic sticks, hooks and curves. Sarah has the CODILLA LETTER BUILDER, an

educational game that teaches infants how to make letters and numbers in the same way as they'll *print* them later at school. Blessed by teaching authorities and enthusiastically recommended by me, this "game" that little ones love, and learn so *much* from, is the *ideal gift for a toddler*. Send for it today! Price 10/-, post free from Codella Ltd., 1, Queens Terrace, Aberdeen, Scotland.

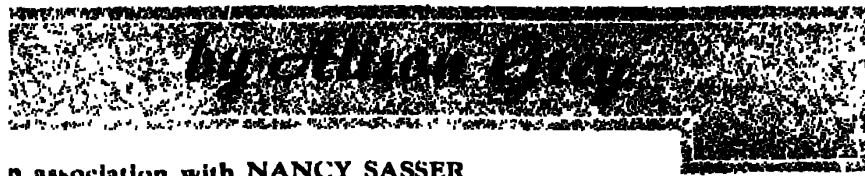
### BIRO CROSSWORD No. 2

Solution to Puzzle on page 7

ACROSS: 1. Charine Cross; 9. Ocarina; 10. Microbe;

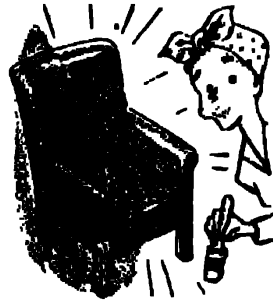
18. Hundred; 21. Lateral; 23. Note; 24. Guest; 25. Etch; 28. Embroid; 29. Open air; 30. Regent Street.  
DOWN: 1. Chaotic; 2. Acid; 3. Imagine; 4. Gymnast; 5. Race; 6. Soonest; 7. Fortune hunter; 8. Personal charm; 14. Stork; 15. Putty; 19. Notable; 20. Doublet; 21. Last

## ADVERTISEMENT



n association with NANCY SASSER

**Leather like new**—thanks to NUAGANE! Your "tired" old leather furniture will be *transformed* with this wonderful new lacquer. Nuagane has 24 excellent shades, is fadeless, waterproof, won't rub off, or hold brush marks. When dry, the leather is soft and *flexible*. Easy to use . . . first prepare surface by cleansing with Nuagane Degreaser (this is *important*). Then brush on the lacquer and leave to dry. 1 quart Nuagane (23/-) will do a 3-piece suite. Use it on car upholstery too—as the motor trade does. Most garages sell Nuagane, and Halford's cycle shops. *Get it!*



### What a success

**CHICO is having**—and deservedly! With ordinary coffee such a costly item, housewives have turned thankfully to LYONS CHICO, realising that here is an *excellent* coffee-flavoured drink at a really thrifty price. You can get 44 cups of delicious, invigorating Chico from one 2/2d. tin. How's that for value? It's such a time-saver, too. You just pour boiling water on to a teaspoonful of Chico powder, add milk and sugar to taste, and in a jiffy you have a delightful cup of Chico. Chico is so easy to serve any time, anywhere, and *economical*, too. Buy a tin today, from any shop where Lyons goods are sold . . . 2 1/2d. only.



**Good news!** ODOLO— that lovely-tasting mouthwash of pre-war years—is back again with the same wonderfully effective formula for making the mouth and breath sweet and antiseptic. Americans have a twice-daily mouthwash habit—and it's one we could copy to advantage. After smoking and drinking it's *essential*, and with Odol it's also a *delight*. Even children love its flavour, and gladly gargle "to kill nasty germs". Start the Odol habit yourself! Send for **FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE**, enclosing 2 1/2d. stamp for box and postage, to me, Alison Grey, Reader's Digest, 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



**It's the finishing touch that counts**, even with meals. And a finishing touch of BROWN & POLSON CUSTARD 'makes' the sweet course . . . it looks so tempting—*tastes* so good. Did you know that cornflour is the basis of all custards? It's not surprising, then, that Brown & Polson—whose 'Patent' Cornflour is world famous—should also make a Custard that's "the top". Compared with other brands, it's smoother, creamier—and its delicate flavour blends with every kind of pudding or fruit. Serve some today—let the family taste custard as it *should* be!



**A heaven-sent cream** for women whose skin is *dry*, due to its fineness, sensitiveness, or just age, has been evolved by COTY scientists—who have my sincere thanks. Its name is VITAMIN A-D COMPLEX CREAM and it's the first ever to contain an *active* blend of these A (healing) and D (sunshine-giving) vitamins. This rich, bland, *creamy* cream markedly improves the skin *in a few days*. It looks moister, feels dewy-soft, smooth: that ageing look goes. Massage it in at night, after cleansing. Coty call this cream "the new double-active skin vitaliser". I call it plain "*magic*". Price 17/6d.



# *Fireside* GUINNESS

which brings such a sense of Well Being



How welcome when the day is through

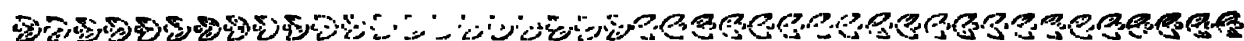
A glass of Guinness is to you,

When you (and I) enjoy at leisure

Guinness goodness, Guinness pleasure.

**A GUINNESS A DAY IS GOOD FOR YOU**

*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*



An Englishman has made the ancient sheikhdom of Bahrain a model  
 for the Middle East

## *He Said Forward! to the Backward*

Condensed from Life

James Bell *Time-Life Middle East correspondent*

*WANTED: Young gentleman, age 22 to 28, public school and/or university education, required for service in an Eastern state.*

WHEN this advertisement appeared in *The Times* in 1925, it attracted an immediate answer from one Charles Dalrymple Belgrave, a member of the Colonial Service on leave. Belgrave, though 31, applied because he was in love and did not fancy taking a bride to his African post on a service salary.

In interviews that followed, Belgrave learned that the proffered post was adviser to the government of Bahrain, a tiny Middle Eastern state ruled by Sheikh Hamed bin Issa al Khalifa. Although he had never heard of the sheikh or his country, Belgrave took the job because it paid enough to get married on. History may some day show that this romantically motivated decision

helped to save the Middle East for the Free World.

In March 1926 the new adviser and his bride arrived at Bahrain, a 213-square-mile island archipelago lying between the Qatar peninsula and Saudi Arabia in the Persian Gulf. They found it appalling. Manama, the capital, was a crumbling mud town filled with incredible filth. In the waterfront bazaar flies swarmed over the stinking meat that hung in open butchers' shops, and clung to the eyes of children sick with trachoma. Malarial mosquitoes were thick. There was no water supply—one bought water from ships, or from men who hawked it in goatskin bags. There were no electric lights, no telephones and few roads.

There was no government in the Western sense. Bedevilled by those who were constantly intriguing to unseat him, the sheikh and the few

members of his family whom he could trust tried hopelessly, with no real authority, to maintain a semblance of control over a country where riots and murder were commonplace. Economically, Bahrain was almost entirely dependent on pearl diving, and the divers were virtually enslaved by dhow owners and waterfront loan sharks. When Belgrave reported for duty as adviser, Hamed bin Issa al Khalifa was beyond advice—he wanted someone to *do* something.

In the past 26 years Charles Belgrave has indeed done something. Today Bahrain is the brightest jewel in the tiara of oil kingdoms that encircle the Persian Gulf. On its five major islands 120,000 people live in a state of comfort, safety and well-being that contrasts dramatically with the inequities and misery so long familiar in the Middle East.

Red-turbaned native police now keep order so efficiently that in 1951 there was only one murder. A court system based on the Sudanese and British codes guarantees every man a fair hearing, whatever his offence. Using DDT in mobile sprayers, the government has virtually eliminated flies, mosquitoes and malaria. Six hospitals, manned by 400 doctors, nurses and attendants, provide free medical care. In place of one miserable, poorly attended school for boys only, there are now 19 primary and secondary schools for 6,000 healthy boys and girls.

In Manama new buildings of shin-

ing white plaster (some 40 of them designed by Belgrave) have replaced mud hovels. Water from deep artesian wells flow daily into Bahraini homes, now lighted by electricity. A dial-telephone system connects the capital with the archipelago's principal towns, and a fine causeway links the two main islands. There are 40 miles of paved roads.

Congratulated on the excellent administration of his sheikhdom, Sir Sulman bin Hamed al Khalifa, who succeeded Sheikh Hamed in 1942, says: "What we do here is due to our adviser, Mr. Belgrave. We consider him to be not an Englishman but a Bahraini. He is my hand."

Oil, discovered in Bahrain in 1933, has of course been an important factor in this progress. The Bahrain Petroleum Co., Ltd., employs 6,000 Bahrainis. Last year's operations are expected to bring the state about £7,000,000 in royalties. But only in the past two years has oil surpassed customs duties (Bahrain is one of the few honest transshipping points in the Middle East) as the principal source of revenue.

Nor is Bahrain's importance to the Free World measurable in terms of its oil output. The West could lose Bahrain's 11 million barrels a year and hardly miss it. The important thing is that, at a time when all Asiatic peoples are being intensively courted by Russian Communism, the Soviets get no comfort at all from the Bahrainis. These people have learned that Western ways and

Western money can be a good thing for *them* as well as for their rulers. Belgrave has licked a problem that still confounds Westerners in other oil kingdoms: he has managed to persuade both the sheikhs and Western oilmen that it is only enlightened selfishness to share their wealth with the people.

At 58, Belgrave, though a shy man who has only recently conquered a lifelong stammer, is an awe inspiring physical specimen. He stands six feet four and carries his 14 stone of bone and muscle like a guardsman. His taste in clothing does nothing to minimize his size; he combines gay checked shirts with loud ties and horse blanket plaids. His salary is 4,000 rupees a month (about £3,360 a year), but living quarters, cars and the maintenance of four servants are provided by the government. This is hardly excessive, since he is expected to house and entertain Bahrain's distinguished guests.

He starts his day at 6.15 with an hour and a half's inspection tour on his fine Arab mare. He rides through the streets and back alleys, visiting the police posts and making mental notes on the condition of the town. A stray tin can will be called to the attention of the Manama municipal council.

At the dazzling white Bahrain fort Belgrave watches the police go through close order drill, Bren gun and rifle practice. Then he listens critically as the Bahrain band re-

hearses Western march tunes. Back at the Adviserate by 8.30, he bathes and breakfasts and is in his office downstairs shortly after 9 a.m. Small office boys in turbans and long red gowns dart in and out with paper work for the *Mustashah's* consideration, and the telephone rings constantly.

Two mornings a week a sleek Rolls-Royce bearing the royal coat of arms (designed by Belgrave) rolls up to the Adviserate, and out pops Sheikh Sulman, a pleasant, peaceful little man who wears the conventional curved dagger at the centre of his belt but, strapped round it, incongruously, a gold wrist watch.

On these visits Sir Sulman occupies Belgrave's chair behind the big desk and the adviser takes a seat near him. They talk on subjects ranging from public-works projects to oil camp gossip. Belgrave is unfailingly deferential, addressing the sheikh as "Your Highness." Although Belgrave never initiates a course of action without first getting the sheikh's approval, there have been no major differences between either Sulman or his predecessor Hamed and the *Mustashah*.

Belgrave imported Punjabi and Indian policemen in order to achieve a minimum security in which to operate. While the efficient Indians were making murder a risky form of recreation, he busied himself selling the idea of a local police force. By 1932 Belgrave had a smart, well-trained police detachment made up

entirely of Arabs. He dressed his cops in crisp khaki shorts and shirts and bright red turbans. In six years he had made being a policeman an honour and obeying one an honourable course of conduct.

Early in 1927 Belgrave suggested to Sheikh Hamed that the sheikhdom's miserable school, controlled by a few powerful nobles, was inadequate. Besides proposing a second boys' school and making a few judicious criticisms of the existing curriculum, Belgrave bravely suggested a school for girls. The Arab elders interpreted this as a wily infidel attack on the sacred institution of *purdah*, the isolation of women. Whereupon Marjorie Belgrave came to her husband's aid. She cultivated Sheikh Hamed's favourite wife and put in a mild plug for the education of women. The sheikha thought it was a lovely idea and delicately pressed it on Hamed. Hamed capitulated and the girls' school opened in 1928.

At every forward step Belgrave met opposition from some quarter. The first Bahrain census was opposed as a sinister Western scheme, and even Sheikh Hamed was upset by the result, because it showed a considerably smaller population than he had claimed. The dhow owners and waterfront loan sharks howled that Belgrave was destroying free enterprise when he curbed the vicious usury that kept pearl divers in bondage.

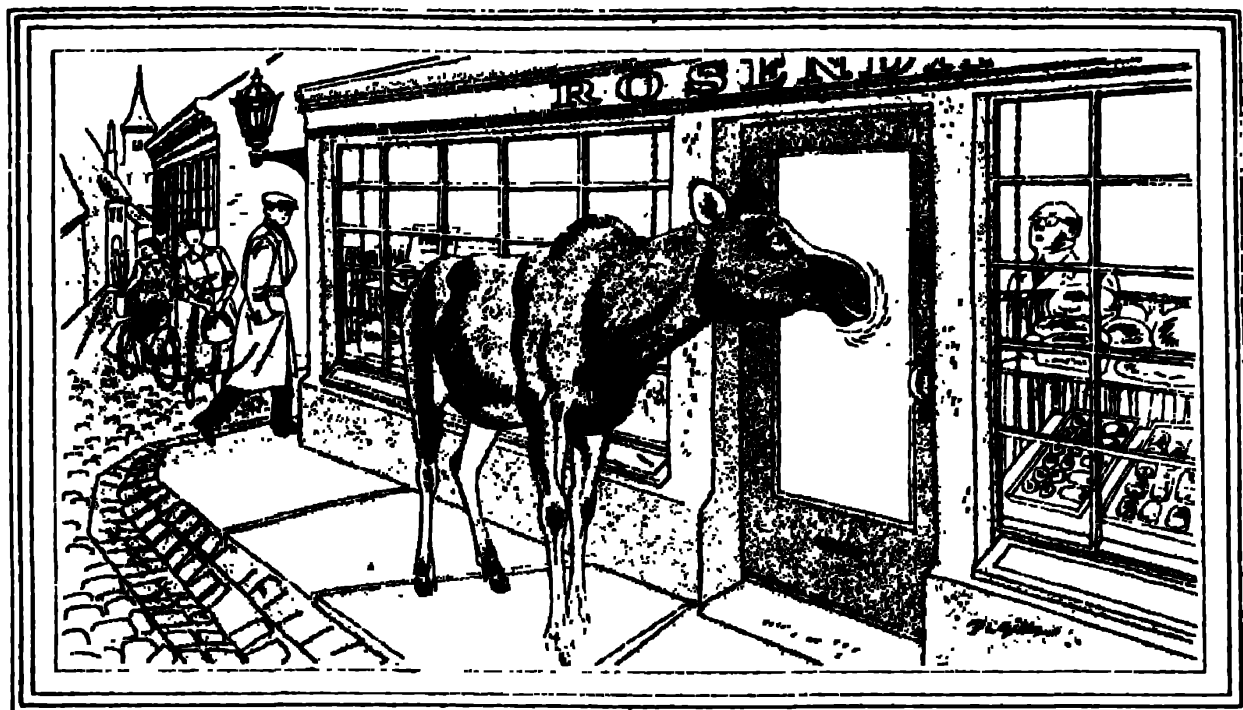
Only once did Belgrave substitute

violence for patience and persuasion. In 1947, when the partition plan for Palestine raised Arab tempers throughout the Middle East, a gang of toughs surged forth to wreck the shops and homes of Bahrain's 500 Jews. Belgrave sprinted to a Jewish home that was under attack, and fought his way to the top of the stairs. Whenever a rioter came within reach, the burly *Mustashah* lifted him over his head and hurled him down the stairs into the faces of his comrades. This bowling technique ended the riot in about ten minutes, for word of Belgrave's personal intervention spread rapidly. Manama's respect for the *Mustashah* reached a new high level that day, and since then Bahrain's Jews have lived in peace and friendship with their Arab neighbours.

No one, least of all Belgrave, feels that the job is more than half done. Bahrain has not yet achieved full political democracy. Belgrave's decisions, when endorsed by the sheikh, have the force of law. There is no free press (Belgrave censors the only publication, a monthly). Education and electricity have not yet reached the most remote villages.

But, by following a simple slogan, "*Wahid wahid*"—"one thing at a time"—Belgrave has brought Bahrain a long way. He believes that to run, people must first learn to walk.

Meanwhile Sir Charles—he was knighted last June—is hopeful that Bahrain may prove a beacon for other Arab nations.



# The Moose Who Liked People

*Condensed from Nature Magazine*

Carl C. Andersen

SOME YEARS AGO I was summoned one morning by my managing editor. "Andersen," he said, "you must find us a cow moose—and quickly." The only cow moose in Denmark had died. Twenty years earlier she and two magnificent bull moose had swum from Sweden to Denmark across the treacherous, powerful currents of the sound—an extraordinary feat. They were the first of their kind to appear in our forests in 800 years. Now it was feared that the line would die out. Hundreds of letters from our readers demanded that we find a new companion for the bulls.

CARL C. ANDERSEN is a reporter on the staff of the Copenhagen *Ekstra Bladet*.

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*Svea was friendly—with everyone except the bull moose*

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To find a cow moose seemed impossible. Nevertheless, we were ultimately successful. Some years before, Torsten Kreuger, the Swedish newspaper publisher, had found a baby moose with a broken leg on his farm, and had nursed her back to health. As a gesture of friendship he now gave her to Denmark.

Svea, the moose, was escorted to our country by two solemn Swedes, Mr. Reen and Mr. Rasmussen, who had helped to raise her. "Svea is not easy to handle," Mr. Rasmussen told the press. And Mr. Reen added darkly, "She likes people."



Svea was turned loose in the Gribskov woods. It was hoped that the bull moose would find her and that nature would take its course. But Svea had other ideas.

One evening there was thumping at the door of Ranger Joergensen of the Royal Danish Forest Service. His daughter, Kirsten, opened the door, and screamed. The caller was a moose.

The ranger came running, gun in hand. Moose can be extremely dangerous, can kill a man with one chopping blow of their forehoofs. But Svea just stood there, hanging her head. "What kind of animal is this?" growled Joergensen. "Maybe it wants to be petted," said his daughter.

And that was exactly what Svea wanted. She was lonely.

Timidly, Kirsten scratched the top of the huge head. And Svea nudged the girl for more. It was the beginning of a friendship. Every morning Svea would come to the house at the edge of the forest and wait for Kirsten to appear. Like a dog, the tremendous animal would dash up to her and skid to a stop, nibble her shoulder gently, and talk. Above all else, Svea liked conversation. She listened, her big melancholy eyes concentrated on the speaker. And she would reply with a deep grumbling in her throat that could express many sentiments.

One morning a breathless constable rushed into a meeting of the town council of Helsing, in Gribs-

kov Forest. "Mayor, mayor!" he shouted. "There's a moose in the streets! What shall I do?"

Svea had discovered Helsing and liked it. She also liked children. At first they screamed and ran away, but gradually they came back to take another look at the great beast that seemed so friendly. Now, for such an appreciative audience, Svea was prancing and pirouetting up and down the main street.

The council went to the scene in a body. The mayor waved his arms and shouted. Ranger Joergensen tried to push the animal off the road, but Svea braced her legs and wouldn't move. At last the ranger's daughter was summoned. She spoke sharply, and Svea, after a contemptuous glance at the council, trotted slowly off towards the woods.

On her next visit to Helsing, Svea discovered Mr. Rosendahl's pastry shop. Like a child, Svea pressed her huge muzzle against the window and stared at the pastries. The baker tried to disregard the eerie vision, then flung open the door and shouted, "Go away!"

But Svea poked her head through the doorway and looked round appealingly. The baker gave her some fresh bread—that was his undoing.

Every morning from then on, the moose was there when the bread came out of the ovens. Svea liked pastry, too, but since this was too expensive for a handout the animal devised a way of getting people to buy the dainties for her. She would

cavort in front of the shop until the usual crowd of children had gathered, then pick a victim and shove him gently inside. Svea always got her pastry.

Svea was fascinated by motor cars. She liked to stop them, investigate the occupants, have a chat. A friend of mine had one of these unnerving experiences. Coming round a bend in the road through the Gribskov Forest he suddenly saw a huge animal broadside on ahead of him. A deer would have been gone in a flash. Not Svea. The motorist jammed on his brakes barely in time.

Svea looked down from her great height at the small open car. Slowly she ambled round to the driver's side and amiably prodded the terrified man with her muzzle. She sniffed at the car, then with a last friendly poke sauntered away.

After a number of such incidents, it was decided to take a firm stand with Svea. She had been brought over from Sweden to produce a strain of Danish moose and not to amuse the children. So Svea was sent to a game reserve in North Sealand where the bulls now ranged. Rangers who were watching her reported that she didn't seem to care for the bulls. But she was eating natural food and the rangers were sure that she would eventually "become wild," as they put it.

Then, suddenly, Svea disappeared.

A few mornings later Mr. Rosendahl saw the familiar face pressed against his shopwindow. Svea

munched her fresh bread and went off on her accustomed round of visits. The town council met in stormy session. "Svea," said one of the councillors, "must be made to realize that she is an animal. She must not be permitted to disrupt the orderly government of our town." An offer from the Copenhagen zoo was accepted.

Svea's arrival at the Randers Zoological Gardens was a performance in her grandest tradition. She was meek enough as she descended from her truck. For an hour or so she was content to inspect the big enclosure assigned to her. And then she gathered herself. A charge, a flying leap, and she had cleared the nine foot moat.

Once more Svea went for a walk. With regal dignity she poked into parked cars, sniffed at people, nuzzled children, and before long discovered a pond in which she took a leisurely bath. Then she returned to the moat, leaped it without effort, and settled down with apparent satisfaction in her new home.

A few months ago Svea died of pneumonia. The newest medicines were powerless to save her. All Denmark mourned.

A few days after her death my managing editor and I talked about moose once more. "Shall we try to find another one?" he asked. "Another Svea?" I said. "That would be impossible."

"Then write an obituary," he said, "that does her justice."

# SILICONES— *Magic Sand* *with a Thousand Uses*

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

*Richard Match*

**T**HIRTY-SEVEN F-84 Thunderjets rose from a U.S. Air Force base at Dayton, Ohio, and streaked westward over peaceful Indiana farmland. Ten minutes after their take-off eight of the planes plummeted to earth in flaming wreckage.

Four days later Federal Bureau of Investigation and Air Force men publicly identified the "saboteur": ice. Ice had blocked the jet air intakes, and the strangled engines had exploded.

Air Force designers promptly sought help from the research chemists. Was there a rubberlike material that could be electrically heated to keep ice from sealing the air-intake doors, yet wouldn't melt into a sticky mess, or harden and crack in stratospheric cold? The chemists had an answer. It was a member of that extraordinary new branch of the glass family called "silicones."

To laymen, the most familiar silicone is "bouncing putty." This oddity looks like chewing gum and bounces like a tennis ball. Actually it is a chemical cousin of ordinary window glass, and is made, like all silicones, from coal, oil or gas, and sand.

Appropriate molecular manipulation produces "silicone rubber," which shrugs off temperatures 250 degrees higher than any rubber previously known and retains its stretch in Arctic cold. American jet engines are now protected by de-icers made of it.

Silicon rubber, however, is only one member of the resourceful silicone family. There are white enamels that haven't dulled or yellowed after four years in the sun. And repellents that make ordinary cotton cloth shed water like a rubberized shower curtain. And

fluids which pour at 120 degrees below zero, to fill the sextant bubble levels of aircraft operating across the North Pole. And literally thousands of other variations.

The first silicone compound was created in Germany in 1863. Later, an Englishman, Dr. Frederic S. Kipping, spent more than 40 years accumulating the knowledge on which silicone chemistry is built. American chemists put Kipping's pure science to work.

Owens-Corning developed Fiberglas, which promised to be a superb insulation if some equally heat-resistant resin could be found to hold the glass fibres together. Dr. J. Franklin Hyde discovered a silicone resin that would do the job, and a new industry was born.

Silicone insulation, both resin and rubber, now guards vital electrical cables—such as gun turret controls—on fighting ships. Eventually, silicone tyres may be a possibility. At present the product lacks tear strength and abrasion resistance, but the chemists have been adding muscle to it steadily.

Another item for the car of the future is silicone lubrication. Silicone oils do not oxidize into gummy sludge, consequently have a working life up to 40 times that of petroleum. Though not yet satisfactory crankcase lubricants, they already have important industrial uses. Huge Detroit conveyor lines that used to keep a man with an oil-can busy full time are now oiled

once a week; machines that used to run six months between oilings now run three years.

In paint, the silicones' effectiveness lies in their "inertness." Ordinary outdoor paints crack and yellow chiefly because their binders break down—oxidize. Inert silicone binders stubbornly resist oxidation. But the new paints are still too costly except for those jobs where their hidden strength makes them cheap at any price. They are cutting down the number of paint jobs required on ships, pylons and road signs, and will shortly be tested on big bridges. Meanwhile, manufacturers are getting some silicone benefits into home paints by fortifying them with a dash of silicone, to give them a smoother finish and improved washability.

Certain silicone fluids are the most effective "release agents" yet known, and are used, for example, to keep motor-car tyres from sticking to their factory moulds—with an 80 per cent saving on previous scrap and reject costs. In bakeries a single application of a silicone pan glaze will release up to 200 successive bakes from the bread pans. A related antisticker called Pantastic simplifies the cleaning of food from pots, pans and stove burners. Easily applied silicone polishes keep grime from sticking to your car.

Three years ago silicone processors began to market brush-on repellents to keep rain from seeping into

above-ground masonry. Though paraffins and soaps formerly used rarely lasted more than nine months, tests indicate that the silicone protection may last eight to ten years.

The same freezing of internal moisture that cracks and erodes home brickwork and stucco is one of the major causes of concrete-road deterioration. Tests begun on a Massachusetts road indicate that silicone water-repellents may add as much as ten years to the normal life of a concrete highway.

Silicone water-repellents can now be factory-applied to all types of textiles, and even to furs. Treated materials keep up to 90 per cent of their water-repellency after repeated machine washings or as many as 20 dry cleanings. Turn a hose on tautly stretched silicone-treated cotton and the water bounces off, leaving the cloth bone-dry. The treatment doesn't seal weave openings, therefore leaves the fabric—and the wearer's skin—free to "breathe." The cost of the silicones needed for a man's suit is less than 25 cents (about 15. 9d.).

Silicone-treated raincoats and snowsuits are already on sale in the U.S. Fast-drying umbrellas, bathing suits, car hoods and rain-shedding everyday garments will follow soon. A water-repellent for shoe leather is expected to allay motherhood's eternal concern over little wet feet.

The silicones have been a key to many new businesses. In 1945, for example, a young Wisconsin fishing

enthusiast named Richard Talbot found that a silicone coating floated his dry flies better than the bear fat he had been using. He went into business putting up and selling a dry-fly liquid trade-named Silicote and a salvelike dressing compound to protect fishing lines.

Talbot's wife, constantly washing nappies for her two infants, decided one day to "waterproof" her hands—which had become raw and irritated—with her husband's fishing-line compound. Within a week her skin irritation disappeared. Cautiously she tried the silicone on her children's nappy rash. The rash vanished.

Word got round to other mothers, and soon Talbot's compound was dressing more babies' bottoms than fishing lines. He made up a Silicote ointment especially for skin use and sent it to the state university for tests. Doctors at the University of Wisconsin Medical School reported that Silicote had cured or controlled 58 of the 61 cases of stubborn externally caused skin irritation on which they tried it—cases that, almost without exception, had failed to yield to other forms of therapy. The Talbots are now owners of a thriving business in silicone applications.

Other new uses for the silicones will soon emerge from laboratory experiments now going on. The evidence today indicates that this almost magic chemical family will prove to be one of the most useful gifts science has bequeathed us.

One of the most difficult relationships  
that the modern family must work out

## "My Mother Lives with Us"

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

*Agnes Rogers* Author of "Women Are Here to Stay"

I HADN'T seen my old school friend Susan for years, so we spent our lunchtime together dredging up odds and ends of news about mutual friends, and establishing our own present circumstances. Then Susan said, suddenly, "It isn't very easy for us now. You see, my mother lives with us." And, casting convention overboard, she launched into a trenchant summary of a situation in which you could fairly hear the nerves jangling.

Susan's grievances were, unhappily, all too familiar: her mother's criticism of her housekeeping, disapproval of her young daughter's manners and customs and friends, the strain on her husband's patience, Susan's own sense of guilt and her sensation of being torn in different directions.

Susan's plaint set me thinking. There is nothing new in tensions and misunderstandings between the older and younger generations. The idea of a young woman who truly enjoyed the company of her mother-

in-law was remarkable enough in Biblical times to blossom in the lovely story of Ruth and Naomi. But recently the differences between the generations have increased—mounting expenses, the trend to smaller living quarters and the growing cult of informality have worked together to form a pattern of daily life almost unrecognizable, and certainly distasteful, to the women of two generations ago.

Consider a typical case of a woman of 65 or thereabouts who is now living with her married daughter. Many of what the mother considers necessities for polite living have disappeared. She finds her daughter's house cramped. She is offended by a party at which the guests arrive an hour late, serve themselves and sit on the floor. The fact that her daughter and son-in-law and their friends are happily enjoying themselves doesn't help; she is likely to pity her daughter for her hard lot—and this includes censure of her son-in-law for not being a better provider.

Besides these modern aggravations there are the constant factors that have always existed. No matter what the younger people are giving up, the older person has had to give up more. She has lost her own home and her independence, and with them some of her own identity. The fact that she is no longer the giver is a severe blow to her pride; it is galling to be for ever on the receiving end. If she is a woman of any sensitivity, she is acutely aware of the inconvenience her presence causes, and in her darker moments she regards herself as an intolerable burden. And, hardest of all, in most cases, she feels that she is no longer of any real use in the world.

But if it is difficult for the older woman to fit into the combination household, the situation is also hard for the daughter and her husband. Even under the happiest conditions, when there is affection and admiration on all sides, they are likely to be under a sense of constraint. They do not want to shock the older woman and consequently are likely to watch their language and suppress spontaneous ideas that might be misunderstood. (They may carry this caution to unnecessary lengths: these older ladies are sometimes tougher-minded than their juniors think.)

Occasionally the problem presents another face: the older woman calls for more intellectual effort than her children feel like making. "It's a little hard," said one husband,

speaking with rueful admiration of his mother-in-law, "to have to take on the Arab question at breakfast."

Whether the older woman is the mother of the wife or of the husband, it is the younger woman who has to deal with the situation most of the time. Since she feels it is her responsibility to keep things on an even keel, she's constantly changing sides—which is wearing in itself. At any moment her train of thought may run something like this: "Are the children making too much noise? . . . Well, they have to play, don't they? . . . Mother will just have to realize that all the girls in Janey's class wear lipstick. . . . I wish I could persuade Mother to abandon that dreary grey coat. . . . I suppose it's hard on her, too."

Finally, it is painfully true that as we grow older our less attractive eccentricities too often become intensified.

Must the difficulties and complications of the joint household always be so formidable? As one who lived happily with such an arrangement for years, I know that it is possible for this to be a rich and rewarding experience. I also know that it doesn't happen without considerable doing.

Discussion of the situation at the start, before minor irritations have begun, is useful. It isn't easy, but if a candid, good-tempered meeting of minds can be conducted it may prevent the tangle of misunderstandings, grievances and secret hurts

that polite reticence often fosters.

The first thing to attempt, for everybody's good, is an independent life for the older woman, with interests and activities that are primarily hers, *and that are taken seriously by the rest of the family.*

The literature devoted to growing old gracefully dwells on the need for hobbies. I have no quarrel with this, but I resent the indulgent tone in which this advice is too often delivered. There is an implication that it's good for Mother to convert endless skeins of wool into knitted objects, regardless of whether anybody wants them: it keeps her occupied and doesn't do any harm.

Mother's experience and energy can be put to better use. Her activities must not be merely pastimes; they must have some importance to give any real satisfaction. If she is a skilful knitter and people want what she makes, by all means encourage her to knit. It doesn't make a great deal of difference what she does; but it makes a great deal of difference how she does it. It may be voluntary work in the community, it may be a project of study or the practice of some skill. The important things are: that it be suited to her temperament; that it be worth doing; and that she do it well.

Mutual respect is one firm foundation on which the successful joint household rests. No less important are good manners. And if we accept the definition of good manners as

an awareness of the feelings of others, I think it is here that the older woman must make the greater effort. She is the one who has to fit into others' lives. Here are a few respectful suggestions to the mother.

You must make up your mind that you will never criticize, and that—even if it kills you—you will not make suggestions unless you're asked. (Younger people will give great pleasure by occasionally requesting advice.)

Don't ask questions. It may seem innocent and natural to say, "Who is that letter from?" or, "What time did you get in last night?" but such questions can be interpreted as invasions of privacy.

Keep any adverse comments on dress or manners of the grandchildren to yourself. Such comments pave a sure way to unpopularity and, besides, the children aren't your responsibility.

Don't hark back to the old days, unless you can be amusing about them; and make an effort to see where your daughter's techniques of living may be superior to yours.

Don't cherish grievances. If some detail of household routine or family conduct bothers you unduly, discuss it *once* with your daughter. Ten to one, it can be changed. Otherwise, learn to put up with it.

Don't neglect your looks or your dress. "Nobody looks at me. It doesn't matter what I wear," is a fatal habit of thought. You have to



be much more particular, alas, than your daughter does.

Never, never complain about being left alone. Among my mother's many charming habits was her obvious pleasure in any invitations that came to me and my husband. "I do hope you're going to do it," was her invariable comment, no matter how long it might keep us out.

Don't overdo self-sacrifice. It is uncomfortable to have a martyr about the place.

Does this programme sound difficult? It is. But it is by doing the hard things that we gain in character, personality and flexibility, and avoid becoming those forlorn people for whom others feel sorry.

A final word to younger women—remember that some day *you* may be the one of whom a daughter says, "My mother lives with us." By taking thought ahead of time, you may be able so to order your life that she will say it proudly.

### *The Camera Eye*

WE WERE sitting in the lobby of the hotel as she walked swiftly past us, turned a corner sharply and was gone.

"That's an uncommonly good-looking girl," I said to my wife, who was deep in a crossword puzzle.

"Do you mean the one in that blue artificial taffeta dress with the green and red flowered design?"

"The girl that just walked past."

"Yes," said my wife, "with that dowdy rayon dress on. You'd think, though, that she'd have better taste than to wear a chartreuse hat with it, especially with her bleached hair."

"Bleached? I didn't notice her hair was bleached."

"Good heavens, you could almost smell the peroxide. I don't mind a bit of make-up provided it looks fairly natural. But you could scrape that rouge off with a knife. They ought to add a course in make-up to the curriculum at her college."

"College? Why college?"

"From the emblem, of course. You must have noticed it hanging from her charm bracelet."

"I wasn't looking at her wrist."

"I'll bet you weren't. Nor at those fat legs of hers, either. A woman with legs like that shouldn't wear high-heeled patent-leather shoes."

"I thought she was a very pretty girl," I said apologetically.

"Well, you may be right," said my wife. "I was busy with my puzzle and I didn't notice her particularly. What's the name of a President of the United States in six letters, beginning with T?"

—N.L.

# The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

*By Elliott Roosevelt*

OF THE many people who influenced Franklin Roosevelt's career, the one who can justly be called "President-maker" was a man about whom most people know little. This man also deeply affected the character and even the personality of Eleanor Roosevelt: her present world-wide reputation would not have been possible had he not altered the whole course of her life.

Elected to the New York State Senate in 1910, my father went to the state capital of Albany to begin what was to become an amazing political story. Unsure of herself, Eleanor remained in the background, took no part in the political life of her husband. She played a rôle of homemaker and mother. In fact, she was pregnant and giving birth during most of the years up to 1917.



In Albany Mother and Father met Louis Howe, then a correspondent for the New York *Herald*.

Short of stature, with a pock-marked face, Howe was remarkably ugly. He suffered from chronic ill health which even then bordered on the desperate. But he took as little notice of this as he did of his personal appearance. He was a chain-smoker of cigarettes, one constantly dangling from his lips, the ash for ever fall-

ing unheeded on his waistcoat. His fingers were tobacco-stained, the nails usually black with dirt. His stiff white collars were usually wilted and invariably grey.

Louis Howe became interested in F.D.R. when the young senator began to fight the corrupt leadership of his party in the legislature. Roosevelt welcomed Howe's advice, and a close friendship developed be-

tween them. When the team of Howe and Roosevelt defeated the party bosses, national attention was focused for the first time on F.D.R. As early as 1910 Louis Howe told friends: "Franklin will be President of the United States some day, and I'm going to help him get there."

After Wilson's election as President in 1912, F.D.R. was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and he took Howe to Washington with him as his secretary. From that point, Howe became more and more important in Roosevelt's political life. He developed in F.D.R. an awareness of dislocations inherent in the growth of America from an agricultural society to a powerful industrial empire: the disparity in income of the farmer, the danger of low wages for workers and huge profits for industry.

Mother, who was a fastidious person, remonstrated on more than one occasion on Louis Howe's presence in our house; she had taken a violent dislike to "that dirty little man." But F.D.R. laughingly ignored her protests and took to inviting Howe to breakfast every morning. I can still hear his racking cigarette cough and see the spilled ash on the cereal. We used to look forward to Sunday breakfast, not because of the extra large meal but because that was the only day of the week that Louis wasn't on hand.

When F.D.R. ran for Vice-President in 1920, he made more than

400 speeches in 45 days. Louis Howe was his shadow, handling the press, helping with speeches, criticizing, encouraging. Eleanor accompanied F.D.R. on much of this campaign tour, and in the constant limelight her shyness was agonizing.

I remember one night during this period when Mother came up to tuck us children into bed. Father was downstairs greeting an important group of dinner guests. While hearing our prayers, Mother dissolved in tears and Father came up to see why she was gone so long. "I just can't stand up to greet all those people," she told him. "I know they all think I'm dull and unattractive. I just want to hide up here."

The strain of the unsuccessful campaign, the hard work of re-establishing himself in private business took a heavy toll of F.D.R.'s health. In the summer of 1921 poliomyelitis struck, and he could not fight it off. Much to her own surprise, a frantic Eleanor turned instinctively to the little gnomelike man who had been her husband's mentor. At once Howe took charge of every plan, watching over the family like a mother hen.

Slowly a new pattern of life developed. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, Franklin's mother, started a campaign to reassume complete domination of her son's life. She wanted him to go to Hyde Park, to live the life of a country gentleman and sedentary philosopher. She felt his

days of action were past. In his discouragement, F.D.R. yielded and gave up hope of conquering his affliction. Louis Howe fretted and fumed. A dreadful antagonism developed between him and Sarah Roosevelt.

Finally, Howe hit on a plan. He went to Eleanor and calmly announced that *she* was going into politics. Her astonishment was complete, but by this time such was her realization of the wisdom of this little man that she agreed to follow his orders to campaign for Al Smith, who was standing as Governor of New York against her cousin Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Howe wrote her speech, made her memorize it and deliver it over and over again while he lounged in an easy chair caustically criticizing and coaching.

The day she made her first speech was the darkest of her life. She fumbled and forgot, became embarrassed with uncontrolled nervous laughter, almost hysterical. It was a terrifying experience.

Howe returned to the house that night and roundly berated her. He would not let her give up, and she made numerous speeches in the next two months. When Smith was elected Governor, Eleanor was made a member of the Women's Division of the Democratic Party in New York State.

At the same time, in spite of Sarah Roosevelt's every stratagem to keep him away, Louis was fre-

quently to be found at Hyde Park. He had a knack for carpentry, especially in making model sailing boats. This hobby intrigued F.D.R., who joined enthusiastically in designing and racing the little models. When F.D.R.'s boats won more often than not, Howe hoped it would excite his mind to outside interests.

One summer Louis persuaded Franklin to go with him to his favourite holiday place at Horse-neck Beach, a modest resort on the Massachusetts coast. His vivid descriptions of the windswept sand dunes and his word pictures of the fun to be had sailing the miniature boats there captivated F.D.R.'s imagination. The two families presently ensconced themselves in two ramshackle cottages at the seaside.

No more difficult spot could have been picked for Franklin to move about in with his affliction. But this difficulty served a purpose: it convinced Franklin that he could get about. The following winter he bought a houseboat and cruised the Florida Keys, and he made other summer forays to Marion, Massachusetts, for treatment under the care of an infantile paralysis specialist, Dr. William McDonald.

All this time Louis, keenly aware of the need to keep his mind in tune with F.D.R.'s, searched avidly for additions to Franklin's collections. He dug up models of early sailing vessels from homes and obscure little shops. He hunted tirelessly for

miniature books with early printing dates. He became something of an expert on philately. He searched art shops for prints of American naval vessels. In so many different ways he became Franklin's alter ego that their minds were completely in harmony.

During the 1922 campaign Franklin Roosevelt, the recluse, was a silent spectator of the transformation of his wife. Her growing importance in party councils began to have an effect; just as Louis Howe had planned, F.D.R. became jealous of his wife's activity, forgot his infirmity and started to reassert his interest in the world's affairs. By 1924 he was leading the campaign for Al Smith's nomination for President.

Louis Howe had fundamentally changed the characters of two people. He had put iron and steel into the soul of Franklin Roosevelt, had made him a fighter and a victor over his infirmities. He had changed Eleanor Roosevelt from a shy, retiring individual with an overpowering inferiority complex to one who now knew that she could overcome her defects, command respect from those around her and render effective service to others. Never again could she return to a simple interest in her home and family. While Franklin was emerging as a powerful national leader, she also developed as a leader of those who concerned themselves primarily with the problems of the underprivileged.

Her work supplemented her husband's activity amazingly. He came to lean upon her for information and guidance in many problems which he faced, first as Governor and later as President.

In all the activities of both, Louis Howe was the guiding hand. He it was who planned the strategy of Franklin Roosevelt's two campaigns for the governorship of New York, he who engineered the campaign for the Presidency. I remember seeing him seated cross-legged in his bed during one of his chronic attacks of bronchitis, reading huge stacks of weekly newspapers. By following local meetings of thousands of organizations in small towns throughout the country he built up a correspondence for F.D.R. that grew into a card-index file of well over a million names. Through this correspondence, people came to feel that Roosevelt was their personal friend. When the 1932 campaign got under way, the campaign manager, James A. Farley, had a ready-made list of workers and supporters to call upon.

Farley was the affable glad-handler who charmed, cajoled and wheedled; his was the task of raising funds. But behind Farley a tireless, coatless little man in a cubby-hole office at campaign headquarters plotted and planned the strategy. He supervised the preparation of campaign literature, he drew up the itineraries of candidates and speakers. He scarcely ever left his office.

Food was served at his desk, and he slept on a couch against the wall. Occasionally, his wife or Eleanor Roosevelt would force him to go home for long enough to get a bath and a change of clothes.

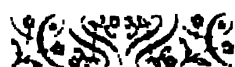
That campaign, masterminded by Louis Howe, is a model from which most political campaigning in later elections has been copied. Howe introduced the wide use of radio broadcasting and later thought up the "fireside chat" as a means whereby the President could acquaint the people with his plans.

As far back as 1916, doctors had given Louis Howe little hope of living more than a year. But he lived to make Franklin Roosevelt President of the United States and to help him plan the New Deal, which changed the entire complexion

of U.S. society. He did not live to see Franklin Roosevelt guide his country through World War II; but he foresaw it, and prepared F.D.R. for its coming. He did not live to see Eleanor Roosevelt emerge as a champion of human rights throughout the world; but he educated her and conditioned her for the task.

Louis Howe spent the last years of his life in the White House, most of the time in a sick-bed. He died on April 18, 1936, in the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, happy in the realization that he had achieved his life's ambition.

This strange little gnome's influence on two people's lives may have had a more profound effect upon the inhabitants of his country and of the world than that of any other man of our time.



## Bennett Certified Puns

### *Bennett Certif in This Week*

A HARD-WORKING editor warned an underling: "Not another murmur about your indigestion. I've got enough of my own without worrying about anybody ulcers."

A MAN watched a fat lady sneak on to the scales, drop in a bad penny and silently steal a weigh.

A CUTE STUDENT left Tulane University to marry a jet pilot. She put the heart before the course.

A GIRL I know says her new nylons are sheer today and gone tomorrow.

A NUDIST, according to a well known comedian, is one suffering from clothes-trophobia.

*There's money to be made and fun to be had*

## Why Don't You Invent a Gadget?

*Condensed from Your Life*

Elsie McCormick

For long ago I sat in the office of Don Davis. It was crammed with such things as an electrically heated lunch can, a pocket cigarette snuffer to be used when no ash-trays are handy, a typewriter capable of producing five copies without carbon paper, and an ingeniously shaped metal device which, put in the bottom of cooking pots, prevents them from boiling over. These were only a small part of thousands of recent inventions which crowded this two-story building in Los Angeles, nearly all of them worked out by men and women in their own homes.

Davis, who has never invented anything himself, became interested in inventors and their problems while a member of a public-relations firm. A client who manufactured what seemed to be a promising gadget was unable to pay his bills. The trouble, he said, was that sales-

people failed to call attention to it.

New inventions, Davis realized, need quite different marketing methods from established products; a demand should be created before the product reaches the shops. Perhaps here was an opportunity to help inventors and to start a business of his own. In 1947 Davis started a Gadget-of-the-Month Club. Its object was to screen submitted inventions, and introduce the best ones by sending them out to club subscribers. Trial memberships were \$1; annual memberships, \$5.

Ironically, the club was so successful that it almost ruined its founders. Within a few days after it had been described on a radio hook-up, mail began flooding in. Ten thousand dollars, in \$1 and \$5 bills, arrived in a single day. The tiny staff, at that time housed in two rooms, was soon buried under 125,000 subscriptions. Suspicious

postal inspectors invaded the scene, and 300 members whose subscriptions were lost in the confusion wrote angry letters of complaint. The club closed its subscription list and began getting out gadgets to the members.

Today the Gadget-of-the-Month Club again accepts subscriptions, but the annual price is \$12, high enough to prevent a tidal wave. The articles, chosen each month by a jury, are of higher value than before. One on the list is a new type of razor, curved to the contour of the face; according to tests, it will give twice as many shaves per blade as conventional types. On each sampled and approved invention the club secures marketing rights for the 17-year life of the patent, and collects royalties.

Inventions come to Davis from people in all walks of life: housewives and company directors, clergymen and charwomen. An Englishman who had been an air-raid warden sent a cane with a light near the tip for night walking. From an Austrian came an automatic turner for sheet music.

"Many people mull over an idea for years, but don't take time to work it out until after they retire," Davis said. "A former estate agent, 72 years old, recently invented a simple, non-electric burglar alarm which he began thinking about when the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped." Of the thousands of inventors with whom Davis has been

in touch, 63 per cent are over 50.

Frequently the amateur inventor's product has nothing to do with his regular occupation. A logger developed a combination flour sifter and measurer; a forest ranger invented a plastic finger rest for a woman to use when giving herself a manicure. A business-machine salesman produced a moisture-absorbing container to keep biscuits fresh; and a steam-shovel operator came up with a new device for making coffee.

How good are the independent inventor's chances of making money from his brain child? At least 60 per cent find that something so like their idea has already been patented that it isn't worth while to file an application. Of all the inventions patented, only about one in five makes money.

Most of the successful Gadget-of-the-Month Club devices have been simple ones. A stopper which prevents beer and carbonated beverages from going flat after the bottle has been opened piled up a record of half a million sales. Another success is the magnapad, made by a man whose wife complained of never having a pot holder handy when she wanted to take a hot dish out of the oven. He produced a pad equipped with a magnet that adheres to the side of the gas cooker. A newspaper article on the invention resulted in 35,000 orders, and his home workshop has expanded into a busy little factory.



One day a young man, discouraged and deeply in debt, came in to see Davis. He had made a hinge that would eliminate the gap seen in drop-leaf tables when the leaves are hanging down. But he couldn't market the idea, and said he was ready to sell the whole thing for \$10.

The hinge wasn't the kind of article adapted for use by the Gadget-of-the-Month Club but Davis had its creator interviewed on a radio programme. Some businessmen became interested, paid the inventor \$10,000 down and a royalty on sales, and made him superintendent of a factory built to manufacture his hinges. Last year more than 250,000 were sold to furniture manufacturers.

Many amateur inventors are disappointed if the financial results run to less than six or seven figures. Of course, great harvests are sometimes reaped. Clarence White made a million dollars by developing the kiddie car, and Leo Peters is said to have made at least that much with a plastic bag that simplified the kneading necessary for the housewife to colour margarine. Such cases, however, are rare; the average return for a saleable gadget invention is between \$1,000 and \$25,000.

The steady procession of new things may soon make an invention obsolete. One young man who cre-

ated a promising household gadget refused a \$25,000 offer for it. Then another article came out that did the job better, and the value of his invention skidded to zero.

A lawyer experienced in patent cases advises widows not to throw away any inventions their husbands might have been working on without checking their possible worth. He cites the case of a clerk who struggled for years with a new type of rail coupling. His wife's impulse, after his death, was to throw away the things that cluttered the basement, but she decided to have them looked at first. The result for her was an income of about \$1,500 a month.

A retired businessman whom I met in Davis's office seemed to be the ideal independent inventor. He and a former railway mechanic had invented an ingenious and strong pin made of twisted piano wire. Out of car, lawn-mower and sewing-machine parts he had fashioned a machine capable of making 1,000 pins an hour; then he asked friends to test the pins.

"Of course, I hope I make some money," he said, "but even if I never get a cent, I shall have had a hell of a lot of fun."

With that attitude, a home inventor can't really lose.



**T**HE United States today is in the unhappy situation of a rich and romantic maiden. She yearns hopelessly to be loved for herself alone. —E.H.

# The Astounding Soviet Dollar Swindle

*Condensed from The Freeman*

Richard L. Stokes

**S**TRUNG by wholesale forgeries of Occupation lire in Italy, the U.S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Engraving and Printing in 1944 lavished all its science on creating a counterfeit-proof issue of military currency for Germany. Experts used a secret paper with a distinctive watermark, a colour scheme of nine different hues of ink and designs so complex that 23 plates were required for printing the currency. The inks were guarded day and night. Operatives of the U.S. Secret Service watched over the plant where the marks were printed.

Against this citadel, a campaign was quietly opened when Elizabeth Bentley \* was approached by one of her Soviet taskmasters, a tall, slim Russian known to her only as "Bill." He relayed an order from Moscow to deliver samples of all denominations of Occupation marks being

prepared by the U.S. Treasury. He said that the purpose was forgery. The idea was not one to ruffle a good Communist—counterfeiting is routine Kremlin practice.

Miss Bentley's "contact" at the Treasury was an economist, the late Harry Dexter White, then assistant to Secretary Morgenthau. (In 1945 he became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and a year later was appointed by President Truman as U.S. Director of the International Monetary Fund.)

In the capital's Red underground White was admired as "the man who makes up Morgenthau's mind." But he lived in a nightmare of panic over his double life, and now refused to meet Miss Bentley. A go-between was found who had been temporarily released by the Treasury and was able to come and go in its precincts without question. Through him Miss Bentley now transmitted "Bill's" demand for samples of the new Occupation marks.

The answer came back from White

\* The self-confessed espionage agent for the Russians who was in charge of about 40 Communists and fellow travellers in "sensitive" U.S. Government departments. Later Miss Bentley renounced allegiance to the Communists and told her story to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

that the task was too dangerous. Miss Bentley sent word that this was an order from "above" and had to be obeyed.

The marks, wrapped in a newspaper, were then delivered to Miss Bentley. With them, White sent a prayer for their quick return "before they are missed." Feeling as if she were carrying a bomb in her handbag, Miss Bentley hastened to unload the perilous samples on "Bill." They were sped to Moscow by plane in the custody of a diplomatic courier.

After a fortnight "Bill" returned the marks to Miss Bentley in disgust. Moscow's expert forgers had found that the Treasury's masterpieces could not be counterfeited. He now demanded plates, directions and samples of paper and ink—everything necessary for manufacturing exact replicas of the Treasury's marks.

To Miss Bentley's astonishment, White took this new assignment in his stride. As representative of the Treasury in negotiations with the Department of State and the War Department, he insisted to his colleagues that Russian pride would be dangerously angered if the Kremlin got the impression that American officials believed it could not be trusted with the mark plates. The Under-secretary of the Treasury, Daniel Bell, retorted that "the Treasury had never made currency plates available to anybody." Alvin Hall, Director of the Bureau of En-

graving and Printing, also condemned the proposed arrangement and predicted accurately that it would "make accountability impossible."

The Administration was dreaming blissfully of German economic unity, without a thought that Russia would never permit it—except on Communist terms. Early in April 1944 Foreign Commissar Molotov burst upon Ambassador Averell Harriman with an ultimatum. Unless Treasury plates and materials were delivered forthwith, the Soviet Union would start printing its own brand of Occupation marks. The effect was that of a torpedo. What would happen to economic unity and Allied solidarity, White lamented, if the Occupation began with two separate monetary systems?

The State Department declared that a uniform currency was most desirable. The distracted Secretary of the Treasury then shouldered the decision upon the Combined Chiefs of Staff. The weight of that body was thrown into the Soviet scale by General George Marshall. In a letter dated April 13 the Army Chief of Staff counselled that the materials requested by the Soviet Union should be made available—unless this would interfere with General Eisenhower's Occupation supply.

Accordingly, on May 13, 1944, a C47 transport left Washington for Moscow, carrying master plates from the U.S. Treasury and a small quantity of currency paper and ink.

The materials had been delivered by the Treasury to the Soviet Embassy. Then on May 24 the first large consignment—16,500 pounds, packed in 27 shipping cases and seven 50-gallon drums—was flown to Russia. A 9,000-pound shipment was cleared from Washington on June 13. And two further consignments were finally dispatched.

Official records prove that the Treasury delivered to Moscow 46 master plates; samples of paper deliberately chosen to display its watermark; specimens of glue and fibres; 21 tons of pigments, oils and varnishes, with specifications for their blending and use; and the Treasury's own pattern books in denominations up to 1,000 marks.

Before long, Russian duplicates of U.S. Occupation marks were pouring from the presses of a former Nazi mint in Leipzig without a vestige of accountability, though they were accepted at par for conversion into dollars. Before the operation could be halted, after 18 months, it had cost American taxpayers, at a minimum estimate, 250 million dollars.

By way of contrast, America's other allies in Germany's occupation, Britain and France, whose military marks were printed by the U.S. Treasury, were kept on a Spartan fiscal diet.

One of the ways in which the Russians put their marks into circulation among civilians in West Germany was in the form of pay for

materials and labour in rehabilitating their section of Berlin. The Russians thus obtained such labour and materials without cost to themselves. The marks were redeemed in dollars through the black market, or deposited in banks, where they were turned into sound money when the Allied Military Government exchanged for new Westmarks all currency turned in by the Germans.

The giveaway came from the appearance of 1,000-mark bills. The United States had printed a quantity of these, *but had never put them into circulation*. Yet 1,794,922 of them—with a face value of \$100 each—turned up in German banks. Their only possible source was the Soviet mint in Leipzig.

At the time when Berlin's black-market carnival, financed with these Russian-made marks, was in its heyday, A. B. Gromov, First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and chief of the NKVD in the United States, arranged a rendezvous with Elizabeth Bentley. During a stroll together in New York one night in October 1945, Gromov pressed \$2,000 in \$20 bills upon Miss Bentley—a bonus for her part in bringing off the scheme.

The Soviet diplomat was in soaring spirits. A programme through which his countrymen were to bag 250 million dollars' worth of American goods, including Army equipment and merchandise from U.S. forces' shops, Quartermaster and

Red Cross stores, was well advanced. These goods were being paid for—here was the humour of it—with unbacked money put at the disposal of the Communists by the “American imbeciles,” as he called them.

Even more diverting was the prospect of the millions it would require

in American taxes to extricate West Germany from ruin—a ruin artfully advanced by a deluge of the Russians’ currency made feasible by the U.S. Treasury. What a jolly way of helping on the classic Bolshevik prophecy that Communism would force America to spend itself into bankruptcy!



### Cartoon Quips

TIRED host saying good night to evening callers at the door in wintry setting: “Yes, we must get together again soon. Have a nice summer.”

SMALL BOY to sister’s bead: “I think she’s baby-sitting—at least she called him ‘Baby’ when they drove away.”

HUSBAND to WIFE, as they go to clearance sale: “Promise me you won’t save beyond our means?”

GIRL, home from date, to her mother: “I had to slap him a couple of times—but it was only because I thought he was dead.”

WOMAN DRIVER to policeman arresting her: “But, Officer, I *couldn’t* slow down while you were going so fast just behind me!”

SMALL BOY to teacher: “I can’t get that report card back for you. You gave me an ‘A’ in something and they’re still sending it to relatives.”

WEeping WIFE to husband: “For weeks I’ve been telling you not to buy me anything for my birthday—and *still* you forgot to get me something!”

WOMAN GUEST admiring hostess’s birthday cake: “Only 38 candles? This *is* a surprise party!”

GLAMOUR GIRL to friend looking at snapshots: “Oh, that’s poor Raymond. He was lost at sea—a blonde on the *Queen Mary* took him away from me.”

INSURANCE AGENT to customer: “You’ve filled in this application all right except for one thing, Mr. Perkins—where it asks the relationship of Mrs. Perkins to yourself, you should have put down ‘wife,’ not ‘strained.’”



## *School for Truffle Hounds*

Condensed from Park East

Robert Littell

THE ONLY boarding school in the world for truffle hounds is in the little Italian village of Roddi, in Piedmont. Here "Professor Barot," whose real name is Battista Monchiero, will teach practically any dog to sniff out the white truffle -- that mysterious underground "mushroom" that brings in as much as 850 lire (about 95¢) per ounce and is the delight of epicures.

In France the black truffle is rooted out of the earth under oak trees by swine. But swine, unlike dogs, love the taste of truffles, so that swine and master must race to see which will get the prized delicacy. There is no school anywhere for truffle swine; and it takes all the skill and patience and wisdom of 74-year-old Barot to teach dogs to find something they don't care a yelp about.

*The gourmet's guide is a dog with an educated nose*

Any pilgrimage to see the school begins at the Grand Hotel Restaurant Savona, in the pleasant market town of Alba. The hotel owners—the Morra family, father and sons—buy, sell, serve, eat and can truffles. Signor Giacomo Morra, an ancient, bald and bony man with eyes glittering behind steel spectacles, showed us a prize truffle about to be air-mailed to Uruguay. It was a collection of rooty, loam-coloured bulges, a shapeless shape about the size of a soccer ball. We were allowed to feel it, reverently, and sniff it.

The scent of an untamed white truffle, even when sniffed out of doors where it cannot gather momentum, does not suggest a feast. It

smells of earth, of dark depths that have never been ploughed. But to all right-thinking people of Alba, it is a lovely, intoxicating and, above all, a prosperous odour.

The nugget we smelled weighed about two and a half pounds. Being of prime quality, it would cost the Uruguayan restaurateur 36,000 lire, or over £20—or, when shaved several thousand times into various dishes, about twopence per delicious, unforgettable, paper-thin, stamp-size slice.

Guided by Signor Morra's son Mario, who spoke English in enthusiastic gusts and bursts, we drove to Roddi through an autumn countryside gently aflame with tawny hillside vineyards. For centuries the people of this district have hunted truffles, which flourish under oaks, elms, hazelnut trees and poplars. They grow in the same places year after year, and the secret of good hunting grounds is passed from father to son. The treasure is sought stealthily, at night, by dim lanterns and with silent dogs.

The main street of Roddi spirals up to a hilltop and the crumbling remains of a 14th-century castle. As we approached we heard dogs barking, and soon we came upon the dormitory of Professor Barot's unique canine academy. In an open shed were tied eight or ten small, friendly, raceless dogs.

"Well, there is the student body," said Signor Morra, "and now here comes the faculty."

Trudging towards us was a little man with a face as pleasantly lined as the bark of a fine old tree. His smile was almost toothless, but in his watery eyes sparkled the three-quarters of a century he has spent with animals and earth and a wide sky. Black hat, black coat and waistcoat, black striped trousers with one button missing—he looked as if he had been a wedding guest 20 years ago and had worn these festive clothes ever since. Over one shoulder hung a small pick with a curved steel blade worn from digging deep for truffles.

"First I show you how I teach the dogs, then we go hunting," said Professor Barot. Out of sight of the dogs, he stooped and with the gleaming tool dug a hole into which he put something taken from his waistcoat pocket. Then he came back and unfastened a woolly, wagging little dog named Frick. "*Pei-la*, Frick," Barot said quietly. "*Pei-la*, *pei-la* (Go and get it)."

Frick darted out, circled sniffing from side to side, and in less than a minute was scratching earnestly with both forepaws. Barot retrieved the truffle—a classroom sample, apparently, good for several hundred burials—from between Frick's paws, and gave him a piece of bread. "If my dogs study well," said Barot, "they get bread. If they disobey, they go hungry."

Every August, some 30 or 40 dogs are brought to the Professor by their owners, who pay tuition and

board of about £2 per dog for the two- or three-weeks' course. The dogs are young; practically all are mongrels. A top truffle hound is worth 100,000 lire.

When an untrained dog arrives, Barot gives him nothing to eat for two days. Then he takes him out and throws a rag toy for him to bring back over and over again. Every time the dog brings it back, he gets a bit of bread. After a while Barot throws small pieces of truffle instead of the rag. Then he begins to hide the truffle, making it gradually more difficult to find and always rewarding the dog for success. Sniff by sniff, mouthful by mouthful, the dog learns to associate finding a smelly, uneatable truffle with getting a delicious piece of bread. Soon the animal is able to detect truffles as deep as a foot below the surface.

The Professor now unfastened a quiet black-and-white dog named Fido. A sedate college man of four years' standing, Fido was the post-graduate type, serious and ambitious. We all went down a muddy lane into a grove of hazelnut trees, which Barot said had always been a good place for truffles.

"But won't the owner of the grove object?" we asked. Signor Morra explained that anyone was free to hunt truffles on your land, and you on his. It was considered good hunting manners to replace the divots.

Fido began casting about, nose to

the ground, with the frenzied concentration of a dog who has just mislaid the trail of a deer. Barot followed, talking to him all the while, quietly, hypnotically. "*Pei-la, Fido,*" he was saying, "*pei-la, beica ben*"—Go and get it, Fido, keep looking.

Suddenly Fido stopped and began to dig furiously. In an instant Barot was on his knees, chopping out the earth around the truffle before the dog's claws could damage it. Then he straightened up and showed us a truffle about the size of a grape but smelling, as a truffle should, of caverns measureless to man. Fido danced round Barot and stood on his hind legs, quivering with eagerness to get his piece of bread.

For nearly an hour we hunted in the dappled sunlight among the hazel trees. Barot's ceaseless "*Pei-la, pei-la*" tugged at Fido with a leash of gentle words. Every five minutes or so another small truffle would be unearthed. "It is unfortunately not a good season," Barot apologized. "August was too dry."

Truffles are born early in the summer. They are a tiny sort of parasite, attached by microscopic filaments to the trees under which they grow, and they are mysteriously responsive to the cycle of the tree's life. By autumn, if there has been enough rain in August, they can swell up to a great size. From late September to January is the hunting season.

After Fido's demonstration we drove back to Alba, where Signor



Morra gave us a lunch which it would be unfriendly ever to forget, but perhaps unwise ever to repeat.

First we had *hors d'œuvres*, among them large yellow peppers, squelchy hot in their own juice and covered with truffles. Next we had *insalata di filetti di pollo tartufati*, a sort of minced-chicken salad, hot and as melting in the mouth as its name is poetic to the ear. It was delicately thatched with truffles.

At this point Signor Morra presented us with two of the slicers from which truffles are made to fall gently upon the waiting dish. "Whenever it gets dull," he said, "you just put in another razor blade." And he signalled to the hovering waiter to pour us all a second glass of the first red wine—or perhaps it was the first glass of the second.

After that we ate succulent mushrooms, chopped fine, with truffles on top of them, and kneaded into them, and all through them, and influencing them profoundly. There was more wine and the clink of forks, and smacking noises, which faded into the fifth course, one of the Grand Hotel Savona's specialties: raviolini—with truffles. Raviolini are midget ravioli, and like them one of the most painless ways of conveying finely chopped meat to his interior ever invented by man. The raviolini were followed by a *fonduta all' Albese con tartufi*, a rich, creamy-yellow rarebit—with truffles. Then came a civet of

chamois, cut in strips miraculously sauced, and crowned with truffles.

As this seemed to be approximately the seventh course, some of us thought of standing up, but were deterred by the serving of a final wine—followed by a chocolate cake with icing moulded to resemble truffles. "In Alba," said Signor Morra over the coffee (no truffles), "we have a Truffle Fair every year and select a Truffle Queen. Last year our Miss Truffle was Graziella Fornaseri, only 15. Beautiful legs." He passed round her picture. They were indeed.

"Before the war, our friend Barot always had a float in the truffle parade. It was a sort of two-story house on wheels. Upstairs there were musicians, downstairs Barot and some of his prize pupils. He had buried truffles in the earth on the floor of the float, and in front of the judges' stand he would turn the dogs loose to find them and dig them up. Everyone cheered."

When at last we left the table and drove the Professor home to Roddi, the shadows were long over the golden countryside. The feast had made us pensive, and we were sad at the thought that Professor Barot, who had inherited from his father and his grandfather a useful and rare and kindly art, was perhaps the last of the truffle-dog schoolmasters. For those of his six sons who survived the wars show no interest in truffles, or in dogs, or in teaching one how to find the other.



## MR. FORD'S WIFE IS DIFFERENT

*By Corey Ford*

OTHER night on the train the conversation got around again to women. A fellow beside me said the trouble with his wife is that she never leaves anything where it is. "She always puts it back where it was," he said. "For instance, every night I move the lamp a little nearer to my armchair so that I can read, and every morning she moves the lamp back where she had it. She says that's where it goes. And if I ask her why it goes there, she says because that's where it belongs."

"My wife moves things," a man opposite chimed in, "because she says she wants to try them somewhere else. All night long I can't sleep for the rumble of heavy furniture being shoved round the house, usually by me. The other night she decided the loveseat was wrong. She wanted to try it in front of the fireplace. So I moved the piano over to the other side of the room, put the

coffee table where the radio was, and lugged the chaise longue out into the hall. By the time I'd finished straightening the carpet, she decided it might be better after all if we put the loveseat in the attic. I was so tired I staggered upstairs and fell into bed, except that the bed wasn't there. It seems she'd moved it that afternoon."

The more I hear the other fellows talk about their wives, the more I realize how lucky I am. My wife never does any of the things that drive husbands crazy, like dropping her gloves under the table whenever she gets up to leave a restaurant, or cutting out a recipe from the newspaper before I get a chance to read it, or hanging up her nylons to dry in the bathroom. If she gets a letter, she doesn't hold the envelope in her hand for several minutes, studying the handwriting and murmuring to herself: "Now I wonder *who* could be writing to me?" And when she tells a funny story she remembers the point.

I like to take her for a drive because she is always ready in plenty of time. Moreover, she doesn't have to go back to the house to see if she left a cigarette burning. She trusts the road map completely and she doesn't say every five minutes, "I have a hunch we should have taken that road back there," or, "Don't you think we'd better stop and ask?"

When shopping she finds exactly the thing she wants in no time at all.

and she pays for it on the spot (she doesn't believe in charge accounts). The other day I gave her £5 to buy a hat. She got it at a sale for £3 10s. and gave me back the change.

Another thing about my wife, she meets me right on the dot. A man is always on time except when something very important comes up at the last minute, such as running into an old school friend and stopping at the club for just a couple of quick ones. But a woman will take at least two hours to exchange a yard of ribbon, while her husband stands patiently outside. ("It isn't so much the time she takes," a husband told me, "but when she finally comes out I wish she wouldn't ask me: 'Were you waiting long?'") Statistics show that the average husband spends 51.2 per cent of his life waiting in department stores, outside beauty parlours or in front of ladies' cloakrooms.

Or he waits to use the telephone while she tells Peggy about the strangest thing that happened today. I was walking down Centre Street or was it High Street, well, anyway, I turned the corner and I ran right into Elsie Sneed, I haven't seen her for ages, she looked perfectly frightful, she's so much older and the dress she was wearing, I think her husband must be drinking again, well, anyway, we had lunch together at that little place where you and I were, no, the other

one, I'll think of the name of it in a minute, well, anyway. . . .

Or he waits on top of a stepladder holding a heavy picture against the wall while she stands in the centre of the room, tapping her teeth with a knuckle and saying thoughtfully, "Just a little lower, dear," or, "No, a couple of inches the other way," or, "Now try it back again the way it was. . . ."

My wife isn't like that, bless her heart. Never borrows my razor blade to scrape paint off the scullery window. Wouldn't dream of throwing away that old worn pair of fishing slacks. Isn't convinced in the middle of the night that she heard somebody prowling about downstairs. Always has her handkerchief, and doesn't have to borrow mine.

I'd like to bring you fellows home tonight to meet my wife and enjoy one of her famous meals. I haven't told her you're coming, but she never gets upset when I bring in half a dozen friends unexpectedly for dinner. It won't matter if we're late, either, because she always keeps everything on the stove piping hot. After dinner she'll insist that we all go into the living-room, because she'd rather do the washing-up herself. Just let her know if we need anything.

I think you'll agree that there isn't a wife like her anywhere. Probably because I happen to be a bachelor.

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*T*HE DOG is mentioned in the Bible 18 times--the cat not even once.

—W.E.F.

*For long a dark horse, Spain, as a new military associate  
in Atlantic defence, may prove invaluable*

## REPORT ON SPAIN

*By Andre Visson*

SPAIN is now going to participate in the defence of the Western World. Spanish air and naval bases are to be available to U.S. military forces. In return Spain is to receive U.S. military and economic aid.

This does not mean that General Franco's Spain is becoming a democracy, or that her authoritarian government is being given American endorsement. It merely means that the United States and Spain have recognized that they have important interests in common in a world where a strong, unscrupulous, aggressive power is threatening all other nations regardless of their political regimes—free-enterprise United States, Socialist Nor-

way, authoritarian Spain and Communist Yugoslavia alike.

Spain occupies a special position. The lofty Pyrenees separate her from the rest of Europe, and Spanish history has helped to accentuate this separation.

Spain is the only European nation to have lived for almost eight cen-



turies under Arab rule. She was the first European nation to seek expansion in the New World and to rule for 300 years over an empire on which the "sun never set." She was the first modern nation to survive the loss of an empire. She was almost alone among European countries to remain completely untouched by the storm of the Protestant Reformation. She was one of the last Western countries to undergo an industrial revolution and then only in mild form. And Spain has the sad distinction of being the first Western nation to experience Soviet armed intervention on her soil in one of the most cruel civil wars of modern times.

This unique history has produced a proud nation of brave soldiers, militant priests, privilege-conscious *grandees* and hardy peasants. The middle class—the hard core of every democracy—though now growing steadily, still constitutes a minority in Spain's population of 28 million.

This special social structure accounts in large part for Spain's present regime, in which General Francisco Franco y Bahamonde has assumed supreme power. In 1939, after the Civil War, the army took leadership. It was supported by a large section of the Church, and by those elements in the middle class which were impressed by the Nazi and Fascist regimes, and believed that the time had come to replace democracy everywhere by a new

corporate society organized on authoritarian principles.

In the last year of the Spanish Civil War, Soviet agents and their Communist aides in Spain took over many posts of command from the Republicans. At that time many liberals believed in the possibility of co-operation with the Communists. But in the light of what subsequently happened to Czechoslovakia, we can see what would have been in store for Spain. And it is not hard to imagine the effect of a Communist Spain on Mediterranean Europe. Thus it may be no exaggeration to say that General Franco's victory contributed to the safeguarding of the West from Communism.

For 14 years General Franco's regime has withstood a number of critical tests. It survived a world war in which its ideological allies went down to defeat. It survived the post-war years of international boycott by the Western democracies. It survived several consecutive bad harvests.

This was in large part due to General Franco's adroit political manoeuvring. During World War II he did not conceal his sympathy for the Axis powers and dispatched the "Blue Division" of Spanish volunteers to fight on the Nazi-Soviet front. But despite Nazi pressure, he maintained Spain's neutrality. This, incidentally, made it easier for Allied forces to land in North Africa.

At home, he officially restored the monarchy—which in 1931 had given way to the short-lived Republic—but left the throne vacant. And he managed to maintain a balance between the main supporters of his regime: Army, Church and Falange.

The Army has remained the backbone of the regime. Despite low pay—a general receives 3,600 pesetas (about £30) a month, a private only 200 pesetas a year—it has been remarkably loyal. But the Church and the Falange have prevented the Army from becoming the only source of power.

The Falange, formed shortly before the Civil War, has been the vanguard and main political supporter of the regime. It is a Spanish version of the Italian Fascist and the German National Socialist parties. It organized and has continued to supervise the Spanish workers' unions. The Civil Governors in Spain—all-powerful in their respective provinces—are recruited from among the members of the Falange. But it has never had as strong a position as the Fascists and the Nazis in their countries. The Falange is much weaker today than it was ten years ago. It is now more an instrument of power than a source of power.

The Church is the oldest established power in Spain. It has not forgotten the burning of churches and assassination of priests which occurred during the Civil War. It is

grateful to Franco's regime for having re-established the traditional privileges of which it had been deprived by the Republic. But it is very conscious of its centuries-old position as Spain's established church. Thus, while it collaborates closely with the regime it insists on special rights. It does not hesitate to take issue with the Falange over the education of Spanish youth, or to appeal publicly for greater social justice.

The Spaniards are traditionally jealous of their independence. Franco has sometimes displayed this trait in his dealings with the outer world. In the days of Spain's closest collaboration with Hitler's Germany the Franco government intervened in favour of thousands of Jews of Spanish extraction living in France and other occupied countries.

Spain's relationship with the Arabs, against whom she waged fierce war for centuries, is also amicable. In fact, she would like to become the champion of the Arab world, and many Spaniards take pride in recalling that Cordoba, Granada and Toledo were once great centres of Arab culture.

Spaniards are passionately individualistic. When asked about opposition groups in Spain, a government official jokingly remarked that there were "twenty-eight million political parties and opinions in Spain." There are, indeed, all kinds of opposition groups, from monarchists to radicals. They disagree violently on political, eco-

conomic and social issues. But, with the exception of the Communists, they agree that they do not want to see Spain go through another civil war. It is this fear of civil war that unifies most of the Spanish people.

Opposition groups in Spain cannot express their views in print or on the radio. But they can—and do—air their criticisms in their homes and in public places. Visitors who expect to find a cautious, tight-lipped people are surprised to hear such free expression of political opinion.

General Franco's regime is so confident of its position that it makes no effort to conceal Spain behind any kind of "curtain." Anyone desiring to visit Spain, whether to admire her landscape and artistic treasure or to study her political and economic realities, can do so with ease. And whatever his views of the Franco regime, he can hardly fail to be impressed by the natural dignity and friendliness of most of the Spanish people.

Now what can Spain be expected to contribute to Atlantic defence? And what does she expect in return?

A glance at the map is enough to reveal Spain's great strategic value as the bridge to North Africa and the gateway to the Mediterranean. Cadiz on the Atlantic could be converted into a first-class naval base. The harbour facilities of Cartagena, in the Mediterranean, could be enlarged. Spain offers excellent emplacements for air bases that would form a natural link between

existing bases in North Africa and those being built in Germany and France. Indeed three major and several secondary air bases are being planned in Spain. One can therefore understand why Gen. J. Lawton Collins, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, said that Spain has the key spot in Western defence plans.

Spain's value as a military associate is not restricted to geographical location. Spain's total available manpower is about two million men. She has an army of about 400,000 with 25,000 well-trained commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The Spanish soldier is renowned for personal bravery. But he is in need of modern weapons and equipment, especially heavy arms.

The navy has 24,000 officers and men manning six cruisers, about 30 destroyers, six minelayers and eight submarines. Most of the ships are obsolete, but Spain has good navy yards which could be put to use provided she were able to get more steel.

The Spanish air force has about 40,000 officers and men, but most of the 900 planes are obsolete. There is an aircraft plant near Seville with an annual productive capacity of 1,000 planes, given sufficient raw materials.

In addition, Spain can supply strategic raw materials. She is one of the world's greatest producers of mercury. And she is rich in precious wolfram ore, a source of tungsten,

which is used in toughening steel alloys. Spain also has copper, iron and sulphur.

The Civil War left Spain with 1,500,000 casualties and enormous economic losses. World War II made it difficult for her to purchase abroad the equipment indispensable for her recovery. Several years of drought and bad harvests aggravated her economic plight. Nevertheless, Spain has made considerable progress in the last ten years. The index of her agricultural production is still low, but her industrial production has risen 61 per cent; 104,000 public buildings and private houses were built between 1945 and 1950. There are now 14,000 more primary schools than there were in 1940.

Spain is still a long way from having solved her economic problems. For her, austerity is not a post-war phenomenon. The majority of Spaniards have been living in its shadow ever since the loss of the Spanish Empire. Her Civil War merely aggravated a centuries-old situation.

One of Spain's most urgent needs is to produce enough wheat for her population. For ten years she failed to do so by some 600,000 tons a year. Last year's harvest, however, was exceptionally good and produced a surplus. She is now engaged in intensive irrigation projects aimed at increasing her agricultural yield, a costly undertaking which may take years to accomplish. Imported

tractors, fertilizers and insecticides may help out until the new irrigation works are finished.

Spain also needs more electric power to expand her old industries and build new ones. Expansion of agriculture and industry would greatly strengthen the Spanish middle class, whose growth in the last decades has been an encouraging development.

General Franco is a professional soldier who has proved himself a shrewd politician. But he is also keenly alive to the importance of economic factors. In a two-hour talk I had with him at his summer retreat near San Sebastian, the head of the Spanish state devoted as much time to economic as to military problems.

"The whole world," he said, "Europe as well as Asia, is undergoing great change. The last war and the present world tension are the consequence and not the cause of this change. The basic cause is the desire of all the people of the world for improved living conditions. You in America have been dealing very ably with the consequence of the present change. I hope you will deal as ably with the cause. It is only by helping the nations of the world to achieve their legitimate economic and social aspirations that it will be possible to organize them properly for defence, and thus prevent a new world war."



*Be ready for the big chance when  
it comes along*

# HOW TO ATTRACT GOOD LUCK

*Condensed from the book*

A. H. Z. Carr

WHO HAS NOT wished that he were a more consistent favourite of that elusive element in life called luck? But in the luck we seek, chance—"the unknown, or unidentified, cause of events not subject to calculation"—is only one factor. The other factor is ourselves—our response to chance. For we can improve our luck by making ourselves readier for the chances of life as they come.

Consider this example of good fortune reported by a farmer: "A fellow came up to the house last January and said his car was stuck in the snow. My son and I went out to give him a hand. We got talking and he said he was manager of a new shop in town. Said he was going to open up a farm-equipment department. It so happened my son was looking for a job and this was right up his street. Worked out fine.

Started as a salesman and now he is managing the department."

Commonplace? Perhaps. But unmistakably lucky! An everyday remark, uttered by chance, meshes with another's interests—and the result is an important opportunity.

The story illustrates a first step in attracting luck: we must first expose ourselves to it. And this means in effect exposure to other people. Between ourselves and those who cross our path, chance spins an invisible thread of awareness, a "luck line." The more luck lines a person throws out, the more luck he is likely to find.

In enabling us to establish contacts with others, one quality has almost magical power—the quality of zest. Bertrand Russell has called zest "the most universal and distinctive mark of happy men." It is equally the mark of most lucky men.

To see how a zestful person may unconsciously bring luck into his life, take an experience of the late and celebrated sports announcer, Graham McNamee. When the radio industry was hardly fledged, McNamee was a young, unknown singer. One day he was called to jury duty in New York City. During a recess he observed a sign being put up on a building across the street. It had four meaningless letters—nothing more. Curious, he learned from workmen that they were the call letters of a broadcast-

ing station. He knew nothing about radio, but it occurred to him that they might have use for a singer. He spoke to the manager. The answer was a curt no. Accepting the refusal good-naturedly, McNamee asked about the mechanics of the business. At this display of interest, the manager said he was going into the control room; would McNamee care to see what it looked like?

After their tour of the station, the manager remarked that McNamee had a good speaking voice. They might need another announcer; perhaps he would care to make a voice test. In ten minutes the test was made; in ten more McNamee was engaged, and a notable radio career was launched.

Winston Churchill, one of the most zestful men of our time, early distinguished himself as a newspaper correspondent in the Boer War. Most of his journalistic colleagues were older and more experienced; they regarded his repeated scoops cynically, referring to him as "that lucky devil, Churchill." Lucky he was, beyond doubt; what they did not perceive was the extent to which his luck was attracted by his matchless zest.

One day when Churchill and other correspondents rode past a column of sullen Boer prisoners, he saw one man dexterously knotting a bandage on his left arm with his right hand only. On impulse, Churchill asked the man where he had learned that trick. The wounded

man turned out to be a sleight-of-hand performer by profession. Interested, Churchill dismounted and walked along with the man, learning all he could about him.

Later he heard the British commander express concern over the low spirits of his bored troops. Instantly Churchill had a suggestion: why not a sleight-of-hand performance by a talented professional? Challenged to produce the professional in that remote spot, he did, and the performance took place. It met with enthusiastic response from the troops—and the general, to show his gratitude, gave Churchill an outstanding news break. The coup caused whispers of favouritism among Churchill's press colleagues; yet behind it lay merely a typical Churchillian display of zest, an odd chance and the quick exploitation of a scrap of casual information.

Our lives are studded with chance situations which call for decisions, any one of which may prove to be a turning point in our fortunes. Alertness in recognizing such lucky chances sometimes pays unexpected dividends.

The late Henry Davison, a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., began his business career as a bank cashier with little prospect of promotion. One day a stranger presented a cheque which Davison studied incredulously. It read: "Pay to the Order of Bearer the Sum of Five Thousand Dollars," and it was signed, "Almighty God."

The young cashier looked up to find himself confronted by a revolver and a pair of blazing, maniacal eyes. He realized that if he made an error of judgment his life and perhaps the lives of others might be forfeited. To signal the bank guard was too risky, for banks in those days had no electric warning signals. He hesitated only an instant. Then he said conversationally, "How would you like it—in hundreds?"

The man mumbled, "Yes." Davison reached for a pile of notes, meanwhile keeping his eyes steadily on the madman's, and said, "This is indeed an unusual privilege"—here he raised his voice a little—"to cash a cheque signed by Almighty God, and for \$5,000."

As he had hoped, his voice carried to the next cage. The cashier there took in the situation, and unobtrusively informed the guards. They then quietly disarmed the man and led him out of the bank. The bank officials became aware of young Davison for the first time, and soon promoted him. He used to say that it would have taken him years longer to fight his way up the

ladder if that lunatic had not come along.

Similar alertness and presence of mind once enabled Francis Wellman, a well-known lawyer, to convert a chance mishap into good luck. He was presenting an involved lawsuit before a brusque judge who, failing to grasp its intricacies, decided that Wellman had no case, and refused to let it go to the jury. When Wellman rose to protest, the judge cut him short.

Crestfallen, Wellman sat down—or, rather, tried to sit down. While he was talking someone had moved his chair, and he sprawled on the floor. Everybody roared, including the judge. Wellman rose, joined in the laughter, and then, taking advantage of the interruption, said, "Your Honour, I have just seen this case from a new angle. Will you allow me to present it?" Amused, and impressed by Wellman's poise, the judge let him speak. As a result, he changed his mind about letting the case go before the jury—and Wellman won.

It's a good idea to be ready for luck when it comes along.



TO THE Bank of America in Yokohama, a banking-by-post customer in Korea sent a signature card filled in as follows: "Father's name: John. Mother's maiden name: Agnes. Introduced by: They just met casually."

A JOB APPLICANT wrote "No" to the query "Have you ever been arrested?" To the following question, which was "Why?", he answered: "Never got caught."

—D.W.

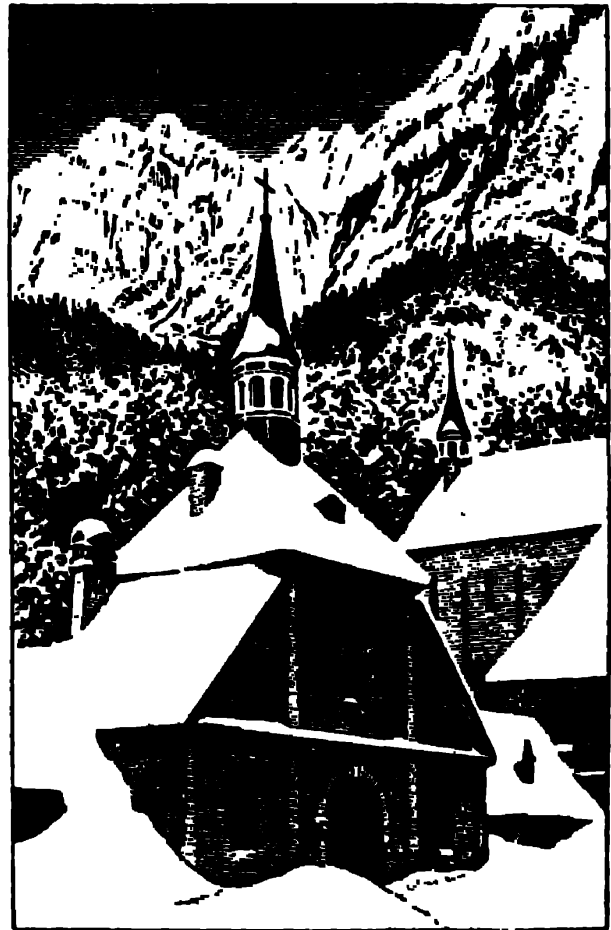
*A distinguished novelist visits the famous monastery  
of the Carthusian monks*

## What I Learned at La Grande Chartreuse

By A. J. Cronin *Author of "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom,"  
"Adventures in Two Worlds," etc.*

HIGH in the brilliant sunshine of the French Savoy Alps, after a backbreaking climb, I caught my breath and tugged the gatehouse bell. The grille in the heavy door opened; after a moment of inspection, a brown-cowled lay brother silently admitted me to a walled courtyard where, amidst flower beds and the hum of bees, a fountain murmured. Ahead, on either side of the ancient church, were two long, arched cloisters, from which gave off rows of curious, steep-pitched, red-tiled little dwellings. These, I felt sure, must be the hermitages, each inhabited, in solitude and silence, by a monk of the order.

Aware that it was almost unknown for a stranger to gain access to this remote sanctuary, I experienced a deep throb of expectation. After a swift journey of 4,000 miles, with the racket of New York still ringing in my ears, I stood within the famous monastery of La Grande Chartreuse.



But now, approaching briskly, with a shy yet friendly smile, was a spare, white-robed figure. It was the prior, a man of about 50, with ruddy cheeks and eyes of deepest

gentian blue. He made me welcome with simplicity and dignity, listened courteously to my explanation of the motives which had prompted my visit. He took me to a vacant hermitage and said that the archivist, who spoke excellent English, would come presently to conduct me on a tour of inspection. Then he left me.

The hermitage was of stone—on the ground floor a little workshop with tools, a carpenter's bench and a store of wood; upstairs, a bare oratory and the cell proper. Here I found a plain oak table, a small iron stove, a shelf of books, a simple *prie-dieu*, and the bed—a rough straw pallet on a wooden trestle.

A bell tolled softly, echoing amongst the sunlit peaks. Above was the blinding azure sky. Overcome by an overwhelming sense of solitude, I sat down. It was here, in this self-imposed prison, that a man chose to spend his entire life. It was here that he worked and prayed, studied, tended his little garden, and gave himself up to that intense contemplation which is the end and purpose of the Carthusian monk.

At this point I heard a tap upon the door. It was Dom Arthaud, the archivist, an elderly but virile figure, with a broad, pleasant face and intelligent, bespectacled brown eyes, which, to my surprise, held a humorous twinkle as he greeted me. "Well, sir, I am at your disposal. What is it you wish to know?"

"Everything. Tell me first . . . you keep absolute silence here?"

"That is so. Except of course"—he inclined his head politely—"when we have the honour of meeting someone such as you."

"When do you begin your day?"

"At 5.45 a.m. we rise with the bell . . . occupy ourselves with prayer until 7.15."

"Then you have breakfast?"

"No. Our first and only full meal is taken at noon."

"Not until noon!" I exclaimed. "What does it consist of?"

"Usually vegetables and herbs from the monastery garden."

"Occasionally you have meat?"

"Never." My obvious concern seemed to amuse him. "And once a week, as well as on many special days, the only sustenance allowed us is dry bread and water."

My eyes fell upon the hard trestle bunk. "You turn in early?"

"Yes, at six in the evening."

"Then at least you have a good night's rest."

He said, with a quiet smile, "Only until half-past ten. Then the bell tolls, we rise to say our night office, and afterwards, lighting our lanterns, we join in communal devotions in the church."

"When *do* you get to bed?"

"About three o'clock."

"And you rise again at 5.45."

"Of course . . . and I assure you it is ample rest." He pressed my arm, as though to dissuade me from an expression of commiseration.

tion. "But come. Let's make our tour."

As he led me through the beautiful church, with its magnificent carved stalls and chancel, he told me how the place had been founded by one Bruno, with six companions, in 1084. But it was less the history than the human side which engrossed me. As we moved along a stone-flagged passage, dank, even on this midsummer day, with the chill of antiquity, I asked, "Are you not cold here in the winter?"

"Oh no." He touched the bare stonework companionably, as one might pat the shoulder of an old friend. "The walls are thick. We have our little stoves."

"Not much heat there, surely?"

"Perhaps not." The twinkle in his eyes deepened. "But it warms us to chop the wood."

I thought of the long snowbound months, nocturnal processions through the frosty darkness, midnight services in that lofty, tenebrous church, and could not repress a shiver. We turned a corner and saw a young lay brother wheeling a wooden trolley holding sections of bread, pausing to place one portion in the little wooden hatch in the wall of each hermitage.

Dom Arthaud explained, in an undertone, that this *brave garçon* had just returned from completing his military service and had greatly distinguished himself in the Indo-China campaign.

"You take your meal alone?"

"Yes . . . always in solitude."

"And that is your ration for today?"

The archivist nodded. With a kind of naïve simplicity, he flexed his strong biceps. "It is good bread. I lay a piece on my carpenter's bench when I am working . . . eat and work . . . work and eat. . . . One doesn't think about food when one is really busy."

"Busy?"

"I assure you, my friend, there is not enough time for what we wish to do. The hand-carved stalls you admired so much in the church—they are all the work of our monks. So too are these panels." He indicated some finely wrought linenfold along the inner hall. "Also our monastery furniture, vestment armoirs and innumerable other things. . . . You see, even in the material sense we are not altogether idle."

We continued along the cloister. He pointed to an adjacent hermitage. "An American is in there. . . . We have two Americans. And one Mexican priest. Another from Austria. One even from Japan."

"So you come from all over the world?"

"Yes, my friend. But we all have a common destination."

With a meaningful gesture, he conducted me through a Gothic archway to a grassy courtyard, bright with sunlight and wild mountain flowers. There, ranged in neat rows, stood a series of plain black

wooden crosses, bearing no inscription, nameless.

I was silent.

"They are very close together . . . the crosses," I said, at length.

"We don't take up much room. You see, for us there is no need of coffins. As in life, we lie simply upon a wooden board."

Back in the hermitage, and alone again, I tried to adjust my thoughts. The mode of life in this voluntary prison was far more severe than I had anticipated. Yet, instead of the penitential sadness, the ascetic gloom I had expected, a lighthearted gaiety seemed to permeate the very substance of those old grey stones.

Soon the bell tolled once more. The sun sank behind the soaring pinnacles. And with the silent passage of the hours, this strange existence, which from outside had seemed unnatural, beyond the pale of common sense, took on a tranquil air of sanity; it was, instead, the hostile and unbelieving world below which appeared lost in chaos and confusion.

There, over each of the continents, men struggled frantically for gain, and in leisure moments sought only for more and more diversion with which to gratify their senses. Television flickered, the radio chattered, planes roared through the clouds faster than the speed of sound, great ships sped across the seven seas bearing their human freight hither and thither, in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure. Yet at the same time, fret-

ful and perplexed, disturbed by deep unrest, mankind knew no true contentment. In every land, heaped higher and higher, growing in frightfulness every day, were man-made implements for man's destruction.

Science was now the master, poor humanity the slave, and man, forgetful of the simplicities of his forefathers, lost in a bog of self-interest and false ideals, strained and sweated to work the endless treadmill of his own disintegration. This, under its thin veneer of civilization, was the sorry epic of the earth, a world of tragic follies spinning through space with none but a few raising mind and heart and voice to the Creator.

Were they not wiser, then, those who had resolved to pass their days in this monastic retreat, far from terrestrial sound and fury, close to the canopy of heaven, in such a manner that they might dwell perpetually upon the eternal truths and perhaps, by their humble prayers, make some atonement for the guilt of others?

Of course, few are capable of such retirement. Realization of this fact was borne in upon me as the days passed and I knew unwonted hardships, the penance of sleepless nights and Spartan fare, the pangs of unaccustomed loneliness.

Yet from the experience gradually emerged a shining truth. In the supreme detachment of La Grande Chartreuse, unattainable though it be for most of us, there lies this

salutary reminder—the essential need of every man to stand apart from time to time and make a pilgrimage into his own heart. Caught up in the frantic tempo of modern life, enmeshed by its complications, we have become afraid to be alone and will seek out any distraction rather than be left in the embarrassing companionship of our own thoughts.

The end of my sojourn came, perforce, at last. When I said good-bye to the good monks and descended from the peaks to the plain beneath, there was in my heart a strange sadness. Yet I felt that I had fulfilled the purpose of my coming and grasped the real lesson of La Grande Chartreuse. Its message was

plainly this: that we occasionally take time from the manifold pre-occupations of our work and play to readjust our sense of values, relegate to their proper place our material desires. Banishing from our lips the inevitable excuse, "I would if I could but I haven't a moment to myself," we should make time—five, ten, 20 minutes at the end of the day, an hour each Sunday afternoon devoted to a meditative walk, a week-end spent quite alone once every few months. Then we should see of what slight importance are the things we so madly pursue. Then perhaps we might discover not only the consciousness of ourselves but, more important by far, the existence of our own conscience.



### *Quotable Quotes*

**Marcelene Cox:** Little ladies may be born, but little gentlemen are hewn, like monuments, out of solid resistance. —Quoted in *Ladies' Home Journal*

**Grit:** When you dig another out of trouble, you've a place to bury your own.

**Baltimore Beacon:** If a woman wears gay colours, rouge and a startling hat, a man hesitates to take her out. If she wears a little turban and a tailored suit he takes her out and stares all the evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

**Shannon Fife:** Any sociologist who wants to study a cross section of the American people should take a look at the taxpayers.

—Quoted in *The Saturday Evening Post*

**Jax Air News:** There are three steps to skiing: learning how to put on your skis, learning how to go down the high slide, and learning how to walk again.



The story of *Archerfish*, the submarine that broke  
the heart of the Japanese Navy

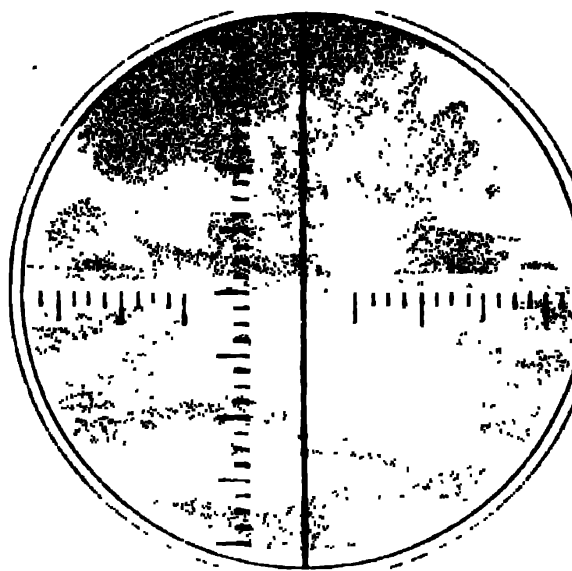
## "JACKPOT!"

Condensed from "*Submarine!*"

Commander Edward L. Beach, USN

**U**NDER CONSTRUCTION in the summer of 1942, the Japanese super-battleship *Shinano* was, with two sisters *Yamato* and *Musashi*, bigger than any warship ever built. Bigger than *Bismarck*, the German behemoth of 50,000 tons. Almost three times as big as *Oklahoma*, lying bottom up in the mud of Pearl Harbour. Armour plate 20 inches thick. Engines of 200,000 horsepower. Guns throwing 18-inch projectiles.

Then, after the Battle of Midway when four Japanese aircraft carriers met destruction, the Naval Ministry decided to redesign *Shinano* as a flat-top. Some of the tremendous armour plate was removed; her huge turrets and guns were never



installed; and the weight thus saved was put into a four-inch steel flight deck nearly 1,000 feet long and 130 feet wide. She was capable of storing 150 planes, and could land and take them off simultaneously. In November 1944, commissioning ceremonies were held, and a picture of the Emperor in an ornate gilded frame was ceremoniously delivered aboard.

Then bad news arrived. Intelligence reports indicated that air raids on the Tokyo area would become increasingly severe. There was a possibility that the brave new ship would be destroyed while still at her fitting-out dock.

It is decided that *Shinano* must sail immediately to the safer waters of the Inland Sea. This is a trip of only a few hundred miles, but about half of it will be in waters accessible to U.S. submarines. That risk she

A SUBMARINE MAN for more than ten years, Commander Beach at present commands USS *Trigger*.

must take. Send her at high speed so that the submarines cannot catch her. Make the move in absolute secrecy.

On November 28 *Shinano* sets sail with four escorting destroyers. Workmen and the crew of 1,900 crowd her decks.

On that same day the U.S. submarine *Archerfish* was patrolling submerged near Tokyo Bay. At 1718 she surfaced. At 2048 Fate uncovered her hand.

"Radar contact!" From the size of the pip and the speed which the target is making, there is no doubt whatever that *Archerfish* is on to something really big. Within minutes *Archerfish* is pounding along at normal full speed, 18 knots, throwing spume from her bow as she hurries across the sea in hot pursuit.

The target is making 20 knots. But he is zigzagging. If *Archerfish* can detect his base course and parallel that, disregarding the zigs, she may be able to get ahead, in firing position, in spite of the disparity in speeds.

But 18 knots will not be sufficient. The call goes down from the bridge: "*Give her all you've got! Give me more speed!*" Shaking their heads doubtfully, the electrician's mates carefully manipulate their rheostats to load the generators a bit more. The thrashing propellers increase their speed. *Archerfish* is doing all she can. The dial indicates 19½ knots.

One hour after initial contact, the

target is sighted for the first time. An aircraft carrier! The jackpot, the biggest game of all! Can *Archerfish* bring this monster down?

Skipper Joe Enright is all over the ship. He calls for the engineer officer to squeeze out an extra turn on the screws. He sends the torpedo officer to be sure that all last-minute adjustments are made on the tin fish. He jots down a radio message:

FROM ARCHERFISH TO COMSUBPAC  
AND ALL SUBMARINES IN EMPIRE  
AREAS AM PURSUING LARGE AIR-  
CRAFT CARRIER FOUR DESTROYERS  
POSITION LAT 3230 N. LONG 13745 E,  
BASE COURSE 240 SPEED 20.

From Pearl Harbour comes the commanding admiral's answer:

KEEP AFTER HIM JOE YOUR PICTURE  
IS ON THE PIANO.

On and on, straining every nerve, the submarine pursues her quarry.

An hour before midnight the target group zigs towards *Archerfish*, but not close enough to give opportunity to dive and attack. Then a zig away puts the carrier force far out of reach. Doggedly *Archerfish* digs in and continues the chase.

At 0300 the sands run out for *Shinano*. Base course is changed again and incredulous *Archerfish* finds herself almost dead ahead of the target.

*Ah-oooh—guh! Ah oooh-gah!* The diving alarm seems more piercing than usual. "*Battle stations submerged!*"

"Hatch secured, sir!"

"Eight degrees down bubble!"  
"All ahead one-third!" "Fifty-five feet!" Expertly each man does his job. *Archerfish* smoothly slips beneath the waves. Radar gets a final range as the antenna goes under water: 11,700 yards, closing fast.

"Up periscope!" The long, shiny tube hums out of its well. The skipper looks long and hard through the faint predawn light. Throughout the ship men are tense: "Have we dived in the right place?"

In a low voice the skipper speaks. "I see him."

The word flies through the ship. Men look at one another and smile tight-lipped grins of pride. "We have him in the periscope!"

The skipper's voice now comes stronger. "Range—mark! Down periscope!"

Things are clicking now. At 20 knots the enemy will travel the distance between himself and *Archerfish* in nine minutes. The distance to his projected track is 550 yards. Much too close! *Archerfish* will be almost directly beneath the target as he goes by.

"Left full rudder!" By turning her bow more towards the target, *Archerfish* manoeuvres to gain a favourable firing position.

"How much time now?" rasps the skipper.

"He'll be here in two minutes!"

"Up 'scope!"

Swiftly the skipper spins the periscope, making a quick scan. Sud-

denly he stops: "Down 'scope! Escort passing overhead!"

The periscope streaks down. With a roar like that of an express train, the high-speed destroyer screws sweep overhead.

"This is a shooting observation! Are the torpedoes ready?" Unconsciously, the skipper's voice has become clipped and sharp. This is the moment they have worked for.

"We are all ready to shoot, sir."

"Up periscope! Looks perfect! Bearing—mark!"

And then that final word, the word they have been leading up to: "Fire!"

At eight-second intervals, six torpedoes race towards their huge target. The skipper watches through his periscope. Forty-seven endless seconds after firing, the culmination of *Archerfish's* efforts is achieved.

"Whang!" Then, eight seconds later, "Whang!" Two hits right before his eyes! But there isn't time to play the spectator. Here comes that destroyer, less than 500 yards away. "Take her down!"

As they dive, four more solid, beautiful hits are heard.

After that, *Archerfish's* patrol report merely states, "Started receiving a total of 14 depth charges."

And what of *Shinano*? Designed to survive 20 or more torpedoes, she did not sink at once. If she had been properly handled by her green crew, and if she had been properly built, she might have made port.

But water poured from damaged compartments into undamaged ones via watertight doors which had not been tested. The engineers attempted to start the pumps—and found they had not yet been installed. In desperation, a bucket brigade was started, but the six huge holes in *Shinano's* side defied all efforts.

And then discipline failed. The men drifted away from the bucket brigade by ones and twos. Fatalistically, most of the crew gathered on the flight deck in the hope of being rescued by the destroyers milling round their stricken charge.

Four hours after she had received her mortal wound *Shinano* was a hopeless hulk, listing more heavily every moment. There was only one thing left to do. The Emperor, in

his gilded frame, was removed from the bridge and transferred by line to a destroyer alongside. Then the work of abandoning ship began.

Shortly before 1100 on the morning of November 29 *Shinano* capsized, rolling her broad flight deck under and exposing her enormous glistening fat belly, with its four bronze propellers at the stern. For several minutes she hung there, trembling and groaning. Then, suddenly, the bow rose partly out of the water, displaying a single eye formed by one gigantic hawsehole, as if *Shinano* desired a final look at the world she was about to leave. Swiftly she slid under.

*Shinano* had known the open sea for less than 20 hours.



### *Sounds in the Night*

TEEN-AGER, gulping sweets at the cinema, to her girl friend: "You know something? I don't like double features. I always eat too much."

—E. J.

JUST BEHIND us at the pictures sat a father with his small daughter. The picture was *This Woman Is Dangerous*, and several times the child's voice piped up: "Daddy, where is the dangerous woman?" He hushed her but she was persistent. "Which one is the dangerous woman?" she wanted to know. Finally he reached the end of his patience. "For heaven's sake, be quiet," he snapped. "They're *all* dangerous."

M. M. L.

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### *Beauty and the Beast*

IT WAS feeding time at the Vincennes Zoo in Paris when a shapely Parisian miss in a fur coat stopped at the gorilla's cage to watch him eat. The gorilla, instead of eating, went into all sorts of acrobatics to keep the girl's attention. Finally a keeper approached. "Mademoiselle," he pleaded, "will you please move on—you are tiring the gorilla."

—G. R.

*We aren't grinding out dull, identical robots,  
as it is the fashion to moan—far from it!*

## The Myth of the Mass Mind

*Condensed from Harper's Magazine*

Joyce Cary *English novelist and political philosopher*

EVERY AGE has its special bit of nonsense. The 18th century had its noble savage, the 19th its automatic progress. We have the "mass man."

We are told that people are becoming more and more standardized. That mass education, mass amusements, mass production and a popular press are destroying individuality—turning civilization into a sterilized orphan asylum where all the little lost souls wear the same uniforms, think the same thoughts and play the same games.

I was convinced of this myself till I went to administer the affairs of a primitive tribe in Africa. There I found that the tribal mind was much more truly a mass mind than anything I had known in Europe.

Education, contact with other peoples, brings in new ideas. It breaks up tribal uniformity of thought and custom; it makes for difference. Old African chiefs hated

roads and railways; they said they brought in strangers who corrupted the young people with new ideas and made them rebellious.

They were quite right. It is far easier to rule a primitive tribe than a modern democracy where every individual is ready to criticize the government, where everyone has his own ideas about politics and religion. The more education a man has, the more likely he is to be independent in his views and obstinate in sticking to them. A committee of professors, I can assure you, is much harder to manage than a council of African chiefs.

The modern state has lost its mass mind in getting education. But, you will say, this education destroys the primitive mass mind only to replace it with a number of mob minds: in the crowds which queue for the films or for sports events, read the same newspapers and shout for the same spellbinders.

But these "mobs" have no resemblance to those of the tribal world where every individual does the same thing at the same time—hunts, dances, drinks in the mass. Even if he had the will to do anything else, it would not be there to do. The modern individual has an immense choice of occupation and amusement. The "mass" of sight-seers at any show place today or the audience at the cinema is actually composed of individuals who have freely chosen to join that crowd and will join a different one tomorrow. What looks like proof of the mob mind is really evidence of spreading interests among the people.

Compare the press of today with that of 50 years ago. You will find subjects appealing to a far greater variety of tastes, instructive articles on matters formerly dealt with only in the special magazines. They help the general reader to get some idea of what the experts are doing in atomic research or medicine or even astronomy.

If 100,000 people are ready to buy a book on the nature of the universe, you have a mass demand at the bookshops. This mass demand is not a proof of falling standards; it means that thousands are being educated who would formerly have been left in the illiterate mass. There are "masses" reading learned works just as there are other "masses" going to popular films.

The number of persons with a good university education is many hundred times what it was 50 years ago; and that explains the immense development of arts and literature in forms that would have had no chance of appreciation before.

The mass-mind idea is dangerous nonsense. It leads to the unacknowledged belief that the dictators hold all the trumps.

This belief is based on bad psychology. The West is not producing a mass mind, but a variety of strong minds with the richest sense of adventure and will for discovery. The East is not obtaining a mass mind, either. Merely by process of education, it is producing people who can at least think a little more freely than illiterate peasants, who are likely, therefore, to think critical thoughts, however much they may hide them. That is why the task of the dictatorship becomes constantly more difficult, why it is obliged to stiffen its grip, to hire more police, to purge its own party every year or so.

No kind of education, however narrow, can produce the mass mind. For minds are creative; thoughts wander by themselves and cannot be controlled by the cleverest police. To teach people to think, if only to make them more useful as soldiers and mechanics, is to open all thoughts to them—a whole world of new ideas.

*How an established film star started  
a French girl towards fame and  
fortune in Hollywood*



## Mademoiselle in Blue Jeans

Condensed from  
Woman's Home Companion  
*Cameron Shipp*

LESLIE CARON is a 21-year-old, five-foot-three, 8-stone girl with long gleaming legs who danced and made love with Gene Kelly in *An American in Paris*. Almost overnight Mlle Caron has become one of the best-known, best-liked dancers in the cinema world.

Gene Kelly saw her first. This was five years ago, when, as a thin, underfed newcomer to the Ballet des Champs Elysées, she suddenly danced her way to Parisian acclaim one night in the ballet *La Rencontre*. In the audience that night, Kelly happily joined in the cry of

"Encore!" Later, full of good will and admiration, he beat his way to the stage door and sent in his card. But the little Caron, unnerved by her first triumph, gasped at Kelly's name (she'd been to the movies), turned shy, fled through a side door and ran home to her mother.

In 1949 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with *An American in Paris* in mind as a showpiece for Gershwin music and French fun, was desperately searching for the right girl dancer. The producer suggested that Kelly go to Paris and look.

Kelly went—and this time found communications with Mlle Caron greatly improved. Less devoted to pure ballet now than she had been at 16, she was mildly curious about Hollywood. Gene made a test with her and MGM rushed her to America by plane.

Leslie arrived in Hollywood with a cloth suitcase held together with rope. The studio had registered her and her mother at the swank Beverly Wilshire Hotel. After a sleepless night spent computing room rent in francs, the Carons moved out in scandalized haste and wound up thriftily in a one-bedroomed apartment over a garage.

Leslie's first appearance at rehearsal was upsetting. Most studio people had expected a sophisticated Paris doll. Mlle Caron went to work in the rehearsal outfit she had found proper for the Ballet des

Champs Elysées—a pair of aged and patched black woollen tights. Her coiffure was another eye-opener. Now that she is famed and imitated, her hair-cut is considered chic and gaminlike, but at first look one sincere admirer thought her head resembled a thatched hut.

This straggly effect was remedied by hairdressers, but Leslie, in complete innocence of film techniques, walked in one morning in the middle of the picture with a home-made haircut that didn't match any previous shot. "She used a bowl," says director Vincente Minnelli.

But as a dancer she was superb. Adapting her classical training to modern rhythms turned out to be easy. She also showed promise as an actress, so MGM scheduled her for stardom in other pictures. They also tried to teach her to behave like a star. The results were discouraging.

When Leslie's mother returned to France she was replaced by her son, Claude, a year younger than Leslie, who upheld the honour of French thrift by getting a job as a studio messenger. Thus MGM had its new glamour-girl-in-chief living in a garage apartment, wearing blue jeans and cooking for one of its errand boys.

Then, firmly established at the studio as special, if eccentric, Leslie disconcerted everyone by suddenly getting married. It was reported that she had run off with a jazz musician. It was also rumoured that

she had eloped with the heir to one of America's greatest meat-packing fortunes. Both reports were true.

After the wedding, Geordie Hormel, a 23-year-old musician, sent the following telegram to his father, Jay Hormel, chairman of the board of George A. Hormel & Co., famed for ham and Spam: "You have just become the father of a 110-pound French girl."

Mr. Hormel offered only one mild protest. Newspaper accounts had described Geordie as heir to a \$7,000,000 meat fortune.

"Are they trying to low-rate me?" he asked.

The elder Hormel has a more than ordinary affection for the French. As a first lieutenant in World War I he met and married a French girl named Germaine du Bois.

Leslie and Geordie first saw each other, but were not introduced, at a Hollywood party. A star asked Leslie for her telephone number. She looked across the crowded room at the tall young man and said the number loudly and clearly, with no accent. "She said it twice," Geordie claims.

Their marriage was not so precipitous as Hollywood supposed. Leslie had visited the Hormels with her cloth suitcase tied with the rope and had charmed them. It was Mrs. Hormel herself who told the couple with French practicality to stop mooning around and fly to Las Vegas — traditional elopement



Mecca of Hollywood stars—for a ceremony. When they hesitated she took them by the hands, put them in a plane and escorted them to a justice of the peace.

The newly-weds settled down immediately in a one-bedroom house at the end of a dead-end street in a non-film-star community and have been happily pursuing their respective careers ever since.

Geordie had toiled in the meat business for three years, saved up a stake with which he organized a 12-piece band. When this failed he went to California and began to make his unusual records. He himself plays one instrument at a time on to tape, then dubs all the instruments on a master tape, which is then transferred to a record. His maximum so far is 13 instruments, but his most popular record, "Chinatown, My Chinatown," required only seven: four pianos, a celeste, a vibraharp and an organ.

Leslie started dancing at the age of eight under the tutelage of Olga Preorbrajenska, formerly of the Imperial Russian Ballet. At 15, she was dancing professionally. She destroys the glamour of the French ballet with a few practical sentences: "You have no life at all. A few francs a week, not enough to live

on. Work all day and night. You are so tired and sweaty when you finish you throw on any kind of clothes, you don't care, and hurry home to sleep."

Although Leslie's studio has begun to feature her in pictures in which she does no dancing, a tribute to her acting ability, she is diffident about this development. She does not consider herself much of an actress and also says that she is too young and undeveloped to be called one of the best ballerinas in the world.

Her schedule is a tough one. She works at ballet three hours a day to keep in training; she takes lessons in diction, acting, singing and modern dance steps. She does not eat before rehearsing, "because to do so would make me throw up." But she eats heartily at other times, with a preference for big beef stews.

"A ballet dancer joost looks light and feathery," she told me. "You have to have muscles. You see a girl dance like a flower on stage, then meet her and discover she is really a great beeg theeck girl."

So Leslie, who is not great or big or thick, pours on the proteins. She thinks perhaps it was a good thing to marry into a meat-packing company.



*N*OTHING MAKES people so worthy of compliments as occasionally receiving them. One is more delightful for being told one is delightful—just as one is more angry for being told one is angry.

—K.F.G.

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

**B**EFORE YOU BEGIN this test, write down definitions of those words you think you know. Then check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- 
- |                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) IMPOVERISHED (im pōv' ur isht) -A: <i>imposed upon</i> . B: <i>made poor</i> . C: <i>punished</i> . D: <i>burdened</i> .                                        | (11) PALADIN (pal' a din) -A: <i>champion of a cause</i> . B: <i>a ceremonial tent</i> . C: <i>type of sedan chair</i> . D: <i>a service tray</i> .           |
| (2) AMBIENT (am' bi ent) -A: <i>surrounding</i> . B: <i>pliant and bending</i> . C: <i>gloomy</i> . D: <i>shining</i> .                                             | (12) AVERSE (a vurss') -A: <i>unpleasant</i> . B: <i>opposed</i> . C: <i>unfortunate</i> . D: <i>in the opposite order</i> .                                  |
| (3) INTRUSIVE (in troo' siv) -A: <i>snobbish</i> . B: <i>profound and understood by few</i> . C: <i>entering without invitation</i> . D: <i>extremely tactful</i> . | (13) PLEANTIC (pe dan' tik) -A: <i>heavy in weight</i> . B: <i>making a needless display of learning</i> . C: <i>stupid and stubborn</i> . D: <i>solemn</i> . |
| (4) PIQUANT (pī-kānt) -A: <i>pretty</i> . B: <i>having a pungent taste</i> . C: <i>irritated</i> . D: <i>sweet</i> .                                                | (14) ABATEMENT (a bate' ment) -A: <i>degradation</i> . B: <i>decrease</i> . C: <i>the giving of aid</i> . D: <i>sympathy</i> .                                |
| (5) TRAVERSE (trav' urss) -A: <i>to thwart or oppose</i> . B: <i>to pass across</i> . C: <i>to change sides</i> . D: <i>to deceive</i> .                            | (15) INTRICACIES (in' tri ka siz) -A: <i>complexities</i> . B: <i>deceits</i> . C: <i>secrets</i> . D: <i>indelicacies</i> .                                  |
| (6) DELICABLE (de lek' ta b'l) -A: <i>delightful</i> . B: <i>fussy</i> . C: <i>carefully selected</i> . D: <i>harmorous</i> .                                       | (16) UNTENABLE (un ten' uh b'l) -A: <i>unendurable</i> . B: <i>stubborn</i> . C: <i>that cannot be held</i> . D: <i>relaxed</i> .                             |
| (7) CESSATION (sē say' shun) -A: <i>peace</i> . B: <i>surrender</i> . C: <i>a disturbance</i> . D: <i>discontinuance</i> .                                          | (17) RUDIMENTARY (roo di men' ta ri) -A: <i>stupid</i> . B: <i>obscure</i> . C: <i>elemental</i> . D: <i>discourteous</i> .                                   |
| (8) ARTIFICE (ahr' ti tiss) -A: <i>a clever stratagem</i> . B: <i>skilled workmanship</i> . C: <i>silly vanity</i> . D: <i>a scaffold or framework</i> .            | (18) CHOLER (coll' ūr) -A: <i>a pigment for painting</i> . B: <i>hastiness of temper</i> . C: <i>melancholia</i> . D: <i>burning heat</i> .                   |
| (9) INHIBIT (in hib' it) -A: <i>to set free</i> . B: <i>to weaken</i> . C: <i>to hinder</i> . D: <i>insist upon</i> .                                               | (19) ORDAINED (or daynd') -A: <i>blessed</i> . B: <i>destined</i> . C: <i>forbidden</i> . D: <i>absolved from sin</i> .                                       |
| (10) EFFULGENCE (e ful' jence) -A: <i>braggadocio</i> . B: <i>a sprouting or swelling</i> . C: <i>radiance</i> . D: <i>enthusiasm</i> .                             | (20) SORTIE (sore' tee) -A: <i>a witty retort</i> . B: <i>a scouting expedition</i> . C: <i>a sudden attack</i> . D: <i>a sudden retreat</i> .                |

## Answers to

### "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) IMPOVERISHED - B: Made poor; reduced to poverty; as, "Many people are being *impoverished* by high prices." From the Old French *empoverir*, "to make poor."
- (2) AMBIENT---A: The Latin *ambire*, from *amb*, "round," and *ire*, "to go." Hence, surrounding; moving round; as, "The soft, *ambient* light of the moon spread across the gay scene."
- (3) INTRUSIVE---C: Entering without invitation; coming unwanted. The Latin *intrudere*, "to intrude."
- (4) PIQUANT- B: From the French word *piquer*, "to sting." Hence, having an agreeably pungent taste, as "a *piquant* sauce," or "a *piquant* face," which is lively and provocative.
- (5) TRAVERSE- B: To pass across or through; to travel over. From the Latin *trans*, "across," and *vertere*, "to turn"; as, "We planned to *traverse* Australia from coast to coast."
- (6) DELECTABLE---A: From the Latin *delectare*, "to delight." Hence, delightful; charming; giving pleasure; as, "The book is enlivened by *delectable* line drawings."
- (7) CESSATION- D: Discontinuance, as of action; a stoppage; a ceasing; as, "Pet dealers reported no *cessation* in the demand for cats." From the Latin *cessare*, "to cease."
- (8) ARTIFICE---A: A clever stratagem; trickery; as, "The people should not be misled by *artifice* and subterfuge." From the Latin *arti*, "art," and *facere*, "to make." When one "makes art" one can become "artful."
- (9) INHIBIT---C: To hinder; to restrain; to block one's mental or nervous activity; as, "We must uncover the mental quirks that thwart and *inhibit* this child." From the Latin *inhibere*, "to restrain."
- (10) EFFULGENCE---C: The Latin *effulgere*, from *ex*, "out," and *fulgere*, "to shine." Hence, radiance; diffusion of intense light; splendour; as, "His friends basked in the *effulgence* of his reputation."
- (11) PALADIN---A: One of the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne's court. Hence, a champion of a cause; a knight errant; as "a *paladin* of liberal democracy."
- (12) AVERSE---B: The Latin *a*, "from," and *vertere*, "to turn." Hence, opposed; unwilling; as, "He was *averse* to taking any part in the proceedings."
- (13) PEDANTIC--- B: Making a needless display of learning; scholarship in a tedious way; as, "The truly great are full of knowledge but never *pedantic*."
- (14) ABATEMENT--- B: Decrease; the process of diminishing in intensity; as, "We can rejoice in the *abatement* of the influenza epidemic." From the Old French *abatre*, "to beat."
- (15) INTRICACIES ---A: Complexities; complications; as, "He had never learned the *intricacies* of accounting." From the Latin *intricare*, "to entangle."
- (16) UNTENABLE C: That cannot be held or maintained; as "untenable theories" or "an *untenable* position." From *in-*, "not," and the Latin *tenere*, "to hold."
- (17) RUDIMENTARY---C: Elemental; primitive; being in an early stage of development; as "conditions which do not meet the *rudimentary* standards of decency." From the Latin *rudimentum*, "beginning."
- (18) CHOLER B: Hastiness of temper; anger; as, "Dr. Samuel Johnson's *choler* was easily aroused." Apparently derived from the Greek *chole*, meaning "bile," since the seat of temper was formerly supposed to be in the liver.
- (19) ORDAINED B: Destined; ordered; prescribed by fate; as, "Perhaps it had been *ordained* that he was not to die." From the Latin *ordinare*, "to order."
- (20) SORTIE C: A French loan word meaning a sudden attack; specifically, a sally of troops from a besieged place; as, "The colonel led a *sortie* from the fort."

#### Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct.....excellent  
19-15 correct.....good  
14-12 correct.....fair

*A well-known authority on modern warfare puts the cards on the table*

## THE WAY TO BLOCK RUSSIA

Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller (Ret.)

*Excerpts from an interview by Charles H. Kline in  
U.S. News & World Report*

**Q.** *General Fuller, what is your impression of the present European Army?*

**A.** As it stands, it is pathetically unreal. It's just a paper army. If Russia should move now, there is no obstacle to her overrunning Western Europe except the stubborn geography of the Pyrenees mountain range between France and Spain.

**Q.** *Could the Allied forces now in Europe fight an effective withdrawal action if Russia did strike?*

**A.** No. It is anybody's estimate how much they could salvage in men and equipment. But our withdrawal would be disastrous psychologically. We must not wrongly assume that the next war is going to be like the

last—a war of retreat, then liberation and finally unconditional surrender.

**Q.** *Does that mean the military outlook in Europe is hopeless?*

**A.** Not at all. The purpose of re-arming is to force the enemy to negotiate on terms favourable to yourself. And there are means at hand to build up the necessary negotiating strength. Both the Germans and the Spaniards could be made into valuable forces.

**Q.** *Can the Germans be trusted with arms?*

**A.** Which is the greater risk: that a rearmed Germany will attack the West or that the West will expose itself to Russian conquest for lack of German manpower? The idea that Germany will eventually have the capacity to take on most of the world singlehanded is nonsense. No single nation has the prospect of sufficient resources to wage world war, not even the United States or

MAJ.-GEN. J. F. C. FULLER, RET., is a military commentator of world-wide reputation, and author of more than 30 books on military subjects. As chief general-staff officer of the British Tank Corps in 1917 he was credited with a major share in the tank successes of World War I.

Russia; only a group of nations can do so. In Russia's case we must always reckon with her satellites.

*Q. Do you expect a shooting war in Europe in the foreseeable future?*

A. No. It was Lenin's idea "to postpone operations until the moral disintegration of the enemy renders the delivery of the mortal blow easy." In his system, the psychological took precedence over the military. Today Russia's build-up has two purposes: first, to support her psychological war by a terror barrage, a standing threat to all who oppose it; second, to defend herself should her psychological offensive lead to actual war.

*Q. The "cold war" of today, then, is the real war?*

A. Yes, it is World War III. It is violently positive and can be defeated only by equally positive action. Let me illustrate: We sometimes try to "contain" malaria by sleeping under nets, but if you want really to control the disease you attack the mosquito's breeding ground. The Marshall Plan was essentially defensive. The North Atlantic Treaty is a diplomatic countermove. What is needed now is a positive, psychological counteroffensive.

*Q. Who is winning the cold war?*

A. Russia. Since World War II, she has subverted large slices of additional territory without direct Russian warfare. Now she is tying down large Allied forces in Korea with satellites.

*Q. What specific action do you recommend to the Allies in the cold war?*

A. There are great areas of discontent inside Russia. Potential revolt exists in all the satellites and in the Ukraine. Our first need is more and better intelligence. At the same time we should proclaim a stirring Western charter with the psychological appeal of the old Communist Manifesto. Then we can get down to business.

It would be fatal to try to start a premature revolution. But you can give the discontented a genuine hope of eventual freedom and liberty. You can learn exactly what are the most useful local issues and the individuals most nearly dedicated to our ideas of freedom. Meanwhile the fullest use can be made of broadcasting and pamphleteering.

*Q. What place have atomic bombs and weapons in your view of things?*

A. The quantity of bombs and weapons in the hands of the West is certainly a deterrent to Russia. Yet the use of the bomb, in Korea, for instance, would be foolish. At the moment we must surround the Allied stockpile with the greatest secrecy; the point is to hold unknown terror over the enemy's head. Don't let him become conditioned to atomic damage.

*Q. If at some future point an all-out shooting war occurred, would the atomic bomb be used?*

A. I think so. The winning side

would gain only a desert for a world, but public opinion everywhere would demand the effort.

*Q. Would you say the United States is putting too much stress on arms?*

A. No. I think she must rearm on a big scale. The build-up in weapons is needed so that we can be more daring in our psychological counter-offensive. My real concern is that America may drift into a huge stockpile of weapons without acting vigorously enough in nerve warfare. It's all a matter of balance, with nerve war having a priority.

*Q. How do you size up the situation in Korea?*

A. The truce negotiations might have been effective if the United Nations had set a time limit on them and forced a "Yes" or "No." But they have temporized and got the worst of it. Frankly, they didn't seem to know just what their political objectives should be. The United Nations don't seem to understand how to bargain with Orientals.

I think the Chinese Reds are resentive at being bound so closely to Russian apron strings, and economic strain in China must be considerable. But always remember the Oriental has endless patience; he thinks in terms of eternity while we think of tonight's dinner. To argue with Orientals is to get lost in nirvana.

*Q. Is there any strictly military answer to Communism?*

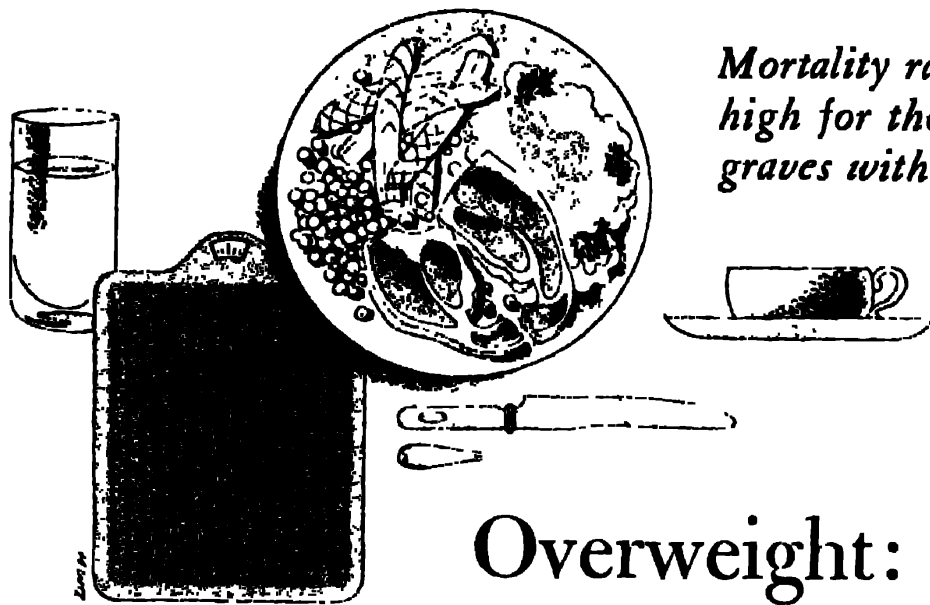
A. Certainly not. You must answer an idea with a better idea. In the last two wars, the winners came off almost as badly as the losers. In other words, the power to destroy is rapidly becoming the deterrent to war. Since mankind will continue to argue, the people of the world will be more and more restricted to a psychological battleground in order to avoid extermination.

Argument between governments is giving way to argument between each government and its opponent's people. The aim is not, as in the past, to settle the argument by discussion but, instead, by subversion—to persuade the enemy people to overthrow their government or force it to accept its opponent's policy.

Unless we understand that, we shall continue to fight the new diplomacy with the old, and the certain result is that we shall be beaten in the realm of ideas, and out of self-preservation will resort to force. That would be an enormous calamity.

*Q. What, in a nutshell, General Fuller, would be your principal advice?*

A. Get a move on with our side of the cold war. Communism is effective as a threat; it isn't a successful concept of government. Russia is a giant with a stomach very sensitive to political poisons. Therefore the answer lies in our own hands—put a pinch of counter-revolutionary arsenic in the monster's soup.



*Mortality rates are alarmingly high for those who "dig their graves with their teeth"*

## Overweight: *A Primary Health Problem*

Condensed from The New York Times

*Howard A. Rusk, M.D.*

**M**ANY PEOPLE stepped on to the scales this morning, noted that they had gained a pound or two and silently resolved to lose weight. Some will follow through on their resolutions, but scientific studies have shown that most of the many millions who are overweight will probably forget it as soon as they sit down to their next meal.

The health of these overweight persons is a primary public-health problem. In the United States, for example, while great advances have been made in reducing mortality in infancy, childhood and early adult life, relatively little progress has been made in reducing mortality in the middle and later years. The U.S. mortality rates for people over 45 are 25 per cent higher than for

the same age groups in Norway, Denmark and the Netherlands. Overweight is a major underlying factor in many of the diseases that cause death after 45.

Contrary to the general conception that overweight is a condition found primarily among those of high incomes, Dr. E. P. Luongo, medical director of the General Petroleum Corporation, found in a series of 5,000 physical examinations that the rate of overweight among executives and non-executives was about the same—one out of four. He noted that, because of improved living standards in recent years, the workman is just as likely to "dig his grave with his teeth" as the executive.

Dr. Louis Dublin and his asso-

ciates at the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. have shown that, of people up to 14 per cent overweight the death rate from all causes is 22 per cent higher than among people of normal weight. Among people who are overweight from 15 to 24 per cent, the death rate is 44 per cent higher than among those of normal weight, and among people who are overweight 25 per cent or more it is 75 per cent higher.

A study of 50,000 overweight policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. showed that they had a mortality rate 50 per cent higher than among standard insurance risks. The death rates were particularly high for cardio-vascular-renal diseases, diabetes and diseases of the liver and gall bladder.

Another study, of Army officers, showed that sustained high blood pressure developed among overweights at an annual rate of 4.6 per thousand as compared with only 1.8 per thousand among those of normal weight. Heart disease, whatever its specific cause, is always aggravated by obesity.

It is true that some individuals are overweight because of physical, organic or functional deviations that need medical treatment. But for the great majority of overweight people, the problem is simply one of eating more than the body needs. Studies have shown that for such people diet can be so adjusted to nutritional needs that weight can be brought to and maintained at normal.

Before embarking on a weight-reduction plan, however, the overweight person should consult a doctor without fail. Only a physician has the necessary knowledge and skill to consider and evaluate both the physical and emotional status of the individual, as well as his degree of overweight, to determine how much, how fast and with what programme weight can be reduced.

The principle underlying a diet is to cut the daily intake of food to a point below the needs of the body without unbalancing the diet by omitting essential foodstuffs or so decreasing calories that the weight loss is too rapid and strength and well-being are impaired. The human body normally contains about 15 per cent fat. This much is essential to good health and nutrition, but anything above is excessive.

The person who is reducing need not have any special cooking nor need he waste his money on any of the so-called "health" foods. In fact, the unbalanced diets recommended by food faddists are seriously lacking in basic nutritional essentials and may seriously harm health. Nor are drugs the answer. Any drug that can increase the body's rate of burning calories enough to effect weight reduction without dieting is potentially dangerous.

No easy way to reduce is safe—no safe way to reduce is easy. The overweight person must learn that only a *permanent* change in his eating habits will bring lasting results.



The spectacular operatic career of a  
businessman from the textile industry

## *New York's Phenomenal "Italian" Tenor*

Condensed from *Life*  
*Winthrop Sargeant*



**T**HERE IS a popular notion that Italians make the best Italian tenors, but the New York Metropolitan Opera's best Italian tenor this season is a Jewish cantor from Brooklyn named Richard Tucker. Though he has been in Italy only once and speaks Italian haltingly, he sings it with a faultless accent and an abandon that give the illusion of generations of Neapolitan ancestors. He not only sounds like an Italian; he looks like one. The Metropolitan has hopefully imported real Italian tenors to compete with him, but he has outdistanced them all.

Several things besides his voice make Tucker a phenomenon. He is still a cantor in the synagogue, though his duties have recently become intermittent. Until only three years ago he was also a respected figure in the New York textile industry. His spectacular operatic

career is only eight years old, and he has sung all but one of his rôles for the first time in his life on the Metropolitan's stage—an extraordinary feat. The average tenor goes to the Met only after years of experience in other houses. Just as extraordinary is the fact that Tucker has learned at least two operatic rôles from scratch during every year of his career.

Tucker is short (five feet eight inches), round, stocky (over 13 stone), with a bald head, a surrounding fringe of glossy black hair and, without his toupee, the look of an energetic owl. He views the unrealistic art of opera with the shrewd realism he once brought to the business of providing linings for fur coats. He knows that the more rôles he masters the more money he makes, and he mentions with some satisfaction that his intake at present tops \$50,000 a year. His present suc-

cess he attributes to energy, singleness of purpose and unremitting diligence. Being an intensely religious man, he also attributes a good deal of it to God. "God blessed me," he remarks, "with a good memory and a keen mind." God also blessed him with a great voice.

As a noted Metropolitan tenor, Tucker has received numerous requests for guest appearances in Europe, but he has turned them down. On one occasion early in his career he did travel to Verona, where he sang *La Gioconda* in an open-air performance before a huge audience. The Italians were enthralled to the point of frenzy. At the end of his big second-act aria the audience rose to its feet and yelled "*Bis! bis! (Encore!)*" Tucker finished the act and then retreated backstage in some confusion. "I thought," he explained later, "they were hollering, 'Beast! Beast!'"

Tucker deprecates the widespread notion that he became an opera singer by accident. "I always knew, even when I was a kid," he says, "that the Metropolitan was my pin-nacle." Born 39 years ago in Brooklyn, son of a furrier, he excelled at school sports and also sang with enthusiasm. By the time he was six he was singing alto in the choir of a synagogue, whose cantor soon took him under his wing, gave him vocal instruction and wrote special solos for him.

On leaving secondary school he worked as an errand boy in Wall

Street and then in the fur district. Later he opened a shop where he dyed silk linings and sold them to the fur trade.

Two things seem to have combined to push Tucker on. One was that wartime restrictions took a tuck in the silk business and reduced his takings. The other was a girl named Sara Perelmuth, whom he met at Coney Island. Sara was the sister of Jan Peerce, already a noted tenor. Her family was well-to-do and did not think much of a match with Tucker. But he sold himself to Sara. "Sara," said he, "I am just a budding rosebush. But I am going to bud." Shortly afterwards they were married.

The budding process was rapid. Tucker started taking lessons from the former famous Wagnerian tenor Paul Althouse. Until his marriage he had never seen a performance at the Metropolitan. But Tucker knew that Metropolitan tenors got good pay, so he concentrated on becoming one.

His teacher was amazed at the cold method Tucker brought to his task. There was no sign of temperament. "Tucker just came for his lesson, took off his hat, sang, put his hat on again and went," Althouse recalls.

For several years Tucker stalked his goal with patience, energy and salesmanship. He entered the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air—an annual radio contest designed to uncover new talent. He got a job with

the Chicago Theatre of the Air and sang operetta. Finally in 1944 he got a full-scale audition at the Metropolitan. He made his debut there a year later in *La Gioconda*, with vast delegations from Brooklyn and the fur and silk industries to applaud him.

After the *Gioconda* performance the critics mumbled vaguely, "Obviously inexperienced . . ." ". . . hasn't the true dramatic tenor's ping." Two years later, when he sang Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, the *New York Times* commented, "He looked more like a prosperous bank president than an impoverished poet." But two years after that, in 1949, the *Times* observed, "Mr. Tucker is now among the finest tenors at large."

With the advent of the Metropolitan's new manager, Rudolf Bing, Tucker found that his rather rudimentary capacities as an actor were scheduled for improvement. "With Mr. Bing," he commented wryly, "you *haftu* act."

Tucker's director in *Carmen*, Tyrone Guthrie, hit upon a simple solution to his dramatic problems. "Tucker," he noted, "is all right as long as you give him something to clutch." In *Carmen* Tucker clutched chairs, a dagger and Carmen herself, and did very well.

The biggest moment of his career, in his own estimation, came in 1949 when Arturo Toscanini chose him to sing Rhadames in *Aida* with the National Broadcasting Company

Symphony. During rehearsals he sang "Celeste Aïda" with somewhat wooden efficiency. The maestro rapped for attention. "Mr. Tucker," he said, "do you love a woman?" Mr. Tucker was somewhat taken aback. "Yes," he finally admitted after an embarrassed silence. "Well, *show* it!" admonished Toscanini.

In the death scene the same problem arose. "Why aren't you happy?" Toscanini inquired. "Maestro, I'm not happy; I'm dying," said Tucker lugubriously. "You *are* happy," contradicted the maestro. "She has sacrificed her life. You are dying with the woman you love. You are *happy*." Tucker began singing like an angel. "At the end of the performance," he recalls, "I was in a different world."

Tucker's enormous dependability has made him a favourite not only at the Metropolitan but among musical managers and fellow musicians. Three years ago he was on his way to New Orleans to sing at a Puccini festival when storms grounded his plane at Newark airport. He and his wife remained there hopefully for 36 hours without sleep. In desperation they then caught a train for Cincinnati and connected with a plane which got them to their destination just one hour before the concert. Tucker was fagged out and had a two-days' growth of beard.

Since there had been no rehearsals, the local conductor was beside himself. Tucker went to a hotel to shave. When the conductor tele-

phoned him in anguish and wailed, "But, Mr. Tucker, I don't know how you sing," Tucker calmed him. "I sing the notes just like they are written," he said simply. When he appeared at the concert hall a few minutes later, he was unperturbed. He walked on to the stage and sang; there wasn't a hitch. The audience applauded wildly and the conductor kissed him.

For his Metropolitan appearances

Tucker leaves his suburban home at 5 p.m., drives directly to the studio of his teacher to warm up, and arrives at the Met on schedule. When the performance is over, he returns home with the unruffled air of a methodical businessman. Though to millions of fans he is a glamorous figure in a world of operatic make-believe, Richard Tucker looks at it all as just a man from Brooklyn doing a good job.

### *Verdant Vernacular*

A boy in the shop where I worked was telling how he was flirting with a girl when her husband came along and hit him on the head with a cricket bat. "Did it knock you out?" I asked.

"No-o, not exactly," he replied, "but it certainly scattered my ideas."

—E.R.B.

Two rural New Englanders were arguing about the merits of their respective towns. One man said, "I druther be the meanest man in my town than the best man in yours."

"Wall," the other drawled, "yer got your druther."

—Mrs. F.H.V.B.

"It's not that he lacks initiative," said an employer of one of his workers. "He gets some pretty fine ideas and he starts out all right, but soon he gets bogged down and is off on something else. What he needs is finishative."

—S.M.

THE HOTEL BOY who carried my bag out to the car was impressed with the space in the luggage compartment. "Why, a man could sleep in there!" he said.

"Don't you think it would be a little short for you?" I asked, noticing his lanky stature.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "I'd rather sleep all night layin' down, all scrooched up, than sit up all night all hunkered down."

—J.E.K.

I ASKED the waitress in a college-town restaurant if she were from out of town. "Yes," she said, "I come from a poke-and-plumb town."

"What kind of town?" I said, laughing.

"A poke-and-plumb town," she replied. "You poke your head out of the car window and you're plumb out of town."

—L.L.P.

# Towards More Picturesque Speech

A WIND that seemed to have sharpened itself against icebergs all the way from the North Pole . . . The air is peppermint cold in the nostrils (Mollie Panter-Downes) . . .

Frost on the grass like condensed moonlight (Joyce Cary) . . . The bare bones of the trees cracking like witches' knuckles . . . Snow swirled like a dotted-swiss curtain in a stiff wind (Henry Morton Robinson) . . . Winter, the age of shovelry (Walter Davenport) . . . A wood fire sings and does soft-shoe dances on the walls.

As patient as a dusty Bible . . . A pretty girl, a *pièce de non-résistance* (Conrad Aiken) . . . Waiters looking you over from toe to tip.

*Sign language.* Roadside notice: DRIVE SLOWLY OR ELSEWHERE . . . In a coal yard: ARE YOU COALED?

*Twit-bits.* Arthur Marx about his father, Groucho: "His tongue is frequently way ahead of his better judgment" (Collier's) . . . Mother, impatient with a daughter's tantrums: "As usual, her tears are full of I's" . . . One of those people of whom it

*How Else  
Would  
You  
Say It?*

takes all kinds to make a world (Walter Stewart)

*Free translations.* A woman's mind—scheme engine (Quoted by Earl Wilson) . . . Puppy—a little waggin' without wheels . . . Cheesecake photography—clothes-up . . . Tears—glum-drops . . . Appeasement—surrender on the instalment plan (Arthur H. Vandenburg)

*Wit and polish.* A husband is a man who, if you give him enough rope, will be tied up at the office (Earl Wilson) . . . Duty is something we look forward to with distaste, do with reluctance and boast about for ever after . . . A man is incomplete until he's married—then he's really finished . . . I don't like to repeat gossip, but what else can you do with it?

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of 3 guineas will be made upon publication. *Contributions should be dated and the source must be given.*

Address Picturesque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Contributions cannot be acknowledged.



## Land That Smells Like Money

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Harold H. Martin

**T**HE FRONTIER STATE of Paraná in South Brazil is booming with one of the great land rushes of history. Nearly 500,000 settlers of many nations, all of them lusting hungrily for land, have in the space of a few years turned this 30,000-square-mile virgin wilderness into one of the richest coffee-producing areas in the world.

"In Paraná," Brazilians say, "the craziness of the people is a madness, a fever. Crooks and swindlers and fools of all types are there. A thousand women of great beauty are there, from Paris, from Buenos Aires and Paraguay, earning for their services fabulous sums. But many honest men are also there, seeking only the opportunity to grow coffee--the gold of Brazil."

*A rush is on to the fabulously productive soil of Brazil's frontier country*

Because of the feverish efforts of these settlers, towns of 15,000 people have sprung up from forests that a few years ago were inhabited only by jaguars, tapirs, monkeys, snakes and parakeets. Along the unpaved streets that have the raw, rough look of the frontier towns of the old American West, cars and buses and motor-cycles honk and toot their way past plodding horsemen, high-wheeled pony carts and covered wagons.

The winding dirt road from Londrina, gateway to the new lands, to the new town of Maringá is the

third most heavily travelled highway in all Brazil. And 100 miles beyond these outposts, settlers attack, with axe and fire, the forest that spreads on and on into the west as far as the borders of Paraguay. Never have these hopeful pioneers, of nearly 40 different racial bloods, ever seen such land. Red as blood, 20 feet deep on the hills and as deep as 70 feet in the low places, it produces three to five times the volume of coffee that can be obtained from the tiring lands of São Paulo.

The great boom has been soaring upwards to its peak for roughly the last five years. But the seeds of it were sown many years ago, when a London company first opened the Paraná wilderness, not as an enterprise for fantastic speculation but as a slow, steady process of solid colonization. The company, called Paraná Plantations, imported an austere young Scot, Arthur Hugh Miller Thomas, to do the work of exploration and development.

Thomas, a former captain in the Seaforth Highlanders with a brisk manner and a self-confident moustache, plunged into the wilderness. He found that here was indeed a bonny land, a rolling plateau 2,000 feet above the sea, well watered with many streams, heavily timbered with fine hardwoods, and with a climate neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter.

Plodding the wilderness on mule-back, living at times only on the game they could shoot, teams of

Scottish surveyors and Brazilian work gangs laid out the boundaries for 23,000 farms, each with a frontage on running water. In the depths of the forest, Thomas drove the stake that marked the town that was to be named Londrina. One hundred miles to the north, in the settled country, he bought up a ramshackle, bankrupt 20-mile railway and began to push it across country.

Slowly the trickle of settlers began. First to come were four families of Japanese, coffee coolies from São Paulo who, by years of toil, had saved up a little money. After them came wagonloads of younger sons from the grape-growing regions of Santa Catarina, where families had outgrown their land. The land, for which he paid Paraná State 10 cruzeiros (about 3s. 11d.) an acre, Thomas sold for 34 cruzeiros—but it cost him 80 cruzeiros to transport and settle each family.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the thin flow of settlers stopped. Round the world nations were struggling in the clutch of the depression. Coffee prices crashed and nobody wanted new land. But the London company ploughed doggedly ahead to build the railway, motor roads and cart trails deeper and deeper into the wilderness.

Finally, after eight black years, came immigrants of a different type—German and Italian doctors, lawyers, engineers and teachers who could not live under Hitler and Mussolini. Under Brazilian law, they

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could not practise their professions; but in the wilds of Paraná they could farm and live as free men.

The war and its aftermath of soaring coffee prices brought a new prosperity, but the British company did not survive to share it. Brazil bought the railway, for strategic reasons. The British government, desperately in need of funds, began to press the London directors to liquidate the land company. Against the strong objections of Thomas, in 1944 the company went on the block and a syndicate of São Paulo capitalists, who knew a fat plum when they saw one, snapped it up.

With the end of the war a flood of displaced persons, Czechs, Poles, Yugoslavs—all the nations of shattered Europe—squeezed past the strict Brazilian immigration laws to come to the land of the red dust, where in the five years' time it takes a coffee tree to grow to production a man, by his own labours, might become rich. Speculators swarmed in—and gamblers, tricksters and prostitutes. Everybody was rich—or going to be rich tomorrow. A bottle of Scotch whisky cost 800 cruzeiros (£14). Small cars sold for 56,000 cruzeiros, an outboard motor for 1,000 cruzeiros, and a vacuum cleaner was cheap at 340 cruzeiros.

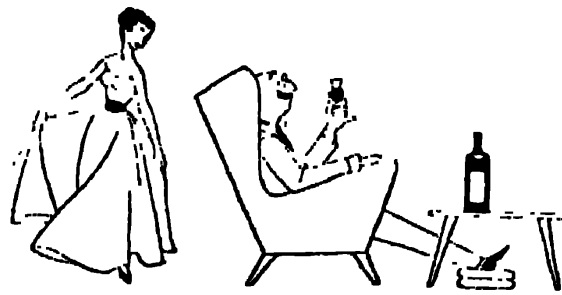
Celso Garcia Cid, a one-time waiter who parlayed three ancient Ford trucks into a fabulously successful bus line, paid 40,000 cruzeiros for the finest shotgun the armourers of England could make. Raimundo

Durães, who started as a 19-year-old land salesman for Thomas with nothing but the shirt on his back, chartered a special plane to bring the champagne and flowers from São Paulo for his daughter's wedding.

There are, however, disturbing signs that the day of the little man whom Thomas loved to settle is about over. With the influx of speculative money, land prices have soared beyond the reach of the sharecropper and the hungry migrant from the drought-ridden north. How much of the good land is still left no one quite seems to know. On the fringes of the frontier where the axemen are pushing towards the Paraguayan border, some of the small land companies that followed the British company into the field are already running into grey and sandy soil.

Thomas himself has retired. On his own *fazenda* some ten miles from Londrina, the town he founded, he lives the quiet life of a country squire. His 80,000 coffee trees earn 1,600,000 cruzeiros a year. The brick and tile he manufactures from the red clay of the valley land bring him in considerably more. He owns a substantial interest in the biggest of the 23 banks that now operate in Londrina, and in one of the automobile agencies.

When Thomas laid out Londrina's water system there were 30 houses. Now there are 11,000, and 40,000 people. The lots he sold for 1,500



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cruzeiros are now worth 10,000 cruzeiros, and the coffee land he sold for 34 cruzeiros an acre is bringing more than 4,000 cruzeiros. On the 20,000 square miles of cleared land that once was empty wilderness, nearly 500,000 people will produce a coffee crop of five million bags this coming year.

For sentiment's sake, around his house Thomas left untouched a fair-sized area of the old forest. Each

morning he and his wife stroll across the wide lawn to the edge of the woods to feed the wild monkeys. A tribe of 30 or so swing from the trees in sight of his verandah—the last, he believes, of the multiple thousands that lived there when he first came.

It is not often given to a man to see as his own monument a rich land created from a wilderness. Arthur Thomas feels pretty well content.

### *Laughter, the Best Medicine*

IT HAD been a long boring evening, but the young man finally succeeded in stealing a good-night kiss from the young lady. "That's your reward for being a gentleman," the girl murmured.

"Reward?" scowled the young man. "That's just workman's compensation."—H.R.

THE DOCTOR was asked to examine Private Simpkins, who was behaving most peculiarly. "He wanders round picking up scraps of paper and shouting, 'This isn't it!'" reported his sergeant. Just then, Private Simpkins rushed in and began rummaging through the doctor's desk. As he flung each paper aside, he cried, "This isn't it!"

"My boy," said the doctor gravely, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we can't have you in the Army any more. Sergeant, I will hold Simpkins here while you get his discharge papers."

The sergeant returned shortly and

thrust the discharge papers into Simpkins' hand. Private Simpkins took one look and let out a shriek of glee. "This is it!" he exclaimed, and vanished from sight.

A NEW PILOT was on his first mission over North Korea when the enemy's anti-aircraft fire burst about him in black puffs. "Hey, Skipper," he shouted over the radio, "they're shooting at us."

"That's all right, son," his chief told him calmly. "They're allowed to."

"I NEVER LIKE to discuss things with women," said he. "They take everything personally."

"Nonsense," said she. "I don't!"

—L.W.

"I DON'T like Bill," confided a college girl to her room mate. "He knows too many naughty songs."

"Does he sing them to you?" asked her friend.

"Well, no—but he whistles them."

*This extraordinary missionary rides the Alaskan Highway, travels in guards' vans and has the whole Alaskan hinterland as his unofficial parish*

Bert Bingle



*Condensed from Guideposts*

Dorothy Walworth

BERT BINGLE is a sturdy man nearing 60, with shrewd blue eyes behind thick spectacles, and a comforting voice. His face is merry, his hands are calloused, and he has a rolling walk because he's used to treading rough country. He's worn out 14 cars, turned over half a dozen times, driven through floods. Alaskans believe he is made of granite and gold.

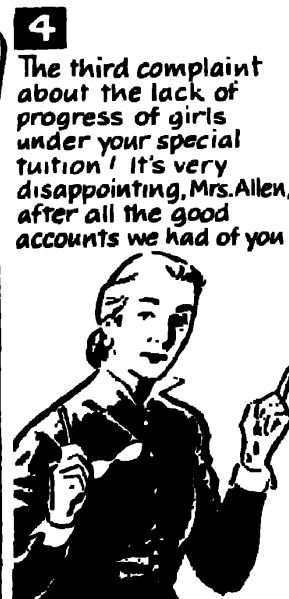
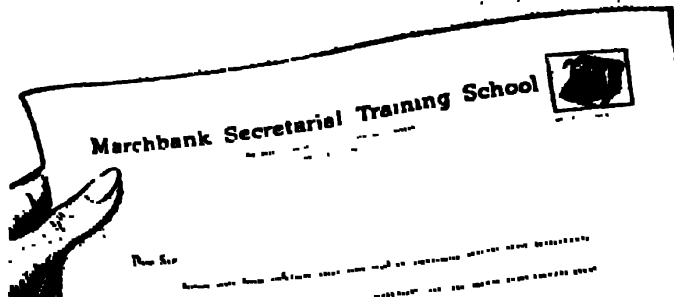
Bingle is a Presbyterian missionary in Yukon Territory, with a parish 500 miles long, a land of harsh mountains, glaciers and savage gales. In settlements like Dot Lake, Tok and Tanacross, he lives out his religion with the hard labour of his hands and the staunch, tireless love of his heart. When Bert gets too old to ride the goods trains or walk 40 miles to help a homesteader, there will be nobody, folks say, who can fill his boots.

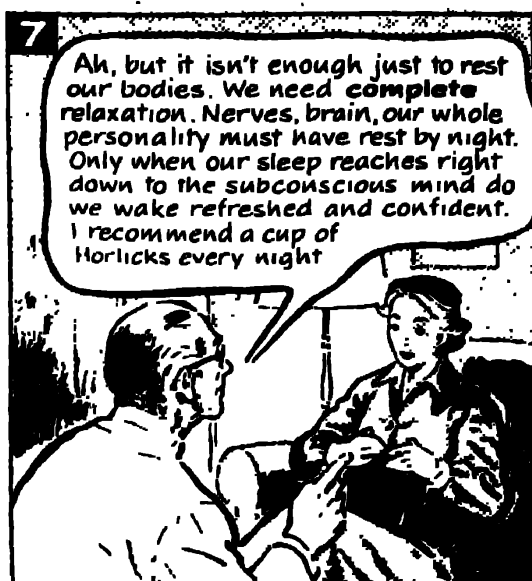
"I don't deserve any credit," he told me. "I'm a plain, ordinary guy, and often, like everybody else, I feel at the end of my rope. Then I pray: 'Lord, You'll have to take over,' and He does. There's always been a partnership—the Lord and Bert Bingle."

In the last 28 years Bingle has had all the Alaskan hinterland as his unofficial parish. There isn't a tundra village he hasn't visited. With his own hands he has built four churches, 12 chapels and close to 100 log houses for homesteaders. Best of all, he's built his teaching deep into the hearts of Alaskans.

"One missionary teaches one way to Heaven and the next missionary teaches another," an Eskimo told me. "The Reverend Bingle says: 'Ask God yourself, and He will show you the way.' Like our Lord, he speaks in parables, about the

# Dear Sir...





"IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF ASLEEP..."



"HAVE YOU ever watched people asleep? Some look blissfully peaceful. Some seem worried. Some seem tense.

"And so they are. They are asleep, but not relaxed. Their sleep is superficial, not reaching down to the subconscious mind.

"To enjoy 'happy' sleep, mind and body must relax completely. By promoting this tranquil state, and by helping to remove disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system, Horlicks also helps you to wake up confident . . . restored . . . full of zest and optimism."

**HORLICKS**  
RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT

food in our caches and about the walrus. These things make us see God's providence."

Bert Bingle was born in an Ohio village, a carpenter's son. When he was 11 years old a missionary spoke at the village church, and Bert felt called—but he wasn't sure. Three years later, still not sure, he went to a school for missionaries. There he met his future wife, Mabel. After graduation they married.

For a while Bert taught school. But he was haunted by the thought that he should be sharing the life of those who had, perhaps, no other friend on earth. Finally he said: "Lord, I'm not much. But You and I together can do plenty. Let me be Your partner." And, in 1925, Mabel and he took a cargo boat to Alaska, landing at Cordova.

In those days Cordova was a small, rough town, with a railway that crawled up the towering mountains for 196 miles to the rich Kennecott Copper Mines, 9,000 feet above sea level. Those mines were Bert's first parish. Some pit-heads were so remote that he could reach them only by walking 30 miles beyond the railway, or by riding in an ore bucket on a cable line.

"Sometimes the miners got drunk and fought," Bert told me, "because they wanted to forget their past. Many of them were eating their hearts out on account of women back home who'd married other guys. They were bitter, and I had to work to get that poison out

of them. I told them the difference between a pit mule and a man was forgiveness. But it's hard to forgive.

"I don't kid myself that it was easy for those men to forget and to change. But I do know a lot of them said I'd made them human beings, instead of pit mules."

In 1934 the mines shut down and Bert Bingle moved to Anchorage. A few months later he heard that the U.S. Government was sending 800 settlers up to Palmer, in the Matanuska Valley. Nobody else wanted to look after a bunch of greenhorns in the raw wilderness. So Bert volunteered.

"The Government had told those folks the Matanuska Valley would be cleared," Bert said to me. "But nothing was ready to make them even half-way comfortable. About 100 of them skedaddled back to the United States. The others drew their farm-sites out of a hat, and waded out into the brush. Until we could get hold of some tents all those men, women and children lived outdoors, eaten alive by mosquitoes. It rained, too, for 60 hours straight. Everybody came down with colds or dysentery."

Bingle found that many of the new arrivals had never farmed. To get them started he taught them how to set up tents, dig latrines, clear the land. For himself, Mabel and their two small children, he pitched a tent in an empty pig-pen near Palmer. Bert chose this spot

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the pure oils  
in BRYLCREEM  
are emulsified  
to prevent  
excessive oiliness

## BECAUSE

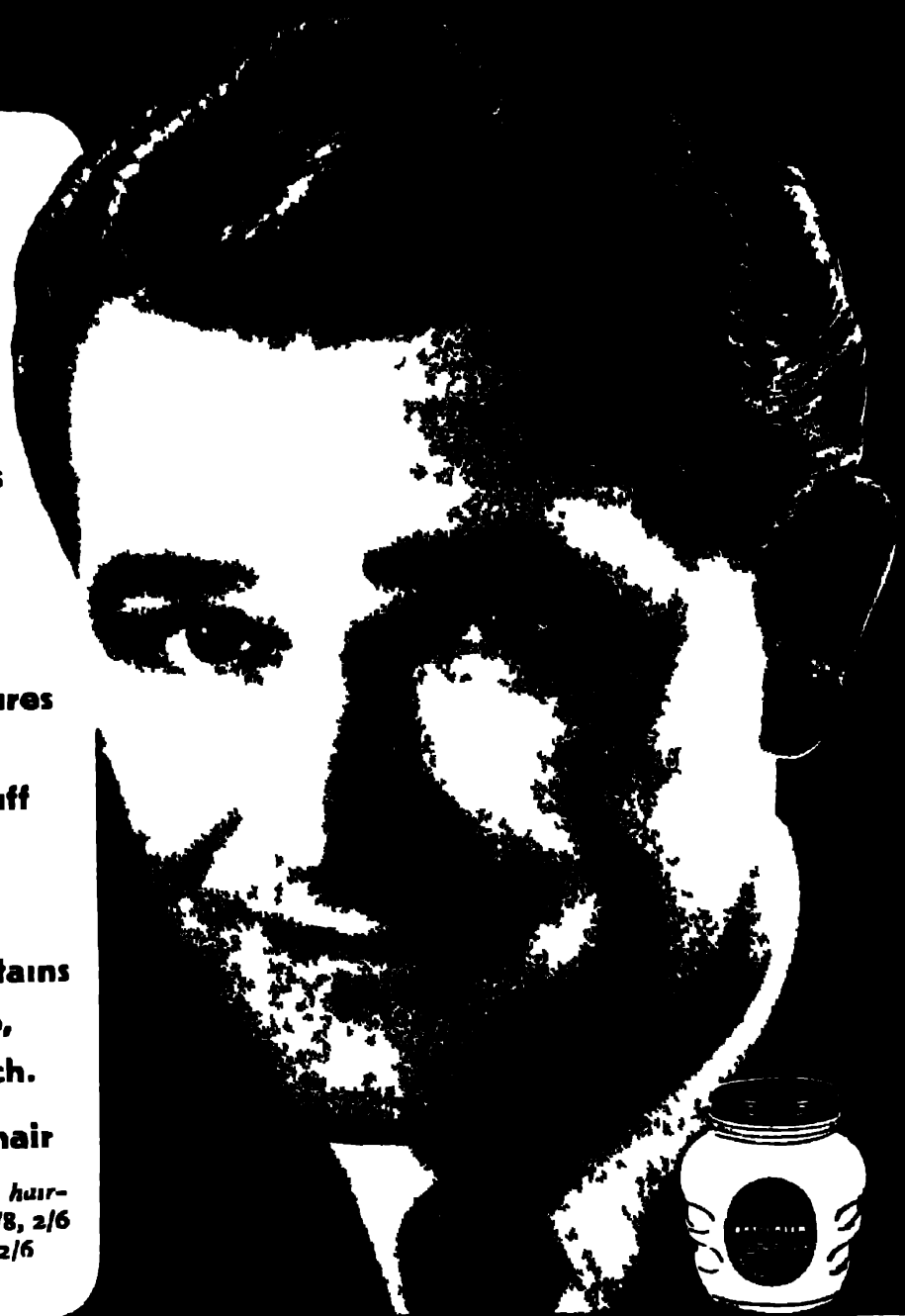
with massage  
BRYLCREEM ensures  
a clean scalp,  
free from dandruff

## BECAUSE

BRYLCREEM contains  
no gum, no soap,  
no spirit, no starch.

**Brylcreem your hair**

*Brylcreem the perfect hair-  
dressing, comes in tubs 1/8, 2/6  
and 4/6 or in tubes 2/6*





because he could use the wire fence as a radio antenna and get the news, which he typed down and handed out as a daily paper.

The food problem soon became acute. Bert knew humpback salmon were running in the ocean, so for three months he never slept except at low water. When the tide came in he was down on the beach filling his gill nets with fish, which he lugged back to the Valley.

"After a while some people said they were tired of salmon," Bert told me. "So I showed them how to hunt—they hadn't ever had a gun in their hands."

In September Bert Bingle and about 25 of the 400 remaining settlers began building the United Protestant Church at Palmer. Valley people called it the Church of a Thousand Trees, for it took that many to do the job.

They toiled 24 hours a day, in shifts. Women served coffee and sandwiches round the clock, and did the simpler tasks like chinking and oiling logs. When it was finished, people came from a hundred miles round to the Church of a Thousand Trees.

In 1938 life in the Matanuska Valley had become fairly comfortable, so Bert went where the need was greater. He moved to Fairbanks, 120 miles from the Arctic Circle, and began ministering to the men who worked for the Alaska Railway. He rode the goods train and guards' vans between Fairbanks

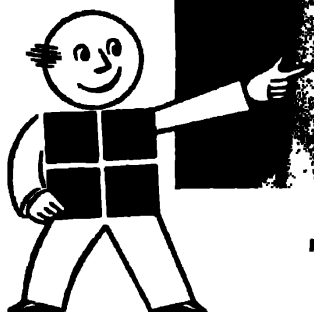
and Anchorage, holding services somewhere every day.

Sometimes Eskimos told him of villages where no missionary had been for many moons. Whenever he had spare time, he travelled to those desolate places, by dog-sledge or plane.

Bert talked to the Eskimos about the simple things they knew. For instance, he said the stake line put in the snow to guide their dog teams was like the stake line driven into this world by the Sermon on the Mount. If they followed that line blizzard and darkness could never take them from their proper course, and they would get home.

At the beginning of World War II, Army men started building the 1,591-mile-long Alaska Highway. Before Christmas, 1942, Bert learned that no letters or gifts from home were reaching one group of men, the 97th Engineers, who were stationed about 340 miles from Fairbanks. With the help of the Fairbanks Red Cross and American Legion, Bert made little presents for every man. At 60 below zero, he began his long trek down the Highway.

"That was about the hardest trip I ever made," he told me. "I had to crawl under the car with my axe every ten miles and knock off the ice. Sometimes I had to chop the ice hummocks off the road so my car could get over. But the bridges were the worst; they were temporary things, hardly wide enough



## Thrifty Scottish Mixtures

No man gets more pleasure from his pipe than your life-long mixture smoker. And no mixture is more pleasing to his palate—and better suited to his pocket—than Four Square BLUE or GREEN. Master-blended in the good old-fashioned way, they are cool and long-lasting, with a fresh fragrance and a fine aroma. A rare pleasure at an everyday price!

**FOUR SQUARE 'BLUE' 4/6 oz.** Genuine Virginia and Oriental leaf of the very highest grade. Flavour and aroma are fresh and natural—yet with that elusive extra quality so highly valued by the connoisseur.

**FOUR SQUARE 'GREEN' 4/2 oz.** Blended from selected Virginia and Oriental leaf, grown within the Empire. Just right for the discerning pipe-lover seeking a delightful smoke at a reasonable price.

*There are four other distinct blends:*

**MATURED VIRGINIA, CUT CAKE, NAVY CUT AND CURLIES.**

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MIGHTY IN STRENGTH  
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OUTSTANDING IN VALUE

*The ultimate in car-tyre quality*

YOU CAN TRUST

**GOOD YEAR**

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR

for one car, rocking in the wind, ice-coated, with no guard-rails.

"I got to one bridge that looked plain impossible. One slip, and I'd go down a thousand feet. I prayed: 'Lord, take care of me. I've got work to do on the other side of that bridge.' My car passed over, steady as a rock. All the troops got their presents for Christmas. You should have seen their faces!

"On the way home I kept thinking of those men, and I got careless. I went a bit too fast on glare ice and skidded over a precipice. Fortunately, my car didn't go all the way down--only about 60 feet, where it got tangled up with a spruce. I didn't get a scratch, but my car was smashed. I said, 'Lord, it was all my fault. I didn't have my mind on the road. I couldn't expect You to suspend the law of gravity for my sake.' I started walking the 75 miles back to Fairbanks, and I was plumb lucky. An Army jeep happened along and picked me up."

Bert now spends three days a week with the bush people along a 300-mile stretch of the Alaska Highway. Though improved, this road is still rough going; in the spring melting snow causes floods in the valleys, which Bert's car has to cross with water swirling above the hub-caps. Three days a week he

rides the guards' vans on the railway belt, and once a year he drives the 1,591 miles to Whitehorse, visiting wilderness cabins that have no other missionary. Every week, when he starts down the Highway, the Fairbanks radio announces: "The Reverend Bingle is on the road. Anybody who needs help, go out and look for his car."

"We get along pretty good in the summer," one of Bert's people told me, "but when winter weathers us in, the darkness gets on our nerves. We quarrel over little things, and we're close to having what the sourdoughs call 'bush fever.' The high spot of our week is the day Reverend Bingle comes. He sort of busts into the midst of us, ready to shore up a wall, fix a stove, listen to a grief, do anything a body needs. The going is rough, here in the bush, and if it wasn't for Reverend Bingle we couldn't live it through."

One night in Anchorage I saw Bert Bingle receive, from the Presbyterian Board of Missions, an inexpensive pin and scroll for his many years of service. I could not help but think of the costly gifts that many men get for fewer years at easier tasks. However, looking at the radiant face of Bert Bingle, I saw that he did not need any reward upon this earth.



A MAN has only himself to blame for the plainness of his wife; a woman who knows she is loved cannot help but be beautiful. —R.E.R.

## THE GUSHER

*Condensed from  
The Golden Book Magazine*  
Charles Battell Loomis

ONE MEETS many kinds of people at afternoon teas—the bored, the bashful, the intense—but for sheer delight nothing quite equals the gusher. She is generally very pretty. Nature insists upon compensations.

When you meet a real gusher—one born to gush—you can throw all bounds of probability aside and say the first thing that comes into your head, sure that it will meet with an appreciative burst of enthusiasm. But the attention of the Simon-pure gusher is purely subconscious. Her real attention is always on something else all the while—perhaps on the gowns of her neighbours, perhaps on the reflection of her pretty face—but never on the conversation.

You are presented to her as “Mr. Mmmm,” and she is “delighted,” and smiles so ravishingly that you wish you were 20 years younger. You do not yet know that she is a gusher.

But her first remark labels her. Just to test her, for there is something in the animation of her face and the farawayness of the eye that makes you suspect her, you say: “I happen to have six children——”

“Oh, how perfectly dec-ar! How old are they?”

She scans the gown of a woman who has just entered the room and, being quite sure that she is engaged in a mental valuation of it, you say:

“They’re all of them six.”

“Oh, how lovely!” Her unseeing eyes look you in the face. “Just the right age to be companions.”

“Yes, ail but one.”

The eye has wandered to another gown, but the sympathetic voice says:

“Oh, what a pi-i-ty!”

“Yes, isn’t it? But he’s quite healthy.”

It’s a game now—fair game—and you’re very glad you came to the tea!

“Healthy, you say? How nice. It’s perfectly lovely to be healthy. Do you live in the country?”

“Not exactly the country. We live in New York, in Times Square, under the trees.”

“Oh, how perfectly idyllic!”

“Yes; we have all the advantages of the city and the delights of the country. The children bathe in the fountain every day when the weather is cold enough.”

“Oh, how charming! How many children have you?”



*To be the man she admires...*

use the world's  
most distinguished  
after-shave lotion

Why not have that distinguished air of elegance which smart women so much admire? Many men find Aqua Velva wins them extra favour! For Aqua Velva is the world's most distinguished after-shave lotion—used by distinguished men . . . admired by charming women . . . everywhere. Give your face the bracing benefit of Aqua Velva tonight.



"Only seven. The oldest is five and the youngest is six."

"Just the interesting age. Don't you think children fascinating?"

Again the roaming eye and the vivacious smile.

"Yes, indeed. My oldest—he's 14 and quite original—says that when he grows up he doesn't know what he'll be."

"Really! How cute! How old did you say he was?"

"Just 17, but perfectly girl-like and masculine."

She nods her head, and murmurs in musical, sympathetic tones:

"That's an adorable age. Did you say it was a girl?"

"Yes, his name's Ethel. He's a great help to her mother."

"Little darling."

"Yes; I tell them there may be city advantages, but I think they're much better off where they are."

"Where did you say you were?"

"On the Connecticut shore. You see, having only the one child, Mrs. Smith is very anxious that it should grow up healthy." (Absent-minded nods indicative of full attention.)

"He plays with the fisherman's child and gets great draughts of fresh air."

"Oh, you're quite a poet!"

"No; I'm a painter."

Now she is really attentive.

"Oh, do you paint? How per-

fectly adorable! Do you ever allow visitors in your studio?"

"Why, I never prevent them, but I'm so afraid it will bore them that I never ask them."

"Oh, how could anybody be bored at anything?"

"But everyone hasn't your enthusiasm. My studio is in the top of the Times Square tower, and I never see a soul."

"Oh, then you're not married."

"Dear, no; a man who is wedded to his art mustn't commit bigamy."

"How clever. So you're a bachelor?" Again she is appraising a dress.

"Yes, but I have my wife for a chaperone and I'd be delighted to have you come and take tea with us some Saturday from six until three."

"Perfectly delighted!" Her eye now catches sight of an acquaintance just coming in, and you say:

"Hope you don't mind a little artistic unconventionality. We always have beer at our teas served with sugar and lemons, the Russian fashion."

"Oh, I think it's much better than cream. I adore unconventionality."

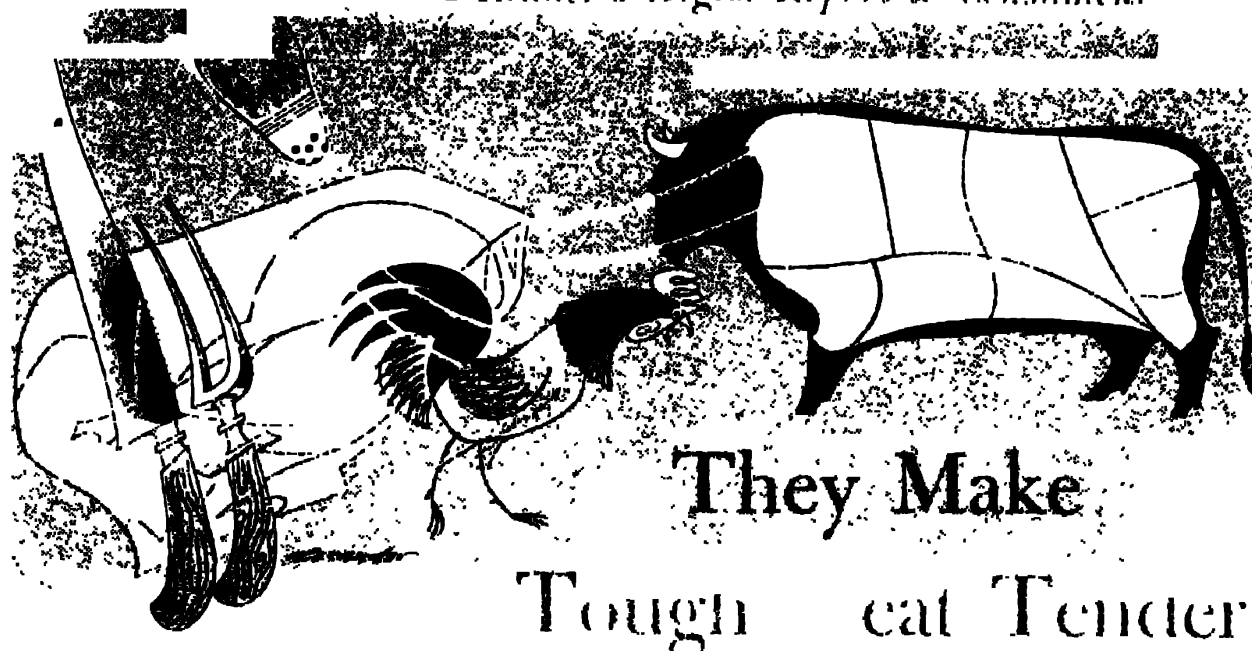
"You're glad you met me, I'm sure."

"Awfully good of you to say so." Anything goes at an afternoon tea. But it's better not to go.

---

OLD FANNY, for many years our cook, was rich in wisdom. "Honey," she told me one day, "tact ain't nothing but kindness with brains."

-L. McP.



*By Lois Mattox Miller*

**A** SHAKERFUL of saltlike crystals can now transform the cheaper and tougher cuts of beef—flank, round, etc.—into steaks as tender as filet mignon.

The active ingredient of this new kitchen magic is a vegetable enzyme, papain, derived from the papaya melon. Long the professional chefs' secret, papain tenderizers heretofore have been too little known in the home. Now a compound called Adolph's Meat Tenderizer is winning a place on grocers' shelves all over America, largely because of the determination of two young men to put this product into the hands of every housewife in the land. Adolph's tenderizer, food experts agree, puts good meat back on the family menu in the face of soaring prices.

The naturally tender cuts are ex-

pensive because they constitute only 22 per cent of the beef carcass. The other 78 per cent includes a lot of good meat, as rich in proteins, sometimes actually more flavour-some—and cheaper.

People in the Tropics have long known that something in the juice of the papaya makes tough meat tender. Chemists isolated the substance—which is not unlike the pepsin in human digestive juices. Chefs tried various extracts, but found some of them tricky to use.

Adolph Rempp, some time owner of steak houses in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, was one of these. After months of experiment he had evolved a mixture which made his low-priced steak dinners famous.

Friends urged him to put the tenderizer on the market, but he



had no hankering for the grocery business. At this point, however, good fortune brought him two young go-getters who were searching for a new food product. Lloyd Rigler and Larry Deutsch had come back from the war each determined to own a business. When they joined forces in 1947, Deutsch was running a small laundry-and-cleaning shop; Rigler was struggling to market a little-known brand of mushroom soup.

Both partners had a healthy appetite for steaks, which they could hardly afford. When they savoured the "filet mignon" which Adolph's tenderizer made from common steak they saw a revelation.

Adolph and Rigler, dressed in chefs' caps and white coats, first demonstrated the tenderizer in the May Company department store in Los Angeles. At 39 cents a jar, Adolph's limited supply was sold before night.

A chemist analysed Adolph's mixture. As a result, the partners developed a new basic compound, removing taste and odour, and safeguarding the stability of the enzyme so that it would not lose potency in storage.

They learned that it was important to sprinkle the tenderizer evenly, and then allow the treated meat to stand at room temperature 30 minutes for each half-inch of thickness. Thus, an inch-thick steak, sprinkled on both sides, should stand for one hour before

cooking. Thick joints (beef, lamb or pork) can be tenderized in two or three hours. They found that joints so treated have up to 20 per cent less shrinkage.

With the product under control, Rigler and Deutsch were ready to tackle the retail market. (Adolph, still wary of the food business, sold his interest to the boys.) They began with a booth at the Los Angeles Home Show in 1949. Over a sizzling grill, Rigler played pitchman for 12 hours a day—talking, demonstrating, sampling, selling. The night before the exhibition closed, the new firm, with some misgiving, risked \$50 to buy a one-minute spot on television at 10 p.m. That would be the profit on a lot of jars. Their phone began ringing at 10.05 and rang through most of the next day. More than 1,100 of their \$1-size jars were sold.

Profits were ploughed back into the business, and the partners acquired a small plant in Los Angeles. City by city Rigler covered California, demonstrating the tenderizer in stores. They grossed \$125,000 in 1950, and \$250,000 in 1951. By late 1952 the figure had passed the half-million-dollar mark.

Discriminating food editors, and the housewives who followed their advice, proved to be effective sales agents. In Chicago, Rigler met Morrison Wood, an enthusiastic gourmet who writes a column in the *Chicago Tribune*. Wood heard Rigler's story with sceptical amuse-

*extra long-lived*

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stronger  
shirt**

**'TRUVISCA'—**

the shirt that's tailored by Truvisca Limited 'Truvisca' shirts are comfortable, amply cut in either coat or tunic style—and above all, hard-wearing. 'Truvisca' shirts are made of a new Courtmolds' fabric—a blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tenacity rayon that's as strong as it's handsome.

**AND 'LUVEXE' COLLARS—**

they're semi stiff—perfect appearance perfect comfort

**AND, OF COURSE—**

**'LUVISCA' PYJAMAS**

Old friends, these, and still the best pyjamas ever made—smooth, soft, roomy and plenty of patterns to choose from, including plain colours. We needn't tell you how well they wash and wear.

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**OLD VICARAGE ROAD, EXETER.**



*A gracious welcome  
to your guests*

**20/- bottle    10/6 half-bottle**

ment, but accepted a sample of the tenderizer and bought the toughest piece of steak his butcher had. He tenderized half, left the rest untreated. The experiment was so surprising that he devoted a whole column to it next day.

As an independent check on the claims made for the tenderizer, *The Reader's Digest* recently asked York Research Corporation to submit the product to scientific tests. In one test "very cheap flank steaks" were fried with and without the tenderizer. The cooked meat was "knife tested" by an apparatus which drew a sharp butcher's knife across the meat and measured penetration by a depth gauge.

"The knife blade produced a cut of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch depth in the piece which was treated with Adolph's Meat Tenderizer," the York report states. "The knife did not cut the untreated piece at all."

In another test five different cuts of beef, one portion of each treated and one untreated, were grilled and submitted to nine tasters. All nine reported "definite improvements in tenderness" of the treated cuts.

Sceptics still ask: "But if this product does such things to meat, what will it do to my stomach?"

First, this is a natural enzyme that comes from a wholesome fruit. Secondly, there is a similar enzyme in the stomach to help digest food. Finally, remember that the enzyme action takes place before cooking,

Sheila Hutchins, Cookery Correspondent of the *News Chronicle* (who uses a tenderizer in her own kitchen) says:

"For a nation reared for generations on the finest home-grown beef and mutton in the world, and now largely deprived of them, it has not been easy to learn an entirely new gastrological technique and to take to 'made-up' dishes.

"I have always maintained that you could tenderize anything—even a pair of old tennis shoes if you cooked them long enough, but they would not be very tasty grilled or roast. This is where the meat tenderizer comes in. Leave it on for the requisite time, and even the stringiest pieces of meat turn into a reasonable reminder of the roast beef of Old England."

and ceases entirely at cooking temperatures.

So it won't do anything to your stomach—except supply it with tastier meat!

The tenderizer has been accepted for advertising in American Medical Association publications. Rigler and Deutsch now maintain a laboratory to keep a running check on samples of every batch. And they're finding new things the product will do. Lentils, split peas, lima and navy beans, soaked overnight in water to which a tablespoon of Adolph's has been added, cook in half the time. Soups and broths made from tenderized beef or fowl are tastier. They've even tried it on bear meat—and made it easier on the jaws!

## **The Manager**



It is to him that you come when you want the Bank's more important services. His knowledge of men and affairs is informed and balanced and he is no aloof and unapproachable official: he likes his fellow men—and he likes meeting new faces as well as greeting familiar ones. In Barclays Bank the Manager has wide discretion in his dealings with his customers, a system which operates to the satisfaction of both parties. He is one of a staff of 19,000 whose knowledge, experience and goodwill are at the disposal of all who bank with

**BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED**

*"No man need ever be given up for lost"*

## No Locks in This Prison

*Condensed from Christian Herald*

Albert Q. Maisel

A DUSTY country road winds through a tall gate towards a three-acre greensward. This billiard table of a lawn is shown in none of the guidebooks, yet at sunrise every Saturday a mile-long cavalcade of cars begins to line up outside the gate.

The magnet that draws each of the hundreds in these cars is the chance to have a family picnic with a man who has worked another week off his sentence in Chino, one of the most unusual prisons in America.

At 11 o'clock the gate is opened and the public-address system calls the men in every dormitory: "Visitors for Mr. Jack Jones." "Mr. Jim Smith, your wife is here, with the baby." When Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith appears in the unbarred reception hall, he may be dressed in blue

jeans or a well-tailored suit. One thing is certain: he won't be wearing prison garb. Off the family goes towards the picnic grove.

If it hadn't been for Superintendent Kenyon Scudder, the California Institution for Men at Chino—a penitentiary without stone walls, guns or iron bars—would have been as grim as older gaols, filled with embittered convicts. The legislature had ordered Chino built as a "farm-type institution for prisoners capable

of moral rehabilitation," but the State Prison Board instead began to use its appropriations to construct another bastille with a ten-foot wall, tall gun towers and a three-tiered cell block.

Then a riot occurred at another California prison, San Quentin. An investigation revealed a reign of terror

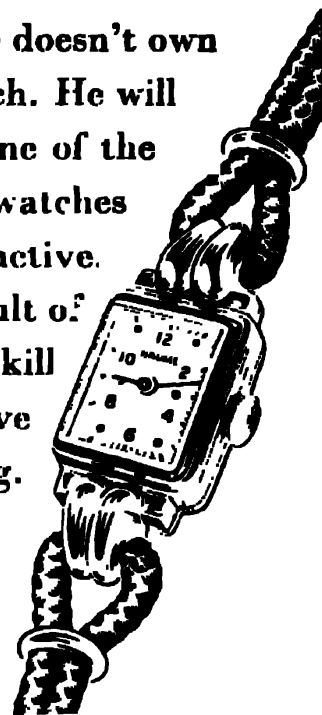




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it could be that she doesn't own  
a really good watch. He will  
have to buy her one of the  
famous BAUME watches  
which are more than attractive.

They contain the result of  
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**CRAVEN**  
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The man who demands luxurious quality will welcome  
CRAVEN TOBACCO—such rich fragrance, so cool and mellow  
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the deepest pleasure the pipe can offer.

Choose today from 3 fine blends. Craven Mixture 4 7 an oz., Craven  
Empire de Luxe Mixture 4 3 an oz., Craven Empire Curly Cut 4 4 an oz.  
**FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS**



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**Everything spick & span  
in record time**

Of course, you want to spring clean thoroughly, but why wear yourself out doing it the hard way? With the latest Hoover Cleaner and its marvellous range of easy-to-use cleaning tools you can have everything from top to bottom spotlessly clean in record time—and without having to turn the place upside down

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Remember, the "Hoover" cleans much more thoroughly than ordinary vacuum cleaners. By gently beating on a cushion of air, it removes damaging trodden-in grit, and so makes carpets last longer. It is this gentle beating action that makes the Hoover different from all other cleaners.

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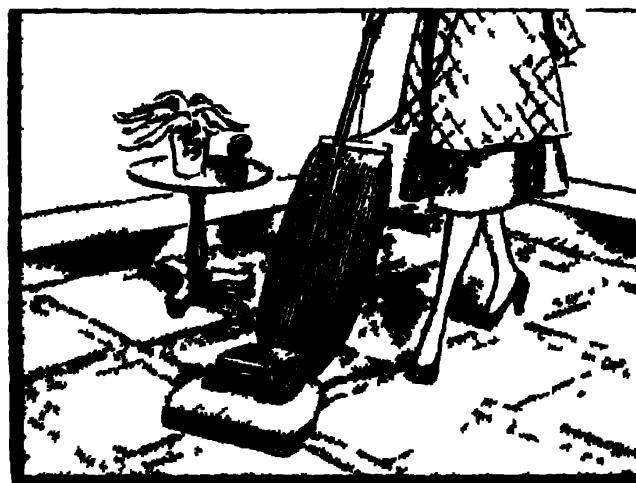
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an electric cleaner*

and it has seen its best days, replace it NOW with the latest "Hoover" model—in time for spring cleaning—and see the difference



**CLEANS THE WHOLE HOUSE  
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM**



*The*  
**HOOVER**  
REGD TRADE MARK CLEANER

*It BEATS... at it Sweeps  
... at it Cleans*

in the prison and a state penal system rotten with graft, sadism and abuse. The Governor of California appointed a new Prison Board to clean house, and this board turned to Scudder, who had served California for 26 years as a vocational director and reform-school superintendent.

For his staff, Scudder would have none of the old-time "bulls." He fought for higher pay to attract men who could teach prisoners as well as guard them. To by-pass political patronage, he talked the State Personnel Board into running a competitive examination—for which he wrote most of the questions himself. Of the 50 supervisors he finally accepted, all but five had had two years or more of college training.

Up at San Quentin, Scudder interviewed hundreds of prisoners. He didn't care what crimes they had been convicted of. He tagged those who seemed to sense the opportunity the new institution offered them to win back self-respect.

One July morning in 1941 an ordinary passenger bus drove into the outer yard at San Quentin. Behind the big gates 34 prisoners huddled: burglars, sex criminals, assault cases, forgers and two murderers. The guards at San Quentin sneered at the bus's unbarred windows. When they found that Scudder had brought no handcuffs or guns, one guard said, "I'll bet you'll lose the whole load."

But on that 500-mile trip nobody

made the slightest move towards a break. When they stopped for petrol, Scudder let the convicts out four at a time to go to the lavatory. He let them out again to pick up box lunches and soft drinks. When the bus reached Chino, all 34 passengers were on board. The men had proved—as nearly 12,000 more have proved since—that Scudder was right when he insisted: "Prisoners are people; and most of them will earn your trust." The men were told that at Chino the disgrace of conviction and incarceration were considered to be punishment enough, and that each one was to be given ever-increasing responsibility until he had earned his freedom.

Letting escape remain easy is a key policy. As new drafts come in, Scudder often points out the low barbed wire on the fence: "If you try to bang out of here, it will be a cinch. Just throw your jacket over the barbs and you won't even scratch yourself. I know that's a temptation, but when you leave here a free man you're going to face a lot of temptations. Unless you keep in practice now, you'll give in. And then you'll be in stir again."

In most prisons, officials cultivate stool pigeons to bring in news of plans for a break, but Scudder discarded such tactics. "We don't like squealers," he tells his charges. "If you think a man may be planning to escape, just work on him yourself. Convince him that he'll betray your interests as well as his own."



Eighty per cent of all men sent to prison have no skill they can offer an employer. When they are freed they are condemned to the poorest jobs, and thus are tempted to revert to crime. At Chino, for four hours every day, unskilled men are taught plastering, bricklaying, welding, farming or their choice of 30 other trades. So long as the men make steady progress, these classes count as half their regular 40-hour-a-week prison jobs.

A month before each prisoner is released he enters Redwood Hall, another Scudder innovation. Here he learns to live and act like a free man. In the evenings he meets law enforcement officers in long talk sessions, to break down his resentment against them. He has sessions with a woman psychologist on the reactions to be expected from his wife and children in the first weeks at home—children who may regard him as an intruding stranger. After having eaten for years from a steel tray, he might be ashamed to enter a decent restaurant, and might drift into the first bar where his manners wouldn't be questioned. So for his last three evening meals at Chino he is invited to the staff dining-room. At the first dinner, he will stare wide-eyed at tablecloths, polished silver, glasses and napkins. The second night he will be more relaxed. By the third night the strangeness will be completely gone.

Today, nearly 12 years after Scudder threw away the rule book,

Chino stands out as an unqualified success. Even Scudder did not believe that more than six per cent of the convicts in California's prisons would be eligible for his wall-less institution. But today one-third qualify for minimum-security custody. Chino has never had a riot. From 1941 to 1945 it lost a little over four per cent of its population through escapes. In recent years runaways have averaged less than two per cent.

Nowhere else in the United States do convicts mingle as freely with their families on visiting days. The usual practice elsewhere is to restrict visits to one or two half-hour sessions a month; screens separate the convicts from their wives; children are often not admitted.

In his first year at Chino, even Scudder hesitated at breaking with this tradition. Yet as he studied the families who came to visit he was impressed. And prisoners who had visitors, he noted, behaved better than those who hadn't. So he got a gang of prisoner volunteers, working after hours, to plant a lawn at the end of the administration building. Round its sun-baked edges they erected a shady pergola, with picnic tables and chairs. They set up a canteen, and a hobby shop to sell inmates' handicrafts. And they built Chino's only bars—the bars in gaily coloured playpens for visiting babies.

When wives and children flocked in, there were misgivings even among Scudder's supporters. The slightest

# 2 short sentences on Indigestion



JONES, Q.C., the legal tartar



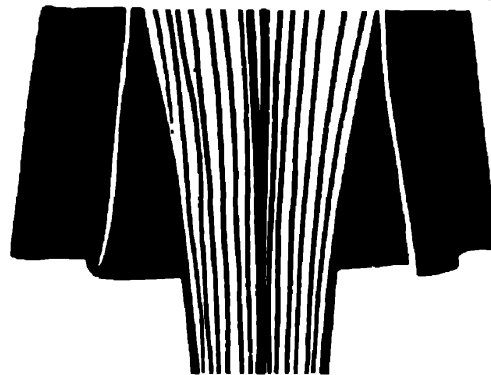
To acid stomach was a martyr.



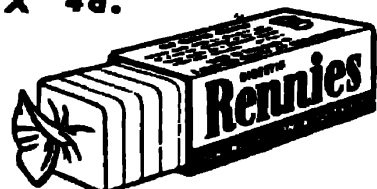
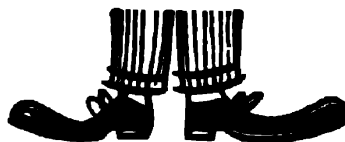
Now his counsel is quite brief:



TWO RENNIES always bring relief.



TRIAL SIZE IN SMALL BOX 4d.



Just suck 2 Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.

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*Set your  
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*for a quick start with Carbon-dispersing*

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untoward incident would endanger the entire Chino experiment. But 12 years of experience and half a million individual visits have dispelled the dread. The visits have become the most important rehabilitation feature of Scudder's programme. Typical were the words of a convict who had served six years at San Quentin before his transfer. "I've been here five months," he said, "and I've already seen my wife more than I would have in 17 years at Quentin. I'd never seen my kid before, and he's nearly six. My wife had to drag him here the first time, but now he calls me 'Pop' and talks about 'when you come home.'"

"Don't let anyone kid you," said another, "it's punishment, still. But a man can take it, a week at a time. It's the long stretch that makes you want to kill a guard. They'll never have a riot here--unless they try to cut out those week-end visits."

Possibly even more important than its effect on the prisoners is the meaning of the picnic grounds to those who come from outside. "I got so I could hardly force myself to go to Quentin," one young wife told me. "All Harry would say was 'Divorce me, I'm no good.' But since he's been here, it's a different world. He makes plans and I'm in them."

As Scudder puts it: "Some day our prisoners will return to the communities from which they came. If we treat them the old way, they'll return, embittered against society.

From: The Rev. Martin W. Pinker,  
*General Secretary of the  
National Association of Dis-  
charged Prisoners' Aid Society  
(Inc.), London, and Vice-  
President of the International  
Prisoners' Aid Association*

**K**EN SCUDDER is worth knowing, and I am privileged to know him as a friend. We were speaking on the same platform last October in Atlantic City. At the conclusion, he put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "We think alike, brother," and that was a compliment I value.

Open prisons have come to stay in England, as elsewhere. Of course, it is *news* when an odd prisoner escapes, but not the best news, for it is more exciting to think of the other 300 prisoners who could have walked out, but remained because they were on their honour so to do.

Prisoners are no more pampered in our English Open Prisons than in Chino. The purpose is to restore the broken chords of self-respect; of moral and spiritual values. "I never expected the prison people to trust me," said one prisoner to me; but it was clear the trust had restored his confidence and the will to do better. That is why over 90 per cent in our Open Prisons never come back.

Leyhill, Falfield, Sudbury, Askham Grange, Hill Hall, the Camps--these are adventures in understanding, and the promise of the morning is with them.

If we trust them, teach them and preserve their family ties, no man need ever be given up for lost."

*"Here is an instrument for progress second only to the printing press," says the Director of Iowa State College's TV station*

## "Have You Been on TV Yet?"

*Condensed from The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*

William F. McDermott

**I**N CENTRAL IOWA, where the lush land grows tall corn and alert people, a common greeting is, "Have you been on TV yet?" Farmers and townspeople think little of going over to Ames for an appearance on Station WOI-TV, owned and operated by Iowa State College. To a third of a million people within 50 or 60 miles, it is "our station."

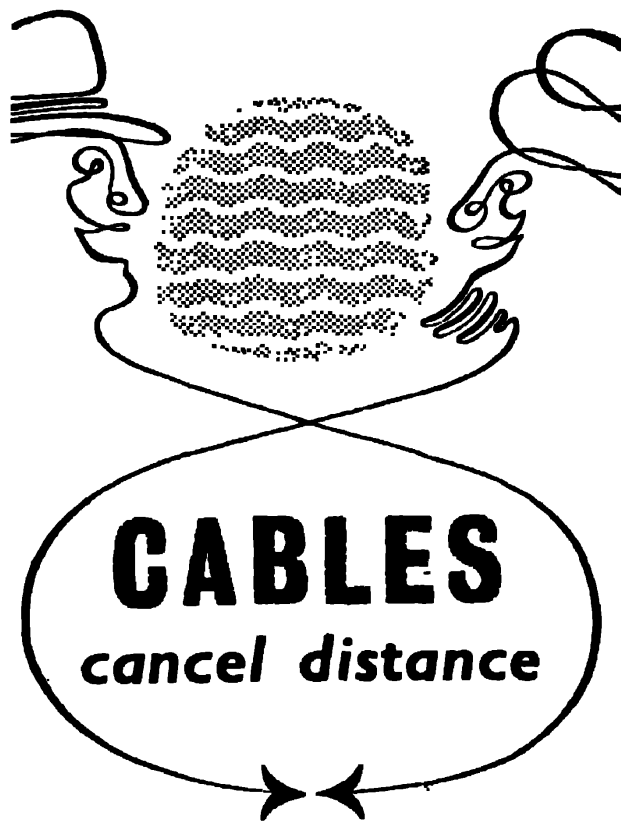
Foreseeing television's importance to education, Iowa State started an experimental schedule with educational films in February 1950. Later a hook-up was made with national chains, so that the station presents the best network features along with its own educational programmes. Two years later, helped by a grant from the Ford Foundation Fund for Adult Education, WOI-TV launched a novel programme called "The Whole Town's Talking," designed to show how communities face their problems. "Talk it out" was the station's motto.

"We won't wait for communities to come to us with their problems," announced producer-director Robert Lewis Shayon. "We'll go after them."

Ideas for a programme were dug up by a "trouble scouter." Going into a town unprepared, he chatted with barbers, shop assistants, doctors, teachers, businessmen, mechanics. "Nice peaceful town you have here," he would say casually. "I don't suppose you have any problems in a place like this?" "*Any problems?*" was often the answer. "Why, this town is boiling over!"

"I'm from WOI-TV," the trouble scouter would say, "and we want to give Iowa communities a boost. Let's call a town meeting and have a good rousing discussion. Then we'll transport the whole set-up to the television studio. Maybe we can find a solution to your problems."

Within a week citizens would be threshing out long-smouldering issues. A tape recording made of the



*say it*

*'via Imperial'*



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

# What do you know about BRANDY?

No. 2

*For the answers to these  
questions turn to page*

123

1.

What are the advantages of  
naming a Brandy?

2.

Does Brandy improve in bottle?

3.

What is the significance of the  
well known symbols such as  
★★★ V.S.O.P. X.O.?

4.

When does a Brandy become a  
Liqueur Brandy?

meeting added to the drama, and served as a means of picking out the best speakers for the TV programme.

Later, in the studio, a student crew set up a replica of the town meeting-place with fixtures and furnishings from the original hall placed exactly as they were. Locals entering the studio for their TV appearance felt at home in the familiar setting and argued their problems on the telecast with unself-conscious vehemence.

Ever present was the question of schools. Should a town give up its own little secondary school for a larger, more modern consolidated one several miles away? "The Whole Town's Talking" gave residents of Cambridge, Iowa, a chance to present all facets of this question before 125 of their neighbours in the TV studio and 200,000 or more at receiving sets. Consolidation won.

A state official commented, "Our people have become more conscious of the serious school problems of the state through television in two months than we have been able to make them in 20 years of conventional promotion."

"The Whole Town's Talking" programmes have covered such varied subjects as the question of a new hospital for the town of Humboldt, sugar-beet tariff regulations and the effect of Danish-blue-cheese importation on the local dairy industry. An impressive outcome of the programme was the realization

by all concerned that when they thresh out an issue in a democratic, unfettered way people usually reach the right conclusion. A by-product was the revelation of the skill of many untutored people to debate logically, forcefully and courageously.

WOI-TV conducts its local programmes without scripts; most of the talk is fresh and convincing, as it comes from stimulated thought, not from memory. There is no high tension, no agony about programmes going off well. One girl, in the swirl of a square dance, lost her skirt. She calmly picked the garment up, stepped out of camera range to put it on and in a moment was back in the swing.

Another of WOI-TV's popular features is the "Tele-farm Facts" programme, which appears three times a week. Live demonstrations by farmers and agricultural students show proper pruning methods, suggest treatment for anemic pigs and teach land conservation. After one demonstration of contour ploughing, an absentee owner called his tenant farmer and explained the operation. "Can't we do that on our farm?" he asked.

"Boss," said the tenant happily, "that's what I've been trying to talk you into doing for years."

A "Your Health" programme is staged in co-operation with the Iowa State Medical Society. Skeletons are used to illustrate body formation. First aid to the injured is demonstrated. Blood transfusions, setting



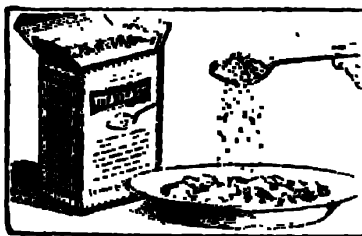
**For lack of this  
a busy man  
suffered from  
nervous exhaustion**

**This one dessertspoonful of Vita-Yeast provides your full daily requirement of the essential B vitamins necessary for the health of your nervous system. Vita-Yeast is an important defence against anxiety states, nervous tension and fatigue.**

**VITA-YEAST** is a new remarkable food supplement, made from brewers yeast—the richest natural source of Vitamin B, and containing 46% of high-quality protein—exactly what many present-day diets lack. Vita-Yeast can mean, for you, healthier life, steadier nerves, better digestion and renewed energy. And Vita-Yeast is pleasant to take! Ask for it today.

**A note on vitamin fortified Yeast** *A course of Yeast is frequently prescribed for neurasthenia, depression and general debility. It is also a recognised auxiliary treatment for digestive disorders and inclination to pimples and boils. Vita-Yeast provides factors essential for the health of your whole body.*

**Take Vita-Yeast flakes every day**



Many people enjoy them as a savoury addition to soups or gravies. Others prefer them with sugar sprinkled on a breakfast cereal or stewed fruit.

**VITA-YEAST**  
REGD TRADE MARK

***Turns a meal into a tonic***

**What did you know  
about Brandy?**

**No. 2**

*Answers to the questions  
asked on page 123*

1. A youth of character mellow in his maturity. Similarly, very young Brandy Spirit extracted from wine by distillation is mellowed by the process of time.

2. No. Brandy does not mature in bottle. It must be allowed to mature in oak casks. During this process it will extract from the grain in the wood its rich golden colour. Once in bottle it is imprisoned for life and will not develop.

3. Rather than offer Vintage Brandy, the majority of Shippers prefer to offer standard liquors which they maintain by blending Brandy of different years. Though symbols such as ★★ ★ V.S.O.P., etc., have become universally recognised, they signify only that standard of quality decided upon by each individual Shipper, for Brandy so labelled.

4. All genuine Cognac Brandy can be drunk as a liqueur because they are all Pot Still Spirits retaining the full bouquet which makes them so delightful "on the nose". The longer kept in cask, the more this bouquet will develop and the more mellow will the liquid become on the palate; but there should be no other difference between a Brandy and a Liqueur Brandy.

**H E N N E S S Y**

*The BRANDY that made  
COGNAC famous.*



broken bones, putting arms and legs in casts are televised. Other programmes have been concerned with cerebral palsy, backache and microscopic examinations of malignant tissues.

In a moving documentary called "In Our Care" WOI-TV reaches into state institutions, giving prison trustees, mental-hospital patients and juvenile delinquents in state training schools the chance to tell their story to many thousands of home-loving families who know nothing of the world of shadows in which unfortunate public charges live. The morale of inmates who participate in such programmes is given a decided boost; no longer do they feel forgotten by the outside world.

That the television capitals of Hollywood and New York are aware of the phenomenon was revealed when a young woman from Uruguay, in New York to study educational television for her government, was taken aside by a top TV executive. "You don't need \$100,000-an-hour programmes like those we put on here," he said. "Go

out to Iowa, where you will find a college running a station with public-benefit programmes at a cost so low it will astound you."

Here's what she found, out among the cornfields: a full-fledged television station operating 15 hours a day 365 days in the year at an *annual cost* of less than the combined networks spend on a single Saturday night for super-shows.

Pilgrimages from other countries and from colleges throughout the United States are visiting Ames to study the secret of the station's amazing success in making educational TV a part of people's lives. With 242 new TV channels throughout America allotted to colleges and universities for educational purposes, WOI-TV has extensive experience upon which they can draw.

"When you see what the educational possibilities of television are, even as demonstrated in our limited way," says Iowa State TV director Richard B. Hull, "you know that here is an instrument for progress second only to the printing press."

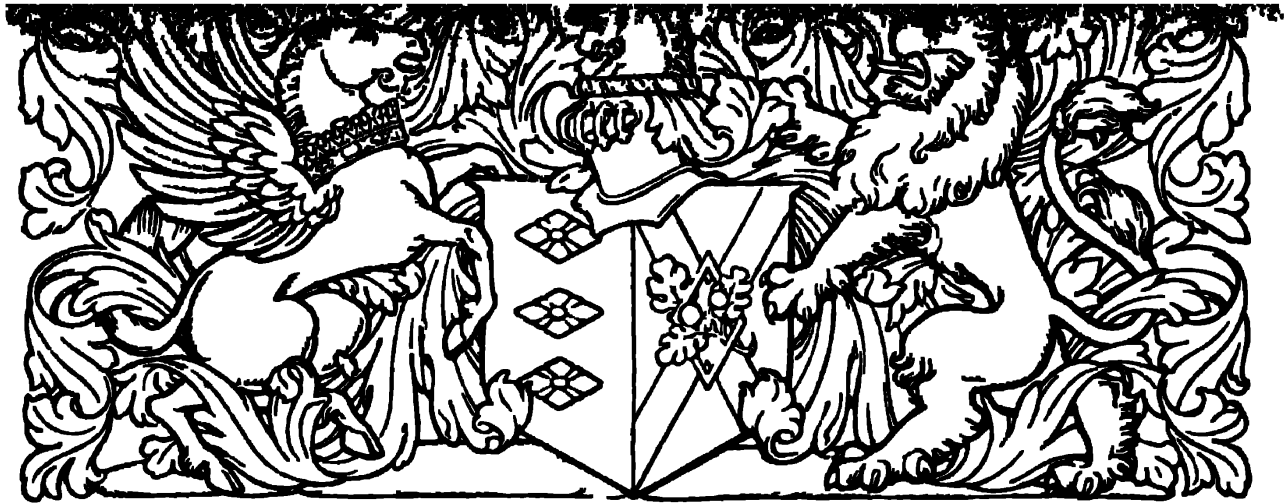


SIX-YEAR-OLD Edward was saying his bedtime prayers for his mother. He recited the usual blessings, but stopped when he came to Cliff, his elder brother. "I don't know whether I'll ask God to bless Cliff or not," he said thoughtfully. "He gave me an awful sock today."

His mother replied firmly, "You must forgive your enemies."

"Yes," countered the little boy, "but not Cliff. He's not my enemy and that's what I can't forgive."

—R.W.



GOOD CARS HAVE

BRITISH

LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

*For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather*

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# *The Stars and Stripes*

## *Behind the Iron Curtain*

By Lt.-Col. James Kramer\*

**T**HE SMALL, drab farming town of Vorseny is like thousands of other cheerless communities behind the Iron Curtain. It has its Red regime, its harsh laws, its "Hate America" propaganda. But in this town occurred an event that remains for all who witnessed it an imperishable symbol of everything the Communists seek to destroy. For here, like a badge of hope, the Stars and Stripes appeared one day not long ago. Behind that strange sight was a moving story.

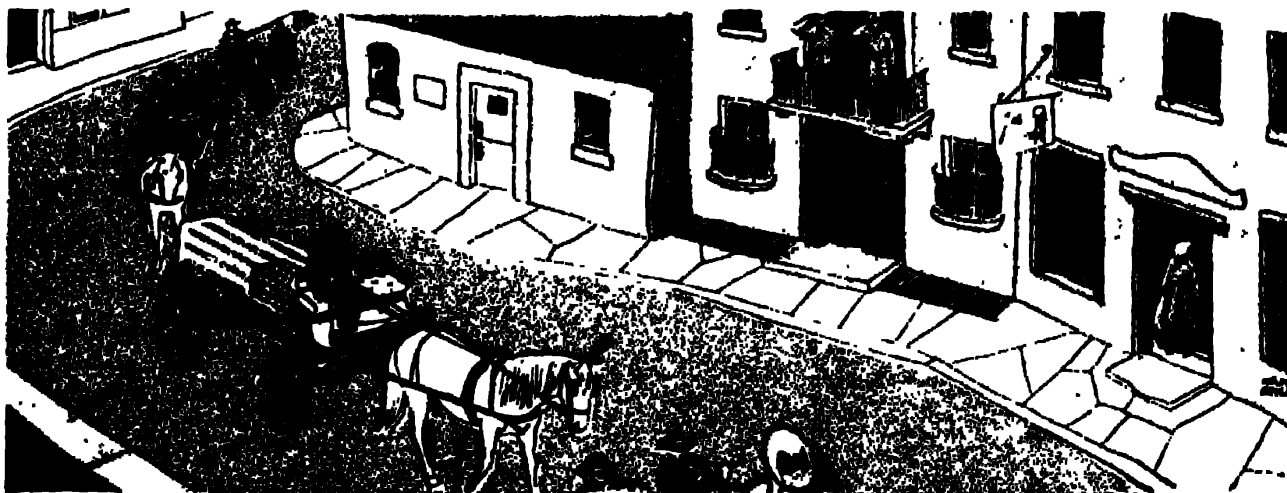
I was Assistant Army Attaché in

\* To prevent Communist reprisals against the persons who took part in this dramatic incident, all names of people and places have been disguised.

one of the satellite countries when I was handed the most unusual assignment of my 16 years of military service. I was to arrange for the burial in that country of the remains of an American soldier. It was the first time such a request had been made since the curtain of hatred and distrust had been lowered.

I called on the liaison officer of the Ministry of Defence. He was cool and formal as I explained that it was my Government's wish to return all our war dead to the place of burial selected by the next-of-kin. The parents of one such soldier had asked: "Bring him home to our cemetery in Vorseny."

I looked directly at the liaison



officer. "My Government considers this a sacred obligation," I said. "I am sure your Government shares this feeling and will furnish us the necessary clearances."

The officer's eyes seemed to freeze. "This is a most unusual request," he said after a long pause. "I must consult my superiors."

At regular intervals during the next two weeks I phoned the Ministry of Defence for the approval. Each time they had some excuse. Evidently the Reds found it difficult to believe that the United States would be so concerned over returning to a humble farm couple the mortal remains of their son.

Finally, three weeks after I had made my original request, reluctant approval came through. But the Ministry spokesman said, "Everything must be concluded within 24 hours. The funeral takes place at noon tomorrow; it is up to you to get the body to Vorseny in time."

U.S. Army headquarters across the border at once started two GIs with the body in an ambulance for Vorseny. My assistant, Capt. "Pete" Keller, and I hurriedly changed into fresh uniforms and managed to find an Army car.

It was mid-morning of the next day when we rolled into Vorseny. Rounding a corner into the town square, we saw the ambulance. I smiled my relief; Pete whistled his.

We pulled up behind the ambulance and the two GIs got out to

greet us. After we had shaken hands all round, we rolled away in a convoy—a Communist motor-cycle policeman, the ambulance, with Pete and me bringing up the rear. Out of the town we turned into a winding earth road. Finally the motor-cycle stopped before a thatched cottage where a small knot of people were gathered at the door.

As we lifted the coffin out of the ambulance the sight must have been almost unbelievable; for draped over it was a bright new American flag. When we walked slowly to the house, bearing our burden, the sun made the red, white and blue of the flag vivid and alive against our drab surroundings.

The knot of people in the doorway unravelled at our approach. We stepped across the threshold into a simple, well-scrubbed room. Carefully lowering the coffin on to a bench against one wall, we turned to face the parents. Stooped by years and by work, each was a bent figure in black garments whose painstaking pressing could not disguise the signs of wear. They stood side by side, silent, eyes fixed on the flag-draped coffin, which was their son come home at last.

I shook hands with them and expressed the condolences of the country for which their son had died. Though my command of their language was imperfect, the grip of their hands and the look on their faces told me plainly that they understood. Pete and each of the sol-

diers shook their hands. Then we quietly left.

Back in town Pete and I went to the hotel where we had reserved a room. Soon the strains of the slow, measured band music of the funeral procession drifted in to us. We quickly tugged our uniforms smooth and stepped out on to the balcony.

A small band was approaching, followed by a wagon on which rested the coffin with the American flag still draped over it. A second wagon carried the parents and relatives. A group of mourners on foot brought up the rear.

Pete and I instinctively came to attention and saluted as the procession, carrying that unprecedented symbol of liberty, drew abreast of us. All eyes in the procession, as well as those of the bystanders, fastened upon us. We did not drop our hands until the cortège had passed.

Then Pete and I went down, got into our car and followed the procession. At the edge of town it turned in at the cemetery. We went to the graveside.

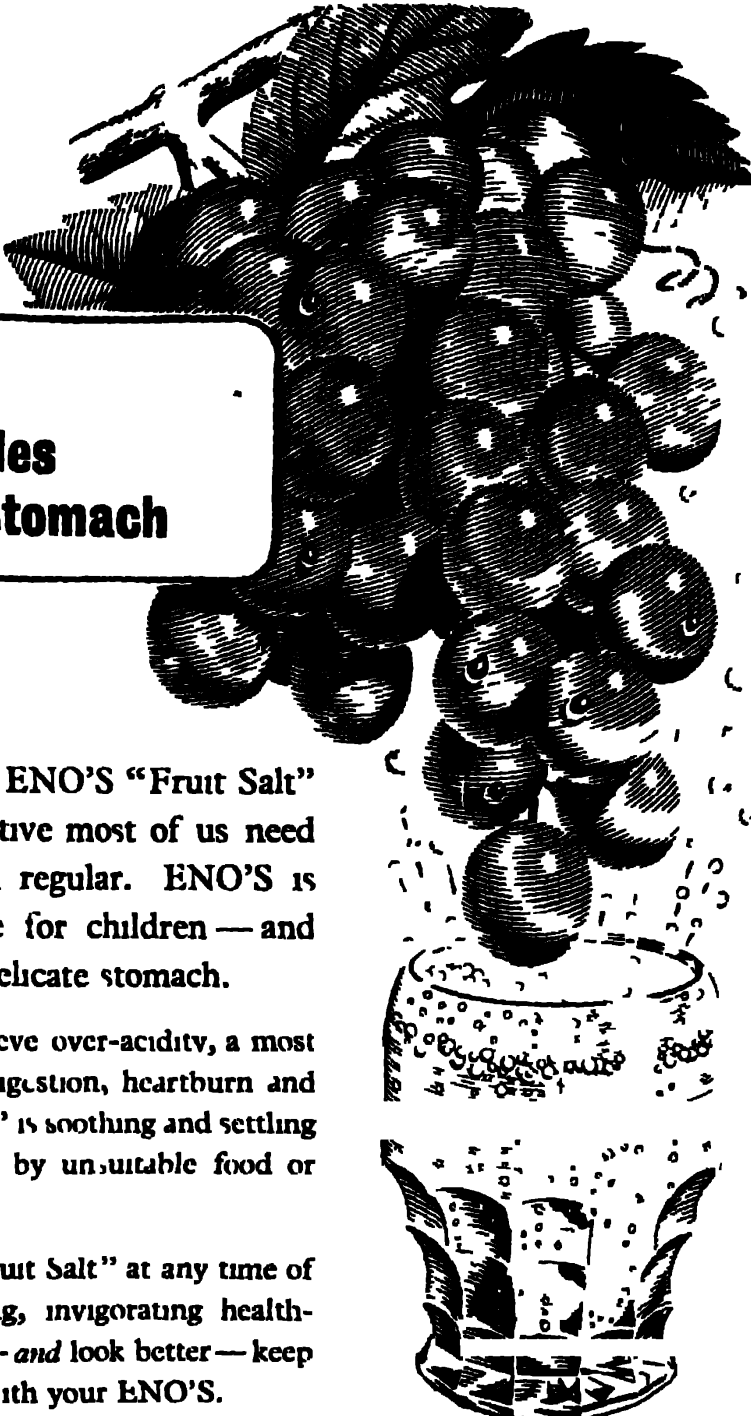
The priest performed the rites with impressive dignity. At the conclusion, one of the town officials stepped forward and spoke. Some of his words escaped me, but one passage has stuck with me ever since: "This is no small thing," he said. "Here is a big and busy country officially and sincerely paying its respects in a foreign land to an ordinary individual who gave up his life with honour."

As he finished, the band played their national anthem. Then it began to play something else, something with which the bandsmen seemed unsure, unfamiliar. After a few faltering bars, I recognized the piece, and a thrill surged through me. I shot a glance at Pete; his face had a look of incredulity. Off key and behind the Iron Curtain it might be, but the Vorseny town band was unmistakably playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Never in my life have I saluted with fiercer pride.

At the conclusion of the anthem I stepped to the head of the coffin, Pete to the foot. We carefully folded the flag and offered it to the soldier's father. His eyes misted as he accepted it; he shook my hand without uttering a word.

The mourners exchanged subdued good-byes and departed. As we passed through the cemetery gate we looked back towards the grave. The old couple were still standing silent beside the priest. The father's hands carefully held the folded flag. For a long moment we looked at them, then turned and drove away, scarcely speaking.

I have never returned to Vorseny. What has become of the flag that symbolized a free nation's gratitude, I do not know. Perhaps it was seized by Communist authorities even while we were driving back to the capital. But I am sure its image lives in the minds of all who saw it spread over the coffin of a soldier who was one of them and one of us.



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— it settles  
the stomach**

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ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better — *and* look better — keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.

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advance in 25 years*

The new

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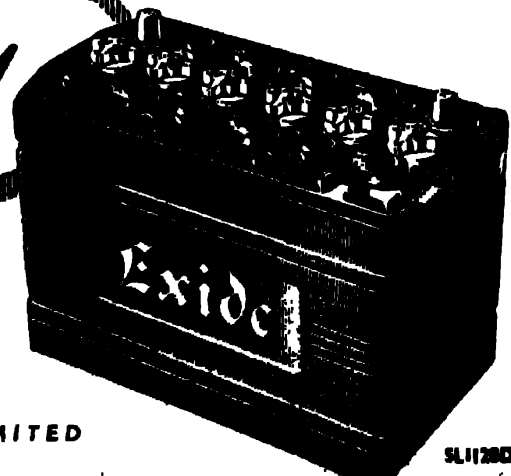
Now at your garage—available in all usual sizes—is the new Silver Exide: not just a generally-rather-better battery, but one that will change all your ideas of the service a battery can give. The Silver Exide has broken through the barrier that up to now has limited battery life. *Separator deterioration has at last been eliminated.* Porvic, the new microporous British plastic used in the Silver Exide to form the separators, has made those normally shortest-lived com-

ponents of the battery virtually indestructible in service. Freed from dependence on *separator* life, the Silver Exide lasts as long as its plates: and the plates are of a special, longer-life, high-efficiency type developed exclusively by Exide—*plates that could not show their full lasting capabilities till a separator that would outlive them could be found.* Even the exterior of this Exide masterpiece is new—a tough, leak-proof, shock-resistant hard rubber container built for long, hard service!

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SL1128D



# Came the Super-Colossal

Condensed from "Two Reels and a Crank"

*Albert E. Smith*

**N**OBODY ever saw a real war movie until Jim Blackton and I—then the entire personnel of the Vitagraph company—turned into combat photographers in 1898 during the Spanish-American War.

We marched up San Juan Hill in Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. And we photographed the naval battle of Santiago Bay on the top of a table in New York.

In our real battle we were led by Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis, a famous war correspondent. I carried our 60-pound camera and tripod over my shoulder; Blackton lugged the film boxes. Roosevelt carried a rifle taken from a dead Spaniard. Davis searched trees with binoculars for snipers.

*A film pioneer recalls the hectic days when the industry was a-borning*

The thin line of Rough Riders halted, fired, advanced slowly, picked its way through the heavy thicket. This was the assault. Nothing glamorous or hip-hip-hooray. It was not until Blackton and I returned to New York that we learned we had taken part in the celebrated "charge" up San Juan Hill.

It was all Blackton and I could do to keep up. At frequent intervals, as we laboured upwards with our heavy equipment, we heard a thin whinny sound. "Tropical insects," I said, and Blackton nodded.

Whenever we set up the camera for pictures, with me standing in



the open and calling to Rough Riders to stand up so that we could get a better shot, the "insects" became particularly bothersome. But you couldn't operate an old-fashioned tripod camera from a belly position.

I had finished a shot and was reaching up to lower the camera when two bullets pierced its wooden door. I barely suggested to Blackton that it was foolish to go on in this manner when a verdict was reached: Vitagraph would retreat. We had got what we came to Cuba for. Besides, we told each other, piling reason on reason, our film supply was running low.

We boarded a transport leaving for the United States that afternoon.

New York was buzzing with news of naval victory when we arrived—Admiral Cervera, bottled up in Santiago by American warships, had been lambasted trying to make a run for it. Reporters asked if we had got that battle.

"Certainly, certainly," I said, flushed with the triumph of the moment.

Once in our office, we knew we were in trouble. Word had spread that Vitagraph had the Battle of Santiago Bay! How to get out of this one? Blackton said we could fake a sea battle and I said he was insane, but as the minutes passed the idea got better and better. Why not?

At this time street vendors in New York were selling photographs

of ships of the American and Spanish fleets. We bought a set and cut out the battleships. On a table we placed one of artist Blackton's large canvas-covered frames and filled it with water an inch deep. To stand the ships in the water, we nailed them to small squares of wood. In this way a little "shelf" was provided behind each ship, and on this we placed pinches of gunpowder—three pinches for each ship—not too many, we felt, for a major sea engagement.

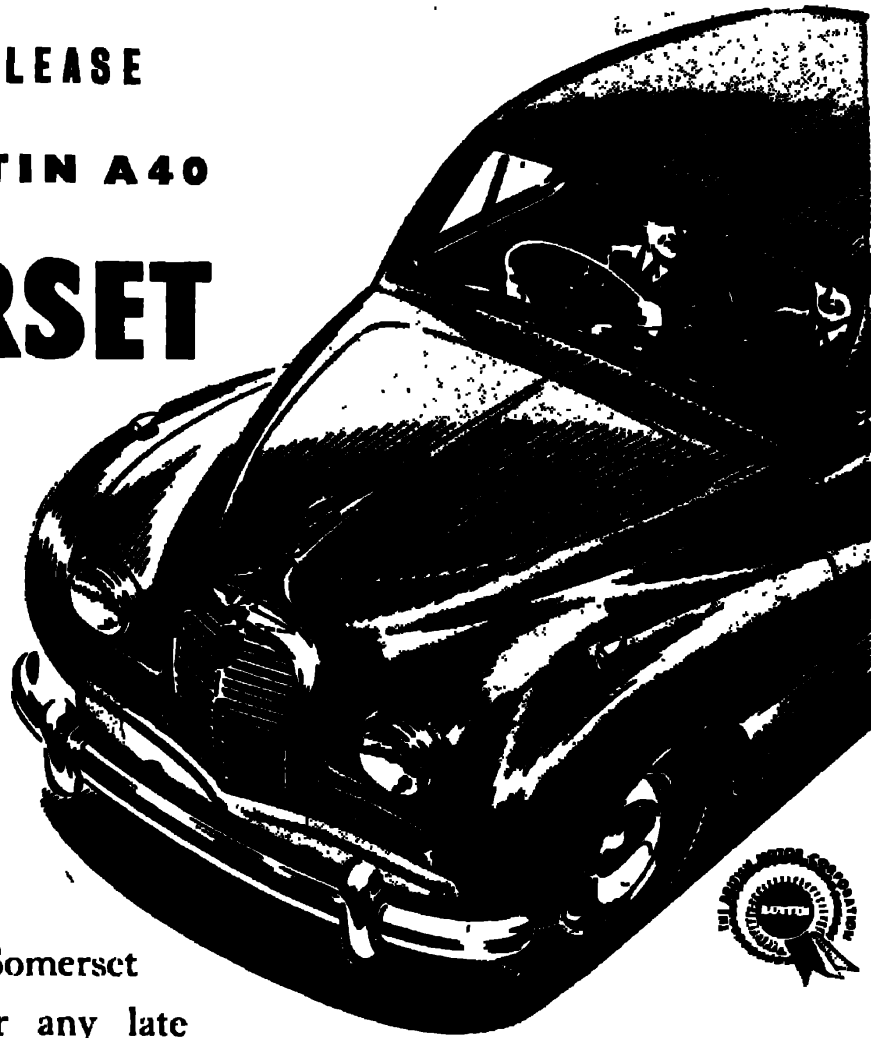
For background, Blackton daubed clouds on a tinted cardboard. To each ship we attached a fine thread to pull the ships past the camera.

We needed someone to blow smoke. Mrs. Blackton, in that day of non-smoking womanhood, volunteered, and an office boy from next door obliged with a fine haze from a cigar. Blackton, concealed behind the table, touched off the gunpowder with a wire taper, drew one ship, then another, into the scene and stirred up waves. I cranked the camera. And the battle was on.

When we developed the print, we were wildly excited at what we saw on the screen. The smoky overcast and fiery flashes gave the scene remarkable realism. The film and lenses of that day were imperfect enough to conceal the crudities of our miniature. Deception though it was, it was the forerunner of the elaborate "special effects" technique of modern picturemaking.

*The Battle of Santiago Bay* and

**POWER TO PLEASE  
IN THE AUSTIN A40  
SOMERSET**



The power-packed Somerset soon makes up for any late starts. The record-breaking O.H.V. A40 engine has been improved to give even better top gear performance. The body is newly styled for smartness. The interior is roomy and well-ventilated. There is luxurious comfort for four on foam-rubber seating

upholstered in leather, a good big boot and a deep, curved windscreen and rear window. From well-sprung chassis to details like rear safety door-locks this willing and able new Austin is planned for *your* pleasure.

**A U S T I N — you can depend on it!**

**THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM**

our 30-minute-long *Fighting with Our Boys in Cuba* played to capacity houses. The newspapers congratulated us on our remarkable on-the-spot coverage.

J. Stuart Blackton and I founded the Vitagraph Corporation almost by accident. One hot July day, as we were walking down a street in New York City, we heard an uproar emanating from a storeroom and heard someone say, "It's a fake; it's done with mirrors!"

Inside, people were crowded round a boxlike cabinet. This was Thomas Edison's "kinetoscope," and it was causing a furor everywhere. The cabinet housed a 40-foot strip of film which ran on rollers like a fan belt, the film flitting past the viewer's gaze with such rapidity that it appeared to be imbued with life. Thirty seconds of this new marvel cost five cents, the subject matter embracing such innocences as a man laughing, a child skipping, waves lapping on a shore.

From that night on, Blackton and I knew what we wanted to do. "If we could only project pictures on a screen," I said. "*Moving* pictures, not slides!" This called upon us to improve on no less a genius than Edison. But Jim was game. He saw it as a challenge—to me. I was 20 years old and the official machinist of this partnership.

We took Vitagraph's name from the dictionary—"vita" for life and "graph" for picture. Our office was a top-floor loft. When we put one

of Edison's kinetoscope films on my first crude projecting machine it appeared on the screen as a rushing blur. I knew that each separate picture had to be brought to a stop even if only for a fraction of a second. By cutting away a section of one of the rubber rollers which moved the film I got an instant's hesitation and partial success. Later, when someone else perfected the sprocket wheel for projection machines I adopted that.

Vitagraph's first "selected shorts" were 50 feet long and consumed about a minute—a fire engine answering a call, trams on Broadway and a famous train called the Black Diamond. *The Black Diamond* was our pride and joy. I'd flash the first frame of the picture on the screen as a still, while Blackton, who prided himself on his oratorical powers, would advance upon the stage. "You will see this train take life, ladies and gentlemen, in a most astounding manner." He then withdrew to the wings to simulate the noise of a train, beating furiously on saucepans, metal sheeting and hollow pipes. Against this frightening crescendo, the train would jump into motion and speed towards the audience. At the point where it appeared certain that the monster would hurl itself from the screen, babies yowled, women screamed and men sat aghast.

When the public was tired of mere motion, we decided to film a story. Our first such production,

*as sure as day follows night . . .*

*Wherever you  
drive a car or operate  
a fleet you'll find . . .*

**GIRLING**

**THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD**



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fully equipped and  
comprehensively stocked  
LOCAL Girling Service Agents*

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REPLACEMENT  
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**REPLACEMENT  
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**HYDRAULIC  
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**Rubber seals, Hoses  
Master and Wheel  
Cylinders**

**GENUINE  
GIRLING SPARES**  
and factory trained  
personnel to fit  
them efficiently

**keep  
your car  
WAY OUT AHEAD**

**GIRLING LIMITED  
KINGS ROAD • TYSELEY • BIRMINGHAM • 11**

*The Burglar on the Roof*, was not distinguished for its complexity. It was composed of two incidents: (a) a burglar pries at a skylight and (b) he is arrested by a policeman who, *mirabile dictu*, happens to be on the roof at the moment. Blackton played the burglar, darkly garbed and carrying the inevitable black bag. We paid a friend \$2 to play the policeman and hired his outfit, complete with helmet and truncheon, for \$1.50. Thus the entire production cost us \$3.50, exclusive of film.

We shot the scenes on the roof of our own building. As it happened, Mrs. Olson, the janitor's wife, was sweeping the stairs leading to the roof. She came upon our melodrama just as the policeman was grappling with the intruder. One look was enough for this brave woman. With broom upraised she flew into the battle, raining blows down on the heads of the startled actors.

Film was too expensive for us to reshoot the scene. At the theatre, the next night, we awaited developments with bated breath. The audience was apathetic during the first scene. Then Mrs. Olson rushed into the picture with her warring broom. There was a shout and a burst of merriment. Mrs. Olson saved the day! For Vitagraph, at least, slapstick comedy was born.

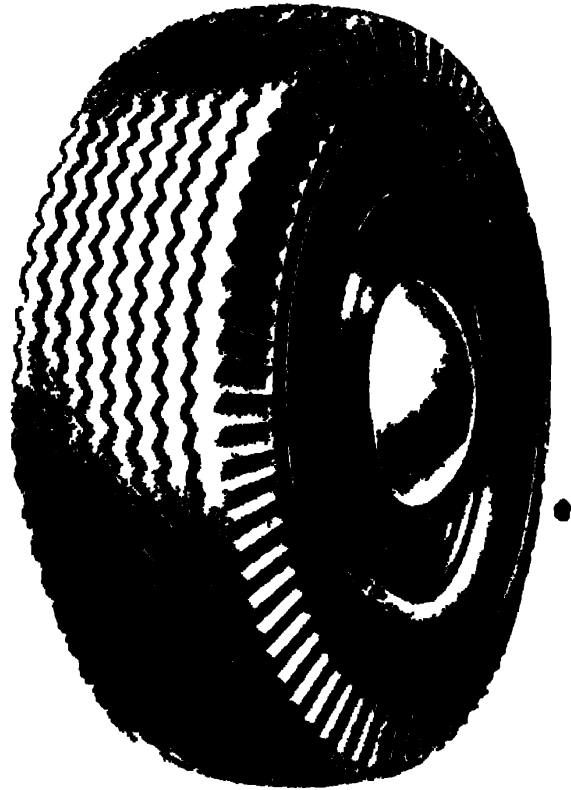
Making films on the roof of our office building was hampered by bursts of steam that whipped out of exhaust pipes to swirl about the actors' heads. Hardly a desirable

effect when, say, a mother is supposedly conversing with her daughter in the quiet of a boudoir. So we worked out a plan. When the wind changed I would shout, "Stop!" The players froze in their positions. When the steam clouds cleared I called, "Go!" and the drama moved forward again. If the players held their exact positions the sudden stop was not detectable in the final film.

On becalmed days, however, the steam lingered on the set and the players grew restless. So we began to "cast" the steam in a number of pictures. Stories were set in lumber factories, ironworks, and so on, where the sudden appearance of steam was plausible. We called them "steam shorts."

Hiring "paid actors" posed other problems. Since there was no sound-recording in those days, players took to talking in a natural manner before the cameras. At first it was innocent chit-chat, but on occasion highly improper stories were told. Soon theatre managers complained that their patrons, particularly the deaf, were reading the lips of players and that their words were often not in keeping with the tender scenes portrayed. We became the industry's first censors.

Despite our masterpieces, however, public interest in flickers waned. Known as a "chaser" or show-closer, a flicker had only to be thrown on the screen between stage shows and the patrons streamed out



# **Firestone**

## **TYRES**

**are so**  
**consistently good!**

---

CAR TYRES    TRUCK TYRES    TRACTOR TYRES  
CYCLE AND MOTOR CYCLE TYRES

---

in disgust. It was a sure-fire way of clearing the house. The day of moving pictures was over, said our friends; we would be wise to sell out and salvage what we could.

Then the battleship *Maine* exploded in Havana Harbour, and our success with *The Battle of Santiago Bay* saved Vitagraph from failure.

The potential of the newsreel picture as a permanent record of historic events was further brought home to me when by a caprice of fate I filmed the Assassination of President McKinley. The date was September 6, 1901. A reception for the President in Buffalo had attracted 10,000 people, each hoping to shake his hand. My camera was

off to the side, commanding an open view of the President.

My attention was drawn to a young man standing in line, a handkerchief draped over his right hand. I remember wondering whether he had an injury. The President apparently had the same thought; he reached out to clasp the youth's left hand. The reply was two sharp bursts from under the handkerchief. The President, incredulous, fear-stricken, stepped back and sank down. Guards seized the assassin.

Our negative deteriorated in the course of time, but I still have four or five frames showing Mr. McKinley at that moment of uncomprehending terror.



### *Drivin' Women*

AFTER HEARING someone complain about the difficulty of parallel parking, a lady driver insisted there was nothing to it. "You back," she said, "until you run into the car behind, then go forward until you run into the car in front."

A MAN spotted a young woman futilely edging in and out of a tiny parking space. Ten minutes later, thanks to his directions, the car was neatly parked in the space.

"Thank you very much," the woman said. "This is very nice, but I was trying to get out."

OUT DRIVING one day, my friend and I came upon some road repairs. After waiting a few minutes for a bulldozer to get out of the way, we proceeded cautiously. As she leaned out of the window to make sure that the car was in the right track, my friend called to a workman standing by: "Am I all right?"

He glanced at her and grinned approvingly: "You certainly look all right to me."

—D.B.S.

A YOUNG LADY was asked by the prosecuting counsel, "What gear were you in when the crash took place?"

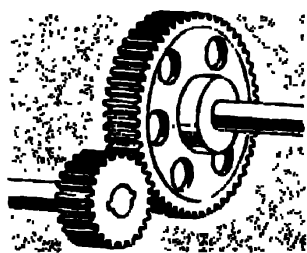
She replied quickly, "A beret, two-tone shoes and a grey flannel suit."

What gears do, and how

## Observe Science in Action!—III

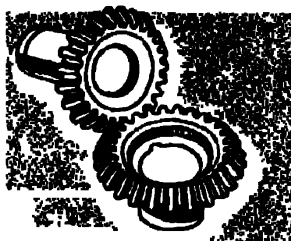
By Harland Manchester

**O**UR mechanical civilization runs on gears—intermeshing toothed wheels of many shapes and sizes which transmit power in almost every machine in use. There are more than 100 different varieties of gears, but most of them stem from a few basic designs.

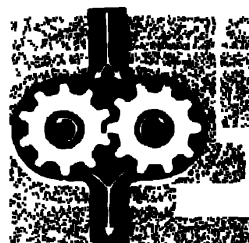


Most common is the **spur gear**. When the small gear is attached to the driving shaft of an engine, the large gear turns at a slower speed than the small gear: while the small gear makes one revolution the large gear makes only a fraction of a revolution. The slower-moving large gear, however, exerts more turning force on the mechanism to be operated than could the rapidly revolving gear. Such gear combinations on an ocean liner reduce the high speed of the turbines to the lower speed of the propeller; cars, aeroplanes and many machines use this gear system. If the driving power is applied to the large gear,

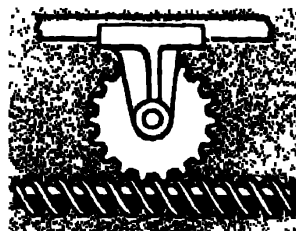
the small gear turns several times while the large gear turns once, thus producing higher speed in the mechanism to which the small gear is attached—but with a decrease in turning force.



The **bevel gear** is used to “turn power round a corner.” It is used to transfer power from a driving shaft to a shaft operating at right angles to the driving shaft. In your car the differential which transfers power from the driving shaft to the rear axle is a complicated set of bevel gears.



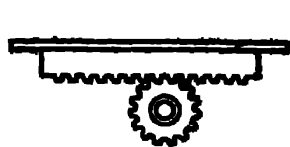
**Gear pumps** are used to force heavy fluids through pipes in oil fields and in the lubrication systems of cars and other machines. The sketch shows how tightly fitting gears, resembling twin water wheels, force the oil through the engine.



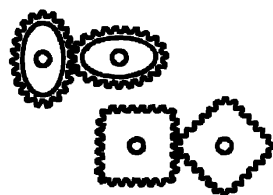
The widely used **worm gear** also transmits power at a right angle to the driving force, a continuous screw turning the large gear at a relatively slow speed and giving a proportionally stronger turning force. When used in a simple hand windlass, with a crank



attached to the worm and a pulley to the large gear, it enables the man who turns the crank to lift a much greater weight than he could without this mechanical aid



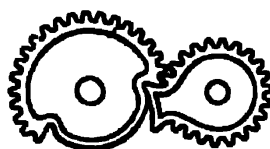
The **rack-and-pinion gear** transforms the rotary motion of a motor into the back and forth motion required in many machines. In some flat-bed printing presses, one pinion gear meshes with the rack to push it forward and is then disengaged, then a second pinion gear turning in the opposite direction moves into place, pushing the rack back to its original position.



Many odd-shaped gears perform ingenious tricks. **Elliptical** and **square gears**

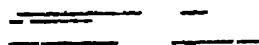
change steady rotary motion into alternately slow and fast motion, the gear that is driven turning slowest when the distance is greatest between its centre and the teeth engaged.

**Intermittent-motion gears**, which are irregular in shape, provide two different speeds and a



complete stop by means of varying diameters and missing teeth. Where the teeth

are missing, the smooth surface of the driving gear slides over the smooth surface of the driven gear without turning it. Gears of this type are used in machine tools that turn out complicated parts and in packaging machines that copy the movements of the human hand



### *The Man Next Door*

Excerpts from Burton Hillis's department in *Better Homes & Gardens*

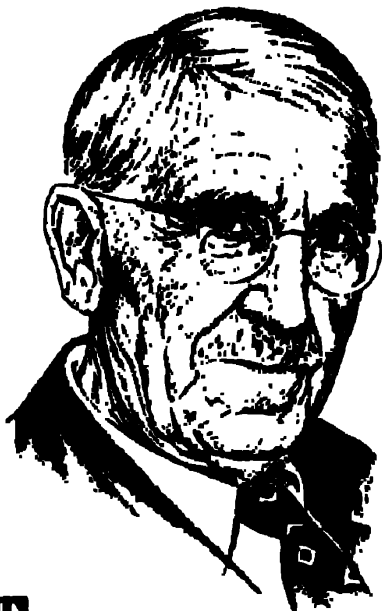
A PICTURE WINDOW will bring the out of-doors into a living room, right enough. But a little son's two little feet will bring in more of it.

MY WIFE often shows little or no interest in what I am saying—unless I happen to be saying it to another woman.

BY THE TIME a boy gets old enough to know how much he owes his parents, some girl comes along and gets most of the interest.

COULDN'T HELP being impressed by that young fellow who was courting our Rosie. Painted on the side of his car was this declaration: "Some of the world's bravest women pass through these doors."

*The man who brought philosophy down to earth*



## What Children Owe to John Dewey

*Condensed from The Saturday Review*  
Max Eastman

THE MOST profound and complete expression of American genius," was the phrase used by the University of Paris in conferring a degree upon John Dewey in 1930. The opinion was shared by a majority of learned men the world over.

Dewey was, to begin with, the man who saved American children from dying of boredom in school. His influence changed the school, as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, "from a place where children prepare for life to a place where children live." He was also a philosopher, who created the first and only system of philosophy entirely native to America.

Those two achievements are enough to fill a life. But to understand Dewey as a "complete expression of American genius" you have to know the character of the man.

I had a rare opportunity to attain

such knowledge, for I began my career as his "Assistant," and his pupil, in philosophy. It happened because an instructor under him had died suddenly in the middle of the year. Probably no other professor in the world would have given me the job, for I was just out of college and knew almost nothing about philosophy. But Dewey satisfied himself that I was capable of knowing something about it; and for four years he was my closest intellectual friend.

In those days John Dewey looked like portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson: the same flat hair and black moustache, and the same luminous eyes, wells of dark, tenderly intelligent light. He used to come into class with his tie out of contact with his collar, or a trouser-leg caught up on his suspender. Once he came for a whole week with a rent in his coat which caused a flap of cloth to

stick out near the shoulder like a cherub's wing. His hair looked as though he had combed it with a towel.

He would come in through a side door with a briskness that lasted until he reached his chair, then he would sag. With an elbow on the desk he would rub his hand over his face, push back his hair, purse his mouth and look vaguely off over the heads of the class, as though he might find an idea on the ceiling. He always would find one. And then he would begin to talk, slowly, with little emphasis and long pauses, and frequent glances up there to see if he was getting it right.

He was thinking, rather than lecturing, and taking his time about it. The process was rather unrelated to his pupils—until one of them asked a question. Then those glowing eyes would come down from the ceiling and shine into that student, and draw out of him and his innocent question intellectual wonders such as the pupil never imagined had their seeds in his brain.

Dewey's unqualified giving of attention to whatever anybody, no matter how humble, might have to say was one of the rarest gifts of his genius. He would conduct long correspondences—pecking away with two fingers on a worn old typewriter—with obscure people—carpenters, plumbers, cigar store keepers—from all over the world, discussing the problems of life with them as

though they were the heads of universities.

Dewey was not only American, but you might almost say average American. Nobody would ever call him brilliant. He published 38 books and 815 articles and pamphlets—a pile 12 feet seven inches high—but if he ever wrote one quotable sentence it has got lost in the pile.

He was born in Vermont—and had Vermont's dry, slow, non-committal utterance. His father ran the general store, and had a sign up "Hams and Cigars—Smoked and Unsmoked." The family was no more poor than rich, but if John wanted pocket money he had to earn it—which he did by delivering papers after school.

He swam and skated on Lake Champlain, but was no good at "set games"—not competitive enough, I think. He was a great reader, but did not care for "set lessons," either. He didn't get high marks. People were more impressed with his sweet temper and selflessness than with his brains.

He used to say that he wouldn't have gone to college if there hadn't been one there in Burlington to slide into. He slid through the first three years, too, without throwing off any sparks. He joined the White Street Congregational Church with sincere religious feeling but no profound experience of conversion. He was a good boy and wanted to be better, and thought God would help

**TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS**



***People have odd ideas about him !***

The Swiss watch-craftsman is proud of eyes, fingers trained till they're exact as a surgeon's.

But if you think all craftsmen cling to old methods—the maker of the good Swiss jewelled-lever watch would laugh. At his fingertips he has an old skill—but at his elbow, the newest precision-tools, the latest production-methods.

How can you judge his expert work without expert help? Only your jeweller can tell you which watch is the "best buy." Can give you full choice from the latest types. Can guarantee a new watch in perfect condition. Can give you skilled future servicing. For he's a specialist backed by the resources of the Swiss watch industry.

***Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard***

**The WATCHMAKERS**



**OF SWITZERLAND**

him—that was all. He was an impeccable Sunday-school teacher.

In his third year in the University of Vermont this placid life process was unsettled by a course in physiology with a textbook written by Thomas Henry Huxley, Darwin's great disciple. In reading Huxley's account of how man's actions are determined by his nerves and brain, Dewey felt himself to be in a different world from that in which as a Sunday-school teacher he was telling boys how they should be determined by the soul. He found Huxley's world exciting; he was swept off his feet by the rapture of scientific knowledge. Yet he could not stop thinking of life in the old terms of moral aspiration. There seemed to be some chasm between these two worlds, a chasm over which this lanky, shy, black-eyed boy yearned in the intense way that most shy boys do over the gulf that separates them from their best girl.

As a result, his final year was an ardent adventure. He plunged heart and soul into his studies. He led his class and got the highest marks on record in philosophy. By the end of that year there was little hope left in the Dewey family that John would turn out to be anything more useful than a philosopher.

After graduation, he went to Oil City, Pennsylvania, to teach in a secondary school run by his cousin. One evening while he sat reading he had what he called a "mystic ex-

perience." It was not very dramatic. There was no vision — just a supremely blissful feeling that his worries were over. When he tried to convey this emotional experience to me in words, it came out like this: "What are you worrying about, anyway? Everything that's here is here, and you can just lie back on it."

"I've never had any doubts since then," he added, "nor any beliefs. To me faith means not worrying."

At the end of the year Dewey's cousin resigned her job, and he went with it. He went back to Burlington with a new tranquillity in his heart, but still the old tension in his head about that chasm between the material and moral sciences. To close that chasm was the main preoccupation of his intellectual life. That is what his philosophy was created for. He taught that all thinking, even about the stars and the universe, is "instrumental," and its truth is nothing more than its success in bringing human beings to their ends. Thus he sought to give moral judgments the force and validity possessed by judgments of fact. Dewey was intensely concerned about being good, but he wanted goodness to be harder and less mollicoddle than it was in the Sunday school. He wanted it to have a firmer hold on the thinking mind.

Later he borrowed from an aunt and went to study philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. When

he received his Ph.D. degree in 1884, President Gilman offered him some advice: "Don't be so bookish, don't live such a secluded life; get out and see people."

At the University of Michigan, where he went as an instructor, was a student named Alice Chipman, who lived at his boarding-house. She was a strong-minded girl, an ardent woman suffragist, deeply religious but of no church, and brilliantly intolerant of "bunk." It was good luck—or was it good sense?—that John Dewey loved and married such a woman. She had an adoring admiration of his genius, but she had also a feminine impatience of the cumbersome load of ideological considerations that he had to carry along when arriving at a decision. Her own decisions were swift, direct, harshly realistic. She put "guts and stuffing"—the phrase is Dewey's—into what had been with him mere intellectual conclusions. She kept pulling him down into the real world, where, as his own philosophy insisted, a man ought to be.

Most of the time there were five children romping round the Dewey house. They did not disturb his meditations in the least. Indeed, Dewey was at his best as a logician with one child climbing up his trouser-leg and another fishing in his inkwell.

Dewey's children kept the problems of philosophy bound up in his mind with the problems of education. Education, he believed, is life

itself; education is growth under favourable conditions; the school is a place where those conditions should be regulated scientifically.

He encouraged his children to cope with difficulties created by their own activities. Dewey's study was directly under the bathroom. One day, absorbed in a new theory of arithmetic, he felt a stream of water trickling down his back. He rushed upstairs to find the bathtub occupied by a fleet of sailing-boats, the water brimming over, and his small boy Fred busy with both hands shutting it off. The child turned as he opened the door, and said severely: "Don't argue, John—get the mop!"

In 1894 Dewey went to the University of Chicago, where he had been offered the chair of Philosophy and Education—a combination hitherto unknown in the academic world. After the Deweys had been some years in Chicago, Mrs. Dewey organized and became the headmistress of an elementary school in which Dewey's theories could be tried out. He believed that children should learn by doing and thinking. He wanted them so placed that problems would arise out of their own natural interests and activities. They should themselves select the information relevant to the solution of a problem and themselves apply it experimentally. Education has moved in that direction now for half a century, and throughout the world.

John Dewey is recognized as the author of the movement.

Dewey was, perhaps, slightly utopian in his rebellion against the old pumping-in system of education. But he did not believe in consecrating children's whims. He had more horse sense than some of those who now conduct "progressive education" in his name.

The school was a flourishing success, but a falling out with the president of the university put an end to it after two years. Dewey resigned in 1904 and accepted a professorship at Columbia University, where he remained for the rest of his academic life. Ideas were sprouting up through the bricks at Columbia in those days, and Dewey's mind was happy there.

He established his home on Long Island and preserved his contact with reality by raising eggs and vegetables and selling them to the neighbours. He used to boast that he earned enough money in one year to "pay for his keep."

Dewey's long life was a spectacle of unwavering devotion to his principles. This was dramatically illustrated when Joseph Stalin, in the notorious Moscow trials of 1936-38, extorted confessions from the leading old Bolsheviks that they had plotted with Trotsky to overthrow the Soviet Government. Thousands of his old comrades in arms were shot and Stalin made fast his dictatorship. Dewey, then 80, headed a

Commission of Inquiry that went to Mexico, where Trotsky lived, and held prolonged hearings on the question of the plots and Trotsky's guilt. The inquiry was in effect a trial—a trial of Stalin and a determination of the real meaning of his regime. Its decision that the Moscow trials were a fake and Stalin was a treacherous tyrant would, had it been heeded, have saved the free world from years of almost fatal blunders.

Communists, of course, described Dewey as "senile." The charge of senility looked a little foolish when he published, almost simultaneously with the 1,039-page reports of the Dewey Commission, what may appear in history as his major work, *Logic, The Theory of Inquiry*.

Dewey was never senile. There was never a quaver in his voice, or a quiver in his handwriting. He married a second time at 87. A footnote to the last letter I received from him reads: "We have two children, a boy of five and a half and a girl of eight, brother and sister, war refugees. As we've only been married a little over a year we think we've done pretty well."

At a banquet tendered him on his 90th birthday he made the most vital and vigorous speech of all those present. John Dewey was still clear-headed, still thinking and writing—with children still romping round him—when he was stricken with pneumonia and died on June 1, 1952, in his 93rd year.

# Back Down the Ridge

*Condensed from the book by*

W. L. WHITE

THIS is the story of the wounded soldiers of Korea. Back from the frozen, bloody ridges they come, these shattered boys, still brave, still spirited. This is the never-to-be-forgotten story of their Calvary.

William L. White, author of *They Were Expendable*, has written another war classic of stark horror and shining heroism.



"Back Down the Ridge," copyright 1953 by W. L. White and published by  
Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York



## Back Down the Ridge

I HAVE BEEN talking to wounded American soldiers from Korea—average boys, most of them just under 20, who were pulled from their homes to fight across the Pacific. I have talked to the doctors and nurses who have tended them. Here I have tried to tell, in their own words, how some of these boys came by their wounds; how they were got down off the ridges; what it is like, a short hour or so later, to get the miraculous ministrations of a Mash (Mobile Army Surgical Hospital); what happens as they are moved on to Japan and, finally, to the United States.

This is the story of how these lads face pain and death, and of how, in ways that seem to me quite wonderful, the legs or arms or lives of thousands of them are being saved when, a few years ago, they would have been lost.

UP FRONT with the trigger-pullers there are no rules on how you can get clobbered. You can get yours, as do most, when you are only carrying out orders, doing nothing above or beyond the call of duty. Or you may get it, for instance, from a dead man, just after you killed him. This was the case with Eddie Reich.

Seven months after those characters started gossiping away in that truce tent, Eddie had volunteered for raids. The operation here was that one night six of you would go out to ambush the Chinese. You would crouch down beside paths they might use. The Reds would come out between 9.30 and 11 to prowls round. So then you shoot at them.

One day the Colonel got a notion

the Chinese were regularly using a certain path deep in no man's land, so Eddie's six-man unit was sent out that night, deeper than any other patrol had ever gone. As his weapon, Eddie picked a grease gun, so called because it looks like one, but it is really a tanker's weapon—a compact submachine gun which shoots thirty .45 slugs at a loading.

The boys got to the Colonel's path about 8.30 and spread out so they could mow down the Chinese when they came along. For two hours nothing happened and, waiting, you get a little restless. Eddie had picked up some propaganda leaflets which the Chinese leave between the lines, and now he got out this junk and began reading it. This was easy because there was a bright moon, and light snow was on the

ground. He had leaned his grease gun up against a bush, just within reach.

One leaflet had pictures of Wall Street millionaires sitting with good-looking dames round some Florida swimming pool. Underneath it said, "*This* is what you're fighting for!"

Suddenly a twig crackled. It startled Eddie like a rifle shot. He looked up to see four Chinese coming right at him single-file, not following the path but cutting across country.

Eddie grabbed his grease gun from the bush, but couldn't decide whether to open fire with it or throw the grenade. By this time the first Chinese was hardly a foot away, so Eddie opened up on him and he dropped. Same with the Chinese just back of him—and *he* dropped. The other two Chinese hit the ground, and Eddie had started shooting at them when one threw a grenade.

Although Eddie saw him throw it, he was, he explains, too dumb to scam. Instead, he emptied the grease gun's magazine into those last two Chinese, to make sure they were dead. Then he turned to dive—and the Chinese grenade went off. The explosion sent him sprawling.

Eddie's first reaction was, all right, I'm hit, but at least I'm still alive. And then came a curious thing. He was lying on the ground, but his right leg felt like it was running. Only, when he reached down to grab it, to stop its flopping around,

he found it was absolutely still!

Meanwhile, Eddie's five buddies, hearing the noise, had opened up on their own, and thought they were having quite a little war. When they had emptied their magazines, Eddie hollered and they came over. Two grabbed him, each slinging one of his arms over their shoulders, and started carrying him. The trouble was, the foot of that leg was turned round backwards, and it kept hitting rocks or catching in bushes. After about a hundred yards of this, Eddie said just to leave him. So two of the boys went back for a litter, but the other three stayed with him.

When the litter arrived, the medical orderly gave Eddie morphine. His right leg had an artery blown out in back, so that blood was running down his ankle; it was very cold. He had a pretty deep flesh wound in the right hip; so his back was freezing. But his good leg—that's the one he still has—wasn't so bad.

Well, the guys all took their parkas off and covered Eddie with them on the litter and started carrying him. It took four hours, up hill and down. Eddie didn't pass out, but he kept hoping he would.

Finally they came to a litter-jeep that had been ordered two miles out into no man's land to bring him in. As Eddie was loaded into it, he asked a buddy to write to his mother that he wasn't really hurt bad. The guy said he would, that very night.

**FOR** you may get your clobbering when you have been close to serious danger but, because you have started back, are sure it is now past. This was what happened to Corp. William Murray.

Bill Murray was part of an infantry cover for a tank patrol along one bank of a river, the other bank of which was held by the Chinese. "Six of us," he remembers, "were riding on this tank, plus three or four engineers, and inside were the five tankers."

Bill thinks it must have been a shell that hit the tank. "It seemed like I heard the roar, and that was all," he says. Some time later he found himself lying on the ground, listening to the tank burn, the roasting machine gun ammunition crackle and pop, the heavier stuff boom.

He noticed pains in his legs. Looking down, he saw that both were bent under him--the bones snapped off just above his boot-tops. Figuring he'd better try to get to cover, he dug first one elbow, then the other into the earth, and pulled himself into a gully. He didn't realize yet how badly burned he was. (All his hair was off, and his face was so bad that for two months they wouldn't let him see a mirror.)

Lying in the gully, Bill heard someone calling out for a medic. He recognized the voice as that of Bokaski, a newly arrived replacement, one of the two others who lived through that explosion. So he hollered to Bokaski not to worry,

just to lie still and smoke a cigarette.

Next he heard another voice say, "There's one over there." He told the guys to go over and look after the Bokaski kid first. When they came back for Bill, they got his arms over their shoulders, slung his broken legs on their rifles and started off.

Then he must have passed out for a while, but remembers being loaded into a litter-jeep. Then he passed out again, but remembers them asking his name and home address, and all that stuff, in the Battalion Aid station. For a long time after that he doesn't remember anything else for sure.

**FOR** you can get your clobbering when you are as far back of your lines as Eddie Reich was out in front of them.

Nineteen-year-old Phillip Thornhill was back of the lines when he and seven other guys were told to pick up the grenades that were scattered about, as they always are in a fought-over area. The boys had collected eight in a pile, and were all standing nearby--when suddenly the firing pin fell out of one.

Two things got Phil into trouble. One was that, when you have been in combat, you think about saving your buddies even before saving yourself. The other was that Phil is a pretty good baseball player, and this was one of those grenades with a three-second fuse, which seemed plenty of time.

Since he was closest, Phil figured



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THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



he could pick it up and pitch it away, before it set off the others in the pile and maybe hurt someone. He grabbed it and pulled his arm just back of his head. In another half-second that grenade would have been yards away. But just then it went off. The fuse could have been short.

The grenade, of course, knocked Phil silly. The other boys later told him the explosion had spun him round three times before he fell. And when he came to, he found the hand of his pitching arm had just disappeared.

Phil was also bleeding from the neck and head, with a couple of shrapnel slugs in his shoulder and two more in his right leg. Still, he was able to climb out of the litter-jeep and walk without help into the Aid tent.

**A**NYONE who survives a combat injury owes much to the medical-aid men who go with every attack force into the hot places. The medics bandage or splint the walking wounded, using a bayonet or any piece of wood lying around—and such men can get down off the ridge alone. But if you are badly wounded, the medic furnishes you with morphine and, if possible, plasma; and, of course, a litter.

Few know better than Medic Freddie Wolf why the medics' casualty rate is higher even than that of the trigger-pullers. Freddie's last patrol started when the platoon he was assigned to came over the

top of a little knoll and all hell broke loose—small-arms and machine-gun fire. When the Reds also began zeroing in with mortars, Freddie's outfit started to scatter.

His buddy, Gilstad, got hit in both legs, so Freddie yelled to a couple of guys to help him lift Gilstad on a stretcher. Lugging him, they ducked down into an abandoned trench. There Freddie stopped Gilstad's bleeding, and was giving him morphine when suddenly there was a terrible crash.

Freddie next remembers his ears ringing. Then he felt blood gushing out of his mouth. He could smell smoke and taste powder. It had been a high-fragmentation mortar.

Fred had been hit pretty bad in the right of his chest, a big chunk had been blown out of one ankle, and another out of the top of his right arm, and some bones out of his right hand. But today in a U.S. hospital Freddie shows you that he still has good movement in three fingers.

All the others, including Gilstad, were dead. Fred says, "I must have been living right."

**Y**OUR first stop after being clobbered is a Battalion Aid station, or, as the troops call it, a BA tent. You will now be anywhere from a couple of miles to a couple of thousand yards from the spot where you were picked up—and possibly you are still under Chinese rifle fire. For if men are occasionally hit as they lie on litters outside a BA tent, still

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LEMON  
HART



more lives are saved by keeping that tent close to the fighting—so close, in fact, that sometimes it must move two or three times in one day, to follow the moving battle line.

If you are not too badly hit, the first thing you will say to the doctor bending over your litter will be, "How bad am I hit, Doc?" And no matter how badly you have been clomped, the Doc says you will make it. This is what you want to hear.

Your next question will probably be about some buddy who was hit earlier in the day, and was carried down off the ridge ahead of you. Did he live to get this far? The doctor will try to remember which one he was.

If you stay conscious, your third question will probably be, How far will this wound take me? To a Mash (Mobile Army Surgical Hospital)? To Pusan? To Japan? Maybe even back to the States? And... how long will I be out of combat?

The BA doctor's first job is to get your bleeding under control. If you weigh 150 pounds you had, before you were hit, about 12 pints of blood. A loss of five pints, unless quickly replaced, is usually fatal. The loss of six certainly would be.

Accordingly, even if you are badly hit and should be rushed on to surgery, the BA doctor likes to keep you at his tent long enough to give you blood plasma. This is the prime weapon against shock, which kills more soldiers than ever die directly of wounds.

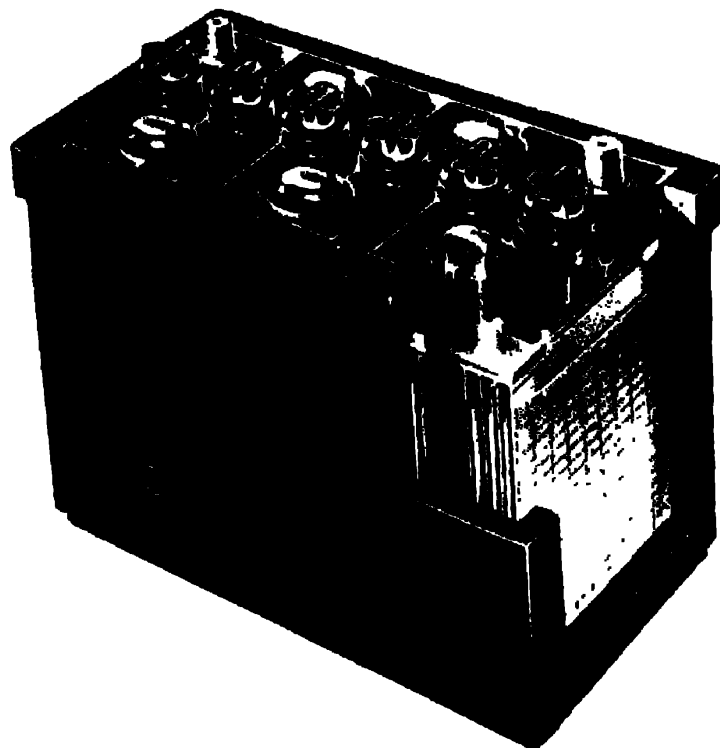
Plasma is blood which has been run through a centrifuge not unlike a cream separator. This removes the red corpuscles which carry oxygen and the white ones which fight infection. But the amber plasma fluid which remains will fill out your veins to make up for blood loss and keep you from dying of shock on the way to the Mash, where you will get whole blood from the refrigerator. (Whole blood must be kept constantly under refrigeration at 40 degrees and, even so, should not be used after 20 days. A BA station has no icebox. Plasma can be dried into a heavy gelatine which keeps indefinitely without refrigeration. BA has only to add distilled water.)

While the yellow plasma is dripping from its bottle down the rubber tube and through the needle into your vein, the BA surgeon, waiting for your blood pressure to come back up, may stick a massive syringe of penicillin into your buttock. He will certainly do it if you have a gut wound.

Ten years ago even a minor gun shot wound in the gut was usually fatal. The tearing bullet spread a rapidly rising infection through the peritoneum, that delicate membrane which lines the belly. The doctor then could only treat the symptoms and hope you had the strength to throw off the infection. Today that slug of penicillin usually stops the infection in its tracks or, if it has already started, rolls it back—and your temperature along with it.

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J O S E P H L U C A S L T D . B I R M I N G H A M . E N G L A N D



So far as the Battalion Aid tent is concerned, you have now had the works. The doctor's duty there was to see, if possible, that you did not die on the way back to the more substantial comforts of whole blood and an operating table. You're on your way.

**T**HE NEXT STATION along your evacuation chain is in theory the division clearing company, which sorts the wounded. If you have only been lightly creased by a bullet, or if you have been sent down from the lines with frostbitten toes or a touch of malaria, you may get treatment here, and be sent back to combat.

But if you are critical, your stay with the clearing company will be brief. Maybe, lying in the meat-wagon—the trigger-pullers' name for an ambulance—you will feel the driver brake to a stop, hear him yell to the clearing company, "I got some in here looks pretty bad!"

And the clearing-company lieutenant will shout back, "Take 'em on over to Mash!"

Sometimes, if you are as badly clomped as was Medic Freddie Wolf, when he was the only one to survive that Chinese heavy-mortar round, you will skip the clearing company entirely and travel directly from BA to Mash by chopper (helicopter). The BA surgeon decides which cases will go down by chopper and which by meat-wagon.

Each chopper carries two litters in a balancing pair of peanut-shaped

gondolas equipped with hooks for plasma bottles, so that the patient can continue getting the life-sustaining fluid while in the air if he needs it—which most of them do.

A chopper can sometimes (if the enemy has been pushed back) pick up a man on the very spot where he got his wound and, without a bump, have him on the Mash operating table in less than half an hour. Since minutes saved are lives saved, four choppers are now attached to each Mash unit. During offensives, what with bringing dying men back from the ridges and fetching up bottles of whole blood from the rear, all four may be in the air at once, and the Mash may be phoning other units to borrow more.

Not until you have been badly clobbered, and need quick surgery, do you understand how precious time can be.

"If you don't save a badly wounded man in the first two days," Army surgeons used to say, "you don't save him at all." During World War I, when base hospitals were often 150 miles back of the fighting, thousands of desperately wounded men died on the way back to them.

But if you couldn't get such desperate cases back to surgery, couldn't you bring surgery closer to the wounded? Could you not maybe put a hospital on wheels? Its operating table might rest on bare earth, sheltered by canvas. The litters on which the wounded arrived from their foxholes might do instead of

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Flextron can't *break off* with wear. This is a distinct advantage over natural bristle. Fifth, Flextron maintains "new brush" efficiency day in, day out. Tests prove that Wisdom Flextron will last 2 or 3 times as long as any natural bristle, and at least as long as any ordinary nylon.

A recent survey shows that 7 out of every 10 toothbrushes now in use are too old and worn to be really efficient. If *yours* is one of these 7, treat yourself to a new Wisdom Flextron brush *now*. Wisdom Flextron brushes are available at all good chemists — price 2/3. You'll know them by the smart V-pack in rigid plastic (illustrated below), and you have a choice of medium, hard, or extra hard texture. (If you're not sure which is right for you, remember that most dentists recommend *medium* texture.) The new Wisdom Flextron you choose will give your teeth better care than ever before — and keep them dazzling white, too!

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heavy iron beds. For heating, the Army's rugged old pot-bellied stove, refitted to burn oil or gasoline, could be moved by truck. Light and power? A diesel generator packed into a trailer could give current for the batteries of 200-watt bulbs over the operating table, and power for the surgical tools.

Thus the old-style base hospital, usually far from the fighting, and serving an Army corps, was hacked into three truck-borne units, each serving a division, and barely out of artillery range. A Mash can be set up and operating on patients in less than three hours.

Korea taught Mash commanders to divide their hospitals into two complete sections so that when the flash comes for a move Section A continues to take in and operate on patients, while Section B packs to leave. By the time Section A is ready to strike canvas the stream of wounded has already been diverted to Section B, now ready for business in the new location.

The real lesson the Army learned from Mash is statistical. Of every 1,000 wounded to reach an American hospital in World War I, 80 died. In World War II the figure was reduced to 45. Of every 1,000 reaching Mash roadside surgery in Korea, *only 23 have died!*

**W**HILE you are staring at the top of the Mash receiving tent, a medical corpsman sticks a needle in your wrist to give you your first pint of

whole, red blood. Almost every casualty gets this on entering a Mash.

There is a good chance that in this last round of combat you lost your dog tag, on which your particular blood type was stamped, and so now you are unable to tell the doctor which type you need. Suppose you got the wrong type and it clotted in your veins?

This can't happen. What you get in a Mash is always what is technically described as "Type O—low-titre Rh." Only about 20 per cent of all donors have this type, but it is prized because Type O, and O alone, will mix smoothly with *any* other type of blood. Back in the bigger rear-area hospitals, where they have time for careful cross-matching, if your type is "A" or "B" you get it.

You may be annoyed to know how predictable was your clomping. Yesterday Division warned the commanding surgeon of the Mash in which you now lie that at 1800 the next day one of its battalions would attack Dog Hill, and that a few hours later approximately 200 American wounded and perhaps 60 wounded Chinese prisoners should be on their way back to Mash.

Mash commanders say that Division's estimates on the cost of taking a hill never vary from the final score by more than a few per cent. So, when the litter-jeeps began rolling into Mash this afternoon, that pint of blood now dripping into your veins had already been delivered by



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chopper from the big blood bank farther back.

The chances are that you have brought along your rifle. Why? Maybe because, up in the foxholes, you have depended on it so much that it has become part of you. But now you must give it up. During pushes, every day a two-and-a-half-ton truck goes back to the rear from this receiving tent loaded with rifles, grenades, cut-off clothing and knives, all taken from the wounded.

As for your ditty bag, which contains, along with your toothbrush and razor, all that is really personal to you—letters from home, pictures of your girl, the letter home you didn't quite finish writing—don't worry. They will hang that under your litter, and it will go with you on through the entire evacuation chain.

If you have been clomped in an arm or leg, the chances are that, even though it may be hanging by only a shred of flesh, you have brought it along, too, hoping it can be saved. But if the blood circulation is badly damaged, the limb will surely die. In how long? Eight hours seems to be the limit. Which is another reason why, in Korea, they move the operating rooms up near the guns and rush the wounded from the ridges on to the tables by chopper.

Now, after they have cut off your clothes, and while you are still getting blood, a receiving-tent doctor will examine your wounds. Probably

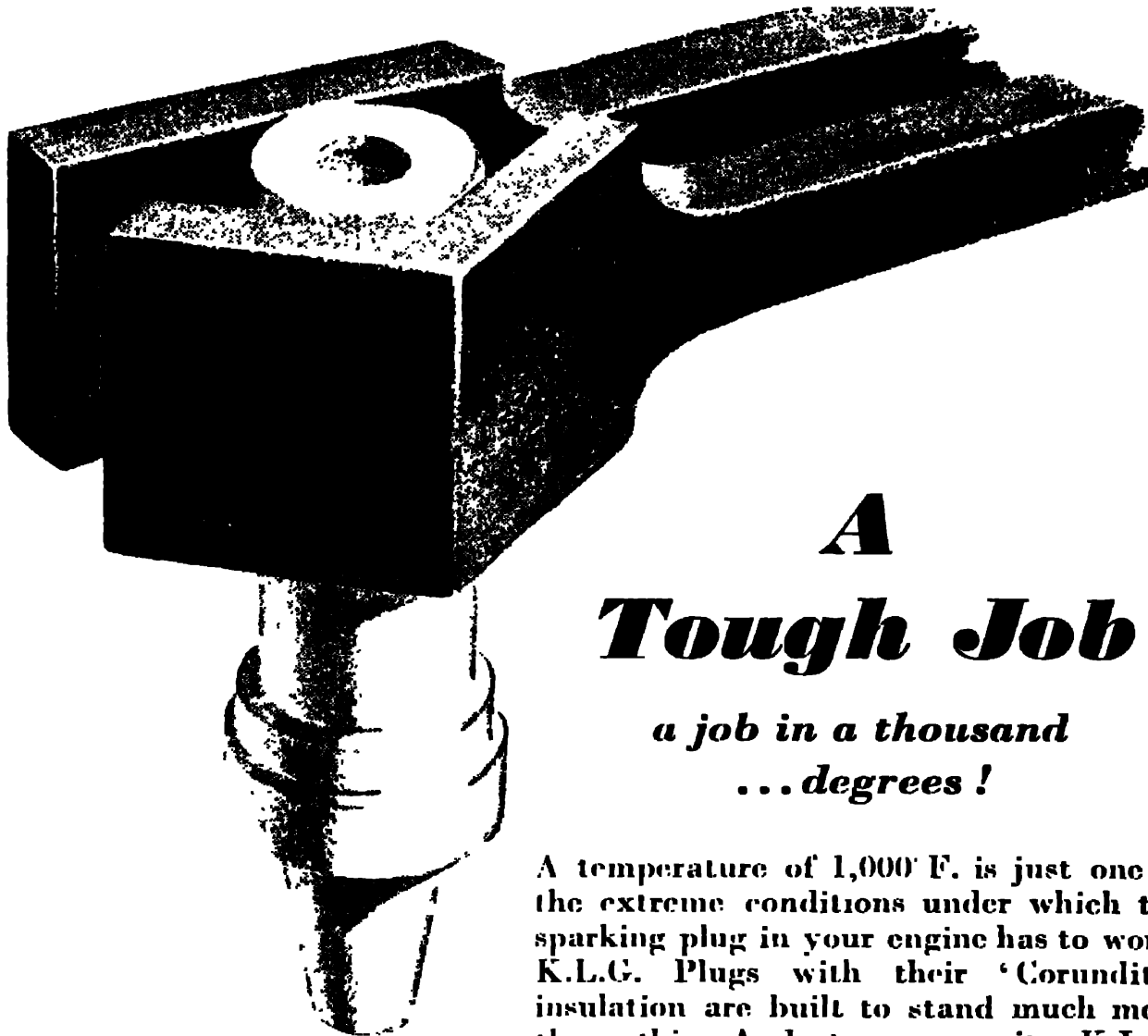
a few fragments of the grenade or mortar which got your arm or leg also lodged in your chest or belly. If you aren't in a semicoma, you will say what all the others before you have said, "Can you save my leg?"

And no matter how badly wounded you are, you will always spot a nurse and get off some remark about how good it is to see a pretty girl again. Probably you will manage a wolf-whistle, for the wounded are, as the nurses report, "Don Juans to their last breath."

But this may vary a little with the tactical situation.

"We can always tell when the boys up front are advancing," say the nurses, "because the wolf-calls of the incoming wounded are louder."

**L**OOKING AROUND, you discover that a Mash serves not only wounded U.S. soldiers but their allies and enemies as well. The Chinese, as they arrive at the receiving tent, are still badly frightened, many believing that they are going to be killed. This theory may not have been discouraged at the front line level, since a scared prisoner is easier to handle than a cocky one. In the Mash, however, it has its drawbacks: often, believing that the doctors intend to butcher them on the table, the wounded Chinese will fight the anaesthetic so violently that it takes several orderlies to hold them down and large quantities of ether to put them under. They may then sink



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into such deep unconsciousness that they must be given artificial respiration.

A Mash gives wounded Chinese the same treatment it gives its own boys, except that the latter get it first. A badly wounded Chinese, however, will be sent to surgery ahead of a lightly wounded GI.

You may also see here some Turks, whom the nurses love as patients because they take everything with stoical grins. These Turks are always bewildered, though, when they find a live Chinese next to them in a litter. Since a Turk's understanding is that he has been shipped some 10,000 miles for the express purpose of killing Communists, he is sure there has been some error, which he now moves to correct by arising to strangle his neighbour. So far, no Turk has succeeded. An orderly has always stepped in in time.

**T**HE BATTLE now is to get you ready, as fast as possible, for the operating table, and a critical point is your blood pressure. Normal is 120. If yours has dropped to 80 you are unconscious, in "deep shock," which means near death. The doctors seldom let you go on the table until you have come up to at least 110. Therefore, in addition to that necessary pint of blood you got when they first set your litter down here, you may need, to keep you from dying during the operation, two or three more.

Next, corpsmen take you to the X-ray tent. A fractured arm or leg often needs only one picture to show the position of the jagged bone ends. Slugs in your chest or belly require at least two.

By now your blood pressure is slowly rising—up to 100 and finally to 110. Your consciousness returns. You will remember hearing a voice from the operating tent call out, "Litter!" This means they have just finished the last stitch in the belly incision of the patient ahead of you and are calling for orderlies to take him away and bring you in.

You will remember two medics picking up your litter, and a third your blood-rack—always it goes with you. You may remember that, in the same tent, perhaps as many as five other operating tables are going.

You will remember when the nurse-anesthetist puts the cone over your mouth and nose and tells you to breathe deeply. And that, for the next few hours or days, is all you will remember.

**E**VEN THOUGH a Mash, during pushes, takes only the most critical cases and does only those things immediately necessary to save their lives, leaving all else for treatment in hospitals farther back, the pressure on its staff is beyond belief. In such periods the operating Mash surgeon goes on the following schedule:

At midnight of the first day he goes to bed for eight hours of solid sleep. Then he rises and starts oper-

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ating—and continues through morning, afternoon and evening. The midnight which begins his second day finds him striving to clean up the case load of those wounded during the afternoon and brought down from the ridges as soon as it was dark. If these are finished by three or four o'clock in the morning of this second day, there may be a couple of hours in which he can take off his rubber apron to snatch a cat nap. But surely he will be operating again soon after dawn, when the choppers bring in those who have been wounded during the routine Chinese night attack.

All the morning, afternoon and evening of this second day he continues to cut, saw, snip and sew. And by midnight the unfinished case load of waiting litters may still be stacked so high that he wants to keep on. But now his commanding surgeon insists that he begin his second eight-hour period of solid sleep. Otherwise his efficiency would suffer. So he pulls off his combat boots and spattered khaki fatigues for the first time in 40 hours. By eight next morning he will be ready for a third day's work under those 200-watt bulbs. After eight unrelieved months of this, one surgeon dropped from a peacetime weight of 205 pounds to 140.


**B**y now the operating-room nurse anaesthetist knows from your rate of breathing, and from the fact that you have long since ceased struggling,

that you are well under. How long will they be working on you? The average abdominal operation in Korea has been taking between one and two hours. Sometimes, though, you spend as much as ten hours on the table. It is routine, says First-Lt. Louise Baumgartner, for a doctor to remove part of your stomach or a kidney, and then to have to sew up as many as 15 holes in your bowel—holes made by fragmentation stuff from mortars and grenades.

Fearful that you might go back into shock and die on the table, the nurse-anaesthetist keeps a careful check on your rate of breathing and the operating surgeon watches the colour of your blood as he puts on the artery clamps. If your blood begins to darken, the anaesthetist probably switches you off ether and on to oxygen, which should bring back the proper colour. Your breathing may speed up to shallow little pants, then change to long gasps, with increasing amounts of time between each. If it stops entirely, doctors and nurses will back away while a couple of orderlies give you artificial respiration.

If your heart starts conking out, the surgeon is ready with a syringe-full of adrenalin. This acts on the heart muscle like a whip cut on the tender flanks of a flagging race-horse; the heart lunges forward with its remaining strength, which may be all you need.

If you have a badly fractured femur but there is still some chance



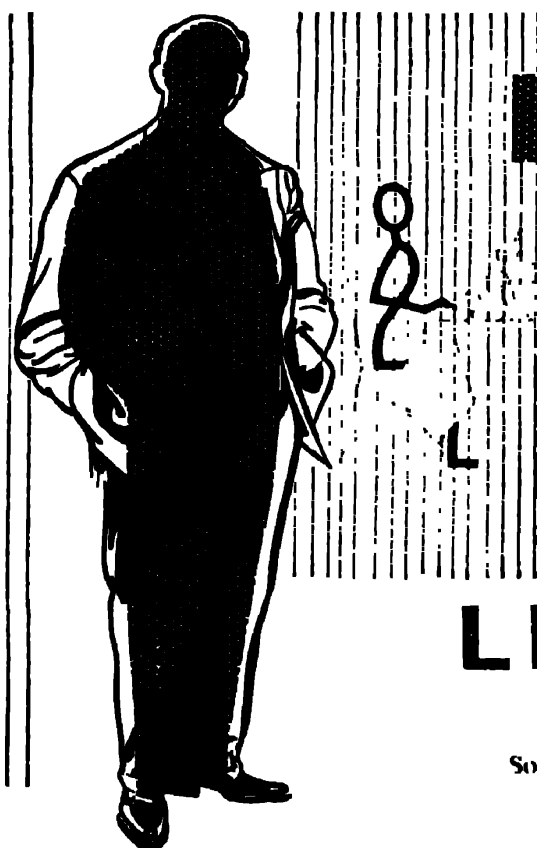
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of saving your leg, they fix it up as best they can and put it in a cast, knowing that a decision to take the leg off must probably be made farther on down the evacuation chain. But many arms and legs come into Mash that are past saving: not only are bones smashed (these are easy to repair or replace by a graft from one of your several unneeded ribs) but nerves and arteries are damaged beyond repair. Soon those arms or legs would be a mass of dead and putrefying tissue. They must come off, and now.

The most common amputation (also one of the simplest) is called the "guillotine cut." With a sharp knife the surgeon makes a smooth, sheer slice through skin and flesh, down to and all round the bone. Then out comes the little bone saw—bz-z-z-z-z!—and the dead leg or arm is off.

At this point they don't sew up the end of your stump, for this might seal in any little infection which is there. They put on the raw end a simple dressing which will allow it to drain and to bleed a little.

If you lose an arm or leg, you often wonder what becomes of it, but are ashamed to ask. You might as well know. At a Mash there could be no time to hold services over dead limbs. They bury them in a trench.

**I**F YOU ARE a fracture case, perhaps, in addition to a cast, they will put your arm or leg into traction. Traction consists of a sailor's rig of

pulleys, one end of which is attached to your injured member; on the other end is a lead weight, designed to keep your arm or leg pulled out straight. When a bone is broken, muscle pull tends to tug the shattered bone ends past each other, so that your fracture, if it healed at all, would leave you a partial cripple with one crooked arm or leg shorter than the other, as often happened in the old days. With this weight constantly tugging at your hand or foot, those shattered bone ends barely touch each other and so can heal in place.

What about severed nerves, veins, arteries? A severed nerve can rejoin itself—growing back along its old channels at the rate of one millimetre a day. A damaged vein, which no longer brings blood back into your lungs and heart, is not too bad; chances are that one of the several other veins in the vicinity will slowly enlarge to do its work. Arteries, which bring blood *from* the heart and keep a limb alive, are a different proposition. A small break can be spliced. But what if two or three inches of artery have been completely destroyed?

In World War II, surgeons tried replacing severed arteries with various kinds of plastic tubing. None worked. Almost always a blood clot formed which plugged the artery and endangered the soldier's life. Today one new procedure is to cut back from the point of damage, snipping the winding artery free from

the surrounding flesh for about eight inches. This usually gives enough slack for the two ends to be pulled together and spliced, so that life-giving blood again flows into the limb. Or sometimes the surgeon will open the back of your good leg, in which you have more veins than you need, and snip out one of the proper size and length to replace that section of mangled artery in the leg he hopes to save.

At Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D.C., medical researchers are now hoping and planning for artery banks at the front, as well as blood banks. If every Mash unit had in its refrigerator a stock of arteries in various lengths and sizes, hundreds of arms and legs might be saved in a month of combat. The source of supply should be no problem--the recent dead would be proud to help a buddy.

**N**OW THAT he has finished with you, the surgeon is again calling out, "Litter!"

But this time you won't hear it, for you are deep under ether. Two corpsmen pick you up and a third, ever tagging along, carries your blood-rack. They set you down in the "shock" tent--sometimes called the "shock-and-belly ward"--of the post-operative section. Here you will stay, at least until you are out of ether. Then, if you are an amputee or a cast case, when the ether is all breathed out they will move your

litter into the holding ward. This usually means that Mash is through with you and you are only waiting for transportation home.

**S**UPPOSE NOW, instead of being just a fracture case or an amputee, you also (or instead) collected a Chinese slug in the chest or belly, and were opened up in surgery. If so, you are still in some danger. You can't be flown to Tokyo immediately, but must stay right here in "shock-and-belly" for at least four and maybe ten days.

Here you get still more blood poured into you, partly to make up for any seepage that may be continuing from the raw edges of those darned-up holes, and partly because the strain of the operation itself tends to throw you back into shock. Never forget that this word "shock" really means approaching death.

The first thing you will notice coming out of ether, if you are a belly case, is that someone has stuck a rubber tube up your nose, one end of which goes down to a little bottle. The other, through your nose, goes down your gullet into your stomach. The entire contraption is called a Wangenstein suction; it sucks out your stomach juices.

Normally, waves of motion periodically move down your intestinal tube. They are set off when there is anything in your stomach, and their purpose is to keep the food moving on down while it is being digested.



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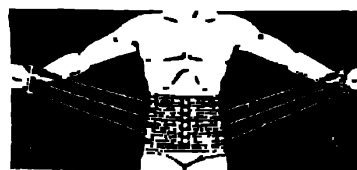
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The 'Rallie' Massage Apparatus shown with the pulling strands extended. The device is for men and women of all ages.



gives you gentle massage that is wonderfully exhilarating—and every movement helps to tone and strengthen all-important muscles, to restore a sagging waist-line, to slim away unwanted flesh easily, naturally. The Rallie Health Belt is not a corset, nor an ordinary Belt for constant wear. It is especially designed for abdominal massage and worn only while exercising. It is equally suitable for men and women.

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The shock of the operation—they had to pull out various sections of your gut to mend those holes—has temporarily stopped these movements. The doctors want you empty now of all food, fluids or gas, so that this squirming peristalsis will not rip out stitches while the mended holes are healing.

Meanwhile, the food which keeps you alive is a glucose solution that drips into your arm through another bottle-tube-and-needle setup.

At intervals, the ward doctor puts his stethoscope against your belly, listening to discover if those normal writhing movements have started up again. When they do—usually in four or five days, sometimes as long as ten—this means that your gut has recovered, both from the clobbering out on the ridge and from the second shock of the operation.

The doctor now clamps shut that rubber drainage tube from your nose to see if your intestine is able to handle your stomach fluids. If it isn't, you get a feeling of nausea. If you have no nausea, the doctor waits another eight hours just to be sure, then pulls the tube out of your nose, takes the glucose needle out of your wrist and lets you have your first food by mouth—either fruit juices or powdered milk.

**F**IRST LT. Louise Baumgartner remembers that whenever a nurse asked the doctor in charge of the shock tent at Mash 8055, "Do you think this man will live?" he would

answer angrily, "They're *all* going to live!"

And because everyone works so fast, many men do live, even after signs of death appear.

If you have come out of surgery with a blood pressure of less than 100, doctors, nurses and orderlies watch you carefully. If it drops below 80, you are beginning to die. At this point a nurse tilts your litter so that what blood you have will run down from your legs, where it isn't needed, to your heart, lungs and head. You already have three blankets under you, and two wrapped around; now she piles on more, so that the warmth of life will not ooze away. If you have sunk to Cheyne Stokes breathing (heavy, irregularly spaced gasps) she gives you oxygen. And, of course, blood, always more blood—that prime remedy against shock—to fill your slack arteries.

One pint bottle, of course, is already dripping into your wrist. Now a second is hooked into your other wrist. The trouble is that even though they give blood far more rapidly in Korea than in any hospital at home, still it takes at least 20 minutes for one of those pint bottles to empty into your veins. Your heart and lung muscles may not hold out that long. How to sustain those last flickers of your life flame?

A few short months ago nothing more could be done. Today, because of a device so miraculously simple

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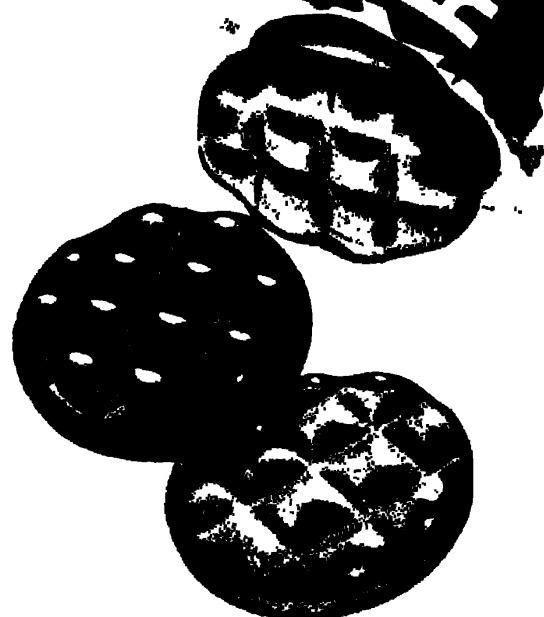
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the fruit in

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it can hardly be called an invention, the battle need not be over.

This device resembles a doll's pillow made of tough, flexible, transparent plastic. Sealed in it is a pint of red liquid blood. From one corner trails a tube, ending in a needle that goes into your wrist.

Now here are the differences between this device and giving blood from a bottle. The nurse puts the needle not into a vein but into an artery. The needle is much larger than that used with bottled blood, letting the blood flow more quickly. And—this is the big difference—the nurse, by simply squeezing this rubbery plastic bag between her palms, can give you your desperately needed pint of blood in *two* minutes instead of 20!

What happens? Your arteries, relaxed and flabby from shock, are in two minutes plump with blood under pressure. Your heart's feeble fluttering becomes firm, strong beats. Your strengthened chest muscles suck in great lungfuls of life giving oxygen. The terrible chain reaction of shock has been halted.

This mechanism, developed under the direction of young Brig.-Gen. Sam Seeley at Walter Reed Hospital, is so simple and foolproof that it can be used not only in the shock ward and operating room of the front-line Mash, but even by a medic, to provide plasma, out on the ridges. Formerly, even if a medic could reach a wounded man with a glass bottle, he had then to stand

erect, holding the bottle high so that gravity would let its contents drip into the vein of the man on the ground. He had to hold this dangerous position under enemy fire for 20 long minutes.

Today, carrying not fragile bottles but unbreakable plastic bags, the medic can crawl to the wounded man and, after stopping the bleeding with a tourniquet, hook the big needle into an artery and squeeze into the wounded man whatever he may need to make up for blood spilled. If other wounded nearby need care, he may, after inserting the needle, simply slip the bag under the first wounded man's back so the weight of his own body will squeeze out the precious plasma.

*F*INALLY your moving day arrives. You are put aboard a Sky-master bound for Japan. The plane has been gutted and refilled as a hospital to hold you and 30 other wounded in racks of litters four tiers high. Of course a nurse is aboard, to give you blood or sedatives, and it is no coincidence that she is an unusually cute little trick. The girls who fly with the wounded on these jumps are picked from the entire nurse corps for exactly this—to keep your mind off your troubles.

While some patients spend only one night in Japan, many are unloaded to stay weeks or months at Tokyo Army Hospital, which catches the combined casualties of every Mash in Korea. Its 2,000 beds

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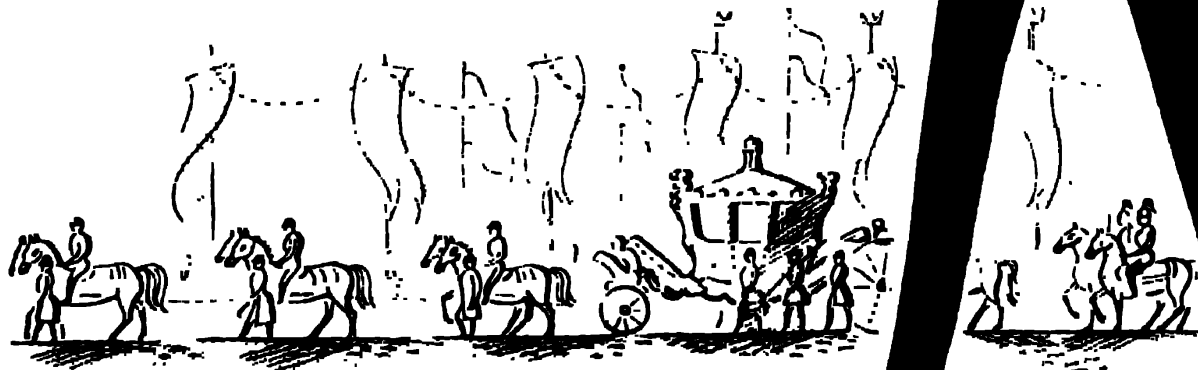
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may sound like a lot, but a little activity at the front can fill it brimming.

Because Tokyo Hospital is across the water in peaceful Japan, they have more time for everything than in the Korean Mashas. It was here, for instance, that they put the stump of Phil Thornhill's pitching arm into traction.

When Phil arrived, his arm was just as it had come off the table three days before—a guillotine cut with a simple dressing. The next procedure was to wait until two days after all bleeding had stopped. The doctors allow plenty of time because they don't want to bottle up any infection in the stump, which might pester him for months or years.

Then they put on a traction sock. This is a round wool band which is first wetted, is then put round the skin of your stump just above the point where your arm or leg was severed. As the band dries, it shrinks—so tight that the only way to get it off is to cut it. When it is shrunk tight the doctors hang weights on it, which pull your skin ends down so that they cover the sawed-off end of your leg or arm bone. This is part of the process for making you a nice stump, on to which your artificial arm or leg will later be fitted. When you first feel those weights hauling your skin down over that raw meat and bone end, says Phil Thornhill, it hurts like hell.

**N**EXT STOP in the homeward journey is Wake Island, where the big Skymaster puts down for gas. Then on to Hawaii, where they usually break the trip by giving the boys a night in Tripler Army Hospital. Then to Letterman Army Hospital, San Francisco, where the wounded are sorted, and most are sent for further treatment to the Army hospital nearest home.

The typical chest-and-belly case is now almost well and after a short period of observation will either be discharged or reported fit for duty. But, as Walter Reed's Col. Michael Sheppeck points out, the man with only one injury is a rare bird. The grenade or mortar fragment which gave you that belly wound probably also fractured a bone. So you may have to resign yourself to a few months, maybe even a couple of years, in an Army hospital where in one or more further operations they will do that repair work for which there was no time back at Mash.

They may do a piece of business picked up from German doctors in World War II. When U.S. wounded who had been taken prisoner returned from German hospitals, American doctors were first amazed and then fascinated to find many fracture cases had steel pegs driven lengthwise through the damaged bone. Since then they have accepted these pegs as a significant advance in orthopaedic surgery.

Before this procedure, it was not easy to hold a thighbone in proper

position to heal, and the wounded man had to remain for weeks in bed before it was strong enough to bear his weight. Now, after studying you through X-rays, they make for you in the medical machine shop a thick pin of stainless steel, just the length of your damaged thighbone. Then they open up your buttock to get at the top of this bone, and hammer the pin down through its hollow part.

Your bone is now reinforced with a little steel girder stout enough to bear the strain, and the fractured bone heals around it. You can put your weight on it months before they would have dared let you in the old days. You may carry the stainless-steel pin for the rest of your life, but usually it is removed later on.

Bill Murray, both of whose legs were broken when that tank blew up under him, lost the right one when they had to amputate in Japan. But when he got to Ward 33 of Walter Reed, the fractured left leg still had not healed. So they cut out some bone, shortening the leg an inch and a half—he won't be quite so tall as he was—and strengthened the splice with three of those stainless-steel nails, 14 inches long, up through the bone. They will save this leg.

If you are an amputee, the home doctors look to see how much flesh has been pulled down to cover the bone end. (In leg cases half an inch is okay, but doctors prefer to have an inch, because this

stump must bear your weight in walking and you will want it well padded.) If there isn't enough, they may go in to saw another inch off the bone. If there is plenty, then they work to mould your muscles into a workable stump, which will hold your artificial leg or arm.

They may do a cineplastic operation on you if you have lost an arm; if so, consider yourself in luck. They pick out the best muscle nearest your stump and drill a hole through it, not unlike the way your grandmother's ear lobes were pierced for ear-rings. The hole is then lined with a tube of skin carved from your body. When this is healed, a plastic rod about as thick as your little finger is stuck through the skin-lined tunnel in your shoulder- or bicep muscle, an end of the rod protruding on each side. To these two ends they now attach light cables which run down your artificial arm to its stainless-steel claw. So now, when you flex that muscle, the plastic rod is jerked up; this tugs on the cables, and they open or close the thumb-and-forefinger mechanism of your claw.

They account the operation a success if by flexing that muscle and rod you can, with your artificial hand, raise 35 pounds an inch and a half. This is the weight of a fair-sized suitcase, fully packed. Many of the boys have no trouble picking up 70 pounds, using only that one muscle, punched with its rod and cables.



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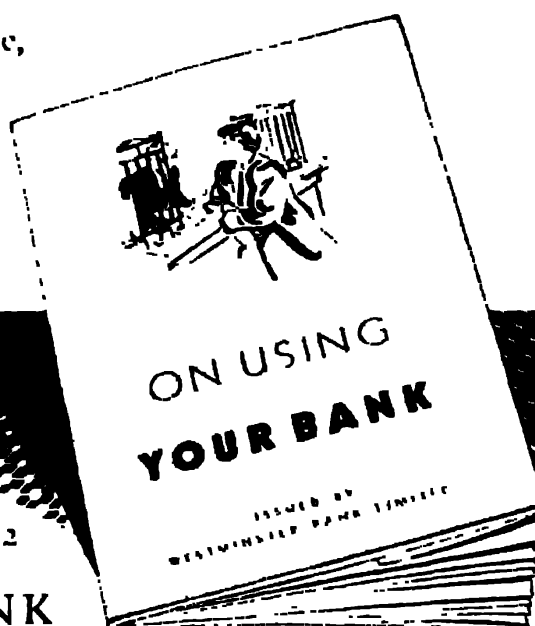
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*I*T's a new leg you need? All right. It's carved of willow, which is light, and also easy for the experts in the hospital's workshop to whittle and sandpaper to size. Your new foot will be of white poplar. You can drop a piano on it and scarcely dent the veneer.

Without a shoe, the entire contraption will weigh only seven pounds—less than the leg you lost. It will feel heavier only until you learn to manage it.

As for keeping it on, the best device is a suction socket made of rubber-foam cushioning and leather to fit the end of your stump exactly. The fit is so snug that you could not push your stump in were there not a little air hole in the base of the socket, with a valve on the outside which you open with your fingers. Once your stump is in, you close the air valve. The vacuum is then so perfect that you cannot pull the leg off without first opening the valve.

In about two weeks you should learn to use this leg—the time it would take to learn to ride a bicycle or a horse. You start out on parallel bars in the hospital gymnasium. When, with their help, you have learned to balance, they give you a cane and turn you loose on the floor. Soon you don't need the cane.

The problem for leg cases is stairs and kerbstones. Your new leg is swivelled at the knee; you must learn to gauge its swing, so that the sole of its shoe comes down on a step just where you want it. It's tricky, but you catch on. Finally you practise in front of a mirror, correcting any jerkiness in your stride so that, when you take off on a week-end leave, you know you look like everyone else on the street.

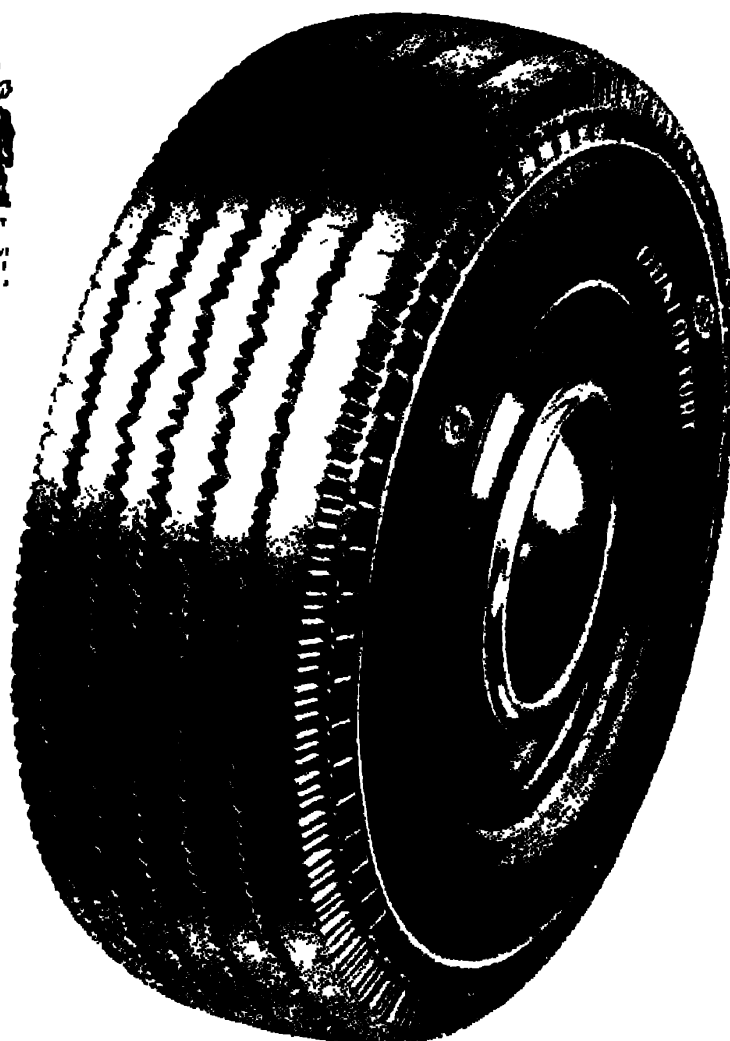
*I*N your hospital ward at home the civilian world intrudes but little at first. A few boys are married—older guys in their late 20's—and during visitors' hour worried girls arrive dragging kids who are confused because, if daddy is really a soldier, why does he stay in this bed? The young wives are even more anxious. Will he ever be the same as before he left for Korea? If not, how are we going to manage?

Although civilian problems lie ahead, they don't matter much yet. Take Freddie Wolf, the medic who was hit by a high fragmentation mortar. His arms and legs are all still in casts, but he can now handle a wheel-chair more skilfully than anyone else in the hospital. And when he isn't talking, arguing, laughing or kidding with the other guys, he's busy building model aircraft.

The attitude of these boys is that they're just unusually lucky. All right, you're missing an arm or a



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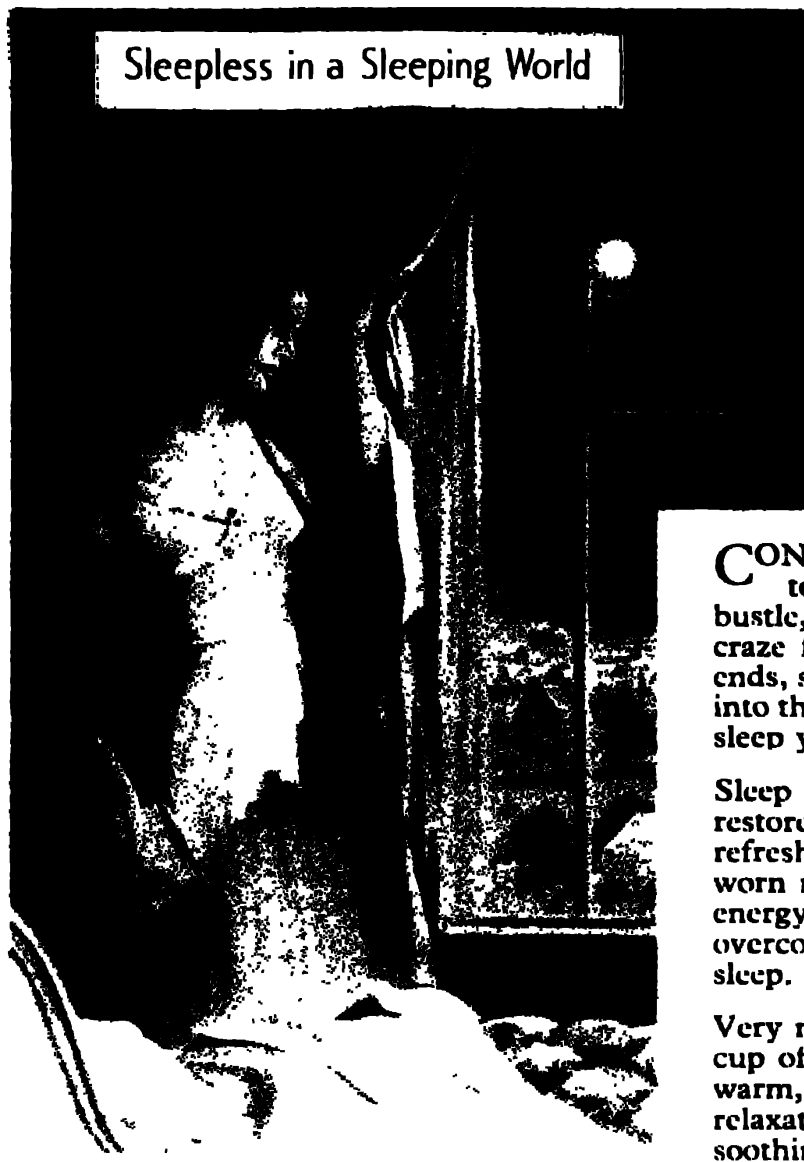
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# You must have Restful Sleep

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leg—so what? At least you're alive, aren't you? If it's arms gone, well, you can see and walk. If it's a leg or so, all right, you can drive a car as good as ever. Even if you are blind, you won't have to weave rugs or sell pencils; industry has lots of good jobs that need only hearing and finger touch.

There is so much to learn, you have little time to waste on self-pity. So if one of these heroes, learning to walk on his new leg, goes flat on his fanny, his colleagues in nearby beds howl with delight, and encourage him with such solicitous remarks as, "Look where you're going, you clown!" or, "Come over here, my good man, and I'll pick you up."

Now and then, though, a guy gets brought in who at first feels pretty sorry for himself. Bob was that way. He had lost both hands and both feet. He spent the first few days staring at the ceiling.

What cured Bob was when George arrived in the next cot. It isn't fun to look at George, and it may be a good thing George has not seen his own face. But George's attitude was like that of all the others in the ward.

Why? Bob asked.

Well, said George, because back on the ridges you saw so many of your buddies so badly smashed they couldn't even make it to Battalion Aid. So instead, Graves Registration took over, to haul them down to the big Army cemetery outside

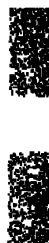
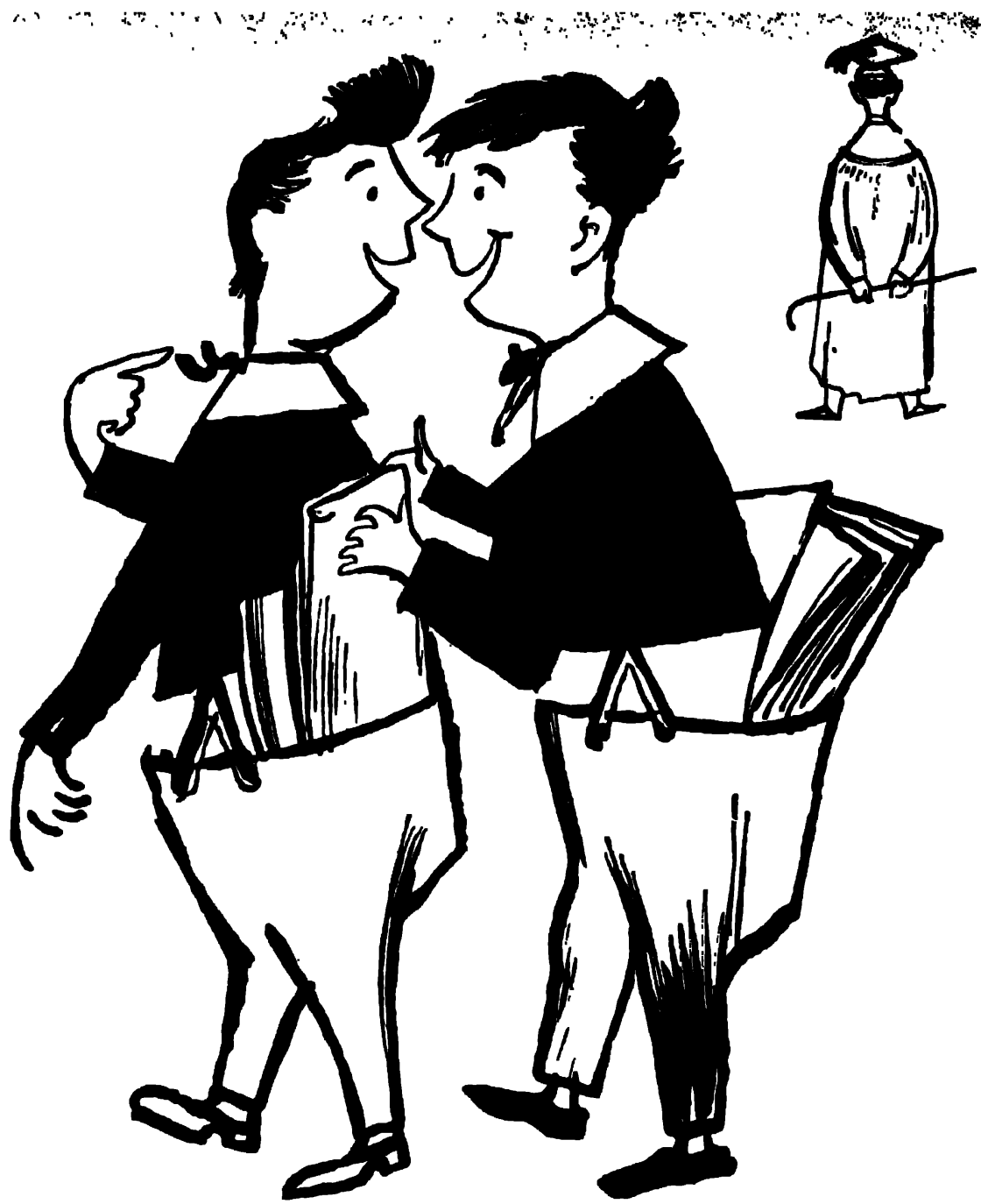
of Seoul. The way George looked at it, he was a very lucky guy.

"Can't you *see* it?" George asked.

The joke was, George himself couldn't see. Because George hasn't any eyes. Also, George hasn't any hands. But somehow George helped Bob to see it. And today Bob races all over the hospital in his wheelchair, which he operates by pushing the guide wheels with his wrist stubs. He sees, now, that everything is going to be okay, and he can't wait until they are finished with those four revision operations on his four stumps, so he can get fitted with his four artificial limbs.

Meanwhile, he is very proud about not letting the nurses help him get a drink of water. He picks up the glass and brings it to his face by skilfully clamping it between his two wrist stubs. He and George get along fine, as guys usually do whose beds are side by side. Often Bob can help George when he has trouble getting a particular programme on his bedside radio, using his arm stubs to turn the knobs. Only because, as Bob always explains to George, he has been an amputee longer, and so can handle his stubs better. Not because he can see and George can't.

Guys in this ward help each other a lot. About the same as guys used to help each other back on the ridges. Which they often don't do, quite so much, when they get back into civilian life. You know how it is.



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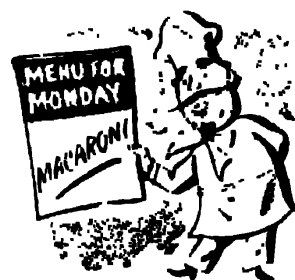
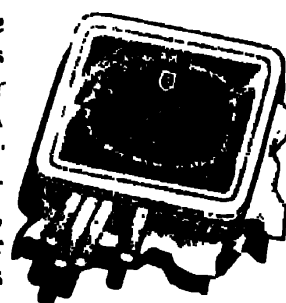


It's April, readers!—sunny, showery, stimulating Springtime. With the house freshly smart (we hope!), you'll be entertaining, wanting to look your best for new Spring clothes. I've got help to offer in both these directions -- and I haven't forgotten the family's health; vitality-giving foods are important right now. So read -- and act on -- my Buy-Lines. Happy shopping to you all!

**Hoping for a new refrigerator?** Then do see my favourite, made by the **ENGLISH ROSE** Kitchen Equipment people. It's tall and slim, 5 ft. 6 in. high (no tiring bending!). It uses only 21 in. of floor space but holds as much as big 'friges —  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cu. ft. Like all English Rose units, it's a *dream* to own -- white, cream or green-finished and no parts to rust. Another model has a deep-freeze with it -- such a joy! Let me send you a **FREE** booklet showing all English Rose Kitchen Equipment. Write to me, Alison Grey, 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



**I've got welcome news** for smokers who care for their throats. **ABDULLA** have produced a *new* **COOLTIPT** Cigarette with a unique, filter tip: tests prove it's three times as effective as most filters. It draws perfectly -- but only the *smoke* gets through . . . it traps those tiny bits of burnt tobacco that irritate sensitive throats. I cough madly usually -- but not with Cooltipt! And they really are *c-o-o-l*. Cooltipt come in flat, light blue *aluminium* cases, price 20 for 3 7d. Boxes of 10, 1 9½d. I urge Virginia smokers to *buy* them promptly.



**What's Monday's menu in your home?** It's macaroni in mine, made deliciously savoury with left-overs of meat, tomatoes, onions, cheese, or what have you. Beats me why more housewives don't serve macaroni dishes, they're so nourishing, so appetising, so *cheap and quick*. **QUAKER-QUICK MACARONI**, best you can buy, costs only 1 3d. for a pound packet and cooks tender in 7 minutes! Take a tip from the Italians -- good cooks who love good food -- and eat Macaroni *often*. For exciting new macaroni recipes, **FREE**, just write to me, Alison Grey, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

**Want to lose weight** without dieting or exercise, what's more, in *comfort*? Then your best bet is an **ALSTONS RUBBER REDUCING CORSET**. From the moment you wear one of these girdles (made to your measurements) you *look* slimmer, and as the days go by you *are* slimmer -- as the tape-measure shows. They support without bones, never ride up, and they're washed and dried in a few minutes. Price? From 30 --. Bras from 21 --. Send for **FREE BROCHURE** of styles and samples of material to Dept. R.D., Alstons, 19, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.



**It pays to buy the best** -- and luckily there are *some* good things we can still afford. **OVALTINE**, for instance. The makers of Ovaltine get my praise for maintaining the high quality of this favourite food beverage at a surprisingly low price. And Ovaltine is such a boon for supplementing the family's meals! It's nice, it's nourishing, and it's fortified with *extra vitamins* to those it possesses naturally. So, for the children's breakfast, "elevenses", or a night-cap, serve Ovaltine. Economical and grand value at 1.6d., 2.6d. and 4.6d. a tin.

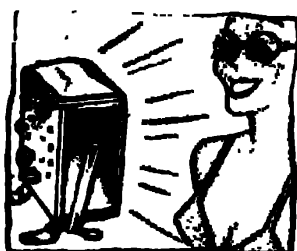


in association with NANCY SASSER

**How often it happens** to us women that we get a glamorous "date" at the very time in the month when we're at our worst! Thank goodness, the pains and the sick feeling can be dispelled within *minutes* if you swallow a couple of ANADIN. And the relief *lasts long* without that vague depression you get many old-fashioned remedies. Anadin's formula is well-known to the professions as one that kills pain fast, without upsetting nerves or tummy. Don't let a headache or pain catch you unprepared. Get Anadin *today*.



**100% fit**—can you say that of *your* family? A good breakfast is one of the ways to keep children—and husbands—full of energy, and WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT has all the energy-making properties! It's 100% whole wheat, including the *wheat germ*—the very source of vitality. It's rich in precious protein, too, which builds muscles and tissues. And there's the natural bran in it, which helps keep you regular. I've yet to meet the child who doesn't love Shredded Wheat at any time, with hot or cold milk, fruit, honey, or jam. At 1/- for a mighty big packet, it's a real "buy-line".



**Have a real sun-tan now** and all the year round!—with the marvellous dual-purpose HEALTH RAY Lamp. It sets you up both in looks and health. Its *Ultra-Violet* rays do wonders in clearing up poor complexions—even obstinate skin troubles. And its *Infra-Red* rays give such blessed relief from rheumatism and kindred pains that thousands write to thank the makers! The Health Ray—with 5-years guarantee—is only £6 15s. But TRY IT FREE for 7 days at *home*! Write for details to: Manager, Health Ray Co., Southampton.

A "must" for **Spring-cleaning** is a bottle of O-SYL! This effective, pleasant antiseptic is my choice for keeping not only kitchen and bathroom, but all the house sweet and germ-free. Children's rooms must be safeguarded, so wash playpen, toys, floors, etc., with 2 teaspoons of O-Syl to a pail of cleaning water. For personal use—and for cut knees, gargling, dabbing on pimples—a mild solution of O-Syl is harmless to the skin, *death* to germs. You need so little because it's so strong—that's why O-Syl at 10½d. and 2 3d. is such a good buy.



**If your teeth are artificial**, you're *lucky*, in one respect at least. You can keep them clean *more easily* than folk with their own teeth can. There's a new denture cleanser called DENT-ODOL which, many dentists say, does the best job yet. It will get your plate scrupulously clean while you bath or set your hair. But if you prefer, dentures can be left cleansing overnight—it's safe for plastic, vulcanite, gold or porcelain ones. Try *Dent-Odol*. It removes persistent tobacco stains. And it's *so economical*. The 6 oz. bottle at 2 3d. lasts ages.



## BIRO CROSSWORD No. 3

Solution to Puzzle on Page 7

ACROSS: 5, Boffin; 8, Lancashire; 9, Health; 10, Race course; 11, Astern; 12, Feather bed; 17, Ham; 18, Wrist; 20, Star; 22, Rent; 23, Scone; 24, Nee; 26, Terra Cotta;

30, Lamina; 31, Remittance; 32, Oblong; 33, Extendible; 34, Cement.  
DOWN: 1, Parade; 2, Accent; 3, Ashore; 4, Microbe; 5, Behead; 6, Flat tyre; 7, Interest; 13, Alto; 14, Harb; 15, Rhone; 16, Ember; 18, W.R.A.C.; 19, Inst; 20, Scramble; 21, Antidote; 25, Eremita; 26, Target; 27, Acting; 28, Oxalic; 29, Tackle.

**THIS SPRING**  
*Set your horsepower  
free*



*with carbon-dispersing*  
**Mobiloil**

REGD TRADE MARK



**Mobilgas**

REGD TRADE MARK

*Britain's newest petrol - for flying horsepower*

If Mobilgas is not yet sold in your area, have your tank filled up whenever you see a Mobilgas pump on your travels.

**VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1**

do you realise that . . . . .

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*You can drive a car  
or operate a fleet  
anywhere in the world*

**and be  
sure of**

# **GIRLING**

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD 

# **SERVICE**

**FACTORY LINED  
REPLACEMENT  
SHOES**

**REPLACEMENT  
DAMPERS**

**HYDRAULIC  
SPARES**

Rubber seals, Hoses  
Master and Wheel  
Cylinders

**GENUINE  
GIRLING SPARES**  
and factory trained  
personnel to fit  
them efficiently

There's a **LOCAL**  
Girling Service Agent  
employing factory trained  
personnel specially equipped  
and comprehensively stocked  
with **GENUINE GIRLING SPARES**

*ready to keep your car . . . . .*

## **WAY OUT AHEAD**

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**GIRLING LIMITED**  
**KINGS ROAD • TYSELEY • BIRMINGHAM • 11**



*Mighty in strength  
and endurance*

THE  
*Eagle*

THE ULTIMATE  
IN CAR TYRE QUALITY



**OUTSTANDING VALUE  
FOR THE BIGGER CAR**

It's the toughest car tyre ever built. The tread is thicker, deeper, wider and flatter. Sidewalls are specially reinforced. The resilient cord carcass is stronger and more bruise-resisting. And the famous All-Weather Diamond tread design — with improved Stop-Notches — gives silent running, better road grip, and quicker, safer stops. Providing longer mileage, more riding comfort and handsome appearance, the Eagle offers truly outstanding value for the bigger car.

*You can trust*

**GOOD  YEAR**

**FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR**

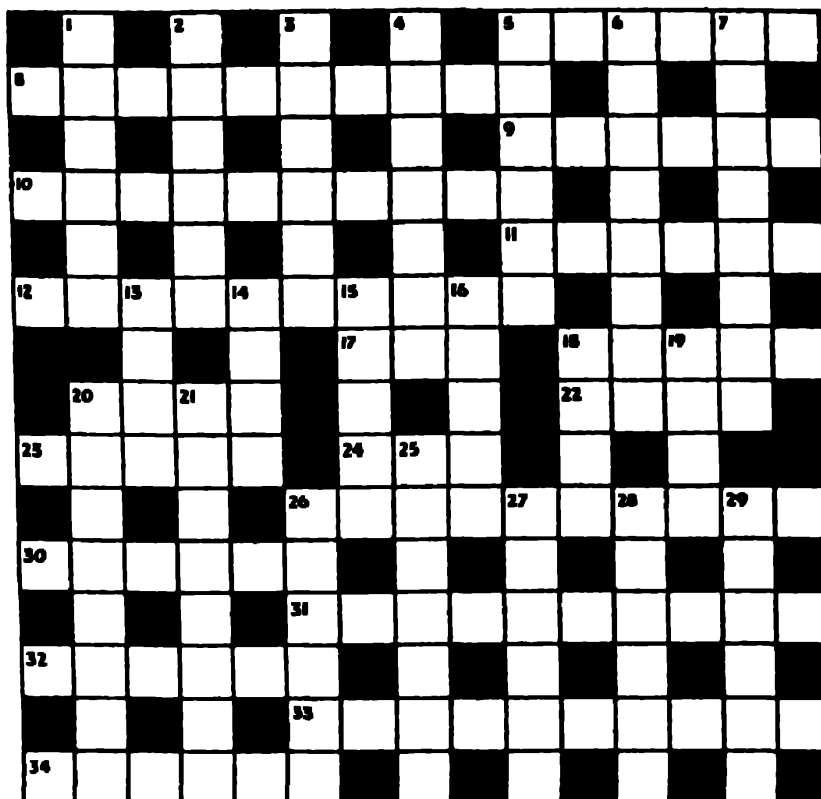
# THE **Biro** CROSSWORD No.3

## CLUES ACROSS

- 5 Backroom boy is off in some vessel or other (6)
- 8 It could be in real cash (If cotton boomed!) (10)
- 9 If this is not good, a doctor may do the first part (6)
- 10 Whereon one can hardly have the judges' verdict without a rider (4, 6)
- 11 You may be asleep when the ship sails, but wake here, naturally (6)
- 12 The sort of coddled farmer who is able to put at grass in feed? (7, 3)
- 17 One of those borderline items (3)
- 18 Many keep watch on it (5)
- 20 It's usually when this comes out that destructive pests come back (4)
- 22 No doubt it has to be torn from some tenants! (4)
- 23 No reference to a stone, please, when the wife bakes it! (5)
- 24 Born back in Greenland (3)
- 26 Material that can be made to cater to art (5, 5)
- 30 Animal that has turned very thin! (6)
- 31 Allowance for a ne'er-do-well overseas, sometimes (10)
- 32 The shape of a page, more often than not (6)
- 33 Capable of being stretched, though could be next belied (10)
- 34 A necessary contribution to concrete results (6)

## CLUES DOWN

- 1 If it's a church one, a padre would come to it (6)
- 2 A clue to a man from 8 across, in a manner of speaking (6)
- 3 Tree and mineral would naturally be found on land (6)
- 4 It could be carried from a sick room on the final garment (7)
- 5 To this 11 across gives a harsh result (6)
- 6 Hindrance to transport caused by deflationary action (4, 4)
- 7 Advantage that one expects from good company (8)



- 13 He may not literally pursue the even tenor of his way (4)
- 14 One of the best runners in the field (4)
- 15 River that a river bird may come to (5)
- 16 Warm feature in three months of the year (5)
- 18 This represents a fair part of our armed forces (4)
- 19 It has long been in use for a brief time (4)
- 20 How to treat the egg that goes into the Westminster School pancake (If one does)? (8)
- 21 Do it neat for a remedy (8)
- 25 A very unsociable person, and before a little one too (7)
- 26 It should be easy to put up two animals, have a shot at it anyhow (6)
- 27 An art that can only be learned by stages (6)
- 28 The acid that makes the eating of rhubarb leaves unwise (6)
- 29 Gear that can bring a man down (6)

*Solution to the Biro Crossword is on Page 3*

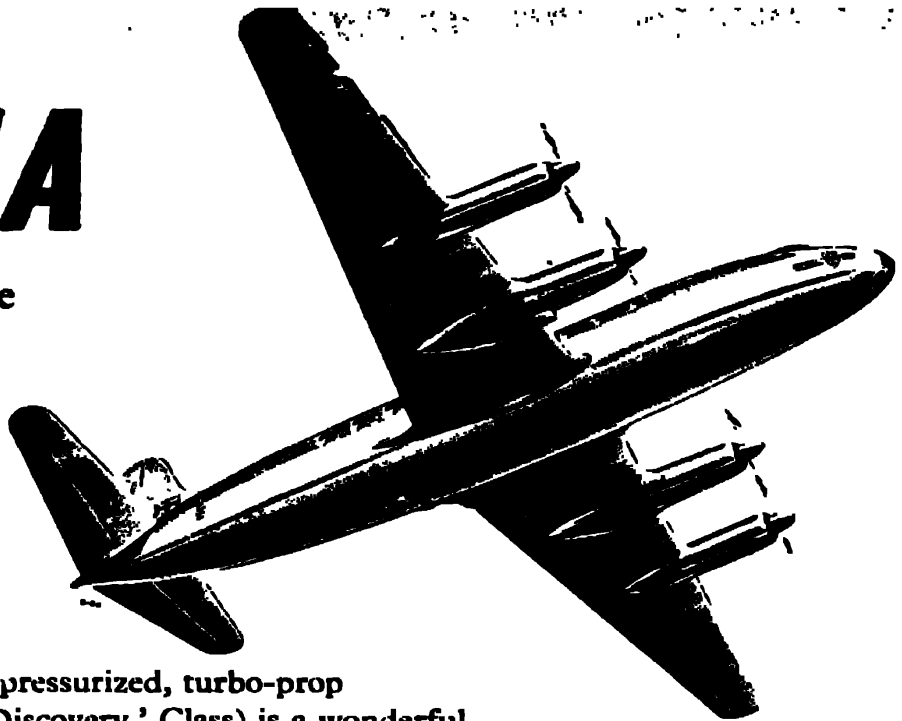
**Biro** *the ballpoint pen* WITH THE WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

*What's Your Score?*

HERE is the third in these series of crosswords, and we hope you have solved them all. One thing we feel you must have noted—how easy it is to make a neat job of filling in the squares when you use a Biro ballpoint pen.

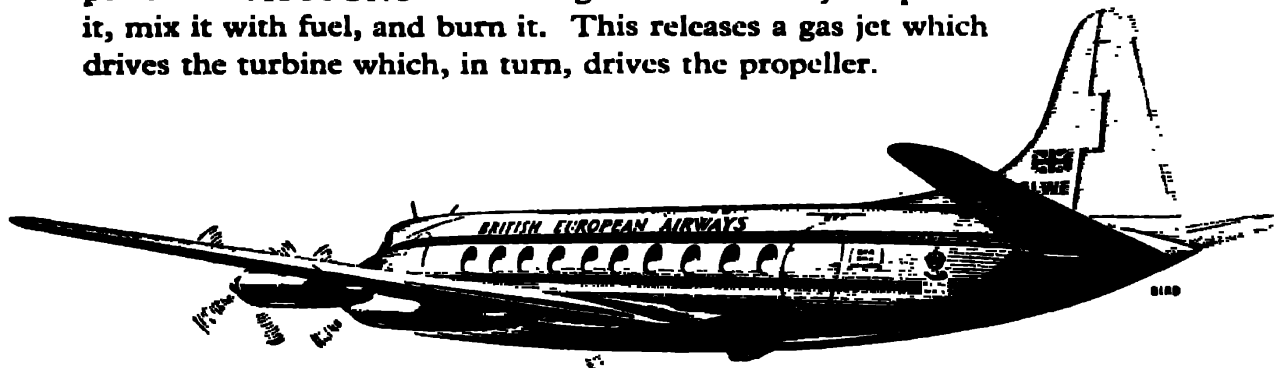
# *fly* **BEA**

to Switzerland and the  
Mediterranean



To fly aboard BEA's pressurized, turbo-prop **VISCOUNT** (BEA 'Discovery' Class) is a wonderful experience. The perfect ease of its flight, the stillness, the smoothness, the feeling at the end of the longest journey of quiet and restfulness — all this is altogether new.

The four **ROLLS-ROYCE DART** jet propeller turbines which power the **VISCOUNT** draw in a great force of air, compress it, mix it with fuel, and burn it. This releases a gas jet which drives the turbine which, in turn, drives the propeller.



## **VISCOUNT**

BEA 'DISCOVERY' CLASS

world's first **TURBO-PROP** airliner

BRITISH  
EUROPEAN  
AIRWAYS

*Calvey*  
makes the heart  
grow fonder

All the good things that go to make wonderful chocolates, go into Calvey Fortune. Crisp nut kernels, crunchy cracknels, rich marzipans, buttery caramels, velvety truffles, fruity creams . . . Eleven different centres: one heavenly assortment!

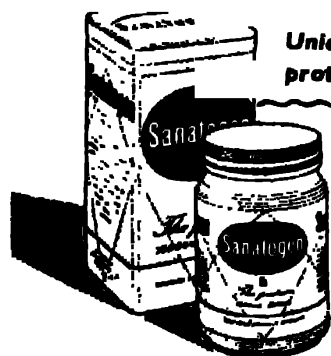
**CALLEY**



# AILING? BAD NERVES? RUN DOWN?

## How a course of SANATOGEN restores you to abounding good health

**Y**OUR POOR HEALTH and "touchy" nerves, especially on today's diet may well originate from mild "cell starving". Sanatogen transforms your health by feeding these "starved" cells with extra, life-giving protein, plus organic phosphates to tone up your nerves — a unique double tonic action; *unique* because only Sanatogen can give you *this!* Health, vitality, calm nerves — all can be yours for a few pence a day. Start your Sanatogen course today — and get your husband to take it, too. From 7/3 at all chemists.



Unique double-tonic action —  
protein plus organic phosphates!

# Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN  
NERVE TONIC

The word 'Sanatogen' is a regd. trade mark of Genutosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

### Endorsed by 1000s of doctors

*R* Thousands of doctors all over the world have endorsed Sanatogen over the past 50 years, and thankful letters from all over the country prove Sanatogen's value. Mrs. Catherine Evans, 6 Malmesbury Rd., Liverpool, writes: —  
"Six months ago I lost my husband and I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I spent weeks of sleepless nights. I took Sanatogen and after two tins could hardly believe it was true. I was really living again."

### Is your complaint here?

Physical Exhaustion, Nervous Strain, Mental Fatigue, Lack of Energy, Nervousness, Lack of Concentration, Sleeplessness, Convalescent Weakness.



## Scruffy hair puts people off!

Here's how to end

## DRY SCALP

IF YOU HAVE scruffy hair, you may not realize how awful it looks! Flakes of dandruff in the parting, or on the collar . . . that lifeless, unmanageable hair — Dry Scalp can spoil the smartest appearance.

### This is **DRY SCALP**

Looks awful, doesn't it? Is your hair dry, scruffy, unmanageable, dandruff-flecked, like this? Then buy 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today!



Start to use 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, and you'll notice a wonderful difference almost immediately. Hair will look bright and healthy, comb easily, and stay tidy all day; dandruff will soon disappear! All you need is a regular massage with a few drops for 20 seconds every day; don't rub—just work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.

This treatment is really economical, too! So buy some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and start using it to-day. You'll soon find that it'll make the world of difference!

What a difference! When you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, your scalp feels better, your hair stays well-groomed all day.

## Vaseline\* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



4184-4A

\* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd



*"Oh—your lovely cup! Everything's gone wrong today..."*

*"It's the weather. I've been on edge myself"*

*"I'm afraid the weather's no excuse for my clumsiness"*

*"It might be, though—I remember a Digest article we read..."*

**F**RRIENDLY ARGUMENT is the spice of conversation. But, sooner or later, someone wants to know what the answer really is. That's where your shelf of The Reader's Digest comes in handy.

The Reader's Digest covers so many subjects—so readably; brings news of developments in science and medicine—so easy to understand; analyses the reasons behind human behaviour—in helpful articles; and always contains several fascinating,

dramatic stories to lighten your leisure.

In fact, you can't afford to miss a single issue of The Reader's Digest. That's why it's so well worth while to place a regular order with your newsagent --then you know you're sure of getting your copy.

Place a regular order for

**The Reader's Digest**

**BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS AN ISSUE**

# YOU CAN TRY THIS EXCITING CAR NOW

The outright win of the Zephyr 6 at Monte Carlo is convincing proof of its reliability, safety, comfort and outstanding performance. It has superb handling qualities which you can enjoy only by driving it yourself. Ford Dealers everywhere are giving trial runs. Let us arrange one for you. We want you to be able to tell your friends about this brilliant British car - the Ford Zephyr - the lowest-priced *family saloon* and the smallest engined car to win the Monte Carlo Rally for over 20 years. Complete the coupon today, for your trial run.

*Zephyr 6*

ZEPHYR-SIX £542  
PLUS PURCHASE TAX £207 11 1



## Monte Carlo Rally Winner



**Ford** 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *The best at lowest cost*

BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURER TO  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

### *Invitation to a Trial Run*

TO: FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • DAGENHAM

*Please arrange for my nearest Ford Dealer to give me a trial run in a Zephyr-Six—  
free and without obligation.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

R.D.3.



# Dealing Indigestion a low trick



**'Two no trumps!' moaned bridge-fiend Jane,**



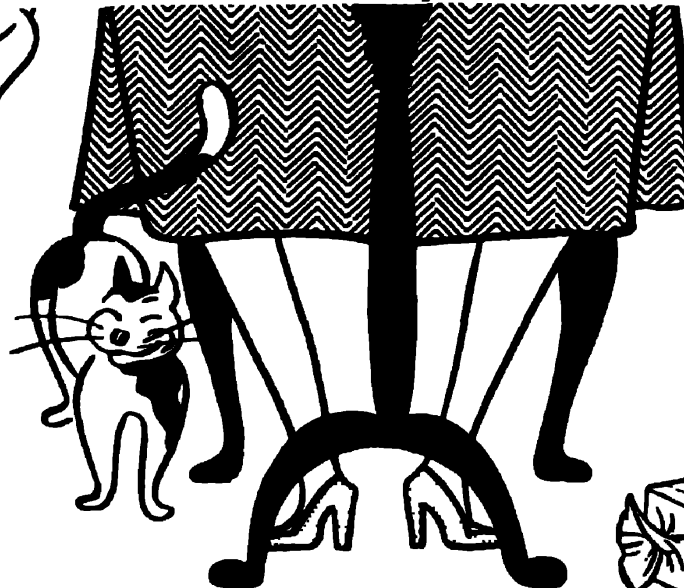
**Vulnerable to stomach pain.**



**'TWO RENNIES!' cried her partner quick,**



**'It's on the cards they'll do the trick!'**



**A pack to suit  
all pockets—4d.**



**Just suck 2 Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.**

# STAR ATTRACTIONS

*coming to you in the MAY ISSUE*

Here is just a glimpse of some of the star features you'll find in the May issue of The Reader's Digest. You won't want to miss them—so why not place a standing order with your newsagent now, so that you'll be sure of getting the May issue when it comes out, and the succeeding ones as well!

## **WHAT TEEN-AGERS WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SEX AND MARRIAGE.**

A new kind of study in an American high school prepares teen-agers for family living. This article on the questions they ask, and the way they are answered, will help any parent or teacher who is faced with the problems of adolescence!

## **WHEN LIFE HANGS ON A THREAD.**

Ever thought how much surgery owes to needlework? Many operations are possible today only because surgeons have learnt to perform incredible feats of sewing virtuosity. Science has given them surgical threads and needles in amazing variety, whether for delicate stitches on your eye, or for stoutly mending a shattered knee-cap.

## **MY DAY WITH SUSAN.**

Grandfather agreed to "look after" year-old Susan for five hours while mother and grandmother went off on a shopping trip. He learnt a great deal that afternoon about baby-sitting. In fact, he asks, why do they call it baby-sitting? Many grandparents will recognize their own experiences.

## **ALSO**

many other articles and stories, including: Lady Luck and British Bettors, Eighteen Months Inside Russia, Operation Many Baskets, Keeping the Heart's Door Open, Servants of the Unfortunate, Listen to the Mockingbird and "No Stone Unturned"—a condensation of the book about the seizing of the Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey, by the ringleader of the coup—Ian R. Hamilton.

*Ask your Newsagent to reserve*

**The Reader's Digest**

*for you regularly*



*The instinct warns of the split-second when the corner of the net will be unguarded. Off spring-heels the body becomes a balanced jack-in-the-box. The head twists. The forehead flicks the bullet-swift ball away at the perfect acute angle. **It all adds up to** two points for the home side.*

## LEAGUE PLAY

The companies of AEI are a league formation. They are a strong and lively group. Their young industry has risen rapidly into the ranks of the traditional giants. Sharing their knowledge, their experience and their resources, the companies of ASSOCIATED ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES put forth co-ordinated effort for the common good.

**it all adds up to**

*These are the companies of AEI: Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co Ltd • The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd • The Edison Swan Electric Co Ltd • Ferguson-Pearce Ltd • The Halpant Electric Appliance Co Ltd • International Refrigerator Co Ltd • Newton Victor Ltd • Premier Electric Heaters Ltd • Sunvic Controls Ltd*



Associated Electrical Industries

# To LOOK YOUNGER and LIVE LONGER with new health & youthful vitality

everyone over 40 should take Vitamin-Mineral capsules.

But even young people need extra vitamins, especially growing children.

Each dose of Vykmín's 6 life-giving vitamins is based upon the recommendations of the British Medical Association as the average daily requirement. To these are added a high potency of Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron and Manganese.

Vykmín is prescribed by doctors for simple anaemia, faulty circulation, frequent colds, periodic digestive upsets, skin disorders, general weakness and debility, undue tiredness, loss of weight, and many other ailments requiring medical attention. The improvement in the state of health and mental attitude becomes apparent in a very short time.

Obtainable at Chemists, Boots and Timothy Whites. One month's supply 8/9, two weeks' supply 4/9.

**Vykmín**  
Combined  
Complex  
VITAMIN MINERAL CAPSULES

Write today for free  
VYKMIN booklet, to  
Roberts Pharmaceutical  
Laboratories Ltd., Dept. P.1,  
128 Baker St., London, W.1.

Vitamin B1 (250 I.U.)  
Vitamin B2  
Riboflavin (250 micrograms)  
Vitamin A (5000 I.U.)  
Vitamin C (300 I.U.)  
Vitamin D (750 I.U.)  
Vitamin E (the equivalent of  
1 minin Wheat Germ Oil)

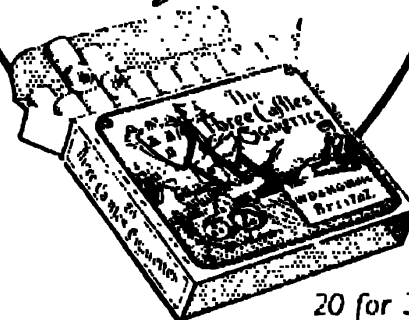
Phosphorus 15.2 mg.  
Calcium 30.3 mg.  
Iron 17.3 mg.  
and Manganese 0.5 mg.

VYKMIN contains not just one or two vitamins, but potent amounts of the 6 vitamins and 4 minerals found in large quantities of cod and halibut liver oil, whole wheat flour, yeast, treacle, yoghurt and milk, eggs, meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables (when uncooked).



At Picnics today  
the New Elizabethans  
crown their enjoyment with

*The*  
**"THREE CASTLES"**  
*Cigarettes*



20 for 3/11d.



## How to be the man she wants to go out with...

Use the world's most distinguished  
after-shave lotion

**Y**OU'LL be nearer and dearer to the lady of your life when you take that extra, *young man's* care of your appearance!

Aqua Velva gives your face the bracing, finishing touch all women admire. It helps preserve the natural oils of the skin, protect it from wind and weather. And Aqua Velva's notable aroma is favoured all over the world. Get a bottle of the world's most distinguished after-shave lotion — Aqua Velva — today.



For an exclusive shave that cuts skin irritation to a minimum, use  
**WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM**

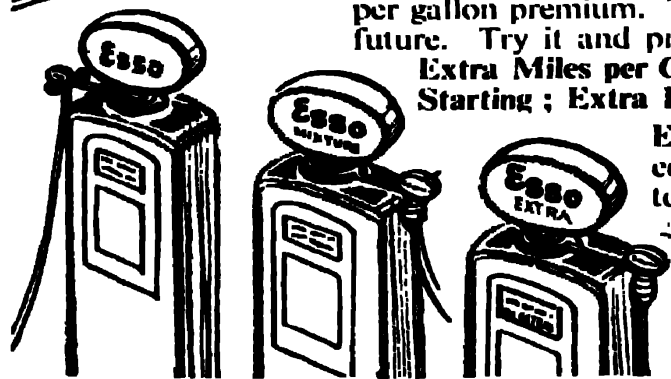


Esso Dealers now have the finest range of petrols ever offered to the motoring public.

**ESSO EXTRA**—the top grade of superlative quality, at 4d. per gallon premium. This petrol is designed for 1953 and the future. Try it and prove the six extras: Extra Anti-Knock; Extra Miles per Gallon; Extra Acceleration; Extra Easy Starting; Extra Power; Extra Engine Cleanliness.

**ESSO MIXTURE**—a scientifically blended fuel for those requiring a quality equal to the best of pre-war grades, at 2d. per gallon premium.

**ESSO**—is the improved version of the standard grade petrol at a standard price.



**TODAY AND EVERY DAY IT PAYS TO SAY ESSO FOR ALL PETROLEUM PRODUCTS**

# New Advance *in* Medicine

**✓** OUR vitality varies from day to day. On Monday you can be listless — weary—bored with life. On Tuesday you may be entirely changed—in tip top form. What makes the difference? Your nerves are the same. You have the same muscles; the same blood. *THE SAME BLOOD?* But *is* it the same blood? On Monday your blood was delivering food to your muscles—but it was lacking in a vital something. On Tuesday the blood delivered food that produced energy.

## WHAT WAS MISSING ON MONDAY?

Vitamins are the most unfortunate lack in civilised nourishment. A certain type of yeast (*not any yeast*) can be the richest source of making up this lack. The human system "asks for" yeast. Some people who actually dislike beer find themselves drinking it—maybe because of the tiny yeast-quantity in it.

## HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT YEASTS

Yeast is a microscopic plant. It appears in hundreds of species — all different, and some useless, or weak, for treating the human body. Yet—OTHER SPECIES WORK WONDERS! In the right kind of yeast you have the benefits of such recognised agents as Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub>, Riboflavin, Calcium d-Pantothenate and Niacin. Yeast, praised as a medicine at the

*Why are you tired today  
... Active tomorrow?*

dawn of history, has, in its modern form, become 1953's most interesting road to general health-betterment.

## BARLEY YEAST—AND "CHLOROPHYLLINS"

Beside the River Thames a technical laboratory, equipped with some very new machinery, is now processing the best type of Yeast, with a concentrated Chlorophyll ("high-Chlorophyll content" is the key-word here), plus other medical agents of recognised value. The resultant tablets are called Chloro-Yeast and already the success of the compound is striking. Professional people; high-ranking men in the Services; business leaders — these intelligent men and women do not deceive themselves. They find the product offers an exceptionally wide range of undeniable benefits.

## WORTHWHILE HEALTH-LIFT FOR MEN & WOMEN ALIKE

Chloro-Yeast aids proper digestion. It creates *NEW* energy and staying power; relieves many aches and pains (especially headaches); lifts depression, lethargy, sluggishness; helps clear the skin; and frees you from concern about certain embarrassing body and mouth odours. One tablet of Chloro-Yeast provides *superior* benefits to those otherwise more expensively available only in several different types of tablet. People *definitely* feel better within a few minutes of taking Chloro-Yeast — thus dispelling all doubt. With CHLORO-YEAST you *know*, right away, that you are getting something quite special in the way of results. It is as clear as that.

Chloro-Yeast is available at most chemists, without prescription, and with directions, at 2/-, 3/9d. and a

125 Tablet size at 9/6d. Should a difficulty in obtaining arise, please order from Sun Island Chemicals Ltd. (Research), Riverside, Hampton, Middx.

*"It is the Fittest who survive"*

**MORE**  
*Life; more*  
*Energy for*  
*everyone*  
*with*  
**YEAST &**  
**Chlorophyll**



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE LATE  
KING GEORGE VI  
MOTOR CAR TYRE  
MANUFACTURERS



The famous Gold Seal, which appears on the side-walls of all Dunlop car tyres, is the symbol of the finest tyres ever. Of these the DUNLOP 'FORT', unequalled for strength, trouble-free performance and long mileage, is the choice of the motorist who is prepared to pay a little more to be sure of the very best.

# DUNLOP FORT

*In a Class by Itself*

2M/164



# Going to America?



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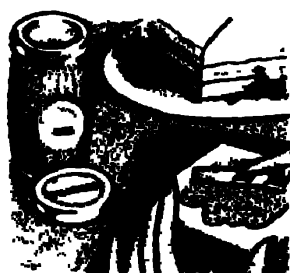
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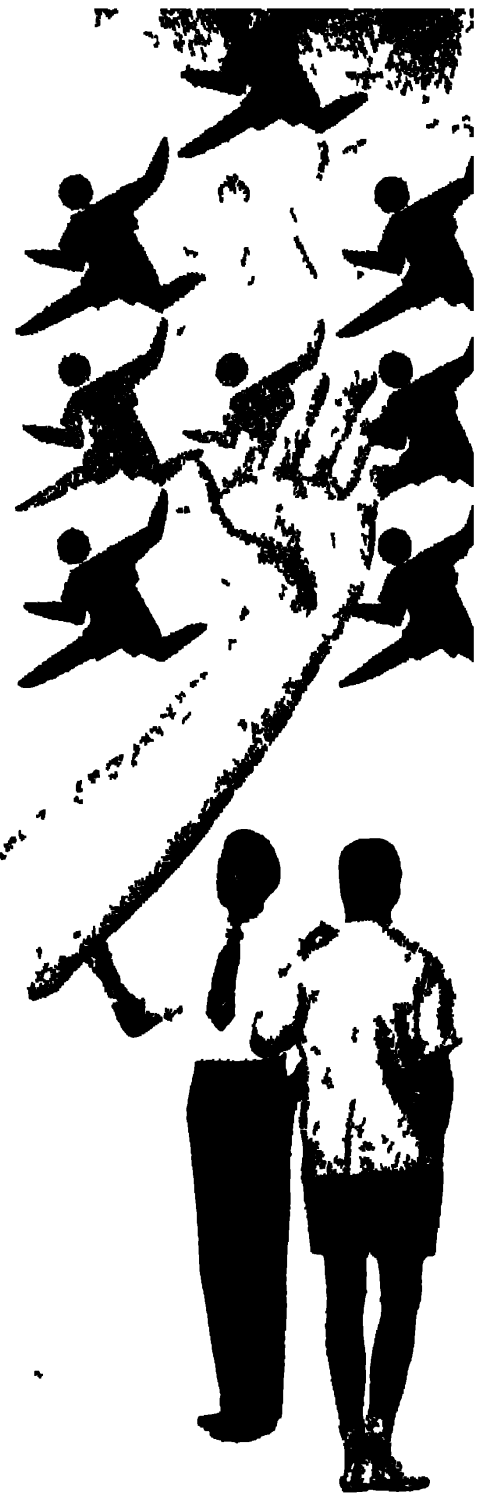


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*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*

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The White Terror

Condensed from True

Hans Rudolf Schmid and Edwin Muller

BY MID-JANUARY 1951 the people of the Swiss Alps knew that catastrophe was coming.

All week the snow had been falling, more snow than the oldest inhabitants could remember. In some valleys it lay nine feet deep in village streets. On the heights above millions of tons were poised, ready to break away and come thundering down.

On January 18 it began.

The village of St. Antonien lay in a typical valley. From its flat floor, 300 to 400 yards wide, the slopes on both sides tilted up steeply 2,000 feet to the rocky peaks. Every year, in late winter or early spring, avalanches came down those slopes, always following the same courses. As elsewhere in the Alps, certain avalanches would come down on almost the same dates year after year. They were expected, and were given names—Kühnihorn, Meierhof, Tschatschuggen.

So the houses and barns that

A week-end of unparalleled disaster in the Swiss Alps

dotted the valley floor were placed to avoid those danger areas. For extra protection massive stone dikes, as high as the eaves of a three-story house, were built in strategic positions on the slopes.

In the past these defences had been adequate. But this year the villagers looked with growing apprehension at the unbelievable drifts that were accumulating. For a week the church bell had not been rung. Its vibration might touch off the delicately poised masses of snow.

On the evening of the 18th the family of Konrad Flüttsch was gathered in the kitchen of their two-story house. Father, mother, four children and the farm hand. The children were restless; they had been indoors for a week, the snow too deep for them to go to school.

Just after nine o'clock they heard the sound. First a low mutter, then a rumble like thunder, then a roar like a hundred express trains coming closer. They all cowered to the floor. Then the avalanche struck.

The building shook as in an earthquake. The walls of the kitchen bulged inwards. The roof caved in. Beams crashed down from the ceiling. The door was flung open. A mass of snow came through, half filling the room.

They huddled there in the cold and dark for two hours. Then they heard the shovels of a rescue party digging down to them.

The kitchen, they found, was the only room of the house that had not been totally destroyed. No one had suffered serious injury.

St. Antönien took stock of its losses. Three houses and five barns destroyed, many houses damaged. Yet by extraordinary luck only one person was killed.

Other communities were less fortunate. The next day, near Zernez, in the Engadine, the driver of a bus waved to a workman repairing the road, Burtel Gross.

A few moments later the driver heard ominous sounds: a crack like a rifle shot, then a hissing noise. Far above, the surface of the snow began to move—very slowly. Then, as it piled up speed, the surface wrinkled into waves. A dense snow cloud formed in front of the slide. The whole mass came roaring down the slope, across the road.

The bus was out of its path. But Burtel Gross had disappeared, buried under the tumbled white mass. The bus driver raced to Zernez. Quickly a rescue party was organized and went to the scene.

There are two ways of finding a victim buried by an avalanche. By the first, men advance in a line across the surface, probing as they go with long iron rods. Or they use a dog, trained to quarter back and forth across the snow. When he smells a human below, he stops, like a bird dog pointing.

A dog found Gross. When they dug down where the animal pointed they found the man still breathing. They worked over him and he began to revive.

Suddenly another, bigger avalanche roared down the slope. It buried Gross and four of the rescuers.

The survivors appealed for help to the village of Zuoz. Soon another rescue party of 20 arrived, the best men from Zuoz. But hardly had they started work when there happened a thing hitherto unknown in the Alps. A third avalanche came down on that same spot. It buried eight of the second party.

Those who were left stayed on the job, labouring frantically. Now and again a victim would be dug out—sometimes alive, sometimes dead.

By Saturday evening they had to give up. There were still seven bodies somewhere under the snow.

The men of Zuoz, though half dead with fatigue, were desperate to get back to their village. What might have happened to their homes and families? But more slides had blocked the road and the railway, cut the telegraph wires. The Zuoz men had to stay in Zernez.

Disaster had, in fact, come to Zuoz—partly because of their absence. A customary defence against avalanches in the Alps is to shoot them down. When the snow masses on the upper slopes reach menacing size a mortar shell or a grenade is fired at a certain key spot to bring down the slide. In Zuoz it had been done several times during that winter; now it was time to do it again. But since the men whose job it was to do it were in Zernez and couldn't be reached, the drifts above grew deeper and deeper.

When the mortar shell was finally fired, it was too late. The avalanche it started came roaring right into the village. Not only that, but another huge slide came down from the opposite slope, which had never been known to avalanche. Four separate streams of snow converged on the village. When the Zuoz men returned, they found five houses destroyed, five persons killed.

St. Antönien and the Engadine were only two of many valleys where death crashed down from the heights on that week-end of disaster.

Reports began to arrive in Berne and Zürich: avalanches by the hundred. This village partly destroyed; that valley cut off. Number of dead unknown. Some 80 miles of the Grisons Railway—30 per cent of its trackage—were blocked off. The whole road and rail transportation network of eastern Switzerland was disorganized. Fashionable ski resorts like Davos, St. Moritz and Zermatt were cut off. Cabled inquiries from all over the world went unanswered.

Andermatt, on the north side of the St. Gotthard Pass, has a fort and military barracks. Early on the morning of January 20 the commandant ordered certain houses in the town evacuated. Many inhabitants took refuge in the barracks, but one family refused to move.

That day Andermatt was struck by eight avalanches in succession. Of the family that had chosen to stay, all were killed. The last and biggest avalanche struck the barracks. They were of massive stone construction, but a part was smashed and one family was wiped out.

Aloys Arnold, the stationmaster at Gurtellen, stood on the platform waiting for the arrival of the Copenhagen-Rome express. He could hear the train far up the tracks, approaching a high viaduct. Looking up, he saw on the long slopes above the tracks the snow cloud of an avalanche. He leaped for the switchboard and shut off

the power just in time to halt the train in the middle of the viaduct.

The avalanche thundered down. The train and its 280 passengers were safe. At the point it would have reached, the tracks were buried under piles of snow higher than a house.

Some of the avalanche damage that fatal week-end was done not by the snow but by the violent wind and suction which the moving mass generates. Small houses, untouched by the slide, were picked up and hurled hundreds of yards. In one house a child was asleep in bed in an upper room. The air pressure tore off the roof, jerked out the bed and deposited it with the child unhurt on a snowbank. The house was smashed and the rest of the family were killed. [Last December 22 the air pressure generated by an avalanche roaring down Austria's Arlberg Pass hurled a busload of holiday skiers off a bridge into a stream 18 feet below, killing 23 of the 31 passengers.]

Rescue and relief expeditions were organized quickly. Army ski patrols went into the isolated valleys. In one they found 22 dead. Tons of "food bombs" were parachuted to marooned villages. One by one the bodies of victims were found. Church bells tolled in the villages, funeral processions wound through the streets. Sometimes they

had to dig through 20 feet of snow to reach the cemetery.

In northern Switzerland most of the disaster was confined to that one week-end of terror. But in the south masses of snow still hung heavy and menacing. The little town of Airolo huddles down on the floor of a deep valley where the St. Gotthard tunnel emerges from Italy. There, as in the north, the snow had accumulated to a greater depth than any man could remember. The dikes and avalanche traps were constructed on a larger scale than usual. Early in February the inhabitants were ordered to evacuate, but a few remained to tend the cattle on which the town's livelihood depended.

There were five big avalanches. Four were stopped by the dikes. But they covered up the protecting walls, paving the way for destruction. The fifth rolled over half of Airolo like a tidal wave. Only the top of the church steeple was left visible. Ten men were killed.

The total casualty list in the Alps in those early weeks of 1951 was 210 dead—92 in Switzerland, 83 in the Austrian Alps, 35 in Italy. In Switzerland alone more than 1,400 houses were destroyed. In the spring the labour of reconstruction began. The people of the Alps do not desert their houses and livelihoods because of the threat of snow. They stay and fight it out.



*Gustaf Adolf of Sweden—a true
monarch of the people*

BEING KING IS A JOB

By Edwin Muller



FVERY Friday morning Sweden's 16 Ministers of State assemble round a long table in a vast, lofty-ceilinged room in the Royal Palace in Stockholm. Promptly at 11 King Gustaf Adolf enters and the ministers rise and bow. The King's hair is grey, his face deeply lined, but he holds his six feet two erect and is vigorous to a degree unusual in a man of 70. Like the ministers, he wears an ordinary business suit. He shakes each one's hand with a genial, friendly greeting, and gets briskly to work.

Though Sweden is ruled essentially by its Parliament and Cabinet, every Act of the government must have the approval of the King. With Gustaf Adolf this is no empty formality. He questions the ministers long and meticulously. His questions show he has studied each subject intensively. A frequent question: "Why is this necessary?"

Sometimes the discussion leads to a shelving of the matter, but not for a long time has there been any question of a King's vetoing an Act of real importance.

The significant thing about this weekly meeting is the attitude of genuine friendliness that prevails, despite the fact that a majority of the ministers are Social-Democrats, whose party has advocated the abolition of the monarchy. The socialist leaders have come to realize that the Swedes really want a King, and that this monarch is doing a first-rate job for the 1,600,000 kronor (about £110,000) he is paid annually.

The Swedes demand in their King a curious combination of simplicity and pomp—and the King obliges. His tall figure and scholarly face are a common sight in the streets of Stockholm. He has no bodyguard. Passers by greet him soberly and the King lifts his hat.

He knows personally many businessmen, stenographers, farmers, working-men.

Less agreeable to King Gustaf Adolf are the requirements of pomp and ceremony. He must give state banquets. At these banquets, there stands behind him "the King's hunter," wearing a green uniform and patent-leather boots. Behind the Queen stands her "outrunner," who wears a pointed cap with two ostrich plumes, knee-length breeches, black stockings and a short, pleated, yellow skirt-like kilt with silver fringe. These two functionaries take the dishes from the servants and hand them to Their Majesties. The King prefers small, intimate dinners with a few cronies. Except for state occasions, the King and Queen confine themselves to their apartment of 13 rooms on the ground floor of the vast Royal Palace, which has 680 rooms, some of them as long as a city block. Hundreds of Swedes pass daily through the courtyard on their way to work.

It's unusual for a man to start his life's job at 68, as King Gustaf Adolf did. He ascended the throne in 1950 on the death of his father, Gustaf V, a legendary figure who played tournament tennis into his 80s and died at 92. He is the great-great-grandson of Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, who founded the present dynasty 143 years ago. When the old royal line was dying out in 1809, the Swedes, looking round Europe for a new Crown

Prince, made a surprising choice: Bernadotte, a Frenchman. The son of a country lawyer in the Pyrenees, Bernadotte had joined Napoleon's army, risen from sergeant to marshal, become one of Europe's most brilliant commanders.

Under the Bernadottes Sweden has passed through a century and a half of troubled times in Europe without war or violent revolution. The soldierlike Bernadottes have devoted their lives to peace. Another great-great-grandson of Charles XIV John, as the first King of that line was called, Count Folke Bernadotte, was assassinated in 1948 while striving to mediate between Israel and the Arab states.

As a young Crown Prince, Gustaf Adolf had to learn quite a lot about a lot of subjects: history, economics, geography, military science. He early learned to speak English, French and German as well as Swedish. Facts, faces and names must never escape him. Gustaf Adolf used to keep a card index of all the hundreds of people he met. Now he doesn't need it—he can remember the name of a person who was introduced to him a year ago and whom he hasn't seen since.

Public speaking came hard to him. He had to fight for years to overcome his natural shy hesitance. But that weakness too yielded to self-discipline. Apparently it was during his first visit to the United States in 1926 as Crown Prince that the King learned to speak freely and

acquired a liking for extemporaneous talks. He is now one of the best public speakers in Sweden. He composes his own speeches with a pencil, working over them laboriously. They are never pompous or rhetorical—but simple, factual and to the point.

In the midst of all these things that he had to do, Gustaf Adolf happened upon the thing that he really liked.

One day, when he was 16, he was hunting about in some odd-shaped mounds in the grounds of the country palace at Tullgarn. He found some human bones and tools of the Bronze Age. It was as if a born musician had heard his first bars of great music.

For Gustaf Adolf archaeology has been more than an absorbing interest; it has been a profession. He joined expeditions to Italy, Greece, Cyprus and other parts of the Middle East, to Korea and China. He would be out on the diggings at dawn, labour all day under the hot sun. Today the leading archaeologists of Europe regard him as one of themselves, an authority on the Tuscan remains in Italy and the ancient civilizations of Cyprus.

Gustaf Adolf also developed a professional knowledge of Oriental art. In the jade, porcelain and bronze of the Sung period he is a recognized expert.

Royal marriages are often arranged without too much regard for the wishes of the pair involved. Gustaf

Adolf has been more fortunate. His first wife, Princess Margaret of Connaught, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was his own choice, when he was 22. They lived together happily for 15 years, had five children.

Three years after her death in 1920 he married the present Queen, again his own choice. She was Lady Louise Mountbatten, aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh. It has been one of those happy marriages in which two very different people complement each other—she gay and impulsive, he serious and solid. They have always liked to do things together, whether it's an expedition to the Middle East or a walk into town to go shopping.

Monday to Saturday the King drives himself at the job to which he has been born. His working day begins at 7.30, when his valet brings to his bed *The Times* and two or three Swedish papers.

Every day in his office his engagement pad is full. The steady succession of callers and papers keeps him hard at it until past noon.

Lunch is served promptly at one. From time to time the King likes to join the Stockholm Rotary Club at their weekly luncheon. After lunch he goes back to the office, or out to make a speech or an inspection.

The working day ends soon after five. Then, regularly twice a week, the King plays tennis.

Dinner at the palace is at seven. There are always guests. Nearly every evening there's canasta,

usually a foursome of King, Queen, aide-de-camp and lady-in-waiting. There is no television set. Sometimes the King studies archaeology, writes letters in longhand to his scientific colleagues or answers his personal mail. He likes to hear from Swedes who have emigrated to America and will sometimes ask what has become of some family group.

In holiday time the King usually gets away from the city, as do most other Swedes. Nearly every family, even the ones who can't afford cars, manages to have some kind of shack in the country. The King goes to the summer palace at Solero with crates of books and a big package of garden seeds. He is an apple farmer. He has more than 2,000 trees and he likes to prune and graft. His specialities in flowers are azaleas and rhododendrons, in which he has become something of an expert. It is characteristic of him that he keeps a card index of all his plants, recording when each was planted, in which years it flowered.

The King also has a fishing camp on a trout stream far up in the northern woods. There is no road to it; he has to walk four miles. Since his accession he hasn't found much time to go to it, but he's hoping he can manage it this year.

Part of the job of being King is to assure the succession. Gustaf Adolf might have supposed that he had done that adequately when he had five children. But of his four

sons two married commoners, which disqualified them from the throne, and one is unmarried. Then in 1947 his eldest son was killed in a plane crash. The son's wife, Princess Sibylla, had had four daughters; then she had a son, Carl Gustaf. On Carl Gustaf the succession depends today.

The Little Prince, as everybody calls him, is the darling of the Swedish people. He's a blond little boy with dark, bright eyes—so good-looking that even if he weren't Crown Prince photographers would still want his picture to display in their show-cases. He loves riding and is often to be seen in the public park of the Haga trying to make his pony trot faster. He likes soldiers, and always insists on stopping to watch marching troops.

The King spends as much time as he can with his grandson. It's not too soon, the King thinks, to discipline him in the duties and responsibilities that lie ahead. Even play, the King feels, should be a means of training. When together they set up the Prince's electric trains, the King uses the occasion for a geography lesson: "This station is Goteborg. This is Uppsala. Do not forget."

Like other boys of his age, the Little Prince has a lively imagination and a normal love of mischief. But the Swedish people are confident that he will grow up to the obligations of the job as his grandfather has done before him.

*Spawned by a swirl of cosmic dust and forged
in elemental fire, the globe on which we live
spins towards destruction by its parent sun*

The Earth Is Born

Condensed from Life

Lincoln Barnett

AT CERTAIN MOMENTS when he finds himself beneath the stars, at sea perhaps, or in a moonlit meadow, man contemplates the natural world—and he wonders. How was this earth created? When did it come into being? What is its fate?

The concept of a random universe, without origin or destiny, is meaningless. Man has always postulated a Creation, and Genesis speaks with universal accents in its mighty opening phrases: "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. . . .*"

In its assault on these uttermost questions, modern cosmogony impinges on the ancient realm of religion. The striking fact is that today their stories seem increasingly to converge. And every mystery that science resolves points to a larger mystery beyond itself.

For most of his short history man assumed that his planet was scarcely older than himself. As late as 1654 Archbishop Ussher of Ireland firmly announced that his study of Scripture proved that creation took place in 4004 B.C., on October 26, at 9 a.m. For a century or more thereafter it was heresy to suppose an earlier origin.

But by the turn of the 19th century a few lonely pioneers were creating a new science: geology. Chipping away at hillsides, they noted that each stratum of rock held its own characteristic plant and animal remains. They began dimly to sense vast vistas of time, punctuated by profound changes of climate, topography and life. How else could one explain the bones of whales on hilltops, palm trees in England, marine deposits on the plains of Kansas, or glacial debris in Brazil? Then in 1858 Darwin's epic work

on evolution supplied a coherent system of chronology: the calendar of fossils pushed back the time of creation millions of years.

It was not until the discovery of radio-activity about 1900, however, that the age of the earth could be fixed with approximate precision. Radio-active elements—uranium, thorium and radium—decay at fixed rates, undergoing a series of transformations at a known rhythm and ending up eventually as lead. Thus it is possible to weigh the amount of uranium in a radio active rock against its residue of lead and calculate how long ago the deposit was formed.

Analyses of radio-active rocks in all parts of the world point to the conclusion that the earth's crust solidified about three thousand million years ago. Other approaches—calculations of the ratio of salt in the ocean to the amount of salts annually conveyed by rivers to the sea, as well as studies of stellar combustion—all indicate a beginning, a creation fixed in time. The date is never less than two thousand million years ago, and never more than four or five. Clearly the earth is far older than man ever surmised till now.

It is when one turns from the *When* of creation to the *How* that science enters deep waters. Any study of the earth's origins must begin with a knowledge of its present state. And, although astronomy has taught us much about the universe

up to a thousand million light-years away, our knowledge of what lies beneath our feet terminates a few fathoms down. The greatest depth to which man has ever penetrated the earth is a 20,521-foot oil well in Wyoming, only 1/1000 of the distance to the terrestrial centre.

One thing appears certain, however: the earth's interior is fiery hot. Heat measurements in mines show that the temperature increases about 1° F. for every 60 feet of depth. At two miles it reaches the boiling-point of water, and at 30 miles the melting-point of rocks (2,200°). It is at this level that the lavas of volcanoes are commonly formed. Recent discoveries disclose that much of the heat of upper strata emanates from radio-active elements which occur in concentrated deposits near the surface. Farther down the temperature increase tapers off, so that the maximum at the core may be around 10,000°, or about that of the surface of the sun.

Most geophysicists envisage the earth as composed of three main concentric spheres. It cannot be built throughout of the kind of rocks we see on the surface, for such a composition would account for less than half of its known mass of 6,600 million million million tons. All considerations argue that the core must be a gigantic ball of molten iron (with perhaps some nickel and other elements), 4,000 miles in diameter, or about the size of Mars. The physical properties of this great

ball are unknown, for the stupendous pressures there (46,500,000 pounds per square inch) would crush the iron molecules into a strange dense substance technically a "liquid" yet unlike any liquid we can imagine.

Surrounding the molten core and reaching almost to the surface is the earth's inner shell, 2,000 miles thick. Seismology and other branches of earth science suggest its make-up. The mineral which satisfies most requirements is olivine, a heavy grey-green rock of iron-magnesium silicates. It seems, paradoxically, to be both rigid and plastic, white hot where it meets the core and probably red hot throughout.

Above this shell lies the thin crust of man's world, relatively no thicker than the skin of an apple. This, too, is divided into layers. Its underlayer, or "basement," seems to be a shell of basalt (a black rock often found in lava), ten to 20 miles thick. Topmost of all, rising like icebergs above the sea, stand the granite continents on which we live. Some geophysicists describe them as "floating," for granite is lighter than basalt, as basalt is lighter than olivine and olivine is lighter than iron. So our great land masses are, curiously, the lightest of the materials that compose the terrestrial sphere.

This strange anatomy, with its descending layers of ever-heavier elements and ever-higher temperatures, suggests that the earth was

once molten and even now has hardly begun to cool.

The currently popular theory of the earth's origin was formulated by astronomer Gerard Kuiper, of the University of Chicago, in 1951. As almost all astronomers now agree, it assumes, first, that all the stars evolved from primordial clouds of sparse gas and cosmic dust, drifting at random in space. Compelled by gravitation, they massed, contracted, rotated. Internal pressures and temperatures rose, until in the last white-hot stages of collapse they began to radiate as stars.

Spinning wildly about on their poles, most of them split in half and turned into the binary (double) stars that make up more than half the stellar population. Others separated into triplets, or even, like our North Star, into five units that appear to the eye as one. But in certain instances—perhaps one in 100—the distribution of matter and balance of forces were such that, instead of dividing, a cloud formed a single nucleus.

One of these was our sun, an infant star growing and glowing in the centre of a rotating disk of inchoate matter the diameter of our solar system. As the disk spun, growing ever flatter, the effect of gravity created whorls of denser matter within it. The whorls collided, intermingled, collecting into ever-larger masses of matter. In time—perhaps 100 million years—the whorls condensed into planets, satel-

lites and the wandering comets of the outer rim. Inside the whorl from which our earth congealed a still smaller one coagulated into our moon.

And so in the morning of time the earth was a featureless ball of matter, hurtling down the dusty corridor of its orbit. It must have been heated to incandescence, most theorists believe, by the squeeze of gravitation and the friction of its passage through the solar cloud. While in the molten state the heaviest elements sank to the core, the lightest floated upwards. Slowly the crust cooled.

In this epoch the first continents took shape amid the wildest scenes of geologic time. All across the earth's savage face smoke and flame arose incessantly, and fierce fountains of fluid rock spewed to the surface. Gradually blocks of granite and basalt began to harden. Many dissolved or foundered, but here and there granitic masses loomed like icebergs on the molten sea, expanding outwards and downwards until they rested on the basalt basement.

One theory holds that the continents congealed exactly where they rest today; another that they crystallized in a single mass, then separated and floated round the globe—impelled by the earth's rotational force—until the basalt basement froze them to their present sites. (A glance at the map shows that the eastern coastlines of the Americas

fit those of Western Europe and Africa like the pieces of a puzzle.)

After the land cohered, the seas were made. As the rocks hardened, great jets of water vapour and carbon dioxide welled up to form the primal atmosphere. They collected in enormous cloud masses that shrouded the earth in perpetual darkness. Sometimes in the upper reaches of the cloud canopy rain started to fall—only to boil and turn again to steam. For possibly 1,000 years sunlight never penetrated this dense pall of gloom. But at last the day came when rains fell and did not boil away. No one can say how long this greatest deluge of all time went on—perhaps for centuries. But when finally the clouds thinned, the primeval oceans glittered in the rays of the bright new sun.

As the earth's interior continued to cool, it shrank from its outer crust as a dried apple shrinks within its skin. And like the apple skin the earth's crust wrinkled, to form mountains. Violent periods of mountain building, when the earth's crust readjusted itself to thermal contraction and the changing stresses of its load, have alternated with longer periods of calm, when the implacable rains drilled away at the mountain-tops, leaching out their minerals, carving canyons and gorges, sweeping the substance of the mountains down to the sea. Then for millions of years the land was level and featureless, save for slow rivers and shallow inland seas

—until once again the crust revolted and new mountains arose.

Somewhat more than one thousand million years ago the Laurentians of eastern Canada were born amid such a fury of volcanic activity as the earth has not known since—a stupendous upwelling of molten rock that engulfed two million square miles of the region around Hudson Bay in a cover of lava two miles thick. It is still there today—the great granite floor of the Laurentian Shield. The Appalachian Chain came into existence 200 million years ago, a range then splendid as the modern Alps but now long since levelled by erosion, so today only its underlying folds remain to suggest the snow-crowned peaks that once marched unbroken from Newfoundland to Alabama.

We are living even now in a revolutionary age of mountain-building. All the high mountains of the earth today—the Himalayas, Rockies, Alps, Andes—came into existence within the last 60 million years. The youngest mountains of all, the Cascades of North America's West Coast, arose out of the sea scarcely a million years ago, accompanied by outbursts of volcanism whose traces are everywhere visible. All round the Pacific, from Alaska to the Indies, volcanoes form a ring of fire. There is evidence that the Himalayas and other mountains are still growing. All human history has been enacted during one of the earth's brief interludes of splendour

when mountains transfigure the planet's ordinarily flat countenance.

We live, moreover, in a glacial age. At least four times since the curtain rose on man about a million years ago, glaciers have advanced and retreated. Today we are just emerging from the last advance, which reached its climax about 20,000 years ago. One-tenth of the earth's surface is still permanently glaciated. Greenland and Antarctica lie capped beneath five million cubic miles of ice, and elsewhere glaciers still armour the loftier mountains. Yet in the last 200 years there has been a marked retreat. Hotels in Switzerland built to command scenic vistas of ice today have no glaciers in view. The Arctic and Antarctic ice packs recede yearly. According to present calculations the earth's climate will become increasingly warmer until A.D. 20,000, the next ice age will begin about A.D. 50,000. The profoundest consequence of the melting of the present ice caps will be the raising of sea level by more than 100 feet—enough to submerge New York, London, Paris and most of the coastal areas of the earth.

"The created world," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, "is but a small parenthesis in eternity." On a lesser scale man's world is but a small parenthesis in terrestrial time. In the ages ahead the earth's great recurring rhythms will repeat themselves. Each day the rains and running waters will sweep eight million tons

of the land's substance into the sea, until all the towering peaks we know lie crumbled on the ocean floor. But new summits will arise. And again, at intervals so vast as to be meaningless in man's meagre dimension of time, the earth's face will buckle, volcanoes will roar, glaciers will abrade the plains, leaving new lakes and rivers in their wake, and the seas will rise and fall.

For the earth is still young. It will probably exist as long as the sun, and the sun is a young star, with fuel for many thousands of millions of years. Astronomers used to believe that in the end the sun would fade like a dying ember, and that terrestrial life would succumb to the chill of space. But they know more today about the processes that keep the stars alight, and they suspect that stars do not die peacefully. It appears that the earth will return to primordial flame.

Perhaps three to ten thousand million years from now the hydrogen that lights our sun will run low, and as it dwindles certain dynamic processes will come into play to make the sun grow brighter and hotter. Slowly but steadily the temperature on earth will rise until life shrivels and the oceans boil away. In its death throes the sun may swell, at first slowly, then more and

more rapidly, into what astronomers call a "red giant," a diffuse, distended star that will engulf the earth in its monstrous, swollen body.

It is also possible that the sun, in its final paroxysm, may explode. It may blow up all at once in a single catastrophic explosion, or it may become a "nova," disintegrating in a series of partial explosions, each temporarily increasing its luminosity 10,000 times. At least 30 novae appear in our local galaxy each year.

When the fatal day arrives the sun will hurl forth the outer layers of its incandescent atmosphere, disclosing the fearful white fires of its core. The first flare of light and heat will bathe the earth in deadly radiation just eight minutes after the initial explosion. Two days later the atmospheric gases blown outwards at a speed of two million m.p.h. will envelop our doomed planet in veils of fire, melting the rocks and enkindling the very air. The end is best pictured in Revelation in another of the striking parallels between Biblical and modern scientific prophecy: "*And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun. . . . And men were scorched with great heat . . . and the cities of the nations fell. . . . And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found. . . .*"



A girl's hardest task is to prove to a man that his intentions are serious.

--Helen Rowland

A recipe for peace
of mind and serenity

Mixing Mental Cocktails

Condensed from
"Be Happier, Be Healthier"

Gayelord Hauser

IT IS MIDNIGHT. I am lying in bed in the Grand Hotel in Rome. I have been driving all day and I am tired, but I have not yet relaxed. Through the window come the noises of the city—cars, buses, hundreds of motor scooters. Since Rome is in a hurry to get home, every vehicle has its own little *toot-toot* or *peep peep* telling others to get out of the way. So sleep does not come quickly.

For such moments I have a favourite soporific. I call it mixing a mental cocktail and I prescribe it as a diversion when sleep eludes you. I prescribe it, too, for those moments when you need comfort or a spiritual boost. This cocktail is not to be drunk from a glass but taken in through the mind, for its ingredients come from the distilled essences of sensory pleasures and happy remembrances.

Let me tell you how I mixed my cocktail that night in Rome. For sound I took the soothing theme of the lullaby from the light opera *Erminie*, which I have always loved. For sight I went in memory to my home in New York and from the wall took a Renoir picture of a peaceful old man sitting outside a rural inn door. For taste I used the remembrance of tree-ripe peaches as I had eaten them a few weeks ago. For odour I added a little gardenia from a California garden. And for touch, the remembrance of the cool, refreshing waters in which I swam just two days ago—the waters of the Mediterranean.

Slowly, in my mind, I mixed these things which I always associate with peace and calm and relaxation. Round and round I stirred them, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling. The sounds of Rome died away. The draught is a heavy one and potent. Phenobarbital was never like this.

At first, in mixing such a cocktail, you may find it difficult to conjure up the ingredients. It depends on whether you live in a world of merely vague and general sounds, sights and smells, or whether you live where the blackbird sings, where the lilac scents the air. It depends on how well you have trained your eyes, ears and nose, whose three wonderful senses are your main contact with the world. And such training is possible.

You should see not just a painting; you should see that it is a Matisse, or a Corot. You should hear more than music; you should hear Beethoven and an inverted fifth. You should know that that was a blackbird, not a warbler, and that this is the odour of jasmine and that of lilac.

Every time you go to a museum you can bring home a Cézanne, a Da Vinci and a Rembrandt all your own. Originals, too. Here is how you do it. Simply focus on the picture for four or five minutes, but make sure that everything you want to keep is contained in the frame of your attention. Go over it detail by detail. Shut your eyes. Now look again, and if things appear which you had not remembered, then your first exposure has not been long enough. So try a minute or two more. Now you have your picture. It will not fade. It is yours for ever.

Music, too, is something to remember, not merely something to recognize. Hang on to some part of every composition you like. Grab a measure and make it yours. When

you have a little of Beethoven's Fifth in your mind, you will find that just those few notes will evoke many more.

And when you have trained your eyes, your ears, your nose, make your mind a museum of masterpieces, a concert hall full of visions of Toscanini, a country garden of flowers and the scented breezes of summer. Make it a hall of fame full of the great people of history; make it a stage on which Shakespeare is re-enacted.

Tonight when you go to bed, see what ingredients you can pour into the goblet of your mind. Remember, when you mix that first cocktail, to put in a jigger of a song that soothes you, a dash of a picture you love, for sweetness a taste of some wonderful fruit, then add a touch of bouquet from a favourite flower and finally a liberal amount of that feeling you had when you relaxed on your holiday with the warm sun overhead. I assure you it will give you such sleep as you have not had since childhood.

Try it.

Deafening Silence

THE VANCOUVER *Sun* wanted to find out whether anyone was reading stories on the Korean War. So it ran the same dispatch on the front page three days in a row.

What happened? Nothing. Not one of the *Sun's* 500,000 readers phoned to check the "error."

Yet, the editors pointed out, whenever a comic strip or feature column is dropped or repeated, the switchboard is deluged with calls from irate readers.

—AP

"The force that will save Indo-China must come from within"



*Ho Chi Minh,
Communist leader*

Indo-China: A House Divided

Condensed from Look
William O. Douglas

DONG KHE is a small village of northern Indo China, 60 miles or so north-east of Hanoi in the rich and strategic rice-growing Red River delta. The village has changed hands several times since Ho Chi Minh, Communist leader, unleashed his forces against Indo-China in 1946. I visited it recently the day after it had been freshly taken by the French. Vietnamese troops patrolled its muddy streets. A rehabilitation unit was examining villagers to ferret out Communists; collecting Viet Minh currency in bushel baskets; vaccinating the inhabitants against small-pox; organizing an anti-Communist propaganda unit; issuing ration cards and arranging for distribution of food.

Dong Khe had changed hands so fast that there was a stunned look in the eyes of the inhabitants. Today it was the French and Vietnamese; yesterday it had been the

Communist Viet Minh. Who would be their masters tomorrow?

These days, everyone is on a tentative basis in Indo-China. The French have already announced they will leave—when it's safe to turn military affairs over to the Vietnamese. Foreigners sleep on uneasy beds, mindful of the night just before Christmas, 1946, when Ho Chi Minh organized the assassination of more than 50 European residents of Hanoi.

The miserable peasants, impressed into military service by both the Vietnamese and the Viet Minh, trampled over by the opposing armies, more often than not look to the Viet Minh for their salvation. Communist Ho Chi Minh is to them only a nationalist bent on liberating their homeland from French rule. They point out that Ho Chi Minh does not live in luxury, but sleeps under a tree and eats the same food that they do.

Opposition to the French underlies the forces that work for disintegration in Indo-China. Judged by their present performance, the French do not deserve condemnation. They have admitted the three states of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos into the French Union and granted them independence. They remain behind merely to fight a war.

The military effort of the French in this struggle reaches heroic proportions. The war to date has cost them 90,000 casualties. Each year they are losing as many officers as are graduated from their military academy. Each year the war costs them 525,000,000,000 francs (about £535,750,000).

For years, however, French colonial policy in Indo-China was marked by cruelty and exploitation. The Vietnamese remember only those decades of grievances. French motives are suspect even on such basic issues as the grant of independence to Viet Nam.

"The High Commissioner still occupies the big house, doesn't he?" the Vietnamese say. "Doesn't he also outrank our President?"

The French High Commissioner does reside in the "Government House" of Saigon. Even Emperor Bao Dai, who is backed by the French, has a smaller one. To many Vietnamese, here is proof positive that the French have lingering imperialistic designs.

To a degree, Bao Dai is a cohe-

sive force, since he is a symbol of the past. That is an important symbol in Indo-China. But Bao Dai has not proved to be a leader who can compete with Ho Chi Minh for support of the peasants.

In June 1952 he appointed a new cabinet headed by Nguyen Van Tam. Tam's government advertises a broad programme of reform: pacification of the country; elimination of graft; increased productivity; land reform; free trade unions; an elected assembly.

To date, only a small start on that programme has been made. Trade unions have been legalized by decree, but the first reform that the country wants is a parliament. "Give us the right to vote and we will elect a parliament that will make the laws for the country." I heard that plea over and over again. "When we have a parliament, we shall get our land reform and all the other reforms we need."

There are crying needs in Viet Nam that Ho Chi Minh exploits. By law, rent on land holdings is restricted to 30 per cent of the crop, but in practice 50 per cent or more is collected. The moneylenders are usually Chinese who charge farmers as high as 400 per cent interest a year. Schools are woefully inadequate. Hospitals are few and overcrowded. I visited one in Hanoi where there were 960 patients and only 240 beds. Four patients to each bed! Each had six hours a day in the bed. There were always three

on the floor waiting their turn.

For years, Ho Chi Minh campaigned against these conditions. He kept Communism out of his propaganda. He played the rôle of the nationalist, bent on independence and reform. There are good men in the Viet Nam government who advocate reform, but there are not enough of them in power. Yet without reform, it will appear to the peasants that Ho Chi Minh is their only hope.

Red China is the main staging ground for Minh's army operations. Red China furnishes him with 3,000 tons of ammunition a month; it has military training schools for his troops. Russia has sent instructors from Czechoslovakia. Minh's armies have no tanks or planes and only a few trucks. But they have a bountiful supply of carbines, machine-guns, bazookas, artillery and mortars—much of it American material originally given to Nationalist China. Instead of trucks, slave labour moves Minh's ammunition and supplies over hundreds of miles of mountains. In one recent operation, he mustered 600,000 coolies as transport.

Minh carefully conserves the central core of his army, some 50,000 seasoned troops. He has committed them to battle only twice. Instead he uses guerrilla tactics of harassment and infiltration to keep the opposition constantly off balance and wear it down.

Some of these infiltrations are

startling. Hué, a town of 200,000, is more than 300 miles south of the Viet Minh stronghold in the north. The day before my visit, a regiment of Viet Minh troops (about 3,000) suddenly appeared below Hué. These troops had sifted down from the north in a matter of days—travelling at night, disguised as peasants during the day. The first the French knew of the episode was when the regiment moved into action.

Such infiltration is possible only when the enemy has the support of the great mass of the people. In Indo-China it is often said that the country is Viet Nam by day and Viet Minh by night. That is an exaggeration, but the countryside is so dangerous that most towns have curfews.

Terrorists show up everywhere. The airport at Hué is nine miles from the town. When I arrived in the morning the road into town had first to be cleared of land mines. Every night new ones are laid.

The innocent-looking peasant who works by day in the rice paddy goes about his assigned job for the Viet Minh at night. The women who carry bundles of banana wood more likely than not have concealed hand grenades in them. Merchants, coolies, farmers, civil servants make up a vast network of intelligence for the Viet Minh.

Though the Viet Minh is everywhere, it often seems to be no-

where. Last August the French moved 10,000 troops in an all-out drive against a supposed Viet Minh stronghold. But they struck at a ghost. No Viet Minh troops were engaged. They gave way before the assault, showing the natives that French troops, American armour and all the skill of modern war are futile against them.

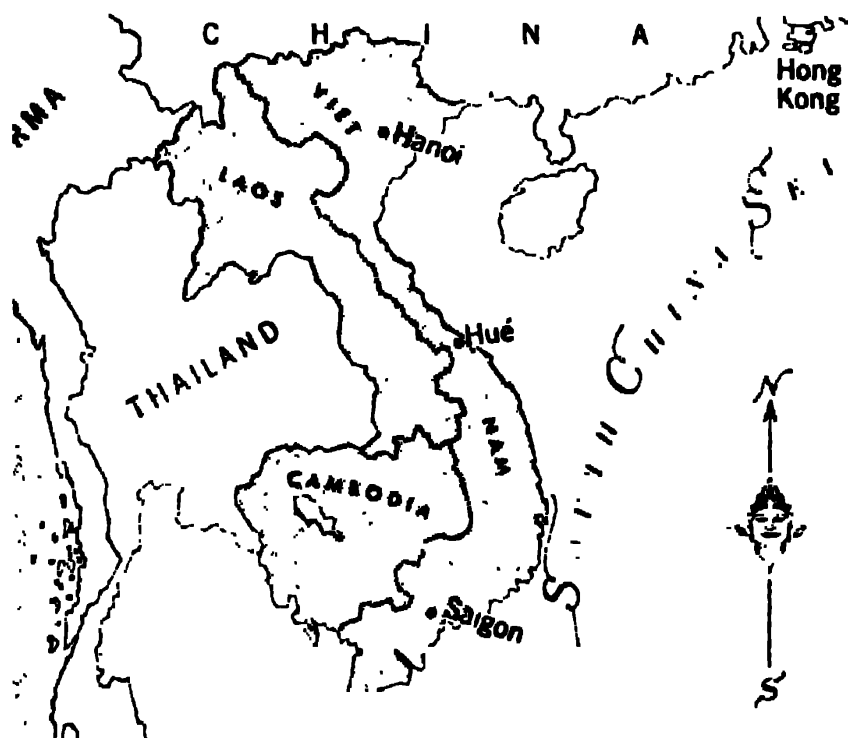
But for General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, the brilliant French officer who rallied Indo-China against the Viet Minh two years ago there can be no doubt that Indo-China would have fallen. If

Indo-China fell all South-east Asia would be imperilled. The prize is attractive, for Indo-China, Thailand and Burma make up the famous rice bowl of Asia. Rice means power. China is hungry for rice. Japan imports 20 per cent of her food and is heavily dependent on rice. If the Communist forces had command of the food supplies of Asia, they would soon have the food-short countries at their mercy.

At one time Ho Chi Minh, who is Moscow-trained, may have been more of a nationalist than a Communist. But today the Viet Minh is

definitely Communist. Its high command, numbering perhaps 600 dyed-in-the-wool Communists, controls the movement to such an extent that some Vietnamese say Ho Chi Minh is their prisoner.

One has to travel Indo-China to sense that the year of disaster may be close at hand. There is difficulty in appraising the situation from the outside because of the distortion of news as a result of censorship. For example, this summer two Vietnamese companies were wiped



Indo-China is not a nation but a geographical expression for an area which includes three independent states - Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. Viet Nam (pronounced Vee-et Nahm) is the largest of the three states and its name has come to stand for the entire area.

Viet Minh (pronounced Vee-et Meen) is not a state but a contraction of the name of the Communist Party, Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh Hoi (League for the Independence of Viet Nam).

out by the Communists. Correspondents wrote the story that way. It was rewritten by the censor to say that a large number of Vietnamese troops had escaped a Viet Minh trap. A correspondent, a friend of mine, was indignant, demanded to know if he had been inaccurate. "No," snapped the censor. "But you're too damned objective."

There is no Vietnamese army to take over the defence of Indo-China should the French leave. Vietnamese troops fighting with the French number 130,000, but there are only 1,000 Vietnamese officers. A vigorous officer-training programme is under way, but it will take another four or five years to train enough officers to assume full responsibility. Meanwhile, the French must hang on.

That necessity creates the dilemma. The presence of the French gives the Viet Minh a powerful

platform. Even so, a government bent on reform could give the Viet Minh real political opposition.

The bald truth is that the only force that can save Indo-China must come from within. The Viet Minh is on a fanatical crusade; the Communist forces have the fire of zealots. But there is no reason why the Vietnamese cannot outdo them, if the powers-that-be *release* rather than *stifle* the democratic forces.

A Vietnamese, wise in politics and close to the pulse of the nation, said to me at Hanoi: "If our people so desired, they could get rid of the Viet Minh in a week."

That is the tragedy of Indo-China. Her house is divided against itself. If the democratic south had the zeal of the Communist north, the south would easily win. But it will take far more than guns and money to produce that victory.

THERE'S NOTHING like a dish cloth for wiping that contented look off a married man's face.

Glen Preston Burns

MORE WIVES would learn to cook if they weren't so busy trying to get meals.

Franklin P. Jones

Brain Twisters

(See page 107 for answers)

1. From Jerome S. Meyer's book *Fun with Mathematics*: "Make 1,000 by using only eight 8's."

—Bert Bacharach in *This Week*

2. In the following string of letters, a logical sentence may be obtained by removing all unnecessary letters: A A L L L O U G N I N C E A C E L S S S E A N R Y T E L N E T C T E E R S. Gerard Mosler in *Your Life*

From her own experiences a distinguished novelist offers evidence that "fear is the father of courage"

I Enjoy Myself Most When I'm Scared

By I. A. R. Wylie

I'VE GONE back recently to the mental attic where I had stored away, for keeps, as I had thought, the memories of a fairly long and eventful life. Turning them over, as one turns the leaves of an old album, I wondered what, of all my experience, was most widely significant.

One of the questions I asked myself was, "When was I happiest? When did I enjoy myself most?" And I came on an unexpected answer: I had enjoyed myself most when I had been at my best, and I had been most often at my best when I'd been badly scared. By "enjoying myself" I mean feeling that I've done a good job or reacted to some challenge in a way that makes it possible for me, in the face of difficulty or danger, to trust myself. These occasions stand out in my memory like mountain peaks, bathed in a reassuring brightness.

As a young child I was quite fearless. I had an unusual upbringing, isolated from other children, thrown on my own resources and even travelling extensively alone (by the time I was eleven I had bicycled all over England by myself). It never occurred to me to distrust my own capacity to deal with any situation, or to be afraid of anything or anybody.

Then at the age of 14 I was sent, for the first time, to school, where I met children brought up by orthodox methods. I caught fears from them as a child might catch mumps and measles. I became, almost overnight, timid and diffident. And timid and diffident I have remained. But whenever adventure or danger offered itself I've always snatched at it, in the teeth, of my own fearfulness. And each time I've found that that fear has aroused in me unsuspected powers.

When I first went to the United States and found out that my publishers expected me to make a speech at a public dinner, I was almost sick with fear. I had never made a speech in my life; in a group of people I was tongue-tied with shyness. To my amazement I found myself speaking fluently, telling stories, sounding—as I was told afterwards — like a “practised speaker.” I had, in fact, been scared right out of myself to the discovery of someone I hadn’t dreamed existed. Now after many years of practice I am, I suppose, really a “practised speaker.” But I rarely rise to my feet without a throat constricted with terror and a furiously thumping heart. When, for some reason, I *am* cool and self-assured the speech is always a failure. I need fear to spur me on.

In this respect I am not alone. Actors and singers and public performers in general agree that unless they are on the verge of panic they are not likely to give a good performance. It is not, for them, a matter of “conquering fear”; they welcome it as a stimulus, a shot-in-the-arm without which they cannot do their best.

I believe this is true of men of action, too—that the bravest soldiers are not “fearless,” but go into battle sweating with fear and keyed up by it to their highest point of courage and capacity. Army doctors have observed that it is not the “tough guy” who endures best the stresses

of war, but the highly sensitized and imaginative type that in fearful foresight agonizes over all that may happen to him and to those for whom he is responsible. As a noted preacher said, “fear rightly used is the father of courage.”

In 1942 I was invited by the British Government, together with several other women writers, to come to England to see how the British were standing up to their ordeal. The journey involved flying, of which I had always been horribly afraid—and now there was the added hazard of a world at war. I remember driving to the airport that night, lonely and scared to death, but knowing too that not for love or money would I turn back. As I crossed the gangplank into the dimly lighted plane, my knees shook under me. But it was as though every faculty of mental and physical energy had been increased in me a hundredfold.

When, after that interminable night in which my nerves were drawn taut and my ears were pricked for any ominous change in the engines’ rhythm, I landed safely on English soil, I felt “good,” refreshed and vigorous. And in the course of my journeyings through Great Britain, whose people were subject, night in, night out, to deadly peril, I found the same glow of extraordinary physical well-being and spiritual exaltation. Under the stimulus of fear the British had developed capacities of soul and body that were, in the eyes of the watch-

ing world, almost superhuman—certainly way beyond their everyday experience.

I, too, lived through aerial bombardments. I felt the terror which they engender but I felt also the exultant response of "courage to endure." Indeed without fear there is no real courage. And without the assurance of courage—the power to rise to the level of any challenge—we cannot truly "enjoy ourselves." We can never know our own best.

There is one fear that, at first sight, seems to be without stimulus of any kind—the fear that strikes us when someone we love is dangerously ill, perhaps at the point of death. I have known that most fearful of all fears too. But, looking back on such dread moments, I realize that fear called up energy and resolution that normally I lack. I became, as the French say, "outside myself," so that I was able to throw into the struggle everything I had and a great deal more than I had known I had.

Some people—explorers, adventurers, mountain climbers—are fully conscious of this power of fear to release them from their ordinary limitations. Ostensibly they may seek scientific data. But basically they are seeking the joy that comes to us when we have surpassed our normal selves.

In my small way I sometimes deliberately go in quest of that joy. I am terrified of heights, but when funds permit I set out in my car for

the mountains. As I round the first curve of some precipitous pass I feel the familiar tensing of the nerves, the onset of that curious exaltation which will reach its peak with the highest point of the road and which will leave me, on the descent, with what I can only describe as a sense of virtue, of having been in some strange way purged of the dross of daily living.

The novelist, Noel Streatfeild, once told me that she was on her way to Singapore on a ship whose few passengers were so surly, bored and unfriendly that the journey threatened to be a disagreeable one. The captain, meeting Noel on deck, stopped her. "You might drop a hint to some of those gloomy-gusses that tomorrow we shall be in the teeth of a hurricane," he said with a sly grin. "It may cheer them up."

Noel dropped the hint. And from that moment her fellow passengers developed a high-spirits-and-good-temper that helped carry them through the following days of peril.

You may object, "But life isn't made up of exciting physical dangers. What about my fear of losing my job?" Well, worry isn't the same thing as fear. It is like a nagging, persistent ache compared to sharp pain. All the same I have a friend who kept his job because he was afraid. He was a capable but diffident and self-distrustful fellow, not likely to impress his superiors. He knew this and worried over it. One day he was called to the office

of his managing director. He was sure the axe had fallen, and worry became acute fear.

Then something strange happened to him. He said he felt like a hobbled horse that had been scared into breaking loose. He was free of some crippling restraint and in that high-hearted, slightly light-headed mood he faced his superior. The managing director, who, as he learned later, had been preparing to drop him overboard, changed his mind. He posed some business problem which the employee resolved promptly and self-confidently. The interview ended in a handshake and my friend was soon afterwards promoted. Now he has learned to enjoy fear. He knows that under its spur he will be at his best.

In 1931 I lost nearly all my savings. With the bleak knowledge that I had practically nothing but

myself to count on, I felt as though the ground had given way under my feet. Then began the familiar reaction—the tingling nerves, the sense of well-being, of having been shocked into full force. I felt as though I had thrown overboard a clogging, dulling security. The decks were stripped for action. The fight was on. If such a blow fell on me again, that experience gives me the hope that I should accept the challenge in the same temper.

I believe that fear, out in the open, is one of our most valuable assets—a sort of key to our reserves, a means to call into action our latent capabilities. We do not, therefore, need to fear fear, much less be ashamed of it. We need only handle it rightly, knowing that it can reveal our own strength to us and thus help us to the highest enjoyment of ourselves.



Clothes Lines

THERE IS NO such thing as an ugly woman—there are only the ones who do not know how to make themselves attractive.

—*Modern Woman and Woman's Home Companion*

TO A WOMAN the consciousness of being well dressed gives a sense of tranquillity which even religion fails to bestow. —Quoted by Ralph Waldo Emerson

A NEW HAT has the same effect upon a woman that three cocktails have upon a man.

—*New York Times*

NO WOMAN ever takes another woman's advice about frocks. Naturally, you don't ask the enemy how to win the war.

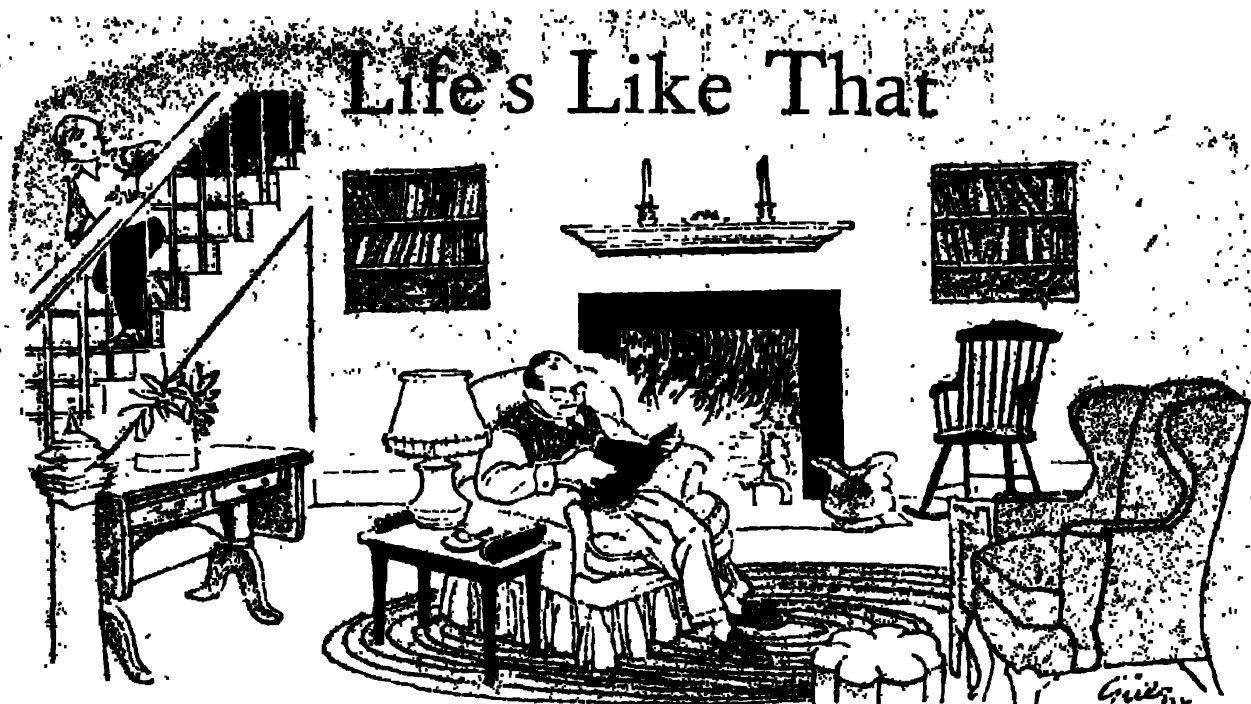
—*New York Times*

EVERY TIME a woman leaves off something she looks better, but every time a man leaves off something he looks worse.

—Will Rogers

ONLY a woman could manage to make a man think she is fascinated by his talk about himself and at the same time plan her spring wardrobe.

—*New York Times*



A FRIEND of mine, who is the father of 12, volunteered to baby-sit one evening so his wife could have an evening's relaxation at the movies. "Don't let a single one of them come downstairs," his wife instructed him as she went out.

He promised to carry out orders to the letter and had just settled down to a book when he heard steps on the stairs. "Get back upstairs and stay there," he commanded sternly.

He read in peace for a few minutes, then again heard soft footsteps. This time he added the threat of a spanking. Soon he again detected stealthy sounds, and dashed out in time to see a small lad disappear up the top steps. He had hardly returned to his book when a neighbour came in distractedly: "Oh, Fred," she wailed, "I can't find my Willie anywhere. Have you seen him?"

"Here I am, Ma," said a tearful voice from the top of the stairs. "He won't let me go home!"—Ruth McManus

ONE CHILLY NIGHT I was awakened by persistent knocking on the landing outside my flat. Knowing that my neighbour could sleep through anything, I got up to investigate, and found a telegraph messenger pounding at his door. I offered my heavier hand and the two of us rained blows on the door until both my neighbour and his wife were roused.

When, sleepy, shivering and annoyed by this midnight intrusion, they opened the door the boy handed in his message. "Telegram for Norman Hummon," he said.

I shall never forget my neighbours' glare. The message was for me.

—Norman Hummon

THE CASHIER at the Savings window sharply reprimanded the woman ahead of me because she had neither filled out a deposit slip nor put her loose silver in the special little bags of specified amounts. "When you have done this properly, I'll be glad to accept your deposit," he ended curtly.

To my surprise, she took this tirade meekly and went to a desk to follow instructions. My business delayed me and I was still there when she returned. The cashier, somewhat softened, half-apologized.

"Oh, that's all right," said the lady graciously. "I have a household of teenagers, so I'm used to being spoken to as if I were a moron."

—Beatrice M. Ewalt

"WILL YOU show me something for my diamond jubilee?" requested a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman standing near me in the jeweler's. After examining several diamonds he selected a man's ring.

"Aren't you going to buy something for your wife, too?" asked the salesman.

"I have no wife—I'm a bachelor."

"But you said 'diamond jubilee.' ..."

The gentleman smiled. "The girl I was engaged to jilted me to marry another man. She drove him to suicide. She married another and bankrupted him. I'm celebrating the diamond jubilee of the day she *didn't* marry me."

—L. M. Radford

WHEN MY husband returned from a business trip a few weeks ago, he found that he had left a pair of shoes in his hotel room. So he wrote to the manager, asking that if found they be returned to him.

"They are very old and the maid may have thought I left them to be thrown out," he said, "but actually they're the most comfortable shoes I own."

I smiled when I read that letter. Those shoes were cracked and battered and about to fall apart. I was confident that I'd seen the last of them.

How wrong I was! For in due course came a reply from the hotel manager. It said the maid had found the shoes and they were being mailed parcel post. With the letter was a small sealed envelope. On it was scrawled my husband's name. Obviously it was from the maid and we thought that it would contain a note asking for a reward.

But no. Inside were two dollar bills—and the note read:

"Gentleman: You oughtn't to have left me a tip, when you needs shoes so bad. You just take back these dollars, please, and put them down on a *new* pair."

—Dorothy Rich

WHEN cleaning a cabin which had been occupied by three young boys last summer, the housekeeper at a holiday ranch found the following notice Scotch-taped to a wall:

To the next occupant,

Please do not disturb the tame mouse which runs around this cabin. He goes by the name of Crunchmuller. He revels in peanuts, or any other small delicacies, which he either eats or stores away for the hard winter to come. We ask your co-operation in helping him to survive long enough to enjoy this bountiful store. He is *definitely* harmless! He has provided us with many hours of enjoyment, and he will willingly do the same for you.

Thank you very much.

The previous occupants of Room 20,



Bill Gayer
Don Crandall
Don Crandall

—Harold P. Fabian



LIKE SO MANY raised on the whimsical nonsense of Gilbert and Sullivan and the lyrical magic of Lafcadio Hearn, I knew exactly how Japan would be: cherry blossoms all year round; white-bearded sages walking the streets carrying singing crickets; and dainty Geishas kneeling at your feet like adoring butterflies, feeding you exotic tidbits with ivory chopsticks.

And then our ship steamed into a harbour lined with huge cranes and smoking factories. "This is Yokohama," they told me.

Ashore I vainly looked for a rickshaw. Finally I settled for a taxi to Tokyo. Frightened by the wild driving of the chauffeur, I protested that I had but one life. Over his shoulder he tossed the remark: "I

belong to the YMBA [Young Men's Buddhist Association]. I have many lives. This one is the least important."

That was many years ago, and now I am back in Japan for the sixth time. Over this toy harbour of Shimizu, where our freighter is loading silk and tea, floats the miracle of snow-capped Fujiyama. Here is the picture-postcard Japan I know and love.

That postcard Japan was hardly touched by the war. The colourful straw-thatched country villages, luxurious mountain inns, hot-spring resorts and beach hotels were all passed over by the bombers, who concentrated on military establishments and industrial centres. Of the great cities only Kyoto, the most beautiful of all with its an-

cient temples and fabulous gardens, was spared deliberately as a museum of old Japan.

Japan today is the shopper's Shangri-La. Tourists careen like mad through the shops, staggering out with pockets dripping pearls and arms full of creamy brocades, shimmering silks and massive silver tea sets, purchased at fantastically low prices. A Japanese dressmaker will come to your hotel and in a day copy your wife's Paris model in the best brocade, for the price of a bargain-basement housefrock. If you furnish the cloth a tailor will copy your best suit and return it beautifully hand finished in three days for a similar price.

My favourite bargain is the Japanese massage. Traditionally, blind men are trained in this profession, but the best operators are hammered-down little old women with fingers of steel that twang your tenderest tendons like harpstrings. Their most exotic trick is to snap your toes one by one while you squirm in painful ecstasy. An hour of this bliss costs 85 cents.

Japan is a landscape artist's dream of scenery that you can climb up, ski down, swim in or just stroll about. You can watch trained cormorants with rings round their throats catching fish by torchlight in Gifu. Maybe you would rather climb Fujiyama (12,365 feet of thrills, chills and boastful aches) or visit the carved temples and red-lacquered bridges of fabulous Nik-

ko, home of the three wise monkeys, Mi-zaru (don't-see-evil monkey), Iaw-zaru (don't-say-evil monkey) and Kika-zaru (don't-hear-evil monkey).

In Kyoto you may visit a grim link with the past. When the Japanese invaded Korea in 1592-1598, they sent home as trophies the heads of all Koreans killed in battle. Later that became cumbersome, so they merely sent over the noses. Hundreds of thousands of these were buried near the Hoko-ji Temple, and Buddhist services were offered up for the eternal repose of their former owners. The monument erected over these buried noses is a favourite tourist attraction and is known for reasons understood only by the Japanese as the Ear-Mound.

When you stop at a native Japanese inn the *O-Furo*, or Honourable Hot Bath, in the communal bathroom is a must. The Japanese bathtub is wooden; inside it a fire is kept going in a metal firebox so the water stays infernally hot no matter how many men, women and children climb in with you (patience, I'm coming to that). You are scrubbed clean by the maid before you get in, and then you soak as long as you can stand it while the water bubbles merrily, and the happy bathers, immersed to their gold teeth, hail their friends and gossip.

Although this country boy looked forward to mixed bathing with an-

icipation (this would be something to tell the boys back home), truth compels me to say that I derived no sinful pleasure from this promiscuous parboiling. What I believe were seductive feminine forms appeared and disappeared through clouds of steam, but my eyes were too full of tears to make anything of it as they dug their scorching elbows into my poached sides.

You may think it odd of the Japanese to scrub themselves clean and then get into the bath. They think it odd of us to wash in the tub and then soak in the dirty water. We think we should bathe in solitary splendour. They think you should invite everybody in and make a party of it.

You will see Japanese doing a lot of things contrariwise from our point of view. The roof of a house is constructed first and the best rooms are put at the back, as is the garden. We are just beginning to learn that isn't so silly. Our newest modern houses look more and more like old Japanese ones—sliding partitions, corner windows and plants growing outside. In a Japanese landscape garden there are no flowers, and one of the most famous gardens, at the Ryoan-ji Monastery in Kyoto, has no grass or plants—only sand and rocks.

The women's clothes have no hooks, buttons or zippers. Their kimonos are all tied on with strings and are taken apart to be washed, then tied together again. Japanese

wear white for funerals, black for weddings. The best embroiderers are men and boys.

The Japanese eat sweets before dinner, heat their wine instead of cooling it, and at banquets give you an extra portion so your home folks can share your enjoyment. Instead of shaking hands, Japanese bow when they meet, the depth and number of bows indicating the degree of respect or social standing.

How can you hope to understand people who eat seaweed, raw fish and pickled horseradish, even for breakfast? Of course they have many delicious dishes that look even better than they taste, such as yellow chrysanthemum petals used as salad, but all the tourist hears about is sukiyaki. Concocted of meat, vegetables—including such exotic ones as lotus roots and bamboo shoots—bean curd and soy sauce, sukiyaki is the Japanese version of chop suey or Irish stew.

Sukiyaki means "cooked on a spade." It seems Japanese Buddhists were forbidden to eat anything that had been killed. But the farmers liked meat. So on the sly, out in the fields, they cooked their pork, mutton or beef on their spades over an open fire. To this day, even in swank restaurants, you cook your own sukiyaki on the table.

And don't call them Geisha girls. They are Geishas—literally, Art Persons or Accomplished Ones—

professional female entertainers. Before the war 10,000 a year were apprenticed or sold as children to schools where they were trained to play, sing, dance and be charming at dinner parties. Since Japanese wives were always left at home in the evening, Geishas supplied the feminine frills for a fee.

Today, thanks to Shogun MacArthur, they are free, even have unions, and are more important than ever to businessmen who depend on them to entertain out-of-town customers or beguile trade secrets from competitors. Corporation executives run charge accounts with top-favoured Geishas, who have learned to sing, "He takes me off his income tax."

Geishas originated centuries ago as extra girls to sit in teahouses and fill the customers' thimble-sized cups with *saké* (hot rice wine). Later they learned to sing sad songs and accompany themselves on a three-stringed banjo, called a *samisen*, which they pluck with an ivory shoehorn.

The *samisen* originally was made of snake skin and gave off a sound used to scare away snakes. Later cat skin was substituted, but the effect is about the same. It has 36 notes, but Geishas sing in between them. They can do this by the hour and the Japanese have been training themselves for centuries to endure—and finally to enjoy—it.

Japanese also learn to sit on their legs by the hour. When Westerners

try this, their legs are the first thing to go. Then the spine becomes numb and quietly cracks in two or three places while the eyes cross.

All over Japan you see little statues of an interesting character named Daruma. He seems to be sitting on his legs and has an odd look in his eyes. It turns out there is a good reason for this: he was a holy patriarch who sat nine years in profound meditation. When he finally rose to answer the phone he found his legs had fallen off. Naturally Daruma has become the patron saint of all tourists trapped in Geisha parties or tea ceremonies.

There is a small, white-haired gentleman in Tokyo named Mifune, who looks like a violin teacher and walks delicately like a pensive cat. Be extra polite to him, for this five-foot, 8-stone, 70-year-old is the deadliest jujitsu expert in the world. Jujitsu (literally, "gentle art") is the old Samurai science of disabling or killing your opponent with your bare hands. The basic philosophy of jujitsu is to use the other fellow's strength to defeat him—to "conquer by yielding."

Mifune became famous in Japan 40 years ago when he was attacked by a gang of thugs in the Tokyo slums and disabled and nearly killed all of them. I have seen him in exhibitions take on, one after the other, two husky bruisers half his age and twice his weight and repeatedly sling them over his head and slam them on to the mat.

A legend tells about a physician in Nagasaki who shut himself in a temple for 100 days to meditate. Looking out of the window he saw the limbs of big trees breaking under a heavy snowfall—all except one solitary willow, so pliant and yielding that the snow had slipped off the branches. He thought about this for another 100 days and then invented 300 jujitsu tricks based on the way of the willow.

Few streets in Japan have names. City streets are called "the street that runs from such and such point to such and such place." If you are asked to dinner by a Japanese, the address of his house might sound something like 40 No. 1 Chome, Toyokawa-Cho, Shibuya-Ku, Tokyo. This address roughly translated means your host lives in the No. 1 block of the Toyoke neighbourhood in the Shibuya ward. Houses are numbered in rotation as built, without regard to where they happen to be. No. 48 may be next door to No. 1, while No. 2 can be streets away.

Japan's language is an incredibly weird and difficult heritage from a misty past. There is nothing we would properly call an alphabet—only a mixture of Chinese characters or ideographs plus a collection of Japanese phonetic symbols. Many Japanese who wear glasses that look as though the lenses have been cut from beer-bottle bottoms will tell you they have worn out their eyes wrestling with the printed

word. Even so, the Japanese are among the world's most avid readers.

Walk through Tokyo's Kanda district, where the universities and secondary schools are concentrated; in three blocks you will pass ten shops handling nothing but magazines and new books—and more than 100 used-book shops! Round the magazine stands in any town you will always see a swarm of kids, totally absorbed in the current magazines. The shopkeepers don't mind—they expect their customers to read before buying.

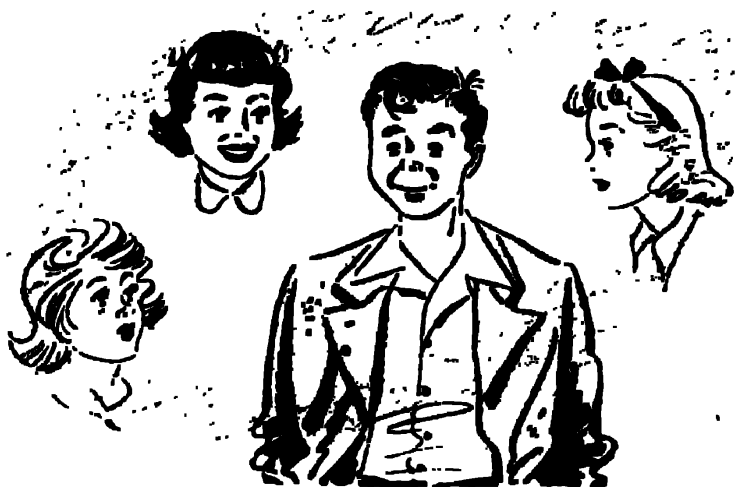
Postwar Japan has been whittled down to four small islands and a lot of little smidgens—all totalling less land area than California. Some 83 million people jam this tiny space, and the population is increasing at the rate of 3,600 a day. With no Korea, Manchuria or Formosa to overflow to and no country but Brazil willing to accept their emigrants, the teeming Japanese of the future will be sitting on each other's shoulders.

Only one-sixth of the country is arable, so the Japanese cannot raise enough food to support themselves, and they may not be able to buy enough food from abroad; many countries are firmly resolved not to trade with them, since cheap Japanese labour offers stiff competition to their own industries. Can the ingenious Japanese wriggle out of this without playing footie with Communist China? We shall see.

The Loves of Goggle

Condensed from
Harper's Magazine

Bentz Plagemann



I FIRST BEGAN to be aware of my son's dawning maturity, if I may so dignify an essentially messy process, when he caught me reading the Kinsey Report on the sexual behaviour of the human male. I had bought it on the transparent grounds that no writer should be without a copy for reference. When Goggle (the childhood nickname we use among ourselves) asked me what I was reading I replied, blushing, "A book that says that young people know more about sex than we think they do."

"That," Goggle said, with the terrible patience he sometimes employs, "is what I keep trying to tell you."

Actually Goggle has been in and out of love constantly ever since he gave up rusks, and by now I can usually recognize the symptoms of an approaching seizure. Take the evening, for instance, when I first knew that he was in love with Alice.

I was relaxing in a chair before

dinner when Goggle came in from play. He was then a magnificent 13, and as he entered the living-room pictures trembled on the walls.

"How are you, Goggle?" I asked.

He looked at me blankly.

"Huh?" he said.

"Never mind," I said. "What happened at school today?"

He had begun to circle the room in a vague, tormented way, stumbling over chairs, picking at loose ends of wallpaper, and whistling through his teeth in the way I had asked him 10,000 times not to do.

"Goggle," I said. "Would you hand me the evening paper from the table?"

"Huh?"

"The evening paper," I said patiently. "On the table."

"What about it?"

"Would you please hand it to me?"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" he demanded.

"Dinner won't be for half an

hour or so," I said. "Why don't you go outside and break a few windows, or something?"

"Ha!" he said. "When I'm out you call me in. When I'm in you throw me out. A man can't do any thing in his own house."

"I know," I said. "Things are tough all over."

When he slammed the front door on his way out the doorknob fell off. It had been making it burglar proof in some new way.

"It's Alice," my wife said, coming in from the kitchen. "I hear her on the telephone. I can hear her asinine giggle two rooms away."

"Is there any chance they may run away and get married, or any thing?" I asked hopefully.

"I don't know about the running away," my wife said. "It's the anything I'm worried about."

"Dear," I said, in the fearful tone of a man who has been reading the Kinsey Report. "At 13?"

My wife gave me a long, thoughtful look, and went back to the kitchen.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Let us go back to little Mary, the siren of the fifth grade.

We lived in the city then, the city of dreadful night, where mothers of little girls prowl with a restless eye, organizing dancing classes and making lists of little boys from which the little boys can never hope to escape until they are transferred to the inactive or married file.

In this steamy milieu of dotted

swiss, seed pearls and white gloves, Mary was like a breath of fresh air. She had pigtails and a sweet right uppercut, and every boy in the class was her slave. Mary was the bottleneck as far as the dancing class was concerned, and I shudder to think what methods were used, but at last she was thrown and hobbled and enrolled in it, and all the little boys followed.

I remember the first session well. We were waiting for Goggle when he got home. It was a very warm afternoon and he rushed into the apartment, peeling his clothes off as he ran. He sank into an upholstered chair and gasped "Mary chose me."

They had lined the girls up on one side and the boys on the other. When "the lady at the piano" announced that the boys would choose partners, little Mary was almost trampled in the rush, so the forces were redeployed and the girls chose partners. And Mary had chosen our Goggle.

We were all speechless with pride and excitement, but we hardly knew what to expect next. What happened shouldn't have happened to a dog, because it was braces on Mary's teeth, and overnight she became a hopeless bag. Goggle buried himself in basketball, and the apartment was littered with scraps of paper on which brilliant plays were diagrammed. I threw one in the fire once by mistake, a loss to the world comparable with the burning of the library at Alexandria.

Alice appeared on the scene after we moved to the country. She wore her hair down to her shoulders, and it was *such* a nuisance, you know, that she had to keep tossing it back, like this, with her hand. She giggled all the time, and fluttered her eyelashes. She imparted to Goggle her profound discovery that she really didn't like other girls. Boys were much more interesting. It was a mutual regard. The boys found her interesting, and the girls couldn't stand her at all.

I asked one of her contemporaries why she didn't like Alice. (Parents are awful during this period. They stoop to anything to get information.)

The girl told me that Alice was "corny."

"What do you mean, corny?" I asked.

"Oh, you know," she said. "She puts paint on her toenails."

I knew from that moment that Goggle was a gone goose.

Alice would telephone to make secret trysts, hanging up without answering if one of us got there first. She gave Goggle a picture of herself, which he carried in his wallet along with his membership card in the Junior Magicians. When they walked together she held his hand, and if he said anything even remotely funny she threw her head back with laughter and crinkled her eyes.

Goggle was reduced to a state of absolute idiocy. He became a sort of

pint-size Neanderthal man whose only communication with us was "ugh," and he ate his way moodily through about \$500 worth of assorted groceries, munching with the absent air of a man in another world.

I don't know where it would all have ended if Goggle hadn't discovered that Alice had also given her picture to Butch Butcher, who was bigger than Goggle and who could stand on his head for five minutes and drink a glass of water at the same time.

That ended that. And Goggle's mother burned the contents of his wastebasket, including the torn scraps of Alice's picture.

After that Goggle took apart everything in sight, including the electric mixer, his bicycle, and the odd carburettors and clocks which always seemed to find their way to his room. Our repair bills were rather high at this time. (Any article which could not be put back together again was, of course, incorrectly put together in the first place by dopes who didn't know what the heck they were doing.)

Not long afterwards Goggle got mixed up with a real witch, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Little Helen of the chestnut hair, and the tawny skin, and the warm, slow voice could sit on the edge of a swimming pool in her red bathing suit, and in less than five minutes spin the prettiest web in which ever a man found himself entangled.

I consoled myself by thinking that it was just a summer romance. But when her parents took her away in the autumn she wrote letters to Goggle. They were in pale-blue envelopes and had a mysteriously exciting scent, like strawberry jam.

Goggle went away to school and the letters stopped coming to us. It was a great relief to think of him safely stashed away in the hills, far from the siren's call, where the teachers might get a few fast algebraic equations into his head while his glands were in abeyance.

When we went up the following spring to bring him home I had to help him pack his things. His room looked like one of the minor stalls in the Augean stables. I stood in the middle, with his foot locker open on one side and a wastebasket on the other, while Goggle directed the disposition of each object as I held it aloft from the shambles. Pack that, he would say, or "toss" that.

It was with agreeable surprise that I discovered all the letters I had written to him neatly stacked on one of the bookshelves. Saved for publication, I decided.

"What about these?" I asked cautiously, holding up the precious packet.

Goggle looked carelessly over his shoulder. "Oh, toss 'em," he said. "No use saving those."

I tossed them, with a sigh. Then I came to a cigar box which, in the moment before Goggle snatched it from me, I discovered to be full of those blue envelopes smelling of strawberry jam.

"Might as well start down to the car with a few things now," he said gruffly, tucking the cigar box under one arm, and grabbing up a load of books in the other.

He went downstairs and I sat on the edge of the bed. For the first time it really dawned on me that some day one of these girls was going to get Goggle and take him away for her own. And there just wasn't anything I could do about it, no matter what she was like.

"Come on," Goggle said, coming back into the room. "Let's get this stuff packed up. I'm hungry."

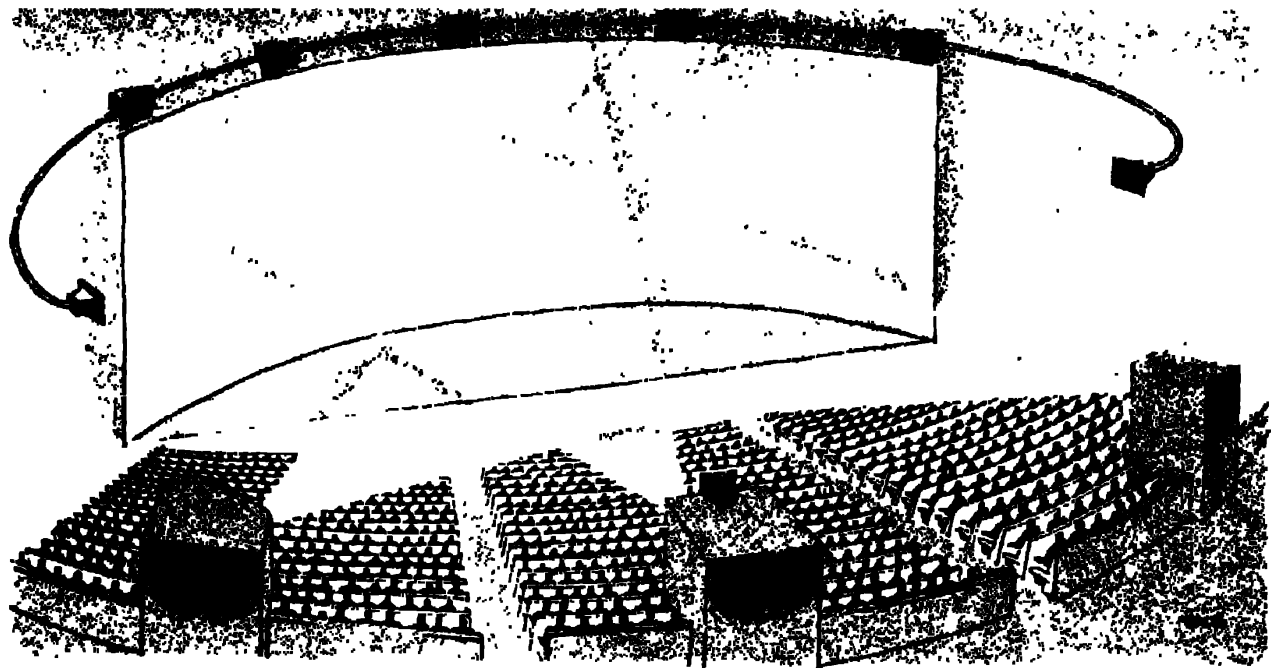
"Okay," I said, and silently we stuffed the locker full.

Time Exposure

THE British Army manual for servicing 15-pounder guns was revised after the showing of a training film revealed that Gunner No. 6 stood smartly to attention throughout the whole exercise without performing a single operation. After lengthy inquiries, puzzled staff officers finally found a veteran of the Boer War who could explain the function of G-6.

He remembered that G-6, at that time, used to hold the horses.

—United Nations World



Fred Waller's Amazing Cinerama

Condensed from New Liberty

Harland Manchester

ONE EVENING last October, crowds packed a New York theatre for the premiere of an exciting new kind of three-dimensional motion picture. The startled spectator seemed to be in the centre of the action. He gripped his seat as he shot down the slope of a switch-back railway, rode in a gondola through the waterways of Venice, flew through mountain valleys and canyons he could almost touch.

This was Cinerama, hailed as the greatest innovation in motion pictures since the "talkies." For years inventors have tried various methods of giving images projected on a screen the solidity and depth that the eyes record in normal vision. In most of these systems the audience

*A revolutionary development
has brought breath-taking
realism to the movies*

must wear special glasses, and the scene is still boxed within an artificial rectangle.

Meanwhile, working alone in a barn on Long Island, Fred Waller, veteran movie-maker and master illusionist of the screen, has created a fresh, original method based on simple ideas about what the eyes really see and how the brain interprets it.

Waller is a self-made scientist and natural-born inventor, whose 67 patents include an ingenious camera that will snap men from all angles so that tailors can fit them better.

He has spent half a century in photography and motion pictures; he has been a producer, director, script writer, cameraman and actor. As chief of Paramount's trick-effects department, Waller spent much time inducing audiences to see not the literal image on the screen before them but what he wanted them to see. This led him into a study of optics and the psychology of perception.

"What people see," he explains, "is not only what the eyes telegraph to the brain but what the brain constructs from various clues born of years of experience in looking at things. Give people the right visual clues and they'll see what you want them to."

For instance, there was a storm scene in an early Gloria Swanson picture in which Miss Swanson and the hero clung together at the rail of a disabled yacht. Waller put a small model yacht in a tank full of realistically splashing waves. He replaced the actors with two sticks of wood at the rail, rigged so that they would sway with the motion of the boat. When the film was shown, spectators praised Miss Swanson's acting, and some even thought they recalled the frightened faces of other passengers.

While Waller was with Paramount, he studied all manner of plans designed to give depth and solidity to scenes on the screen. "Everyone told me," says Waller, "that our sense of perspective comes

entirely from 'stereoscopic vision'—the fact that we see with two eyes. But when I put a patch over one eye, it did not seriously impair my judgment of distance. Then I worked out an experiment which did make me bump into things. Let me show you."

Waller took a long-visored sailing cap and fitted it with a paper blinder pierced with two small eyeholes.

"This blinder doesn't interfere with two-eyed vision from the centre of the eyes, but it blocks out peripheral vision—what you see from the corners of your eyes. Now try to walk across the room. See, you're not walking straight. That's because you usually depend on what you can see to right and left. As you walk ahead, these peripheral objects appear to move out and backwards, and their apparent movement helps you to judge distance and tells you where you are.

"All these years I had thought that we look at flat scenes. Now I realized that our vision is circular. So if we want naturalism in the movies, the way to get it is to use several cameras to capture the panorama seen by the human eye, and then project the matching shots on a curved screen."

Experiments in perspective and optical illusion by Professor Adelbert Ames, confirmed Waller's findings. Each became a consultant in the other's work. By now Waller was able to attract enough financial backing to build a weird giant com-

posed of 11 synchronized cameras that photographed a wide arc of action. He rented an indoor tennis court and set up a curved screen to show his experimental films.

But before Cinerama could go to town, it was drafted for war. One of the big problems of military aviation was training aerial gunners. Fledgling marksmen shot streams of machine-gun bullets at towed targets, but this was costly, and so much time elapsed before results could be checked that it was almost impossible for the gunner to analyse his mistakes. A Navy ballistics expert heard of Waller's plans and enlisted his aid.

Waller mounted his 11-eyed monster in the nose of a plane and made pictures of aircraft crossing the circular field of vision from all angles. The composite films were projected on the inside of a huge dome, and trainees fired at the attacking planes with electronic guns, hearing "beeps" through their earphones when they scored a hit. They also heard the simulated roar of the plane's engines, while the motion picture gave them the illusion of rapid flight over the ground below.

Waller found that he could cut the number of cameras to five, and set up a factory to build the equipment. As returning pilots reported new enemy attack methods, they were re-enacted aloft and snapped by Waller's cameras to keep the trainees up to date. Before the war was over, 75 Waller Gunnery

Trainers were in use in the United States, the Pacific and Great Britain, telescoping weeks of target practice into 20 hours or less.

After the war, Waller built a more compact multiple camera with three units which could take in a wide arc of 146 degrees. Hazard Reeves, a leading sound expert, designed a naturalistic sound system in which voices and music could come from seven different parts of a theatre to match the visual illusion of "pictures in depth." Soon the "Cinerama" robot, with its three eyes and seven ears, set out on a long tour of Europe and the United States to make scenes for a two-hour production.

Waller's predictions all came true when the first Cinerama show was unveiled in New York. Surrounded in a Florida cypress swamp scene with the wettest water ever shown on a film, members of the audience pulled their feet up. They burst into applause at the grandeur of the Piazza of St. Mark's in Venice; they saw and heard Italian opera as never before reproduced; America's cities, plains and mountains unrolled in a magnificent arc instead of being jammed into the conventional film "box."

To create this illusion, three projectors with three different films are mounted in booths about 20 feet apart near the rear of the theatre. The central projector covers the middle panel of the curved screen; the one at the left is aimed at the

right panel, the projector at the right covers the left panel. The pictures are joined so neatly that there are virtually no lines of demarcation. When Waller found that the usual screen, if curved, would dazzle the audience with reflections, he invented a special screen of 1,100 vertical strips of tape set at angles like the slats of a shutter. Reflections bounce off these and are lost behind the screen.

The sound system involves speakers at the sides and back of the theatre as well as behind the screen. In everyday life, when you listen to a man's voice, you hear many reflected sounds as his voice vibrations are bounced off nearby objects. Your brain blends them into one. This is what the Cinerama sound system does. And since the sound tracks have been made at the actual points of the sounds' origins, they add to the three-dimensional effect of the whole illusion. In a chapel scene, when an unseen choir advances from behind, people actually turn their heads because the voices seem to progress down the theatre aisles.

Work is proceeding now on a series of feature pictures. Ever since the rise of television, Broadway and Hollywood have been searching for a new type of theatrical entertainment, and many persons prominent in show business see the answer in Cinerama. Cinerama officials envision special theatres in 40 or 50 American cities in the next two or three years.

Cinerama is a genuinely new thing, and no doubt British audiences would be delighted with it. Snags, however, exist. These are well explained in a letter from Sir Alexander Korda to the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association:

"I saw the Cinerama a few months ago in America and found it an extraordinarily effective medium. Afterwards I sent a technical staff to investigate the process, and their report was that it would take a tremendous amount of money to establish the Cinerama and to develop it fully.

"Apart from the initial instalment of two additional projection booths with complete staff, changes in all the projection apparatus and the building of a new screen, the print cost seemed to me quite exorbitant. I think the cost of one hour's projection is over £3,000.

"I had some difficulty with the Board of Trade, as the Cinerama people demand a very large royalty apart from their film rental for the use of their apparatus, and the Board of Trade did not feel that they would allow more dollars for this purpose." (Quoted by permission of "Today's Cinema")

Since this letter was written, Sir Alexander has announced that he means to go ahead with a modified, less expensive stereoscopic technique known at present as 3-D (for three-dimensional).

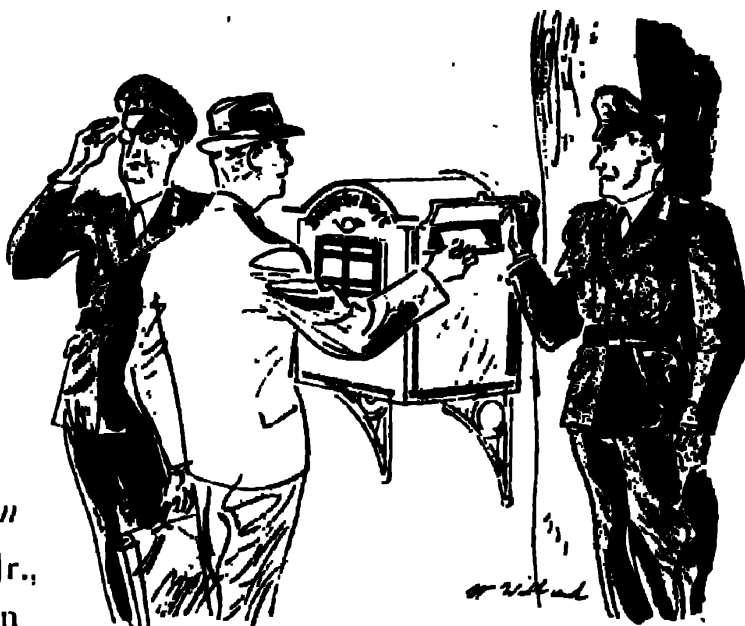
Waller, with production problems placed in other hands, has gone back to his barn. He is happily at work on a list of 34 schemes for making and projecting motion pictures, and it's a safe bet that millions will keep on seeing what Fred Waller wants them to see.

A daring hoax brought freedom to five victims of Communist persecution

Comrade Lindemann's Conscience

Condensed from The Freeman

Frederic Sondern, Jr.,
and Norbert Muhlen



THE West Berlin radio interrupted its regular programme one day last July to make a startling announcement. Five prominent political prisoners of the Communists had escaped from the supposedly escape-proof East German prisons of Zwickau and Waldheim, and made their way to the safety of Berlin's western sector. As details came in, it became clear that they had not broken out: they had been released by the Communist prison authorities, who had been hoaxed by forged release orders and telephone calls from a spurious State's Attorney.

While West Germany laughed, the enraged State Security Service and People's Police dropped all other business to find the authors of the plot. Sixty officials were discharged. The Communist press and

radio screamed that dastardly American agents had been at work.

Actually, the daring skulduggery had been devised by a young German ex-Communist named Hasso Lindemann and two of his friends.

Lindemann, a bookish, 23-year-old law student, had been rocketed to a position of Communist power by circumstances not unusual in East Germany. In 1949 the Communist authorities of Leipzig had discharged most of the experienced judges and prosecutors in the district as "politically unreliable." A milkman, an organ grinder and a 21-year-old girl became Leipzig's People's Prosecutors. They had power of life and death over their fellow citizens, but they needed someone to advise them about legal procedure. Lindemann, who had worked as a clerk in the Ministry of

Justice, seemed "politically activist" and obedient. He was appointed assistant to the State's Attorney.

Comrade Lindemann was a shrewd investigator and wrote brilliant briefs in impeccable Communist legal style. His record was soon impressive. Several prominent industrialists whose cases he investigated had their properties expropriated and were sent to prison for long terms. A dozen young anti-Communist agitators went to gaol after Lindemann had made the cases against them. Wisely modest and retiring, Lindemann let the People's Prosecutors take credit for these triumphs. As a result he was popular with his chiefs. He was well fed and housed, relatively well paid, and had a promising career ahead of him.

But Hasso Lindemann had a conscience. He had been a convinced and faithful Communist, but as the terrible parade of Red injustice and cruelty—the trumped-up charges, faked evidence and brutal sentences against innocent people—crossed his desk he began to rebel. "All the Communist philosophy in the world," he says, "could not excuse for me the monstrous thing I was doing. Somehow I had to set these people free."

One afternoon, when most of the personnel of the State's Attorney's staff were at their weekly Party "indoctrination meeting," Lindemann took from his chief's desk a

number of form letters used to order the release of prisoners, and fled to West Berlin. "The forms, the clothes on my back and a few marks were all I had," Lindemann recalls. "Everything else—job, future—I left behind. But I felt much, much better."

There were five cases that he was determined to rectify at once. Seventy-year-old Karl Mende had committed no crime, even under Communist law—the government had simply wanted his prosperous glass factories. He was convicted of "industrial sabotage" and sentenced to six years' hard labour; his factories were expropriated. Arthur Bergel, a prominent woollen manufacturer, was the victim of a similar conviction: his offence had been to pay his 1,700 workers a higher wage than the government allowed. Horst Schnabel, a high school boy of 17, had been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, to be followed by transportation to the uranium mines, for possessing a book banned by the Communists. Jürgen Poppitz and Ekkehard Schumann, 20-year-old students, had received four-year terms for firing rockets which showered Leipzig with anti-Communist leaflets.

The obstacles in Hasso's way seemed insuperable. As a former Communist he was suspect to the various refugee organizations in Berlin. Then, after he had finally convinced the principal anti-Communist committees that he was sin-

cere, a new State's Attorney, whose signature Lindemann did not know, was appointed for Leipzig. The new incumbent ruled that no release order was to be obeyed unless the prison director checked its validity by a personal phone call to the State's Attorney or his immediate subordinate.

It took Lindemann three months to obtain from a friend in Leipzig a document signed by Chief State's Attorney Adam, more time to practise a flawless forgery of the signature. Through a complicated system of couriers and deftly worded, seemingly innocent letters, he learned the exact technique and timing of the telephonic verification.

Finally the months of painstaking preparation came to an end. One of Lindemann's aides, Hans Schmidt, was put in charge of the first operation. Hasso had wanted to perform it himself, but his face was too well known to People's Police and State Security Servicemen.

With forged release orders for Mende and Bergel in his brief-case, Schmidt set out for Leipzig and for the particular postbox from which the State's Attorney's communications were always mailed.

Twice he almost met disaster. Two police officers suddenly appeared in his train compartment and ordered him to open his brief-case for inspection. Such spot checks are routine in East Germany. Hans obeyed, his heart in his mouth. The policemen saw the envelopes

stamped "Chief State's Attorney's Office." "You are a courier of the *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*?" one of them barked. "Of course," Hans barked back. "We are sorry to have disturbed you, sir." Heels clicked, salutes were exchanged and, without asking for his papers, the officers departed.

At the postbox in Leipzig Hans had his other bad moment. Two People's Police were watching the box, on guard against the mailing of clandestine leaflets. But again the official envelope commanded immediate obeisance, and one of the *Volkspolizei* even politely held up the box flap as Hans dropped the letters in.

That night neither Schmidt in Leipzig nor Lindemann in Berlin slept a wink. The release orders should reach the warden of Zwickau Penitentiary in the morning. If the warden telephoned the State's Attorney's Office before the plotters could act, the game would be up.

At the earliest feasible moment, Schmidt braced himself and telephoned Zwickau. "This is *Oberstaatsanwalt* Adam," he bellowed, "Give me the Director at once." Since the German bureaucratic caste system under the Communists is as strict as it ever was, Hans calculated that the voice of an exalted Chief State's Attorney would not be too familiar to a warden. He was right. The director answered with great deference.

"Have you received the release

orders for Mende and Bergel?" snapped Hans.

"No, *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*. But I will attend to them personally the moment they arrive."

"See that you do," Hans growled. "No return call to my office is necessary to verify these orders. Is that clear?"

"Of course, *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*. I will not disturb you. I have been deeply honoured by your personal call."

When Hans hurg up he was sweating from every pore. But the most dangerous part of the operation still lay ahead. Mende and Bergel, thinking their release was legal, would doubtless go home, and soon be rearrested. They had to be warned to flee at once to West Berlin. Hans went to Zwickau to wait for them.

Watching Zwickau Penitentiary is a hazardous task. Anyone loitering nearby is immediately reported by the guards to the People's Police. But Hans found a café from which he could watch the institution's main gate. He sat and drank beer—and more beer. He explained at great length to the café-keeper that he was trying to drown his domestic troubles. A People's Policeman examined his papers, fortunately rather carelessly.

Finally Hans decided that the forgeries had been detected. Dejectedly he returned to Berlin.

Actually, the release orders had merely been slow in reaching the

penitentiary. When they arrived, Mende and Bergel were promptly led into the presence of the warden and the prison's dreaded Political Commissar.

"The highest authorities in our state have decided to forgive your crimes," the Commissar announced cordially, even offering them cigarettes to put them at ease. "We are releasing you." Presently the two men, provided with civilian clothes, money, and a ration of food for the journey home, stumbled out through the prison gate in a daze.

Their freedom might not have lasted long except for Lindemann's thorough planning. Fearing that Schmidt might be picked up by the police, Lindemann had dispatched another friend—Kurt Braun—to guide Mende and Bergel to Berlin. Braun waited in the neighbourhood of the prison for almost 48 hours—without sleep and with three apples for food. He didn't dare go into a restaurant for fear of a police checkup.

Almost collapsing from fatigue and hunger, Braun also finally gave up and boarded a tram for the railway station. As the tramcar rumbled away, he took one more look at the prison. Two gaunt men whose clothes hung loosely from their shoulders were coming out of the gate! Risking his neck, he jumped from the car. For several blocks he walked behind the two men to make sure they were the right ones (Zwickau changes people's appearances). Finally, he sidled up and pressed a

slip of paper into Herr Mende's hand. "Follow these directions," he said quietly. "Get to West Berlin. Your families are there."

Fear and suspicion were plain on the men's faces. This might be a police trap. "Please, *please*," Kurt urged desperately, "do as I say." With that, he vanished round the corner.

The next morning Herr Mende and Herr Bergel were safely in West Berlin. Still hardly able to believe their luck, they had found their families and had come to thank Lindemann. "It was a strange interview—the former convicts and their former prosecutor," Lindemann reminisces happily. "But it was a very satisfactory one, particularly for me."

There were still three more prisoners to free—one in Zwickau, the others in Waldheim.

Schmidt was ready to start again for Leipzig when catastrophe struck. News of the two men's "escape" had leaked somehow, and a West German radio station blared it out. Lindemann was beside himself with disappointment, when suddenly he realized that the trick might work if they acted immediately. All Communist police and judicial chiefs habitually leave the city on Saturday for their country retreats, and cannot be reached until their return at about 11 o'clock Monday morning. Lindemann was sure that his plan had more than an even chance.

And he was right. The release

orders arrived at Zwickau and Waldheim without delay. Schmidt repeated his first memorable telephone call to the two wardens. On Monday three bewildered boys found themselves on their way to West Berlin in the care of Schmidt and Braun.

But it had been a close shave. Five minutes after the Zwickau gates had closed, a big car roared up to the prison. *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt* Adam himself, flanked by high-ranking police officers, stormed into the institution.

The escape of Mende and Bergel had been discovered late on Saturday by agents monitoring West German radio broadcasts. Gerhart Eisler, then Propaganda Minister, happened to be at his desk early Monday morning and was informed first. Roaring with rage, he tried to contact his colleagues. But no responsible police official was reached until Monday noon. Then the entire State Security Service and People's Police were unleashed in an unprecedented man hunt: trains were searched, cars stopped, innocent pedestrians dragged off to police stations throughout East Germany. They were too late.

In a comfortable restaurant in West Berlin Lindemann, his helpers and his ex victims were celebrating. The spare, usually shy young man raised his glass. "We shall have to use other methods in the future," he said. "But I think we can do it again."



Dry Humour

Condensed from Parade

Dean Chenoweth and Elmer Kelton

IF YOU TELL a Texan it's a pretty day, the chances are he'll reply, "Yep, and it won't take many more like it to ruin us."

From the spring of 1950 until the autumn of 1952, worried farmers and ranchers in the American Southwest looked vainly for rain in skies brassy with dust and blazing sun. But cattlemen are notoriously optimistic, and out of the heartache of the drought has come a stubborn dry humour.

They say that moisture was so scarce at the height of the drought that stamps had to be paper-clipped to letters.

Debt has been a favourite target for humour during the drought. Three farmers who had gathered a

meagre crop were waiting at the gin for their cotton to be processed. While they traded hard-luck tales one of them produced a jug. Soon the whisky got lower and the men got higher. Finally one of them said, "You know what I'm gonna do when I get paid? My wife's been wantin' a new stove, an' I'm gonna get it for her."

The second farmer nodded approval. "My wife's been needin' a new sewing-machine, an' soon's I get my money I'm gonna buy her one."

They turned to the third farmer. "Well, Tom, what're you gonna do with your money?"

Tom studied a moment, then said, "Pass me that jug again, boys. I ain't quite out of debt yet."

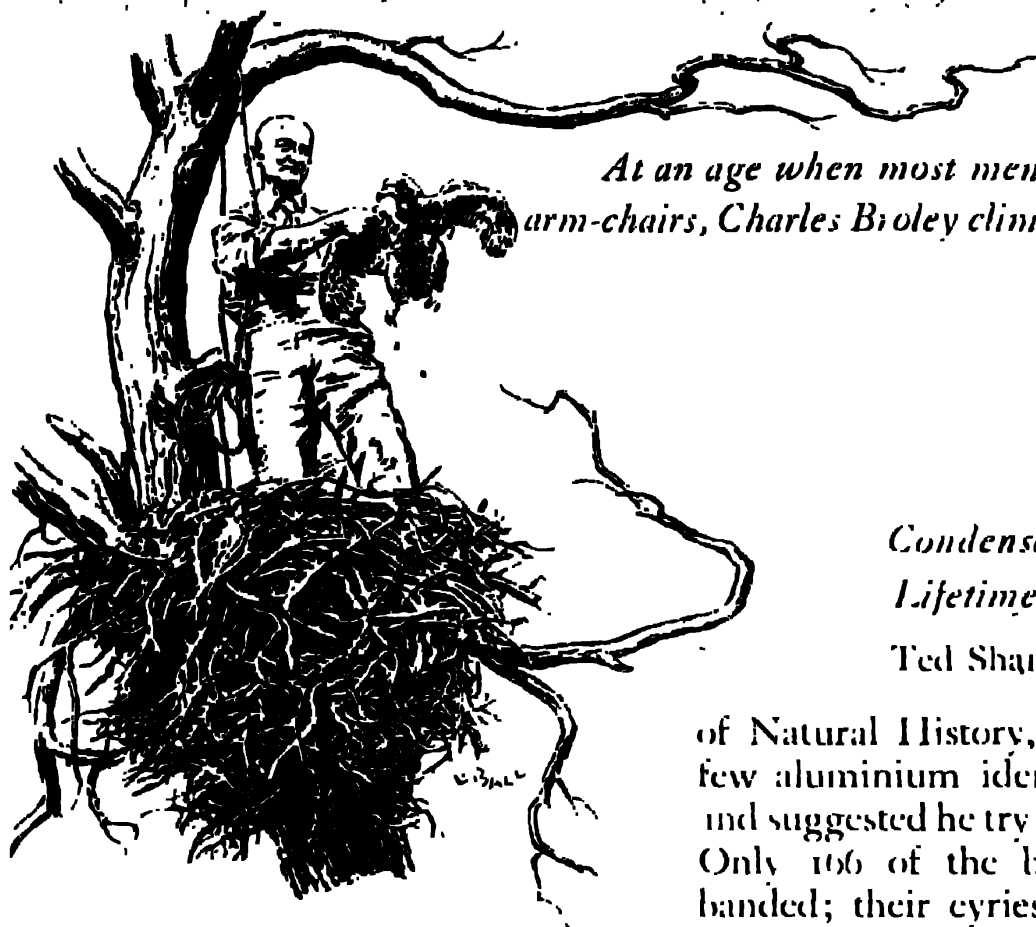
A sheepman told a friend he had bet four men \$10 each that it never would rain again.

"That's the most foolish bet I ever heard of," said the friend.

"I wouldn't say so," replied the sheepman. "Three of 'em have already paid me off."

Then there was the cattlemen who died during the drought and went on to the Great Beyond. As he approached the great gate he noticed that the terrain was bare and thirsty. He remarked to the gatekeeper, "Say, Saint Peter, this looks just like Texas."

The gatekeeper replied, "I'm not Saint Peter, and you don't know where you're at!"



At an age when most men climb into arm-chairs, Charles Broley climbs into treetops

*Condensed from
Lifetime Living*

Ted Shane

IN ROUTE from Winnipeg, Canada, to Florida in January 1939, Charles Lavelle Broley stopped at the headquarters of the U.S. National Audubon Society in New York. Crowding 60, he had just retired as a bank manager; as a confirmed bird-watcher, he wondered if he could put his new leisure to use for the society.

Wild-life custodians were worried about the bald eagle, America's national symbol, which was in danger of extinction. Little was known about its migratory and personal habits, and it was being shot on sight as a common chicken thief.

Richard Pough, now chief of conservation for the American Museum

of Natural History, gave Broley a few aluminium identification tags, and suggested he try banding eagles. Only 106 of the birds had been banded; their eyries were perched dizzily in tall trees or other inaccessible places. "Naturally you won't be able to do any climbing," Pough said. "Get a boy for that, and you can do the easy part—the banding."

In the Tampa Bay area of Florida, it was then common to see the big white headed birds soaring regally over the shorelands. Broley found himself a brash 16-year-old and went eyrie hunting. They sighted Nest One in the deep-tangled flatlands back of Gibsonton. From a distance it looked like a clump of Spanish moss. Up close it was as big as a small car, cup-shaped, near the top of a sturdy pine whose lowest branch was 40 feet from the ground.

The ex-banker was slightly nervous. There were no handbooks on banding eagles, and Broley's equipment was home-made. Would Mamma and Papa Eagle interfere? How do you catch a falling boy?

Broley, an old lacrosse player, took aim and threw a lead weight tied to a fishline over the 40-foot limb. As he hauled up a rope ladder via the line, two eagles zoomed up from the nest. The lad mounted the swaying ladder and pulled himself up into the huge stickpile. Broley heard a yell, saw him seize a stick from the nest and begin fencing with an unseen adversary. Then a young bird backflipped from the nest into the underbrush 500 feet away.

Broley found the eaglet cowering under a saw palmetto. It was a magnificent dark-brown youngster, about 11 weeks old but still unable to fly. When he grabbed the bird's legs, it slashed out with its scimitar beak and its big talons hooked deeply into his hand. Painfully he pried them out with his banding pliers and lugged the bird like a chicken back to the tree. There he found his assistant, white-faced and bleeding. Wrestling with the eaglet, they got it banded and into a canvas bag for the return trip to the nest.

Broley hadn't shinned up a tree for 45 years, but since the shaking boy was in no condition to go, he began the giddy climb up the rope ladder. In the nest he found another eaglet. He approached with

caution, but this baby did not protest when he banded it.

As he runged down the quivering ladder he was sweating, he was bloody. "But," he says, "I had banded my first eagle. And I knew I was going to like it."

After that, Broley did his own climbing. He ran out of bands and telegraphed for more. Pough sent them with the reminder, "Don't let your boy take unnecessary risks."

When the nesting season slacked off in March, the ex-banker had banded a total of 44 young eagles. He had lost 15 pounds, had thrown away his outdoor glasses, and had never felt better in his life. He was also learning that the eagle is a much-mislabelled bird. Not one adult had attacked him, and he has yet to see an eagle carrying anything but the food it normally eats—largely fish. [Of 800 nests he has examined, he has found chicken bones in only two.]

While Broley spent that summer at his home in Ontario, one of his bands was "recovered" near Poughkeepsie, New York, 1,100 miles from Florida; its wearer had died for alleged chicken theft. Another band was found in New Brunswick, Canada; a third on Prince Edward Island. Like any tourist, the Florida bald eagle appeared to summer in the North.

The following winter, provided with a gross of bands and a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service badge, Broley returned to Florida and

found so many eyries he had to number and map them. Citizens began phoning the police to report a crank who was climbing trees. Three times Broley was clapped in gaol for "molesting birds." Back-country folk, suspecting he was an excise man, lit brush fires while he was aloft, to burn his car and maroon him.

His 1940 Florida score was 76 bandings. That summer he tackled 20 eyries in the elms of Ontario—some of them 110 feet up. He tied two ladders together to reach lower branches 60 feet high, then steeple-jacked himself into the penthouses to find them tenanted by northern cousins of his Florida babies—slightly larger, and equally sharp-clawed and spirited.

What had begun as a casual hobby was now a new life. Broley began tackling the 115-foot Florida cypresses, wading waist-deep through the swamps with his 65 pounds of ladders, ropes, tools, cameras and snakebite juice poised atop his bald head, making his way in and out with the skill of an Indian.

In 1946 Broley became the king pin of banding—tagging 150 eaglets, 14 in one day. That report alarmed Richard Pough. His protégé was 67 now, an age when elderly gentlemen climb into arm-chairs, not eagle roosts. He tried to get him to quit. "What would I do, play shuffleboard?" inquired Broley. "I don't know how."

His banding trips are mostly lone affairs, but recently some have become public events, with as many as 1,000 spectators. Fan mail has found him which was addressed simply: "Eagle Man, Tampa, Florida."

As Broley accumulated eagle lore, he set out to correct public misunderstanding. At schools and club meetings, on radio and TV, he has plugged for preservation of America's national bird. Watching his splendid slides and movies of eagle life, his audiences have done more falling than he. "I fell out of every tree you climbed!" one woman gasped at him.

He has had some close calls. When one nest gave way beneath him, he saved himself by grabbing an overhanging branch. Next day he came back and jacked up the nest with two-by-fours. Another time, a limb he was standing on snapped under him. His sickening plunge was stopped short when his trousers caught on a branch stub. "I felt foolish," he admits, "just hanging there. It took me an hour to squirm round and rip my trousers open, then slide down the trunk. I was lucky to get home even in a barrel."

"What brings my heart to my mouth," Mrs. Broley says, "is seeing him stand on a branch 80 feet up, nonchalantly toss a rope over a higher branch, and climb that. I don't like it when he has to pull the ladder up after him to get into very

high nests. That means he has to come down with the ladder not fastened at the bottom at all, and he swings and sways dizzily, especially if there's a high wind."

Broley never knows what he'll find when he steps into an eagle's nest. The great horned owl, a militant character with a six-foot wingspread and murderous claws, often takes over an eyrie. Last year Broley was nearly knocked out of an eyrie when a mother owl swooped in noiselessly on her down-lined wings. He has been besieged by hornets and by irate flying squirrels.

Ornithologists agree that Broley hasn't climbed in vain. He has proved that the Florida eagle practises "reverse migration"—it nests *before* it goes north—and travels as far north-west as Lake Winnipeg, 2,400 miles away. It flies at great speeds: one bandee left Tampa on May 21, and was "recovered" on May 24 near the Arctic Circle. The \$500 fine for shooting the bald eagle or taking its eggs and young from the nest for commercial zoos stems from the publicity Broley has given America's monarch of the air.

Nevertheless the number of birds shows a steady, tragic decline. Since the 1946 peak, Broley's score for bandings has dwindled alarmingly each year. Ten per cent of the 1,200 birds he has banded have been

Bird-ringing is at once a fascinating hobby and an important service to science. Long-distance migration takes British birds to many countries and, by ringing, the date and size of migrations, the effects of weather and so on can be determined. From October 1950 to September 1951, 85,743 birds were ringed in Great Britain. Those interested should get into touch with

The Bird Ringing Committee,
Natural History Museum,
London, S.W.7.

shot. The way things are going, ornithologists gloomily predict, the bald eagle may be extinct by the year 2000. Here and there eagle lovers have chipped in and bought eyrie trees, and recently W. K. Vanderbilt set aside 12,000 acres near Venice, Florida, as a sanctuary.

Today, at 73, Broley is a lithe and sinewy ten-and-a-half stone of medium height. He opens his day with a dozen hoists on a chinning bar, eats only breakfast and dinner, doesn't smoke or drink. Radiating physical and mental health, the Eagle Man has proved that retirement can be just the beginning of life. "When you sit in a treetop and look out over the world," he explains, "it does something to your point of view."

"Something of which none of us can give too much"

The Grace of Gratitude

By A. J. Cronin

Author of "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom," "Adventures in Two Worlds," etc.

ON A fine afternoon last week I took a taxi in New York. From the driver's expression and the way he slammed in his gears, I could tell that he was upset. I asked him what was the trouble.

"I've got good reason to be sore," he growled. "One of my fares left a wallet in my cab this morning. Nearly three hundred bucks in it. I spent more than an hour trying to trace the guy. Finally I found him at his hotel. He took the wallet without a word, glared at me as though I'd meant to snatch it."

"He didn't give you a reward?" I exclaimed.

"Not a cent, and me out my time and gas. But it wasn't the dough I wanted . . ." he fumbled inarticulately, then exploded, "If the guy had only said something . . ."

Because his helpful, honest act had not been appreciated, that cab-driver's day was poisoned, and I knew he would think twice before rendering a similar service. The need of gratitude is something we

all feel when we have done a good turn, and denial of it can do much to stifle the spirit of human kindness and co operation.

During the last war an American mother received a letter from her paratrooper son in which he spoke of a woman in Avranches, Normandy, who had taken him into her home when he was wounded and hungry, and hidden him from the Germans. Later on, unhappily, the boy was killed in the Ardennes offensive. Yet the mother was moved by an irresistible intention. She saved up for two years, crossed the Atlantic and went to the village named in her son's letter. After exhaustive inquiries, she found the woman who had sheltered her son—the wife of an impoverished farmer—and pressed a package into her hand. It was the gold wrist watch her son had received on his graduation, the only object of real value the boy had ever possessed.

The mother's act of gratitude so touched people's hearts that it has

already become something of a legend in and around Avranches.

Gratitude is the art of receiving gracefully, of showing appreciation for every kindness, great and small. Most of us do not fail to show our pleasure when we receive hospitality, gifts and obvious benefits, but even here we can perfect our manner of showing gratitude by making it as personal and sincere as possible.

Recently, when touring in southern Italy with my wife, I sent to a friend in America several bottles of the local vintage which had taken our fancy. It was a trifling gift, yet to our surprise, instead of the conventional letter of thanks, we received a gramophone record. When we played it, we heard our friend's voice speaking after dinner, describing how he and a party of guests had enjoyed the wine and thanking us for our thoughtfulness. It was pleasant to have this unusual proof that our gift had been appreciated.

Nothing hurts the one who gives so much as an offhand expression of thanks. My old friend Sir James Barrie, whose plays and books reveal such a tender and intimate knowledge of young people, used to relate this story: "One afternoon, while I was engaged in a business discussion with a Scottish friend, his young daughter, aged nine, entered with some scones she had specially baked for him. Her father, obviously annoyed by the interruption, made pretence of sampling one scone, murmured a hurried, ungracious

word and immediately resumed the conversation. The child, downcast and deeply wounded, went out in mortified silence. Some weeks later, when her mother asked her why she no longer made scones, the child burst into tears, exclaiming passionately, 'I shall never bake scones again!' And," added Barrie, "throughout her life, she never did."

Gratitude is sometimes more than a personal affair. My son, studying medicine at McGill University, told me of a patient brought into hospital in Montreal whose life was saved by a blood transfusion. When he was well again he asked: "Isn't there any way I can discover the name of the donor and thank him?" He was told that names of donors are never divulged. A few weeks after his discharge he came back to give a pint of his own blood. Since then he has returned again and again for the same purpose. When one of the surgeons commented on this splendid record of anonymous service, he answered simply: "Someone I never knew did it for me. I'm just saying 'thanks.'"

It is a comforting thought that gratitude can be not merely a passing sentiment but a renewal which can, in some instances, persist for a lifetime. A husband who recalls appreciatively some particularly generous or unselfish act on his wife's part, a wife who never forgets the gifts her husband has given her does much to keep the domestic wheels

spinning smoothly. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, has written: "One evening I brought home a friend to share our usual evening repast. Afterwards he said to me: 'You are fortunate to have a wife who, despite ill health and children to look after, cooks such excellent meals.' That tribute opened my eyes and taught me to show gratitude for my wife's day-to-day heroism, which I had hitherto taken for granted."

It is, above all, in the little things that the grace of gratitude should be most employed. The boy who delivers our paper, the milkman, the postman, the barber, the waitress at a restaurant, the liftman all oblige us in one way or another each day of the year. By showing our gratitude to them we make routine relationships human and render monotonous tasks more agreeable. Some years ago I was staying at the same hotel in Cannes as Lord Grey of Fallodon. I noticed that he always warmly thanked the hotel porter who opened the door for him. One day I plucked up courage to ask him why he took the trouble to do it. He looked at me directly. "Because he is taking the trouble to do something for me."

A patient of mine in London who worked as a bus conductor once confided to me, "I get fed up with my job sometimes. People grumble, bother you, haven't got the right change for their tickets. But there's one lady who travels on my bus morning and evening, and she al-

ways thanks me in a particularly friendly way when I take her ticket. I like to think she's speaking for all the other passengers. It helps me to keep smiling."

Sometimes a tip is called for, and then it is well to remember that a smile or a personal word can mean more than the money. A friend of Paul Valéry, the celebrated French man of letters, was in the habit of taking lunch at a certain restaurant in Paris and accepting the service without comment, though he always left a generous tip. One day Valéry accompanied him to lunch. When they had finished their meal and were about to leave, Valéry smilingly thanked the waiter for his efficient service, saying that it had greatly added to the pleasure of his meal. The waiter never forgot those kindly words, and he often inquires after Valéry.

Arnold Bennett had a publisher who boasted about the extraordinary efficiency of his secretary. One day while visiting the publisher's office Bennett said to her, "Your employer claims that you are extremely efficient. What is your secret?" "It's not my secret," the secretary replied. "*It's his.*" Every time she performed a service, no matter how small, he never failed to acknowledge it. Because of that she took infinite pains with her work.

Nothing brightens life—our own and others'—so much as the spirit of thanksgiving. A doctor I knew in South Wales prescribed in certain

cases of neuroses what he called his "thank-you cure." When a patient came to him discouraged, pessimistic, and full of his own woes, but without any symptoms of a serious ailment, he would give this advice:

"For six weeks I want you to say 'Thank you' whenever anyone does you a favour, and, to show you mean it, emphasize the words with a smile."

"But no one ever does me a favour, Doctor," the patient might complain.

Whereupon, borrowing from Scripture, the wise old doctor would reply: "Seek and you will find."

Six weeks later, more often than not, the patient would return with quite a new outlook, freed from his sense of grievance against life, convinced that people had suddenly

become more kind and friendly.

Some people refrain from expressing their gratitude because they feel it will not be welcome. A patient of mine, some weeks after his discharge from hospital, came back to thank his nurse.

"I did not come back sooner," he explained, "because I imagined you must be bored to death with people thanking you."

"On the contrary," she replied, "I am delighted you came. Few realize how much we need encouragement and how much we are helped by those who give it."

Gratitude is something of which none of us can give too much. For on the smiles, the thanks we give, our little gestures of appreciation, our neighbours build up their philosophy of life.



Man in a Maze

*I*N New York they're talking about the Columbia University professor who decided he needed to consult a psychiatrist. Resolved to get a good man, he picked out one on Park Avenue and entered his reception room. The room was beautifully appointed, but there was no receptionist—only two doors labelled "Men" and "Women." Pushing open the door marked "Men," the professor found himself in a second room. Here were two more doors, lettered "Introverts" and "Extraverts." He hesitated a moment, then entered the door marked "Introverts," and found himself in still another room with two doors. These were designated "Those Making Up to \$10,000 and Under" and "Those Making \$10,000 and Over."

There was no question that the professor's was the \$10,000-and-under door. So he walked through it—and found himself right back on Park Avenue. —Dr. William L. Pressly, quoted by Hugh Park in *Atlanta Journal*

The Time We Live By

Condensed from *This Week*

John E. Gibson

WHAT makes time pass slowly on some occasions, swiftly on others? Mental time—the time you feel by—is not measured by mechanical clocks but by a sensitive physiological clock in the time-measurement centres of your brain. This clock is powered by your metabolism, regulated by the chemistry of your emotions. When it runs fast, it can make minutes seem like hours; when it runs slow it can telescope minutes into seconds.

Some individuals' mental clocks run consistently slow. They're always being surprised to find that it's later than they think. They are habitually late for appointments; for them mechanical time races so fast that they never quite catch up with it. There are others whose internal clocks run fast; for them time seems to creep so slowly that 15 minutes may seem like an hour. Make an appointment with one of them, and the odds are that he'll be there ahead of time.

Some people have mental time-

pieces which seem synchronized with the clock on the wall. They can usually guess the time of day within ten minutes. Experiments at a leading university showed that about 50 per cent of the subjects tested had such an accurate time sense that they could awaken from sleep at a previously designated hour. But even these human clocks tend to run fast or slow occasionally.

Our mental clocks are affected, for example, by changes in body temperature. Dr. Hudson Hoagland, noted biologist, discovered that when we become overheated time seems to pass slowly; with a high fever, it has a snail-like pace. Conversely, when body temperature drops to subnormal levels, time whizzes by.

Successful effort makes time fly. Tests at the University of Washington showed that time passed almost one-third faster for stenographers, bookkeepers and accountants when they were busily at work than when they were sitting at desks doing nothing.

All states of mind have a bearing on your estimate of time. Studies conducted at Arizona State College have shown that attitudes of confidence and optimism make time move at an accelerated pace, while feelings of doubt and anxiety slow it down. The more "down in the dumps" you feel, the more slowly time drags by.

If you find time dragging and

want to speed it up, drink a cup of tea or coffee. It will do the trick. Liquor has a double-barrelled effect on the time sense. It makes short intervals of time fly; 45 minutes can seem to be only 15. But for longer periods, liquor makes time appear to pass much more slowly. A series of tests conducted by the noted German scientist Othmar Sterzinger, at the University of Graz, show that for most people alcohol waits only about 20 minutes to do its abrupt about-face. Liquor can scarcely be recommended as a means of giving time a "shot in the arm."

How fast time passes for you is also determined to a large extent by your age. When you are young—during childhood and adolescence—

mechanical time crawls. It marches with steadily increasing swiftness with each passing year until, as old age approaches, it really rushes past. Exhaustive studies by the French scientist Pierre Lecomte du Noüy indicate that in the course of one hour a child lives physically and psychologically as much as a man of 60 lives in five hours. Therefore it is not surprising that it is difficult to sustain the attention of a child for more than a few minutes; to him ten minutes take as long to pass as 50 minutes for the older man.

The evidence makes it clear that the time we really live by is not mechanical time but time as it is measured by the clock inside our brains.

Teen Talk

A YOUNGSTER burdened by his duties of keeping his room tidy at boarding school, sent an express letter to his parents. "Please send me a rug at once," read the brief missive. "I need something to sweep under."

—Chicago Tribune

"MOTHER," announced 12-year-old Carol breathlessly, when she came home from her first day at a new school, "all my teachers except five are *men*!" I murmured appropriate approval, then asked how many teachers she had altogether.

"Seven," she answered blithely.

—Contributed by Josephine Cortes

IN THE *Book-of-the-Month Club News*, Oliver Allen writes:

My father, Frederick Lewis Allen, the editor of *Harper's*, is somewhat farsighted. One evening at a friend's house my stepmother, Agnes Rogers Allen, noticed that Dad was spending a great deal of time with a very pretty girl. On the way home, Agnes remarked, "Well! That was certainly an attractive girl you were with most of the evening."

"Was she really?" replied my father. "I didn't have my glasses, and I never got far enough away from her to see what she looked like!"

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

YOUR WORD SUPPLY will not grow unless you make up your mind to do something about it. But the effort, once started, takes on the fun of a game. These tests offer a good beginning. Before you begin this one, write down definitions of those words you think you know. Then check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **POTENCY** (pō' tent si) —A: *the quality of being suitable for drinking*. B: *fertility*. C: *beaviness*. D: *power*.
- (2) **PHLEGMATIC** (fleg ma' ik) —A: *congested*. B: *stolid*. C: *stern*. D: *easily irritated*.
- (3) **DEVISE** (dē vize') —A: *to fool*. B: *to separate*. C: *to inform*. D: *to invent*.
- (4) **CONTUMACIOUS** (con tū may' shūs) —A: *humble*. B: *proud*. C: *obstinate*. D: *ridiculous*.
- (5) **GUSTATORY** (guss' tuh to ri) —A: *full of praise*. B: *pertaining to the sense of taste*. C: *loud and noisy*. D: *piggish*.
- (6) **RUCTION** (ruk' shun) —A: *the splitting or breaking of an object*. B: *a noisy quarrel*. C: *strength*. D: *ruin*.
- (7) **INSTITUTED** (in' su tute id) —A: *proclaimed*. B: *initiated or set on foot*. C: *forbidden*. D: *gaoled*.
- (8) **BIVOUAC** (biv' oo ac) —A: *a tent*. B: *a stockade enclosure*. C: *a temporary encampment without shelter*. D: *stacked-up arms*.
- (9) **CADAVEROUS** (kuh dav' ur us) —A: *dull*. B: *melancholy*. C: *gaunt and haggard*. D: *empty*.
- (10) **GALAXY** (gal' ak si) —A: *brilliance*. B: *fame*. C: *a luminous group of stars*. D: *vanity*.
- (11) **PIVOTAL** (piv' uht uhl) —A: *powerful*. B: *on which a matter turns*. C: *sharp*. D: *whirling*.
- (12) **INAMORATA** (in am oh rah' ruh) —A: *a beloved woman*. B: *jealousy*. C: *hatred*. D: *an opera singer*.
- (13) **ASPIRANT** (ass pyre' unt or ass' puh runt) —A: *short breath*. B: *a seeker for honours or position*. C: *the sound represented by the letter "b"*. D: *an apprentice*.
- (14) **DELINQUENT** (de ling' quent) —A: *delaying*. B: *poor*. C: *failing in duty*. D: *awkward*.
- (15) **CONFRÈRES** (con' frairz) —A: *colleagues*. B: *conferences*. C: *confidemes*. D: *blood brothers*.
- (16) **AGGLOMERATE** (ā glom' ur ate) —A: *joined as with glue*. B: *over-decorative*. C: *swollen*. D: *clustered densely*.
- (17) **AMFABLE** (aff' uh b'l) —A: *amusing*. B: *affected*. C: *stare*. D: *pleasant*.
- (18) **VOXIFEROUS** (vō sif' ur us) —A: *talkative*. B: *enthusiastic*. C: *noisy*. D: *wrathful*.
- (19) **VALIDLY** (val' id li) —A: *gaily*. B: *ourageously*. C: *weakly*. D: *authoritatively*.
- (20) **GERRYMANDER** (gēr' i man duhr or jēr i man duhr) —A: *to act like a buffoon*. B: *to alter unfairly, as a political map*. C: *to caricature*. D: *to panhandle*.

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **POTENCY**—D: The Latin *potens*, from *posse*, "to be able." Hence, power; as, "The doctor warned of the *potency* of the drug."
- (2) **PHLEGMATIC**—B: Lacking enthusiasm; apathetic; as, "In all his actions he appeared sluggish and *phlegmatic*."
- (3) **DEVISE**—D: Invent; to form a plan or plans; to contrive; as, "They were able to *devise* ways of saving time."
- (4) **CONTUMACIOUS**—C: Incorrigibly obstinate; rebellious; stubbornly perverse; as, "She was described as that restless, roving, *contumacious* female." From the Latin *contumax*, "insolent, obstinate."
- (5) **GUSTATORY**—B: From the Latin *gustare*, meaning "to taste." Hence, of or pertaining to the sense of taste; as, "The banquet was a *gustatory* delight."
- (6) **RUCTION**—B: This word, of obscure origin, may come from the Irish *insurrection* of 1798 and means a noisy quarrel; a riotous outbreak; as, "Our rest was disturbed by a *ruction* in the courtyard."
- (7) **INSTITUTED**—B: Initiated or set on foot; originated; as, "The committee *instituted* an inquiry." The Latin *institutus*, from *in*, "in," and *statuere*, "to set up."
- (8) **BIVOUCAC**—C: A temporary encampment. A French word, from the German *beiwacht*, "a night watch."
- (9) **CADAVEROUS**—C: Corpse-like; ghastly; looking like a cadaver or corpse; as, "The birds had bald *cadaverous* heads and long wrinkled necks." From the Latin *cadere*, "to fall."
- (10) **GALAXY**—C: Through French and Latin from the Greek *galaxias*, from *gala*, "milk." Hence, first applied to that luminous group of stars called "the Milky Way." Now applied to any brilliant group; as, "The chorus of the new show is a *galaxy* of beauties."
- (11) **PIVOTAL**—B: On which a matter turns; as, "The Battle of the Coral Sea was a *pivotal* point of the last war."
- (12) **INAMORATA**—A: A sweetheart; a woman with whom one is in love; as "Dante's *inamorata*, Beatrice." From the Latin *in*, "in," and *amare*, "to love."
- (13) **ASPIRANT**—B: One who desires to attain honours or position; a candidate for office; as, "He studied hard, since he was an *aspirant* for college honours."
- (14) **DELINQUENT**—C: Failing in duty; offending by disobeying the laws; as, "He was *delinquent* in the payment of his taxes." From the Latin *delinquere*, "to fail."
- (15) **CONFRÈRES**—A: A French borrowing which we use to mean colleagues; fellow members of an association; as, "We must try to dissuade our United Nations *confrères* from their suspicions."
- (16) **AGGLOMERATE**—D: The Latin *ad*, "to," and *glomerare*, "to wind into a ball." Clustered densely in a mass, but not connected together; as, "An unsightly *agglomerate* mass of rubbish blocked the entrance."
- (17) **AFFABLE**—D: The Latin *affabilis* gives us a hint as to the meaning. It is from *ad*, "to," and *fari*, "to speak." Hence, if you "speak to" someone, you are apt to be friendly and courteous; as, "*Affable* phrases encouraged the applicants."
- (18) **VOCIFEROUS**—C: Noisy; clamorous; shouting; as, "The galleries were *vociferous* in their denunciation of the speaker." From the Latin *vociferari*, "to cry out."
- (19) **VALIDLY**—D: Authoritatively; justly; effectively; as, "These rules were *validly* supported." From the Latin *validus*, "strong."
- (20) **GERRYMANDER**—B: After Gov. Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, whose party contrived in 1812 to rearrange districts in Essex County, U.S.A., so as to control elections better. When they had finished someone noticed that the shape of one district resembled a salamander. *Gerry* and *mander*, telescoped, form the verb that means to alter a political map so as to give one party the advantage.

Vocabulary Ratings

- 20-19 correct.....excellent
18-15 correct.....good
14-11 correct.....fair

An American writer tells how the Louisiana Purchase, a daring, farsighted decision, made his country a world power

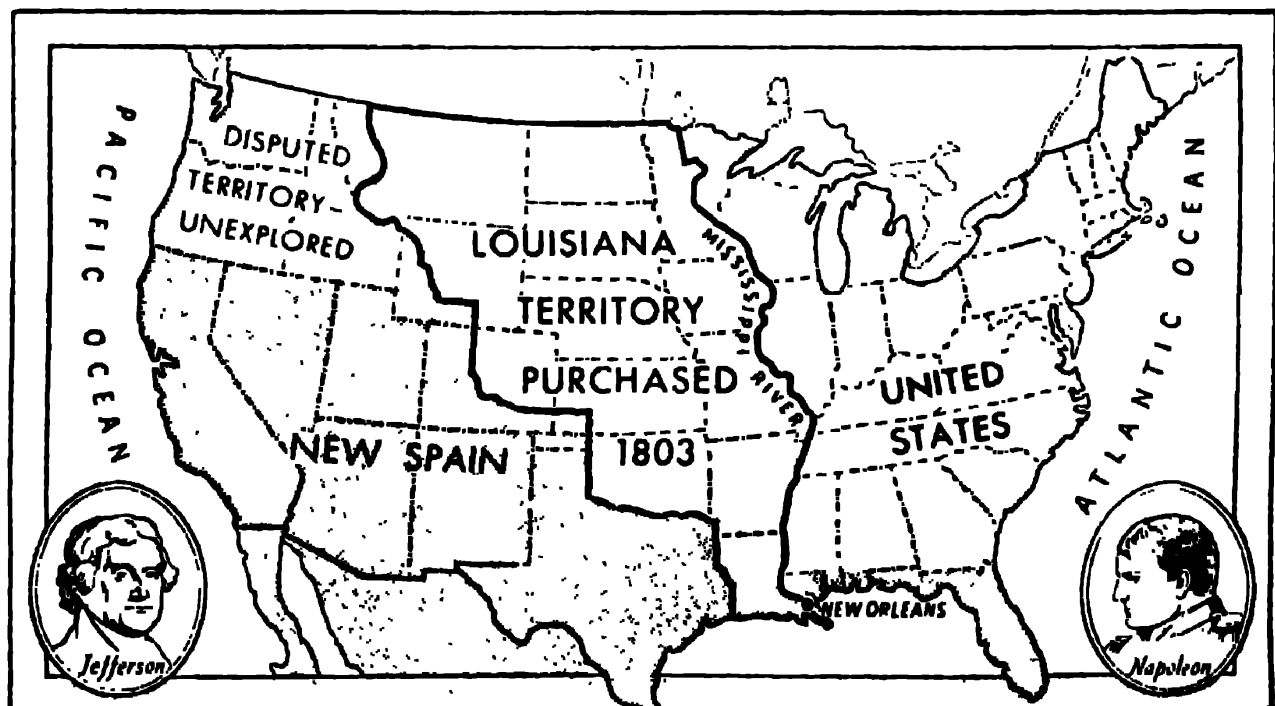
An Empire for Four Cents an Acre

By Donald Culross Peattie

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years ago this country doubled its size at a single stroke. It was the greatest such territorial advance ever made by any nation, yet it cost not one life. To our lasting credit, we bought this vital tract honestly. Thus it was that in 1803 we came into possession of virtually everything (except Texas) west of the Mississippi and east of the Rockies' crest. Add to this the strategic port of New Orleans and some adjacent lands on the

Mississippi's east bank, and you have what constituted the Louisiana Purchase. And for this rich heartland of America we paid about four cents an acre!

Small wonder that 1953 in Louisiana is set aside as the Sesquicentennial Year, to honour the momentous Purchase. A 12-month period of pageantry and celebration will culminate on December 20, the anniversary of our acquisition, with the re-enactment in New Orleans of the lowering of the French tricolour



and the raising of the Stars and Stripes.

Every American youngster learns about the Louisiana Purchase in school, but his history book does not always tell him the inside story. Louisiana which was part of the Spanish empire in North America, along with Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, had been a pawn on the chessboard of European intrigue. Spain discovered it, France explored and settled it, then traded it back to Spain, and now, as the 19th century opened, Napoleon was plotting to claim it as his.

The 50,000 Creoles in Louisiana were mostly of French descent, with a graceful, aristocratic way of life. Pressing upon them from the East were folk of a very different sort, those forefathers of ours who in one generation had crossed the Appalachians, cleared the forests, driven out the Indians, driven in the plough, and now were settled 300,000 strong on the east bank of the Mississippi. They were pouring their produce down the river to export from New Orleans---Kentucky tobacco, Ohio flour, Monongahela whisky. We had five craft in that port to every one flying the flag of France or Spain. Then, in October 1802, a Spanish royal order closed the port to American shipping. It was a brutal hand laid on the windpipe of a young economy.

In Washington denunciations rang in the Senate. President Jeffer-

son dipped his pen in the White House inkpot and addressed Robert Livingston, our minister in Paris. New Orleans, "through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market," he wrote, "must not lie in enemy hands." There was no enemy to freedom like the strutting conqueror Bonaparte; and Jefferson knew, through British spies who had informed our ambassador in London, that the great western wilderness called Louisiana had passed, in secret trade, from Spain to Napoleon.

Bonaparte's minister Talleyrand at first smoothly denied the fact to Livingston. Only when Jefferson authorized Livingston to negotiate a lease for a port did the wily Talleyrand admit the deal with Spain.

Bonaparte then threw off the mask of secrecy. He proclaimed the revival of the French empire in the New World, and promised early occupation with troops and colonists. Livingston, frustrated, feared that force must be met with force. Angry American settlers were ready to push out in their flatboats and seize New Orleans. The threat of war darkened the skies.

But Jefferson had other plans. Spain's deal with Napoleon expressly stipulated that at no time was Louisiana to be ceded to the growing United States. Yet since it had come into the hands of the dangerous Corsican, Jefferson reasoned, the port to America's life-

line, the Mississippi, must become ours. He decided that we must offer to buy New Orleans and "the Floridas" (Florida, the Gulf coasts of Alabama, Mississippi and the eastern parts of the present state of Louisiana). To this Congress agreed, and James Monroe was appointed minister extraordinary to carry out the mission with Livingston. Early in March he set sail for France.

Meanwhile, Napoleon was independently concocting a plan of his own. It came to light one day when he lay in his bath, the scented steam wreathing the swart, scheming head. Into this privacy burst his two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, who had just caught wind of Napoleon's outrageous intention. Sell Louisiana to the Americans? That would be treachery to Spain, folly for France! But their all-powerful brother simply splashed them with bath water and shouted with laughter that he was about to "commit Louisianicide."

Behind Talleyrand's back, without the knowledge of the French people, Napoleon plotted to toss away what was theirs on the gaming table of conquest. He planned to go to war with England; he would need money to fight. He had learned that 20 British warships were hovering in the Gulf of Mexico, waiting to seize Louisiana. Best for France, which could not hold it anyway, to sell this wilderness waste at once.

On the night after Monroe's ar-

rival in Paris, Livingston gave a dinner party for him. As the talk and the brandy went round the table, Livingston, glancing out of the window, saw a figure pacing in the ministry garden—not furtively, rather as though he wished to be noticed, and yet with the manner of one who comes on private business. It was Barbé-Marbois, Napoleon's Minister of the Treasury. He came in while the party was taking coffee, and found occasion to ask Livingston to come later that evening, discreetly, to his ministry.

It was past midnight when Livingston left the ministry, and three in the morning before he had finished his letter to the President, announcing the astounding offer just made by France to the United States. For Barbé-Marbois had been authorized by Napoleon to sell us not only New Orleans but the whole province of greater Louisiana, unexplored, all but boundless. The price named was staggering, far beyond the powers of our little treasury. As he sealed the letter, Livingston knew that it would take at least 45 days for an answer to reach him, and that he and Monroe must act quickly.

So the two bargained with Barbé-Marbois day after day. At last they knew they had reached the rock-bottom price: \$15,000,000.

With great moral courage Monroe and Livingston decided to break the bonds of their instructions and trust their country to back them up.

On the second day of May 1803 they signed a bargain with Barbé-Marbois. All shook hands in silence. Livingston spoke briefly and prophetically: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or dictated by force. It will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts and prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations."

On May 22, four days after his war with England broke out, Napoleon signed. For gold that would go up in gunpowder, he sold an untapped empire five times the size of France. Without realizing it, he sold the oil fields of Oklahoma, tall Arkansas cypress and black bottom cotton soil, white-pine forests of Minnesota, Iowa cornfields, Dakota wheatlands, cattle ranges of Wyoming, Montana copper, Colorado silver and gold, Louisiana rice and sugar. He sold the second longest river system in the world, from its source to its mouth, and the port that served it.

He, who fancied himself as a founder of empire, sold off the land that could, within 50 years, have fed all the armies of Europe, sated its timber hunger, relieved its population pressure. But grandly he cried to Barbé-Marbois, "I renounce Louisiana." And for what? To prosecute a war born only of his insane ambition, to reach futilely towards ~~Malta~~, Egypt, India.

Late on the afternoon of July 3 news of the Louisiana Purchase began to buzz like swarming bees through the embassies in Washington. As the Fourth—U.S. Independence Day—opened, the triumph was proclaimed with a salvo of 21 guns. Volley on volley, the news of this bloodless victory thundered forth. We had cleanly bested Napoleon. We had thrust ourselves boldly forth, our back heaving strong under Canada; we had thrown ourselves upon the Spanish South-west, our hands were reaching towards the Pacific. A new and spacious grandeur was ours!

Late into the night, happy crowds poured through the White House, to wring the hand of their farseeing, peace loving President. And early the next morning his secretary, a young man named Meriwether Lewis, set forth, after months of preparation, upon an epic journey known as the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which was to probe the heart of the new territory and carry the American flag to the western sea.

There were lesser men, of course, to make loud objection. Cheap land beyond the Mississippi, they cried, would ruin eastern land values; labour would emigrate to the West and grow scarce and dear in the East. An enormous sum had been pledged to a foreign dictator for nothing but rattlesnakes, coyotes and Sioux. And, finally, the whole thing was unconstitutional. (Even

Jefferson himself had pangs about this.) But from crossroads stores, from cabins lit by a hearthlog, from Maine to Georgia and Illinois came answering voices like a rising wind of assent. In an overwhelming vote the Purchase was ratified by the Senate, and an enabling act was passed which provided that to raise the needed millions we would float a bond issue—if we could find a buyer.

In that young America of slow wheels and muddy roads, it was December before the day came for the ceremonies of transfer in New Orleans. The 20th dawned bright and mild, one of those softly glowing days with which this belle of a southern city still welcomes her visitors. Never had such a crowd turned out. The galleries of the public buildings were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the streets packed with sightseers. In the Place d'Armes, called Jackson Square today, the French troops stood at attention while the Americans marched in to the roll of drums and turned to face the French across the square.

Then came the flowery speeches, by Laussat, the French colonial prefect, and in reply by Claiborne, the newly appointed governor of

lower Louisiana, and now the tricolour flag of revolutionary France is hauled down. A ship-ensign receives it before it touches earth, kisses it and passes it to a sergeant-major, who wraps it around his body. Then at last the Stars and Stripes rises on the halyards, to float with a happy ease upon these soft southern airs.

That night Laussat threw a roaring party, with toasts in champagne to Spain, France and the United States. Then followed dancing—minuets, quadrilles and waltzes. Far off, in London, the final act of the Louisiana Purchase was taking place. The great banking house of Baring had decided to take up the bonds. Thus, by the wizardry of finance, the British investor furnished Napoleon the money he needed to prosecute the war with England.

The Louisiana Purchase cut the swaddling clothes in which our infant nation had been bound. It changed us from a loose band of states hemmed in by foreign nations into a world power. The Louisiana Purchase thus takes rank with the Declaration of Independence and the making of the Constitution as one of the three most creative events in our history.

JIMMY DURANTE, the Cyrano-nosed comedian, bet on a horse at the track and the nag lost by inches. "What that horse needed," bragged an ex-jockey, "was my riding."

"What he needed," corrected Durante, "was my nose."

—Eskine Johnson in *Photoplay*

*Stunned and blinded, Ken Schechter
was alone over North Korea. . . .*

A Blind Pilot Flies Back

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Comdr. Harry A. Burns, USN

THE Yellow Devil Squadron from the carrier *Valley Forge* was over its target in North Korea, pressing home the attack and paying no attention to the heavy anti-aircraft fire. Then Skyraider pilot Lt. Howard Thayer heard a scream over his radio: "I'm blind! For God's sake, help me; I'm blind!"

Thayer looked round. High above him another Skyraider was climbing straight for the solid overcast at 10,000 feet. A few hundred feet more and it would be too late. If the guy was badly hurt and got lost in that pea-soup scud, it was good-bye. Young Thayer had to rescue that blinded fellow pilot somehow.

"Put your nose down—put your nose down," Thayer called over the circuit. "I'm coming up."

He gunned his plane and started to climb with full throttle on. No smoke trailed from the plane above to indicate fire. But still it climbed.

The wounded pilot was almost in the deadly cloud bank.

"This is Thayer—this is Thayer!" the rescuing pilot barked sharply into his mike. "Put your nose down quick! Get it over!"

This time the message reached the wounded pilot, Ensign Ken Schechter. An anti-aircraft shell had shattered his cockpit. He was knocked unconscious. Instinct had made him pull back on his stick—his dive bomber shivered at the bottom of its arc and began a steep climb. Stunned, blinded, bleeding, hurtling through the air in a plane he couldn't see to control, Ken Schechter almost called it a day.

The name "Thayer" came through to him at the vital moment. Thank God, if there was anyone who could pull him through it was Howie Thayer—his room-mate on the *Valley Forge*. Although only dimly conscious, Schechter pushed the stick forward. From the angle of his

body, he knew that he was headed earthward. From now on, Thayer would have to tell him what to do and when.

"Pull back a little," he heard Thayer say calmly. "We can level off now."

Thayer was now flying about 100 feet off the battered plane's quarter. He saw that the cockpit was almost completely blown away and what was left was a crimson mess. Schechter's face was horrible. Blood flowed from his eyes and forehead. A razor-sharp shell fragment had caught him under the right nostril and had ripped across his right cheek. A sizeable portion of flesh draped over his lower lip. "*My God, how is he alive?*" Thayer asked himself, shuddering.

Schechter by now was stirring inwardly. He remembered his canteen and somehow got the top off. Holding it over his head, he poured water down his face. For a warm, beautiful second he could see part of the instrument panel swimming before his eyes. Then it was over and he was blind again.

"Get me down, Howie. Get me down, Howie," he said.

"Roger. Drop your ordnance," ordered Thayer. A partial bombload underneath the plane dropped off. Thayer dipped a wing and made sure there were no hung bombs.

"We're headed south, Ken," he said to Schechter. "Push over a little more. . . . That's the boy."

Thayer was talking automatically,

but thinking hard. Wonsan was first. If they could get there, maybe Ken could bail out near a destroyer. The thought that Schechter might black out from loss of blood was uppermost in his mind. "We're headed for Wonsan, Ken. Not too long now."

No answer.

Thayer glanced apprehensively at the other cockpit. Schechter was trying to pour water over his face again. By now the back of his head felt as if someone were pounding it with a club. Blood running down his throat made him want to vomit. He was near blackness.

"Get me down, Thayer." It was a frantic plea this time.

"Roger. We're approaching Wonsan now. Get ready to bail out."

"Negative. Negative. Not gonna bail out. Get me down." The words were hard and positive.

Floating down to a choppy mass of cold water was a pilot's nightmare at any time. To try it with no eyesight and with bleeding wounds was taking too much of a chance. Maybe he would hit the water too fast and not get clear of his parachute straps. No, he would ride his plane down somehow to a clear strip of beach or a friendly field, using his room-mate's eyes. Or die trying.

Thayer understood. A few minutes later he saw an American cruiser blazing away at Communist troops ashore. They were passing into friendly territory.

"We're at the battle line now, Ken. Will head for Geronimo. Hold on, boy." Geronimo was the code name for an American air base about 30 miles south of the lines.

"Roger." Schechter's voice was tired and faint.

"Can you make it, Ken?"

"Get me down, you miserable ape, or you'll have to inventory my gear."

Each pilot fills out a confidential card, naming a person to take care of his belongings should he be killed in action. Schechter and Thayer had named each other.

Thayer directed Schechter to turn right. As they steadied on a course to head them for Geronimo, Thayer saw Schechter's head fall forward, then straighten, only to flop over on his left shoulder.

This is it, Thayer decided. We go down—anywhere. A few more minutes—if we have even that long—and I've got a dead boy over there. He knew they'd never make Geronimo. He looked for the first likely spot. A paddy would do, if there was nothing better. Up ahead, he thought he saw an open area.

"Kenny, we're going down. Push your nose over, drop your right wing." He watched anxiously. Schechter was still reacting to orders.

The clear spot ahead became more visible. It was "Jersey Bounce," an abandoned airfield south of the present battle line. No planes on it, but probably a skeleton crew as

caretakers. He saw a car; two or three men were looking up at them.

"We're approaching Jersey Bounce, Ken. Will make a two seven zero turn and set you down."

"Roger. Let's go." Schechter's voice was indistinct. His strength was ebbing.

Thayer looked at the short, unpaved runway and then at the shot-up plane beside him. Should they try it or gamble on getting farther south to the larger field? *We make this or nothing*, he said to himself.

"Left wing down slowly, nose over easy. Little more," Thayer ordered coolly. Then, "Gear down."

"To hell with that!" Schechter said, his voice now shrill.

Thayer cursed himself and was thankful that, blind and hurt, Ken remembered that in an emergency it is safer to land on your belly, with wheels unlowered. It cut the chances of ripping off a wing or doing a nose-over from hitting the runway off balance.

The crucial moments were ahead. Orders had to be given correctly and carried out perfectly. One slip and it was all over.

With desperate faith in his own judgment, Thayer talked quietly to his wounded friend. Schechter, for all his loss of blood, handled his plane beautifully. Spare energy and strength came from some reservoir God stores up for wounded men to draw on when a final effort is needed. His senses, actuated by excitement, shunted the throbbing pain

into the background. He followed each step with silent confidence in Thayer's judgment.

Thayer's voice: "We're heading straight. Hundred yards to runway. You're 50 feet off the ground. Pull back a little. Easy. That's good. You're level. Thirty feet off the ground. You're O.K. You're over the runway. Twenty feet. Kill it a little. You're setting down. O.K., cut."

Schechter tensed as he waited for the plane to hit the ground and slide along on its belly. The plane hit, lurched, then slid for yards and yards along the gravelled runway. And finally came to rest, all in one piece.

Thayer circled round and round, flying low. He saw Schechter climb clumsily out of his cockpit and stand leaning against his plane. A car raced down the runway to the stricken pilot, took him in and roared off at high speed.

Thayer picked his course for home—the *Valley Forge*—and landed 20 minutes later. He was bone-weary from the terrific nervous tension. But he felt warm and good inside. Thank God for all the breaks.

To his amazement, he learned that just about everybody on the carrier knew what had gone on. And all hands, from Rear Admiral Frederick William McMahon on down, were mighty proud of him

and Schechter. Throughout the ordeal, the Air Operations radio speaker had been tuned in on the conversation between the two pilots. As the word spread, pilots, officers and enlisted personnel found excuses to enter Air-Ops and listen in to the drama. The transcription machine had been turned on and a record had been made. That night it was played over the intra-ship radio system to all 3,000 of the *Valley Forge* personnel.

In the meantime, Schechter was transported by helicopter from Jersey Bounce to Geronimo. After the more easily removable pieces of shell had been taken from his face, neck and scalp, he was flown south to Pusan. By three o'clock in the afternoon he had been transferred to the naval hospital ship *Consolation* for radical surgery. Sharp shell fragments had pierced both eyes.

As this is written, long weeks of recuperation still lie ahead. The left eye, after treatment, has healed well enough so that Schechter can see objects dimly. His right eye is still sightless, its future a question.

When some of his squadron mates visited him at the hospital in Japan, before he was flown back to the States for further treatment, he seemed optimistic about the future. "Tell those guys I'm lucky to be alive, and I know it. Anybody who moans about anything is nuts."

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By J. Stanley Sheppard
As told to John Gainfort

A YOUNG WOMAN with brown hair and cheeks like roses stood in the doorway of the hospital in Sing Sing prison, in Ossining, New York. The guard who was showing her and her husband through the place told her to wait. "We don't allow women inside," he said.

But Kathryn Lawes could see across the corridor into a little room where there was an old man in bed. She walked over to him and asked him how he felt. He mumbled something about being pretty bad. She leaned down, took his hand and whispered to him,

J. STANLEY SHEPPARD was director of the Salvation Army's prison bureau in New York from 1918 to his retirement two years ago.



"You've too nice a face to be in here."

He turned away from her and wept. After she was gone he asked a nurse who the visitors were. "That's Lewis Lawes and his wife," the nurse replied. "He may be your next Warden."

The man was Charles Chapin, a famous city editor of the old New York *World*, who had killed his wife and had been given a life sentence. He was the first prisoner Kathryn met in Sing Sing, but from the day she moved into the Warden's house—it was inside the walls then—all the men in prison were her friends. She went everywhere among them, with no guard to protect her, and the entire prison, including the Death House, became as familiar to

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of them all*



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her as the rooms in her own home.

Kathryn Lawes brought up her three little girls in Sing Sing. Kathleen and Crystal were big enough to run about when they came there; Joan Marie was born there. Prisoners were their nursemaids, and Kathryn was mother to them all. Most of the prisoners called her "Mother" when they spoke to her.

Her thoughtfulness for the inmates of Sing Sing was unbounded. She lifted a blind prisoner out of utter despair by making it possible for him to learn Braille. When she had a deaf mute prisoner as a servant in her house she learned sign language so as to spare him the embarrassment of writing notes when he had something to say to her.

Kathryn liked to do things for people—outside the prison as well as inside—secretly if she could, and half the time her own family never knew what she was up to. The boy who delivered newspapers to the Warden's house had been bringing them on his bicycle for years before it was discovered that Kathryn had bought the bicycle for him. She'd often disappear for a few hours and her husband would learn later that she had driven to Long Island, for example, to see a former prisoner who had worked in the Lawes's household.

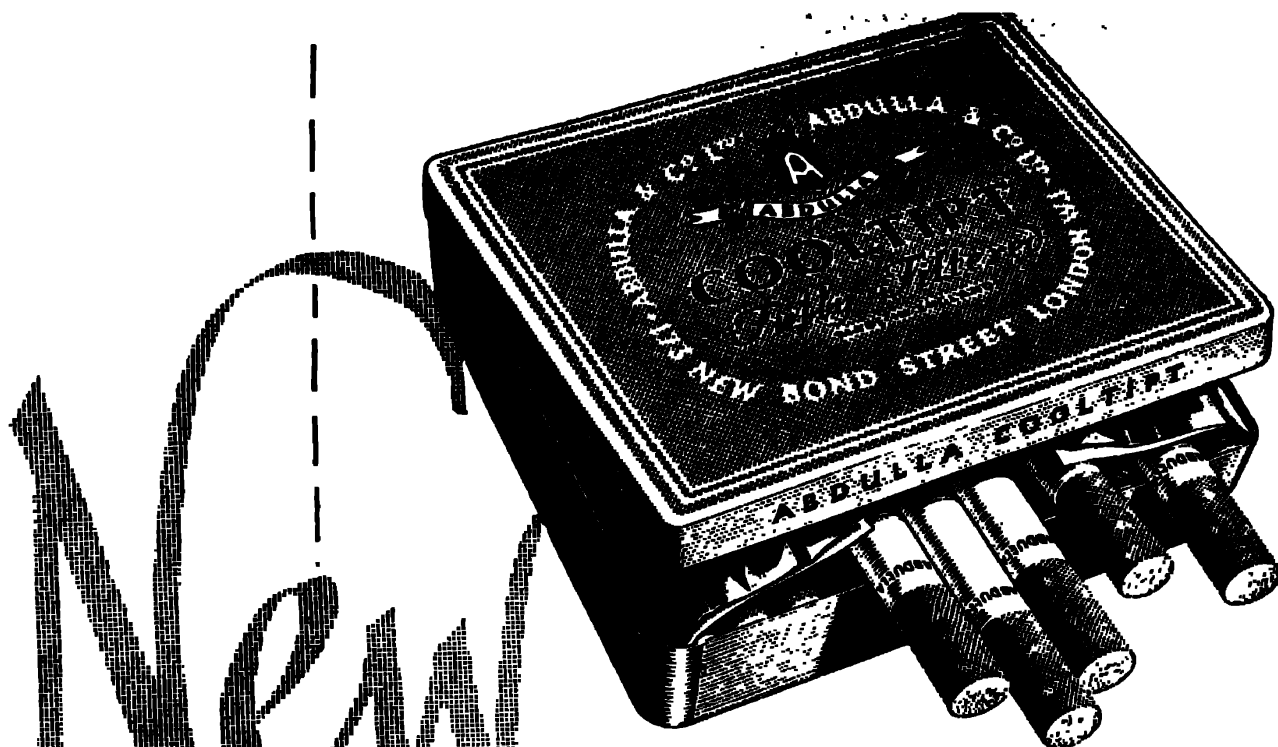
She understood the terrible strain that prison puts on every prisoner's family, and she was always bringing the wife or mother of some prisoner to her house for encourage-

ment. She realized how a man behind bars feels when a member of his family is ill or dying and he can't do anything to help. After Lewis and Kathryn Lawes came to Sing Sing many a prisoner was permitted to go to the bedside of a dangerously sick relative. Often Kathryn sent the prisoner in her own car, and sometimes went with him and took a gift for the sick person.

Lawes became Warden in 1920, shortly after my appointment as director of the prison bureau of the Salvation Army's eastern territory. It was my job to conduct religious services in the prisons of this region, to help prisoners' families when they were ill or destitute and to find jobs for prisoners when they were freed.

Kathryn was about 35 when I first knew her. She was a handsome woman with a bright, happy disposition. Someone said that you had only to talk to her for a while to love her like your own mother. She had a remarkable effect on people. For example, a man who acted as guide to Kathryn and Lewis on a trip they made to England gave her a Bible that had been in his family for 100 years; he said she was the proper one to hand it on down. Her children have that Bible now.

Kathryn's servants were all convicts, serving sentences for everything including murder, with the exception of sex crimes. They worked by day in the Warden's



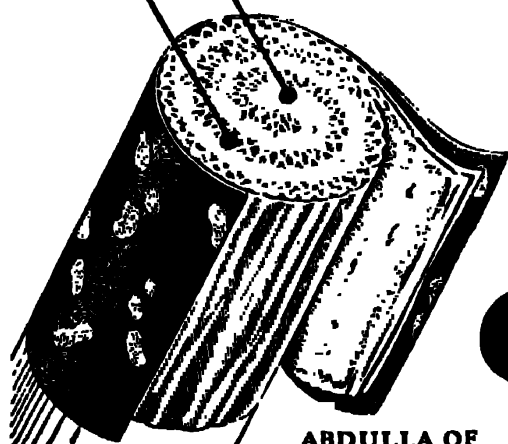
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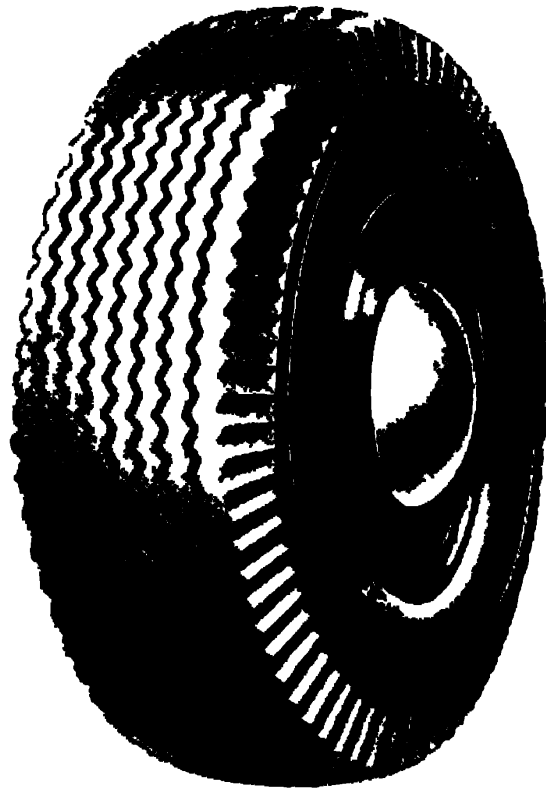
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house but slept in cells like all the rest of the inmates.

It was Kathryn's habit to go into the prison yard almost every day. At baseball and basketball games she always sat with the prisoners, while her little girls ran about and played among them. It never occurred to her that there was any danger in this—and there wasn't. "We care for the boys," she used to say, "and they care for us. My children and I are never so safe as in the prison."

When any of the inmates was in trouble Kathryn would try to help him. The usual punishment under the Lawes regime was to keep him in his cell, or sometimes in "solitary," instead of letting him out each morning for the all-day round of meals, work and recreation. But if Kathryn decided that a man was locked up unjustly she was quick to intercede for him.

Sing Sing was a terrible place when Lawes was appointed Warden. Often men committed suicide rather than endure the horrors of the brutal discipline and the tiny cells with dank, dripping walls and foul air. While Lewis was planning new buildings and letting light and air into the place, Kathryn, by her gentle example, was changing the spirit of resentment and hate in the prison into something that reflected her spirit of love and kindness.

Charles Chapin, before she found him in the hospital, had told the chaplain that as soon as he was out

of the hospital he was going to go up on top of the cell block and jump off, as other hopeless prisoners had done. But his life began to change after Kathryn spoke to him.

The chaplain got him started planting flowers. Kathryn encouraged him and it wasn't long before part of the prison yard was transformed into a beautiful garden. The gentle influence of his flowers spread through the prison and even out into the world beyond.

Kathryn used to go to band practice to encourage the musicians, and when they needed new instruments she would generally manage to get them. Joan Marie became the prison mascot. She was drum major of the band, had her own uniform and used to march ahead of them on parade.

Kathryn was so loved throughout the prison you'd see her picture hung up in cells, and in one room the boys had a big portrait of her. Some of these pictures were photographs she gave them, but many were copies they had made in the prison photo gallery or copies that some of the prisoners who were artists had drawn or painted.

As a better sense of peace and harmony grew in Sing Sing, due to Kathryn's influence, physical changes kept pace with it. Warden Lawes was the most notable prison reformer of his day, and together he and Kathryn changed the old prison from a place of horror into what it is now. Many people say

that Kathryn Lawes instigated many of her husband's reforms.

By the grapevine the story of her kindnesses to prisoners spread afar, and she became a legend to prisoners who had never seen her. Once when the American Prison Association held its Congress of Correction in Atlanta, Lawes and his wife visited the penitentiary there. Kathryn was introduced to the prisoners, who greeted her with an ovation.

Kathryn Lawes could never see anything but good in anyone. If you had 99 bad qualities and one good one, she would see that good quality—and you'd find it beginning to rule your life. She understood from the beginning what I learned and proved in my own 32 years of prison work: that criminals can be reformed by love, trust and understanding, never by the punishment imposed on them by society.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1937 Kathryn went for a drive in her car. Night came and she did not return. They found her below the cliffs along the Hudson River, where she had evidently fallen while gathering wild flowers. That night she died.

The house inside the prison that had been home to the Warden and his family for years had recently been abandoned for a new one in Ossining, the town on the hill outside the prison. On the morning that Kathryn Lawes lay in her coffin in the new house, hundreds of men were standing inside the South

Gate of the prison when the Principal Keeper, John Sheehy, arrived from his home. He took one look at them and said, "I know what you want. Wait here while I ask the Warden."

When Sheehy told Lewis about all the men who wanted to say farewell to their "Mother," the Warden said, "You're the boss for three days, John. Do anything you wish."

"Then I'm going to open the Gate," said Sheehy.

When he got back inside the Gate, there were more men waiting than before. "I'm going to trust you, boys," he told them. "You can go up to the house."

With all the convicts following him, two abreast, the Principal Keeper walked up the hill to the Warden's house, a quarter of a mile away. There were no guards. There was not even a picket fence between the men and freedom, yet not one left the line.

All that morning men trudged from the prison to the house in heartbroken procession. Some of the men passed the flower-decked bier in silence; some knelt for a moment of prayer, while the others walked slowly past them. One convict asked, "May I kiss her?" The Warden nodded, and the prisoner bent for an instant over Kathryn's forehead.

There was no check on which men had gone out, but the count at evening lockup showed that they all came back.

START →



A GUINNESS A DAY



Monday's Guinness makes you strong,
Tuesday's helps the week along ;
Wednesday's soothes you when you're tired,
Thursday's — well-earned, much desired ;
Friday's glass is full of cheer,
Saturday, the weekend's here,

When you can enjoy at leisure
Guinness Goodness, Guinness pleasure.

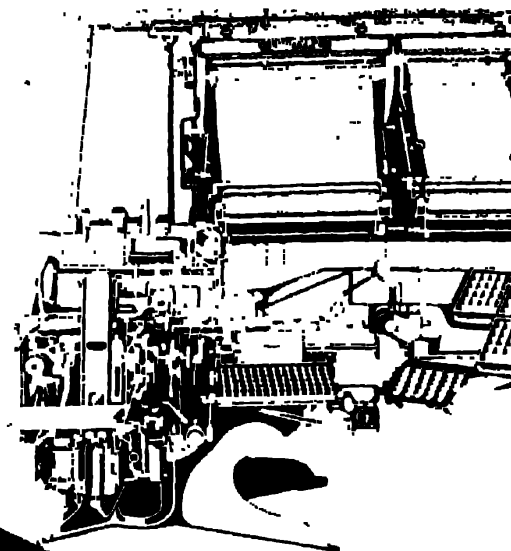


HOW GOOD FOR YOU!

Mergenthaler's Wonderful Machine

*Condensed from
The American Printer*

Michael Scully



*The man who made
modern printing possible*

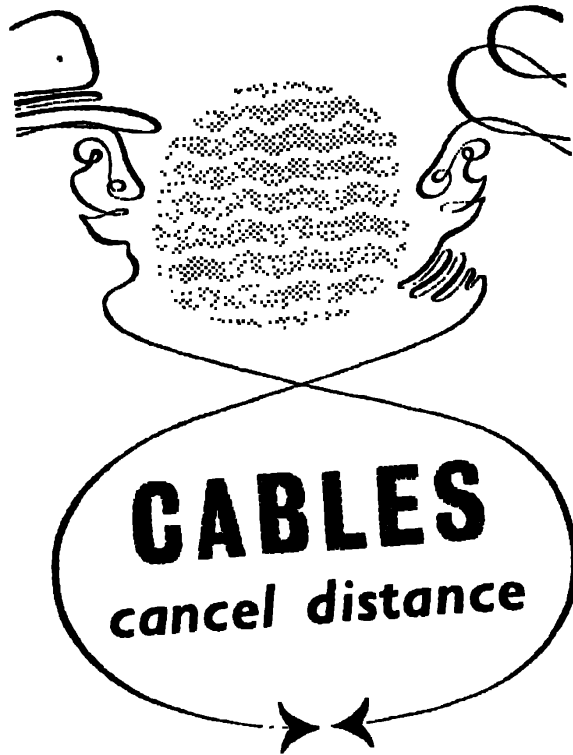
IN THE OFFICE of the New York *Tribune* on July 3, 1886, a 32-year-old German immigrant tapped the keyboard of a weird contraption of tubes, levers, gears and moulds. The machine whirred, clicked and spawned a thin metal slug the width of a news column, its face shaped into eight words of shining type. Whitelaw Reid, the *Tribune's* publisher, beamed as he fondled the silvery metal.

"Ottmar, you've done it!" he exulted. "A line o' type!" That was the casual christening of the most potent machine of its age, Ottmar Mergenthaler's Linotype.

Dismayed printers, seeing the thing do the work of seven men, denounced it as a "job-killer." But they were among the most mistaken

men in history. The Linotype created hundreds of industries and millions of jobs. More important, it made possible the mass education and the dissemination of information that in a single generation advanced the level of literacy by a full century.

Before Mergenthaler invented his amazing machine, publishers were caught in a maddening bottleneck. A press could spew out 25,000 newspapers an hour, but the printer was still doing what he had done since Gutenberg sired his craft in 1450—picking up letters from his type case one at a time, tediously forming words, then sentences. The snail-paced process took so many men and so much type that the largest daily newspapers were limited to



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eight pages. Magazines were few, thin and costly. Schoolbooks were handed down through generations. In the '80s in America, only 76 public libraries boasted more than 300 books.

Since the first "composing machine" was patented in 1822, the race to produce a cheap, machine-made word had left a trail of 100 failures. Some were ironic near-misses. Mark Twain, for instance, lost a fortune by backing a device that had 18,000 parts and cost \$1,500,000. Only the inventor could operate the monster. Two of his assistants suffered mental breakdowns trying to master it.

Most inventors had sought to make a machine do what a printer did—select single letters and form them into words. Mergenthaler's prime advantage was an open mind; knowing nothing about printing, he had nothing to forget. But he possessed mechanical genius, and he had behind him that unsung godfather of inventions, James O. Clephane.

The two met in 1876 when Mergenthaler was working in a Baltimore precision-instrument shop. Clephane, a court stenographer who haunted the Patent Office seeking devices to speed his work, had already prodded inventors Densmore and Sholes into perfecting their typewriter. Now he brought to Baltimore an incomplete lithographic machine which he hoped would print court records quickly.

Mergenthaler made the thing work, but it did not speed up the printing process.

Then Clephane described a dream machine, a huge typewriter that would stamp letters into papier-mâché, making a mould in which hot metal would form a bar of type. Would that work? Mergenthaler shook his head. Impressions would be uneven and metal would stick to the mould. When Clephane insisted, Mergenthaler ingeniously built the thing from the other's word picture. His ingenuity brought them close to success, but the flaws he had foreseen persisted. "We must find another way," he decided finally.

Clephane and others formed a company to finance Mergenthaler's experiments.

For two years the young immigrant toiled over drawing boards and lathes while his sponsors' funds and faith ran low. Then, in a train bound for Washington to attend a critical meeting that might end the project, the answer came to him. Instead of papier-mâché he must use a hard-metal mould brought into quick contact with the molten type metal.

Two more years passed, but they were filled with progress. Publishers of the *New York Tribune*, *Washington Post* and other newspapers, and Rand, McNally, the map and text-book house, scented success and bought shares in the company.

Ten years after he had met Cle-

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the best soda water
in the world



SCHWEPPERESCENTENCE LASTS THE WHOLE WORLD THROUGH

phane, Mergenthaler sat down before the nearest thing to a thinking machine that man had yet conceived. Each of its 90 typewriter-like keys controlled a vertical tube filled with matrices—tiny moulds for each letter or symbol. The matrices, released when the operator pressed the keys, slid down a chute and formed a line the width of a news column. Molten metal flowed into a slot beneath them and a quick impression was made. Then an elevating device lifted the matrices back to the top of the machine, moving them along until each, notched like a key, dropped into its proper tube. Line after perfect line could be cast quickly.

The Linotype not only cut labour costs sensationally; it meant that long aisles of type cases and tons of worn type could be abandoned. In the space needed for an eight-page daily, a newspaper ten times as large could now be composed. The *Tribune* soon had 12 Linotype machines at work. Other papers ordered a total of 100. The revolution was on.

At first it looked like a violent one. Strikes halted installations. A New York printers' spokesman predicted that "these things will take 90 per cent of our jobs."

That prophecy was dramatically confuted. Soon a printing boom began. More men were hired at higher wages for shorter hours as newspapers increased in number and size. Few readers could pay three cents—the equivalent of 15 cents

(one shilling) or more today—for a flimsy paper of the '80s. But as the Linotype enabled the dailies to expand in size and cut the price to one or two cents, circulations soared. When Mergenthaler produced his machine, U.S. newspapers were printing 3,600,000 copies daily; within a generation they were selling 33 million a day.

Mergenthaler saw flaws in his 1886 machine that would mean breakdowns. He wanted to stop sales until he could build a model that had the durability and precision of a fine watch. When the directors of the company ruled against him he threatened to walk out. Clephane arranged a compromise by which the inventor sold his stock—but retained royalty rights—and opened his own shop to perfect the machine.

Mergenthaler worked feverishly, and in 1889 he produced a faster, almost wear-proof marvel which is essentially the Linotype that sets 80 per cent of the text read all over the world today. This he sold to the company under a new contract.

His stubborn perfectionism assured mechanical success, but the complex machine was too costly for any but big publishers. With a huge investment and a market apparently limited to a few hundred sales, the company seemed headed for eventual bankruptcy when Philip Dodge, its president, came up with an unprecedented proposal. "Why not lease Linotypes on terms that



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FOR CHLOROPHYLL FRESHNESS—

GREEN



small publishers can meet?" he suggested. That did it. Soon scores of new small-town newspapers appeared. By 1900 there were 8,000 Linotypes at work.

Low-cost typesetting led to the creation of the popular family magazine and made possible new periodicals devoted to specialized subjects such as homemaking, current events, farming and fashion. Book publishers, once confined to a few literary classics and school texts, expanded their lists to include novels, biographies and books on technical subjects. Libraries multiplied in number and size. America's illiteracy rate dropped from 17 to five per cent.

The Linotype's influence soon encircled the world. Factories were established in England and Germany, and sales agencies—which also trained operators—were set up in other countries. Today the Mergenthaler Linotype plant in Brooklyn, New York, turns out matrices and keyboards in nearly 1,000 languages. Many of the 75,000 machines now operating have run for 20 years without a breakdown.

Ottmar Mergenthaler is little known today, but in the '90s he

was an honoured, publicized and tragic figure. His Linotype rights paid him and his heirs about \$1,500,000. He produced other successful patents, among them threshing and basket-weaving machines.

But he cared little for money. He was a man driven towards one goal: perfection in whatever he undertook. He argued that machines should be durable and perfect in function. Yet he ignored the fact that the human machine could be overtaxed. Once gripped by an idea, he would forget time, food and sleep. In developing his 1889 machine he worked through an attack of pleurisy, and tuberculosis followed. Physicians induced him to go to New Mexico, in an effort to rebuild his health. He took draughtsmen with him and continued to pour out his ideas. Then a fire destroyed his home and with it valuable blueprints and an autobiography on which he was working.

Defying doctors' warnings that he was inviting death, he returned to Baltimore. When he died there, in 1899, he was only 45. But he had set off a revolution so potent and far-reaching it touches all who read.



Answers to Brain Twisters

(See page 45)

- (1) 8 plus 8 plus 8 plus 88 plus 888 equals 1,000.
- (2) Remove ALL UNNECESSARY LETTERS and A LOGICAL SENTENCE will remain.

The story of a little Korean interpreter: "He was quite a guy"



Mister Pak Takes Over

Condensed from
The Kiwanis Magazine
Capt. Frederick Haight

PAK CHANG's arrival at our battalion headquarters was not auspicious. It was August 1951, and our regiment, the 31st U.S. Infantry, was sweltering in the humid Korean heat. We were near the Pukhan River, pushing forward against savage resistance. Our lines were thin; guerrilla units plagued us; Communist spies were everywhere. We had to be suspicious of every Korean we hadn't known for a long time.

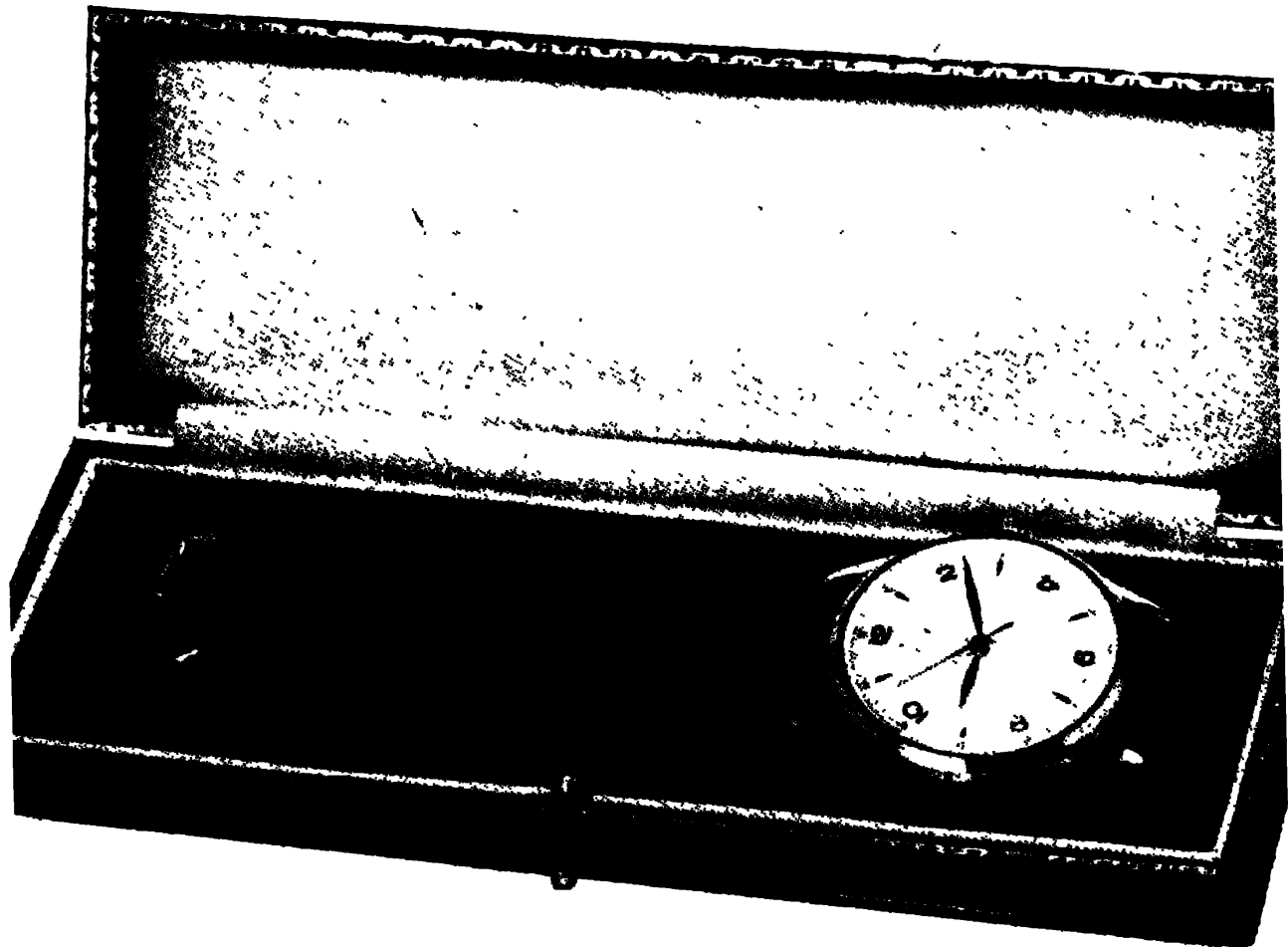
Temperatures were short in the Operations tent when Lieutenant Lee, our South Korean liaison officer, led in a tubby little compatriot in faded denims. Pak Chang, the lieutenant explained, was to be one of our interpreters: his English was not good, but he spoke many Chinese dialects and would be valuable in

the interrogation of prisoners.

"Good sirs," said Pak Chang gravely, bowing low. Actually it was evening, but, as we were to discover, Pak said "good morning" regardless of the time of day. The greeting came to be a welcome one. Just then, however, Pak seemed servile and unintelligent; we didn't much like his looks.

Intelligence didn't like him much, either, despite Lieutenant Lee's recommendation. He had worked for years as houseboy to various officers of the Imperial Japanese Army, and Intelligence suspected that a good deal of anti-American propaganda had stuck with Pak Chang. His record showed that at the beginning of the American campaign on the peninsula he had joined a South Korean labour battalion (chogie-

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bearers, we called them) and had helped to dig bunkers and lug supplies. For a chubby man of almost 50, the back-breaking labour must have been torture. Intelligence, however, considered him a poor security risk as an interpreter, and he was assigned again to labour jobs.

Then one day Intelligence got two Chinese Communist prisoners. Sulen and defiant, they flatly refused to answer questions. I thought of Pak Chang and sent for him. He arrived as deferentially as always, but when he saw the Communists his face set into hard lines, the friendly eyes became agates. He snarled an order. The Chinese stiffened to attention. After looking them over disdainfully, Pak paced back and forth in front of the rigid two, barking questions like an angry general.

And he got his answers. In half an hour we had a detailed and accurate picture of the enemy strength we faced. Once the prisoners had been led away, Pak Chang relaxed. He bowed low. "Please forgive, sirs," he murmured. "I pretend wrongly to be officer. I use very bad words. But necessary."

One of my sergeants—a hardened veteran with little love for "foreigners"—had witnessed the scene. "This guy, Pak," he rumbled, with reluctance in his voice, "is a very good kind of Gook. He's working his guts out for us. And it isn't because we tell him to; he *wants* to. He's quite a guy." The sergeant

rubbed his chin. "As a matter of fact, Captain," he concluded, "I think we ought to call him *Mister Pak* from now on."

Mr. Pak had won this accolade against considerable odds. Our refusal to accept him as a full-fledged interpreter had cost him much face among fellow Koreans. But he bore his degradation cheerfully—beaming, bowing, doing his work with increased energy.

Pak automatically took command of his fellows. His quick but quiet orders accomplished far more than the bellowing and gesticulating we were accustomed to. Our chogie-bearers often became excitable when crisis threatened. A forward unit wanted ammunition fast. Another outfit wanted wounded evacuated at the double. In such situations we began to call for Pak Chang. When he organized the operation, the ammunition was always delivered, the wounded were brought back with clockwork precision. His reply to an order, no matter how difficult, was always the same: "I fix quick." And he almost always did.

Then—in one blazing, roaring night—Mr. Pak made regimental history. Baker Company had held a hill known as Nan Two for several days, until a savage night attack dislodged them. At first light we watched enemy soldiers methodically search out and bayonet the wounded Americans who had not been able to get away. That day Able Company retook Nan Two.

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Again at midnight the Chinese attacked. They had evidently been ordered to take the position regardless of losses. A human tidal wave surged up the hill, broke, and surged again. Able's machine guns hammered incessantly, our supporting artillery poured round after round into the bunched lines; still they kept coming. Nan Two and the 200 men of Able Company were being enveloped from three sides.

At the battalion command post Mr. Pak sat listening to a radio. We had tried again and again to monitor the Communists' network, but in issuing their orders they used a dialect and military slang which baffled our interpreters. Suddenly Mr. Pak shouted for one of the regular interpreters "Transmit what I say to the Captain," he snapped in Korean "I cannot translate fast enough."

From midnight until seven in the morning, he was virtually in command of the battle for Nan Two. He translated the Chinese command's orders to its units so quickly that I could warn Able Company where and in what strength an attack was coming. Hunched over the radio, a map spread in front of him, Mr. Pak called every move. Our artillery knew exactly where to place its fire; Able was prepared for every Chinese assault.

Suddenly Mr. Pak had another idea: "Set a transmitter to the Chinese frequency. I will give them orders." The effect was almost immediately apparent. Able Company

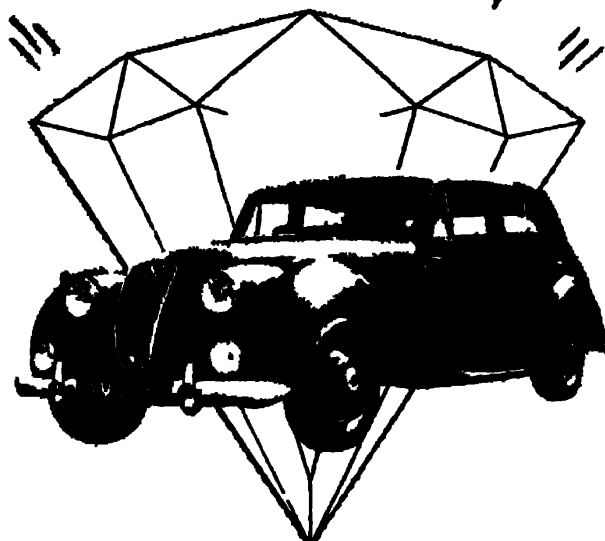
called Battalion Observation Post. "What the hell's come over the Commies?" demanded an agitated voice. "They're all snafu'd!" I explained what Mr. Pak was doing "Geeze," said the voice from Able with deep sincerity. "Well—thank him for us, will you?"

When the sun came up we still had Nan Two. The bodies of Communist soldiers littered its slopes; Able Company was intact and reported few casualties. Mr. Pak was diffident as usual "Glad I help fix," he beamed. Mr. Pak, interpreter, had entered our lives to stay.

He had a favourite interpreter of his own—a young English speaking Korean who served as intermediary when Pak's English left him. "I venerate Mr. Pak," this boy told me once "We all do. He is a very wise man." I was curious to know, I said, what Mr. Pak thought about Americans. The boy smiled. "I would be glad to tell you."

A cautious man who never passed judgment lightly, Mr. Pak had investigated Americans with thoroughness. He had heard—this interpreter's interpreter told us—many unpleasant things about us, first from the Japanese and then from Communist propaganda. His own initial impressions did not dispel those views. True, we did not pillage or rape. But our officers did not behave with proper dignity; our men were naive and noisy. Mr. Pak had been horrified to see a colonel umpiring a baseball game, being

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shouted at by privates. However, as his experience with things American grew, he had changed his mind about them.

We had a Negro lieutenant in our battalion. A big, good-natured man, he was a born leader. With infectious confidence he led a platoon that included American white and coloured troops and South Koreans. It was one of our most efficient platoons.

It became necessary, because of personnel changes, to transfer the big lieutenant to battalion headquarters. A deputation of his men protested against the change to the company commander. Mr. Pak couldn't get over that "How we have been deceived by propaganda!" he exploded. "Here we see with our own eyes that a coloured man is not only an American officer but such a good officer that his men will do this to keep him."

The American soldiers' spontaneous affection for Korean children didn't fit Mr. Pak's original conception of us, either. Each of our companies had at least one small Korean as a combination mascot and house-boy. Orders would come from the regimental commander to get rid of the kids, but whenever an inspection threatened the children simply disappeared from the company area. Mr. Pak was shocked at first by this flagrant insubordination. Finally he became a party to it. He acquired several small "relatives" himself.

One of the many places around

battalion headquarters where Mr. Pak made himself useful was the dressing station. The little man had a way with the wounded. He was at the station one day when an American was brought in, severely torn by mortar-shell fragments. "How's it going, son?" asked the examining medical officer. "I'm O.K., sir," the boy managed to smile through his pain. "I'm just a profuse bleeder." Mr. Pak's bright eyes fastened on mine when he told me about it later. "Did he make a joke, this boy," he asked, "so close to death?" I nodded. Mr. Pak looked at the ground in silence for several moments. "Captain," he said slowly, "the Communists can never win."

I have a photograph of Mr. Pak which I took shortly before I left Korea. He was a wizard at extracting important information from papers found on dead Communists that meant nothing to anyone else. He worked hard at anything anyone wanted him to do, and at Christmas he even found time to decorate a tree for us, festooning it with highly polished belts of machine-gun cartridges.

Company commanders took to dropping by the Intelligence tent just to exchange a word or two with him; there was something in the smile of those quiet brown eyes that always made us feel better. In the picture Mr. Pak stands among a group of battalion staff officers. He is beaming as usual, very proud and erect. He is obviously among friends.



H EAD OF A WARRIOR, a study in red chalk for the cartoon of "The Battle of Anghiari", by Leonardo da Vinci, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest. Tragically, when the design was transferred to the wall of the Hall of Council, in Florence, the colours ran and the result was a failure. All that now remains of the original work are a number of studies of fighting men and horses, which were drawn by Leonardo on paper in 1504.

If it had not been for the paper on which Leonardo made his preliminary studies any record of his actual work

on this, one of his most famous masterpieces, would have been lost to posterity. And it is paper that has enabled this superb study of a head to be seen by millions throughout the world. In the reproduction of great works of art the printer and the paper-maker have combined to bring the masterpieces of the world to those denied an opportunity of visiting the famous art galleries.

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The luxury of growing old

"There Is a Time"

Condensed from
Ladies' Home Journal

Dorothy Thompson

"**T**HERE ARE," I recently remarked at a party, "distinct advantages in growing old."

The immediate reaction—"How do you know?" . . . "Why do you even *think* of old age?"—was affectionate and even flattering. But it missed the point. I was not complaining about growing old. I am looking *forward* to it.

Was I thinking of the often-advertised joys of retirement in an idyllic cottage, with a modest but certain cheque coming in regularly, and nothing to do but "rest"—a life without further effort? Perish the thought! I know that as long as I live I shall write. If public and publishers cease to be interested I shall write anyhow, for when all effort ceases, one is not old—one is dead. Few people can do as much at 65 as they can at 50. But nearly everybody wants to have some place in the world of work and usefulness.

The luxury of such late efforts is that they are performed without

desire for praise or fear of blame. In old age one loses the ambition for applause, recognition, popularity; the fear of an endangered career; the pain of the slight. Such ambition is a necessary spur to the young. In old age one remembers one's own youth and tries to help the young to realize the ambitions one has, oneself, abandoned. This brings a new, refreshing freedom.

Perhaps one has grandchildren. How different the relationship from that with one's own children! What mother has not known the anguish of her child's wrongdoings? The humiliation of the conference with the teacher about unsatisfactory deportment or inattention to studies? The wakeful night, listening for the return of the 16-year old daughter; the light turned on for a glance at the clock—2 a.m.—3 a.m.? The years with a beloved son, going through a violent adolescence.

Always that identification: What is wrong with *me*? I don't know how to bring up my own children! It's *my* fault.

But Betty and Bill grow up and are now worrying about *their* children. You, their grandmother, are not worried a bit. They will turn out all right. It's not *your* job to discipline them anyway. You can just love them—"spoil" them from, I hope, a discreet distance. What luxury!

Then—the love of old age.

The earlier turbulence is gone—

the quarrels, the fears, the bitterness, the secret tears. How dear the very things that once irritated you! The habits and tastes that are as mutual as a shared bed—the foods you both like; the people; the landscapes. The wish of neither to change the other. The being loved for exactly what one is, for better or worse; richer or poorer; in sickness or health. Not to have to explain oneself any more. It takes so *long* to get to be married! But what a luxury is a ripened marriage!

It is said contemptuously that the old enter a "second childhood." I would not say it contemptuously. As one grows older, one becomes aware, like the child, of how little one knows, and with this awareness comes again the sense of wonder of the child. As one's sight dims, one seems to recover one's eyes. A beautiful day comes like a lovely gift. One notices again, as one did as a child, the form of a leaf, the contour of a tree, the fragile loveliness of the white cosmos, the violet blaze of the Michaelmas daisies, the stars.

As one grows older, one ceases to look for new friends, but all the dearer become the old and tested ones. One eliminates certain activities, things done most of our lives largely because others do them. A different order of priorities has formed. Do I really *want* to go to Mrs. Weaver's cocktail party? Or see the much-talked-of play—and afterwards struggle for a taxi? Or would I rather stay at home and

quietly finish the book I am reading?

As one grows older, mental changes occur. The mind normally reaches maturity at about 60. Powers of judgment and discrimination increase rather than diminish, as long as the mind is actively used. One is less inclined to accept the popular intellectual idols and political slogans of the times, more inclined to contemplation. Once I was eager to reform my fellow men. Now I am more concerned to understand them.

"But" (the young will make the reservation) "you face illnesses."

I remember when I was afraid of developing some fell disease. Now I never think about it. I'd *like*, of course, to fall down like an old tree, when my sap has run out. But, as one grows older, one is not striving after the future and therefore not anticipating either its possible achievements or probable pains. One lives more, as children do, in the present. *Today* is precious. Life *now* is happy and fruitful. *Maybe* I will go this spring to Europe and the Middle East. But *today* I'm going to finish this article.

Yes, there are advantages in growing old!

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; . . .

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time. . . .

—Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3

Medical volunteers are writing an epic of fantastic courage

HEROES OF MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS

Condensed from Collier's

Bill Davidson

NEARLY every medical advance begins in the laboratory, then proceeds to painstaking experiments on animals until most dangers have been recognized and removed. But there is always a chance that human reaction will differ. That's why scientists must call on volunteers to test the new discovery before it can be released for general use.

When the danger is particularly great, the scientist will usually not allow anyone but himself to take the risk. That is why Drs. Earl Wood, Edward Lambert and Charles Code of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, submitted themselves to experimentation to help develop a "G-suit" to protect flyers during sudden accelerations and high-speed turns.

The Mayo Clinic Biophysics Department had engineered a human centrifuge, a 20-foot shaft at the end of which a man could be whirled about to simulate the

stresses of high-speed aerial manœuvres. The only previous experiment of the kind had involved monkeys—which had died of ruptured hearts.

Drs. Wood, Lambert and Code each made more than a thousand terrifying rides on the centrifuge, until they had perfected a G-suit. On some occasions they went into epilepsy-like fits after losing consciousness. "Our greatest terror," says Dr. Lambert, "was that our brains would suffer damage from the lack of blood and that we'd lose our reasoning powers for ever."

Scientists now want to know if the G-suit itself can cause damage to the flyer under even more extreme conditions. So Drs. Wood and Lambert are going back to the centrifuge. This time they are taking the rides with an added hazard: tubes will be inserted into their veins and pushed *directly into their hearts or brains*—to measure pres-



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tures and take samples of blood as they are whirled about.

Dr. Scott Smith, at the University of Utah, underwent a pioneering ordeal in 1944. He allowed himself to be injected with curare, the substance used by South American Indians on poisoned arrows. Curare causes paralysis; Dr. Smith's throat muscles were the first to experience it, and he couldn't swallow. He nearly drowned in his own saliva. Finally, his body became immobile and his lungs stopped working. Only his heart and brain remained active, with the spark of life maintained by oxygen pumped into his system.

"It was like being buried alive," Dr. Smith later reported. But his frightening ordeal helped to prove that controlled doses of drugs like curare can be used to relax the terrible spasms of polio and epilepsy.

A few years ago the armed forces asked scientists at the University of Illinois and the Michael Reese Research Foundation to develop a vaccine for bacillary dysentery, a disease which had incapacitated several divisions in the Philippines during World War II. The researchers, headed by Drs. Howard Shaughnessy and Sidney Levinson, came up with a vaccine, all right—but it was so toxic that mice inoculated with it sometimes died within a few minutes. Would it have the same effect on humans? There was only one way to find out: try it on themselves.

The 12 scientists vaccinated one another with small doses of the serum. If the toxin attacked the nervous system, as it had in the mice, there would be a sharp drop in blood pressure, followed by a period of shock, and, possibly, an agonized, suffocating death. If the toxin went to the digestive tract, they would suffer acute cramps and high fever.

With the passing minutes, the tension grew almost unbearable. Assistants held emergency hypodermics of adrenalin and sulphadiazine, scanning each face anxiously for signs of trouble. The scientists just sat and waited. The first hour went by and perspiration stood out on their faces as their arms began to swell painfully and their temperatures rose. Midway in the third, Dr. Shaughnessy spoke: "I guess if this stuff were going to kill us we'd be dead by now." The experiment was over—and these brave men and women had proved that the vaccine could be used on humans.

In 1950 Dr. Max Sadove and a team of investigators at the University of Illinois College of Medicine called for volunteers: the armed forces were dissatisfied with the commonly used Schafer method of artificial respiration to revive drowning and shock victims; they wanted it tested, along with all other methods. Volunteers would have to be paralysed by curare in order to duplicate the condition of

a victim whose lungs have stopped working. An accident during the experiment could mean death.

A medical student, L. Thomas Koritz, was selected from among the volunteers. He was hooked up to electro-cardiogram and blood-pressure recording devices, and deeply anæsthetized. An airtight tube was shoved down his throat into his lungs, and he was given a large injection of curare, which paralysed his entire body except for his heart. Then Sadove and his assistants pumped air into his inert form by means of 11 methods of artificial respiration, carefully measuring the exact amount of air moved into the lungs by each.

When he emerged from anæsthesia, Koritz had a very sore throat and his body was a welter of bruises. The next day he became violently nauseated, and his mind was still so unco-ordinated that he had to stay in bed. It took him two full days to return to normal.

Koritz came back for five more experiments, and Dr. Sadove credits his bravery with much of the success of the tests, which have resulted in wide replacement of the Schafer method with the much more efficient Holger Nielsen method.*

An electricity company asked Dr. Sadove to determine the best method of applying artificial respiration to the hypothetical case

The greatest mystery of malaria infection was solved by the work of an anonymous volunteer at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine in 1943. No one knew where malaria parasites went in the human body between mosquito-bite and appearance of full-blown malaria germs. Monkeys bitten by mosquitoes died, and parasites were found in their livers. The human guinea-pig allowed himself to be bitten, permitted an operation for the examination of his liver. Parasites were found, and now research workers know where to aim their drugs.

of a linesman who had been electrocuted and still dangled in his harness at the top of a telephone pole.

Sadove erected a telephone pole and again called for volunteers. Again Koritz responded. Once more he was anæsthetized and paralysed—but this time his body was wrestled into position at the top of the pole, where it dangled limply in a linesman's harness. Then actual linesmen tried various methods of artificial respiration on him. With Koritz and other volunteers, Sadove developed a "pole-top" method of artificial respiration that has already saved several electrocuted linesmen.

Young Koritz, now a doctor, shrugs off his deliberate brushes with death. "Someone had to do it," he says. "And I learned a lot about the feelings of a patient going into an operating room from which he might not emerge alive."

* See "When Life Is in Your Hands," The Reader's Digest, May, 1952.

Towards More Picturesque Speech

Pen portraits: She's the vacuum-cleaner type—just purrs and takes in the dirt . . . The way she crossed her legs was a gesture smooth and exact, like an expensive instrument being folded . . . She is always babbling over with enthusiasm . . . A woman on the fleshhold of 40 . . . She fastens things on people with snap judgments.

"She told him she wouldn't marry him for all the alimony in the world."

Quip from Korea: An American radio station there concludes each programme with this announcement, "And all Communists, when surrendering, please mention this programme."

Enjoying the signery: Over push-button at roadside service station in Montana, "Buzz twice for night service—then keep your shirt on while I get my pants on" . . . In bedroom of country inn, "Kindly do not touch electric heater with wet hands until you have paid your bill" . . . On side road plunging off mountain highway, "No Trespassing. Survivors Will Be Prosecuted."

Girl describing blind date, "He has a chip on his shoulder—his head" . . . Speaking of a disagreeable woman, "I

*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

don't know what's eating her—but it'll suffer from indigestion" . . . Wife about husband, "If I ask him any questions at breakfast, I have to take a lot for grunted" . . . Girl who preferred watching to skating, "You go ahead—I'm a spectator sport."

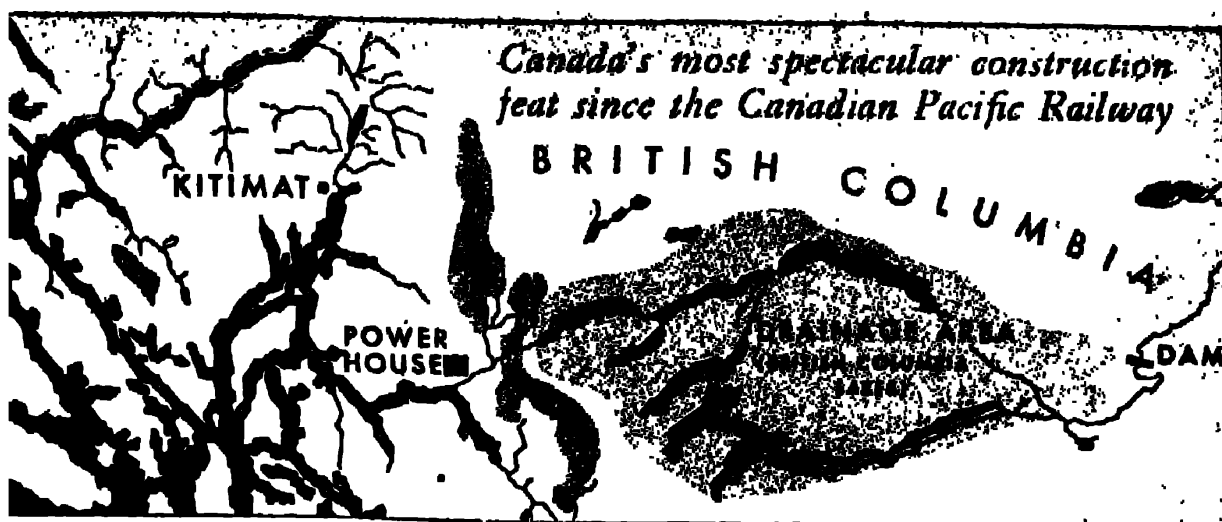
Manufacturer describing his new line of brassieres: "Egg cup. Tea cup. Coffee cup. Challenge cup."

Oblique angles: Never try to change a woman's mind—let her have the satisfaction of doing it by herself . . . A boy becomes a man when he stops asking his father for money and requests a loan . . . A theatre is a place where long-bodied people sit in front of us, talkative ones behind us, and the nomadic type on each side.

One natural resource which stands in danger of being completely drained is the taxpayer.

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of 3 guineas will be made upon publication. *Contributions should be dated and the source must be given.*

Address Picturesque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Contributions cannot be acknowledged.



Power Colossus of Canada

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Richard L. Neuberger

FOR ALMOST HALF of his 62 years, Tom Tacrum trapped beaver, mink and ermine along the headwaters of the Nechako River. And always the Nechako flowed eastwards, draining the great finger-like lakes of central British Columbia into the sprawling Fraser basin.

Today Tom is witnessing a miracle. The Nechako has reversed its course. The current murmurs gently towards the west, in the direction of the distant sabre-toothed ranges which overlook the Pacific. And Tom Tacrum no longer runs his trap line. He is hose repairman for one of the construction companies engaged to build the biggest power project yet undertaken anywhere in the world with private funds.

The project is known as Kitimat,

from a tiny village on an inlet of the Pacific Ocean. It will capture the water running down the east slope of the Coast Mountains, take it by tunnel through the mountains and deliver its overwhelming power to Kitimat, on the west side.

Kitimat's 1,650,000 horse-power is exceeded only by the Grand Coulee Dam, monarch of power sites. But there is this striking difference: Grand Coulee was paid for by the U.S. Government, whereas Kitimat is a private undertaking, the responsibility of the Aluminium Company of Canada. And aluminium is the sole purpose of this hydro-electric titan.

Already the largest aluminium-smelting plant on earth has started to rise at Kitimat. Never before has one industrial plant promised to in-

crease so enormously the production of a widely used material.

In 1951 the United States spun out 836,900 tons of aluminium. The Canadian total was 446,000 tons. But Kitimat *alone* will ultimately have a capacity of 550,000 tons—equal to 65 per cent of U.S. production. Most of it must go to a foreign market—to the United States and nations abroad—or Kitimat could be a colossal failure.

Why locate the world's premier aluminium factory in the fog and mists of a salt-water canyon, 430 navigable miles above Vancouver? Because aluminium more than any other product depends upon low-cost power. One-fifth of the manufacturing cost is paid in electric bills. The electricity needed to reduce the bauxite ore for one ton of aluminium would take care of the average home for more than eight years.

To get cheap power, light-metal engineers are on the quest for falling water, water which rushes down steep slopes and over granite ramparts with hurtling ferocity. No such sight met the eyes of the men who planned Kitimat. It was a scene dominated by placid lakes and timbered uplands. Yet hidden in it was a power giant of terrifying force.

Engineers refer to the drop of water at a hydro-electric plant as the "head." The head at Grand Coulee is 350 feet; Kitimat's head will be 2,580 feet—16 times higher than Niagara Falls. It is a drop that has

been contrived because an obscure engineer in British Columbia's Department of Lands and Forests saw with a thrill a quarter of a century ago that a chain of mighty lakes lay close to the summits stockading the deepest fiords of North America.

The name of this man was Frederick William Knewstubb. In 1928 Knewstubb, then 54 years old, looked up from his maps in the Water Rights offices at Victoria and told his superiors he had discovered one of the great hydro-electric power sites of North America. His case was so convincing that a year later he led a small expedition to five majestic British Columbia lakes—Tahtsa, Ootsa, Eutsuk, Tetachuk and Whitesail. These lakes were linked by creeks and underground outlets, and they pooled their flow into the Nechako River, which coursed 288 miles eastward to join the Fraser at Prince George.

At Tahtsa Lake, beneath the snowy crags of the coast range, Knewstubb realized he was only ten miles from Gardner Canal, an ocean fiord rivalling the vastest canyons of earth in depth and size—a fiord that could provide a fabulous head for power. But Tahtsa drained to the east. Gardner Canal lay to the west.

Knewstubb, however, saw that the Nechako was balanced precariously, like a child's seesaw. A comparatively small dam could push the river in the opposite direction. And there was a narrow gorge with solid

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ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

745A



rock footings, where a dam could be wedged.

Knewstubb returned to Victoria and outlined his scheme. First, he suggested reversing the direction of the Nechako with an earthen dam. Concrete would not be necessary, for the dam would be simply to block the river, not to generate power. Then he proposed drilling a wide tunnel through the mountains for ten miles from Tahtsa Lake. Directly above the Kemano River, at the end of Gardner Canal, the tunnel would descend 2,580 feet in a drop putting to shame virtually all other falls of water. It would be the cheapest power ever produced in North America, said Knewstubb.

But Knewstubb's idea languished in a drawer in the capitol building. Current could be transmitted efficiently only 300 miles, and Tahtsa Lake was more than 400 miles north of Vancouver, the one concentration of people and industry on Canada's Pacific seacoast.

There was one hope—the Aluminium Company of Canada, the largest producer of light metal in the world. And by 1948 the Aluminium Company was ready to take on the job. Engineers and surveyors, travelling by pack train and float plane, found that Knewstubb's cal-

culations checked closely with theirs. Best of all, the ALCAN men sounded potentially safe channels in the fiords and inlets. This meant that boats of deep draught, bringing ore from distant Jamaica,* could steam into the chasms of salt water far below the hanging lakes.

Kitimat was on drawing boards and conference tables for nearly three years. Then in the spring of 1951 the staccato of jackhammers caromed off mountain peaks; roads were driven into the wilderness. Forty-eight miles of forbidding terrain would separate the powerhouse at Kemano and the aluminium smelter. The generators had to be sharply beneath Tahtsa Lake, so that the water could thunder in a practically vertical torrent to the tidal flats. But at Kemano, barricaded by naked cliffs, there was no space for a large smelter and the city where its workers could live. Kitimat, with gentle slopes that could be cleared, presented the nearest site to the power plant.

At four widely separated points, scattered over a vast wilderness expanse, 6,000 men began putting together the component parts of this monstrous gadget. On the Nechako

* See "Put and Take in Jamaica," The Reader's Digest, May, 1952.



**Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it**



*Player's
Please*

It's the tobacco that counts

a rising dam of rock and clay slowly reversed the river's flow. At the western end of Tahtsa Lake the great tunnel was started, 25 feet in diameter. Far below the tunnel mouth, men began to hack out of the living granite of the Coast Mountains a power-house chamber which would be 100 feet high, 80 feet wide and five city blocks long.

The power-house inside the mountain will possess two advantages: it will be invulnerable to aerial assault and, anchored to the rock of the range, it will not vibrate to the incredible force of a tremendous volume of dropping water.

The fourth point at which work is taking place on a large scale is Kitimat itself, where the aluminium smelter is rising on the edge of the forest. The town, too, is being laid out with streets and shops, hospitals, schools and home sites. By 1954, when the first ingot is smelted, Kitimat will have burgeoned from a fishing hamlet of 350 isolated souls into an industrial community of 7,500 inhabitants. When the plant is operating to capacity, Kitimat will have a population of 50,000 and will rank as the third largest city in British Columbia.

The most difficult phase of the whole undertaking is not the tunnel or the power plant but the transmission line which will tote the current to the smelter. Crags and glaciers and roaring gorges rib the 48-mile gap between Kitimat and Kemano. Yet the breach must be

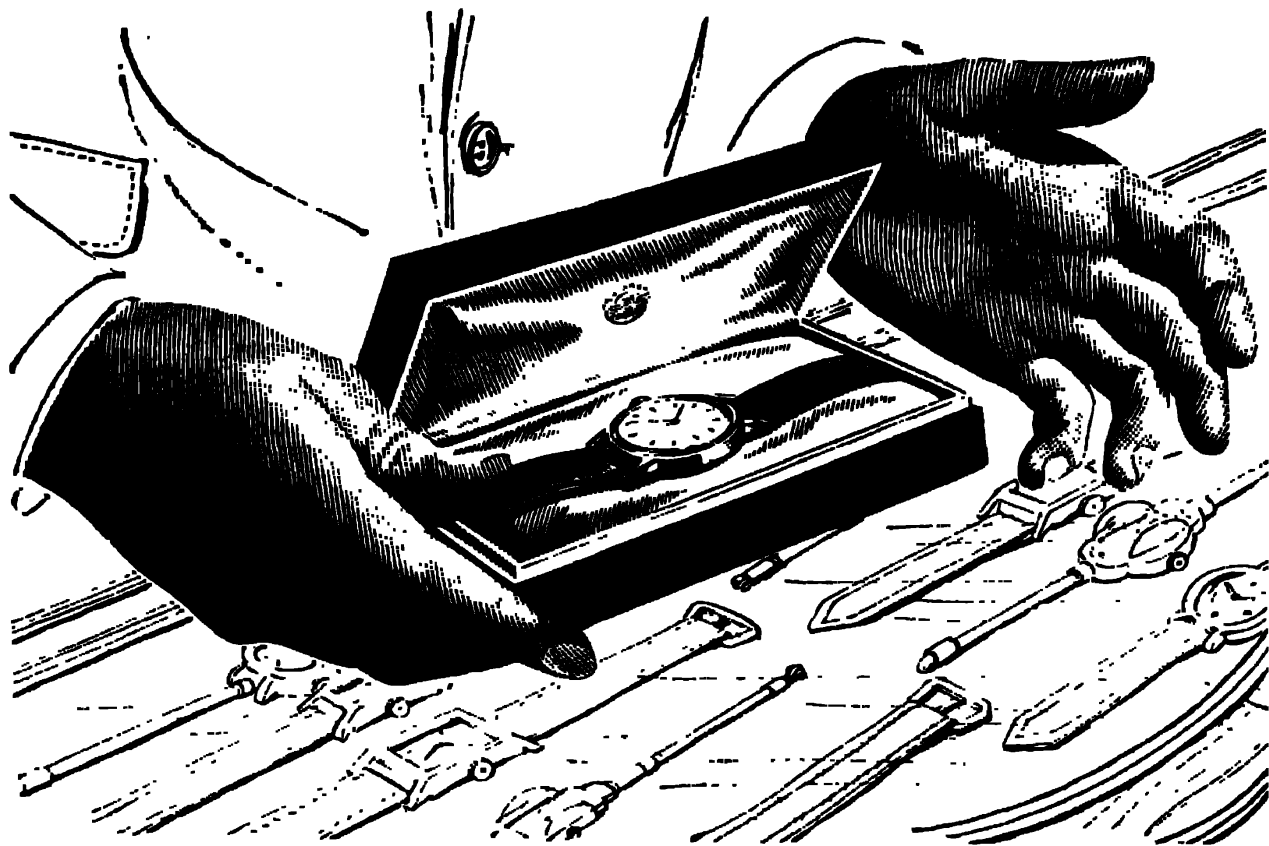
spanned by 2¼-inch aluminium cables reinforced with a steel core, the largest such cables ever made. These will carry power charged at 300,000 volts.

Kemano lies at sea level and so does Kitimat. But the transmission towers must ascend to 5,300 feet at Kildala Pass between the two. Before the project was begun, test towers were rooted to concrete legs on rocks which projected from moving fields of ice. Not until these towers had survived the blizzards of a northern winter were the first contracts negotiated.

Only helicopters can supply the men working on the towers and cables in the cold slot of Kildala Pass, and they land in swirling clouds of mist. Tents would blow away like kites, so the living quarters are huts fastened down with bolts. Marmots whistle from their lairs, eagles glide overhead, and occasionally the electricians and carpenters hear the heavy claws of immense brown bears rattling on the rocks. The abyss of trees and ocean water far below is filled with a dim blue haze. Workmen must drink melted snow and often rely on emergency rations, until the camp can catch up with the advancing centipede of steel and aluminium towers.

This fabulous Kitimat project is being done with the latest technological equipment, yet the frontier is still very near. Ed Lee, a rangy 27-year-old ALCAN engineer, told me about the old backwoodsman

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



More than two hands

Some shopping is impersonal. Hands hand out goods, take money. But choose a watch— and your jeweller is much more than two hands.

He's a specialist. The Swiss watchmakers who spent years learning their craft —the Swiss inventors, research-workers, precision-tool-makers— all want you to buy a good Swiss jewelled lever watch only from a qualified jeweller, an expert.

The jeweller alone can tell you how to know a good watch. Can tell you just what you're getting for your money. Can guarantee a new watch in perfect condition. Can give you skilled service afterwards. Why not use him?

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

130 **THE READER'S DIGEST**
who warned them against using the original deposit of clay to pack the strategic dam. The clay was crucial, for it would be the only impervious material in the earthen barrier. The gravel and sand would be porous. Unless the layer of clay held back the river, the dam would eventually crumble.

Engineers asked the old man how he knew the clay was no good. "Beavers don't use it for their winter houses," he replied.

The clay was shipped to Toronto for laboratory tests, and found to be not impregnable to water. After this engineers turned to a bed of clay farther up the riverbank—clay which the old-timer assured them the beavers used.

ALCAN does no building on its own. It calls in the largest construction firm in the world—now the Morrison-Knudsen Company of Boise, Idaho. M-K has its own keymen, but at least 90 per cent of the rank and file is Canadian.

Many of the workers have their families with them. Some live in Nechako Heights, a scattering of cottages and trailers on a hill above the river. Children romp in the powdery glacial till, which is rock

long ago pulverized to dust. The mothers watch alertly because of the bears that paw the garbage dump beyond the town.

I had tea in several of the trailers. Spode and Wedgwood were not uncommon, nor were sterling silver spoons. Half a thousand miles from civilization, Canadians still serve their tea with a flair. The cake-tin is always full of scones or biscuits, usually home-baked in an oven stoked with slabs of pine.

Men like Hakon Nielsen, an M-K keyman, are a product of the way vast construction projects are undertaken. A 43-year-old immigrant from Denmark, he was a foreman on the dam work. His last job had been on the iron-ore railway in Labrador. Before that he had worked on big power plants in the United States. Hak's pretty wife came out of their cabin and stood beside him. Bluebells which she had planted waved bravely in a fringe round the house. Hak put an arm round his wife and his broad face beamed. "Yah," he said, "we been juggling the landscape in a lot of places. But I guess this is the most different job I've ever been tied up with."



IT was a heated discussion of election procedures in the trade unions, and the group was evenly divided as to their honesty until one young man said, "I know the elections are crooked. In our last election, I ran for shop steward of our branch and voted for myself three times, but when the returns were completed, I never got a vote!"

—Contributed by Charles Wesdell



THE BEST MEDICINE

A FLUSTERED WOMAN approached the shopwalker in a large department store and said, "I'm looking for my husband. I was to have met him here an hour ago. Have you seen him?"

"What does he look like?" asked the shopwalker.

"Well," the lady said, "he's tall and wears glasses, but perhaps the best way to recognize him is that he's probably purple by now."

THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN ran out of petrol one evening on a lonely road and asked at the only farmhouse in sight, "Can you put me up for the night?"

"I can," said the farmer, "if you don't mind sharing a room with my young son."

"Good heavens," gasped the salesman, "I'm in the wrong joke!"

Bennett Cerf

A MAN met a friend he hadn't seen for a long time. "Why, George," he said, "you've changed! What's making you look so old?"

"Trying to keep young," said George.

"Trying to keep young?" queried the man.

"Yes," was the gloomy response, "nine of them."

"I simply can't stand my husband's nasty disposition," wept the young bride. "Why, he's made me so jittery that I'm losing weight."

"Then why don't you leave him?" asked her aunt.

"Oh, I'm going to," the bride assured her. "I'm just waiting until he gets me down to eight stone."

A HOUSEWIFE answered her doorbell to find a man taking up a collection for an impoverished widow down the street. Not only was she short of clothes and victuals, he said, but she was about to be thrown out into the bitter cold because she owed four months' rent.

"Well, at least she's lucky to have found such a good Samaritan," philosophized the housewife. "Who are you?"

"I," said the good Samaritan, "am her landlord."

- Bennett Cerf

AN AFRICAN CHIEFTAIN flew to London for a visit and was met at the airport by reporters. "Good morning, Chief," one said. "Did you have a comfortable flight?"

The chief made a series of raucous noises—honk, oink, screech, whistle, z-z-z-z—then added in perfect English, "Yes, very pleasant indeed."

"And how long do you plan to stay?" asked the reporter.

Prefacing his remarks with the same noises, the chief answered, "About three weeks, I think."

"Tell, me, Chief," inquired the baffled reporter, "where did you

learn to speak such flawless English?"

After the now standard honk, oink, screech, whistle and z-z-z-z, the chief said, "Short-wave radio."

FATHER glanced at his wallet and then looked hard at his wife and son. "That boy has taken some money!" he stormed.

"How can you be so sure?" protested his wife. "Why, I might have done it."

Father shook his head. "No, you didn't," he retorted. "There's some left."

"WE'LL have to fight like hell, men," said the C.O. in Korea. "We're outnumbered four to one."

A hillbilly soldier who had listened carefully was among the first to get into the fight. Later, however, the commanding officer found him lolling comfortably against a tree. Up forward the rifles cracked and the men were still battling furiously.

"What's the idea, Terwilliger?" barked the officer. "Why aren't you fighting?"

"Ah got mah four," replied Terwilliger.

"IN MY TOWN," said a lovely young lady, "it is considered unlucky for a girl to wear cotton stockings."

"Why?" asked her friend. "What happens?"

"Nothing."

~~~~~

### *Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing*

FROM the Coventry, Connecticut, Second Congregational Church bulletin: "We are very happy to have as our guest preacher this morning one other than our Pastor Emeritus, Rev. Leon H. Austin."

WANT AD in the Seattle, Washington, *Post-Intelligencer*: "Girl as barmaid; must be attractive."

FROM the Wynne, Arkansas, *Progress*: "Officer J. D. Gilmer arrested the prowler after a short chaser."

FROM the Petersburg, Virginia, *Progress-Index*: "Due to the co-operation and generosity of Petersburg firms and individuals about \$1,000 worth of improvements have been achieved for only \$8,000."

FROM the Dolores, Colorado, *Star*: "Following her marriage Miss Millard will continue her work in biological research."

### *Postscript*

Announcement in the Shepherd, Michigan, *Isabella County Republican*: "If you find a mistake in this paper, please consider it was put there for a purpose. We publish something for everyone, and some folks are always looking for mistakes."

# Will it be a Super Summer, Daddy?



It will be a pleasant surprise if the weather's set fair when WE set off holidaymaking.

Shall we go by car?

We certainly shall. Because there's one thing I am prepared to forecast – it'll be smoother going than last year, now BP Super is here.

Why will it?

Because BP Super is a smoother-burning fuel. The BP research teams didn't spend all those years in the back room for nothing.

What does BP Super do, Daddy?

BP Super banishes pinking and provides more pulling power. It's given the old bus a new lease of life already.

***FILL HER UP WITH BP SUPER***



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whose world-wide resources are behind it.





# Italy in the Red

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

**L**AST AUTUMN I watched a dream of 2,000 years coming true—Italian peasants were getting farms of their own.

In San Mauro Marchesato, a bleak, poverty-stricken Calabrian village of 2,900, the scene was almost gay. Pink, yellow, blue and purple bedspreads fluttered on clothes-lines strung across the evil-smelling street. Everywhere were colourful posters, wreaths and festoons of grapes. The ragged village band marched up and down, tooting. Festive rockets were ready.

Up on a platform in the tiny square, the local notary opened the solemn ceremony over the loud-speaker:

"Let the peasants come forward, for we are giving away the land."

One after another nearly 400 land-hungry men received, on easy terms, a small farm, with credits for machinery, farm animals and housing.

At the given moment, the rockets exploded all right—but land distribution itself was a dud. Most of the beneficiaries received their gifts with glum expressions.

Behind me, a young war-wounded Communist sneered, "The government does not give us the tenth of what it owes us." The crowd mur-

Mr. Mowrer, writing here for his own countrymen, makes clear that the U.S. programme of help to other nations must be radically revised. Here are his constructive suggestions

mured approvingly. For two hours I prowled the village listening to such talk.

Officials admitted to me that "so far" land reform has had no political results. "These poor people," they explained, "are first told by their Communist leaders that land distribution is a bluff. Then, when it happens, the Communists take credit for it. But give us five years more and we shall eliminate farm Communism from Calabria."

This, of course, is the doctrine the U.S. missions have preached. It is largely American funds which enabled the Italian Government to buy the holdings of certain landlords. We have agreed with Prime Minister de Gasperi that this was part of the solution to the Communist menace.

Maybe so.

Meanwhile, however, U.S. Con-

gressmen and inquiring citizens have been wondering if foreign aid is worth the price. Taxes and prices at home have reached levels that make Mr. John Smith, U.S.A., wonder how long he can afford both to nourish the life-and-death armaments race against the Communists and to feed Signor Ugo Ghetti of Italy. The theory is that, unless Ghetti and all the hundreds of millions of Ghetis in Europe and Asia and Latin America continue to receive their allowance, they will hearken to the Red Pipers of Moscow and commit national suicide by going Communist.

Is that true? I have been trying to find out, taking Italy as a sample. Has our foreign-aid programme, on which we have spent, all told, some 40 thousand million dollars, succeeded in making Italy a safely democratic, solvent nation—a dependable ally?

After weeks of on-the-spot investigation throughout Italy, I believe that if Italy is a reasonably good sample then the time has come for the new Administration in Washington to take a fresh look at U.S. economic aid to other countries.

WHEN Italy emerged from World War II its national wealth was

DURING a long and distinguished career as foreign correspondent, author and columnist, Edgar Ansel Mowrer has maintained a special interest in Italy, which was his home for eight years, and to which he returned to gather the facts for this article.

down by one-third. Buildings, bridges, aqueducts, railways and roads had suffered vast destruction. Prices were beyond people's pockets. Two million were unemployed and another million superfluous job-holders were wasting their time and effort.

In such a jungle—inflation, unemployment, hunger and corruption—only the Communists could make hay. They had stored up hatred for 20 years and prepared themselves during the war for just such a breakdown. Almost without resistance, they moved into government at all levels.

In 1947 Alcide de Gasperi felt strong enough to throw the Communists out of the government. (Red leaders were confident of winning the parliamentary election early in 1948, but, with U.S. aid, De Gasperi's Christian Democrats won.)

Such, greatly foreshortened, was the Italian situation when the European Recovery Programme got under way in 1948.

In Italy the U.S. Administration set out:

1. To dry up the flood of Communism.
2. To preserve democracy and keep Italy actively on our side in the world-wide battle with Moscow.
3. To make the country solvent and, within four years, self-supporting.

Later, a fourth aim was added. Italy was to create an economic mar-

gin over and above solvency in order to be able to make a sizeable contribution to the defence of Free Europe. But if "three" were not fulfilled, "four" obviously could not be.

These aims still provide the only measures whereby the U.S. citizen can decide whether his aid programme has succeeded or failed in Italy.

SINCE our troops landed in Sicily in 1943, the U.S. Administration has given Italy the equivalent of three thousand million dollars.

Our aid has followed this pattern: The United States delivers free to Italy goods the latter could only or best obtain in the United States; Italian citizens buy the goods from the Italian Government and pay for them in Italian money. The Italian Government spends these "counterpart" lire on internal projects approved by the U.S. Mission in Italy.

Under this plan we have fed and helped clothe millions. (The American public in 1948 provided Italy with 40 per cent of all its imports.) We have equipped brand-new plants and factories and re-equipped and enlarged older ones. We have helped farmers and fisherfolk; supplied the steel for ships and the cotton for textiles, the gas and oil for transport.

An entire country has been refitted and got off to a new start. New things are everywhere. Water is being piped into villages that

never had it before. You cannot enter a factory, or look into a farmer's barn, or merely revisit one of those unhappy bombed-out Italian cities without seeing some result of "counterpart" spending by the Italian Government with the approval of the United States.

Public health has vastly improved. DDT has virtually wiped out malaria, long Italy's worst plague. The people look better off than ever before. Farm women are decently dressed and have shoes (which they sometimes carry on their heads while they walk barefoot to spare both shoes and feet). Industrial workers, who, some American officials insist, are still miserably paid, appear adequately clothed. They throng the streets with bicycles, scooters and motor-bikes.

The Italian Government lists as among its accomplishments: housing, reafforestation, refertilization of fields, repair or construction of railways, airports, roads, telephones, mines, gas pipes, sewers, ships, machinery—and, above all, buildings, buildings, buildings.

Industrial production (in real value) is more than 40 per cent above the pre-war level; agricultural production is from five to eight per cent higher. Bank deposits have quadrupled. Per capita income and consumption are said to be eight per cent over pre-war. Wages of agricultural labour have doubled since Fascist days. Industrial labour is getting 20 per cent more than pre-war.



## WHITE HARVEST

In many countries salt is still made by the simple process of running sea-water into large shallow ponds and allowing it to evaporate in the heat of the sun. The rate at which sea-water evaporates

depends mainly on the amount of sunlight which it absorbs, but in normal circumstances much of the sun's heat is lost by reflection from the surface and bottom of the pond. It has been found, however, that if certain dyestuffs are added to the water more sunlight is absorbed and the rate of evaporation can be increased without affecting the colour of the salt.

An enquiry from a customer using a dyestuff for this purpose led I C I to carry out a large number of tests, which ultimately resulted in the marketing of "Solivap" Green — a dye outstanding in both light fastness and the power to absorb radiation, and thus the most satisfactory for speeding-up evaporation. Practical trials at the Osborne salt works of I C I Australia and New Zealand Ltd. showed that the use of "Solivap" Green in the final evaporation ponds increased the yield of salt by 20% and correspondingly decreased production costs. Today, "Solivap" Green is helping to increase salt production in countries as far afield as Africa, Australia, Brazil and India.



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BY THIS TIME the American reader may be one big smile. But wait—this is only one side of the picture. Though Italy is better off than in 1948, so are other countries that have received no U.S. aid. Hard work and time can accomplish a lot.

Has our aid defeated Communism?

Has it made Italy a firmly democratic and reliable member of the North Atlantic community—resolutely on our side in case of war?

Has it made Italy economically sound and self-supporting?

Is it creating that economic margin over and above current needs that will shortly permit Italy to pay for an ever larger share of its contribution to our common defence?

The answer to all these questions is: No.

Take Communism. In the 1951-52 municipal elections, the Communist vote, which had been 30 per cent in 1948, rose to 35.5 per cent.

The facts concerning any Communist Party are hard to get, since the Communist is taught to be both secretive and a liar. However, a Communist senator, Egisto Cappelini, spoke up about Communist strength not long ago. This is what he said:

Two and a half million dues-paying members of the Communist Party furnished in 1951 nearly \$50,000,000, sufficient for the regular Party expenses. For its "exceptional needs"—elections, and so on—the Party finds "other sources."

(Conceivably the senator was referring to what is left of the wartime kitty accumulated when the Communists "liberated" banks, printed "real" money with engraving plates stolen from the government, and confiscated Mussolini's treasure; perhaps he meant Big Brother in Moscow.)

The Party makes money on its publications. Its biggest newspaper, *Unità*, sells half a million copies daily and a million on Sundays.

The Communist-Socialist alliance still controls the largest share of organized labour.

This does not look to me like defeat.

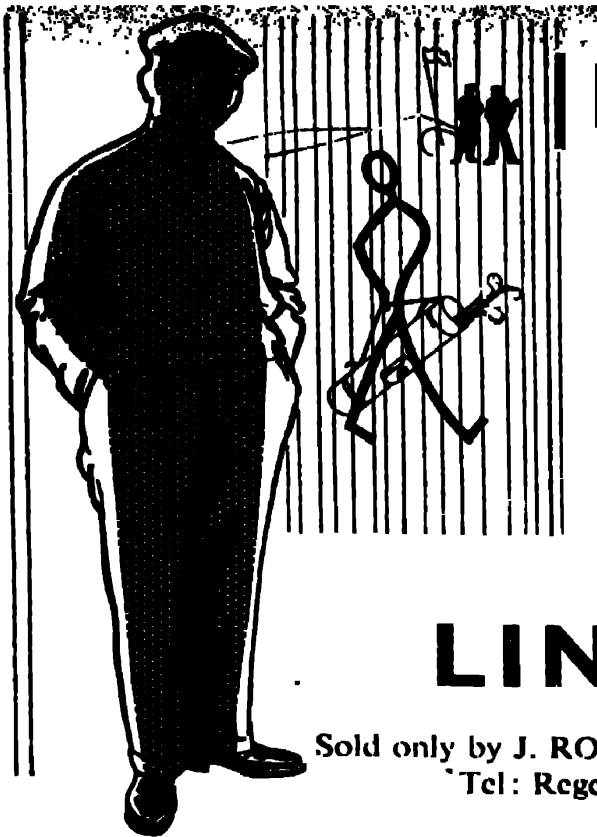
In central and northern Italy I found the Communists full of pep. Their leaders are talking of new gains in the coming election. Their political energy surpasses that of their adversaries.

My conclusion: Communism in Italy has been checked, but neither rolled back nor destroyed.

Second aim: Have we made Italy a soundly democratic and reliable ally?

H'mm. Look again at the latest election figures. A voting loss of only three per cent by the democratic parties at the coming election would mean an anti-democratic majority. Whether Italy is a totally reliable ally—to the point of fighting if necessary—is open to doubt.

That Italians, from the government down, are friendlier to Americans than most of our West Euro-



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A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social

functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more readers of this paper with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet, which will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is Conversation Studies (Dept. RG/CS5), Marple, Cheshire. Enclose 2½d. stamp for postage.

pean allies is beyond dispute. This is why the Communist Party is trying to whip up a popular campaign of "planned rudeness" to all Americans. It will hardly succeed. But many democratic Italians deeply resent American "interference" in their domestic affairs and our inveterate habit of picking the best and most conspicuous quarters for ourselves.

Some rich Italians suspect that American aid might end in their having to pay proper taxes—and would like to see us "go home" before this happens.

Moreover, in the last two wars, Italians have not shown much stomach for mass dying in causes they have not considered theirs. Unless the Republic has instilled a more martial spirit into them, they might—many Americans suspect—find some way of ducking participation in a possible World War III.

Finally, high Italian officials admit that in case of such a war hardcore Communists would certainly risk their lives in sabotage and guerrilla resistance—on the side of the U.S.S.R.

Under such circumstances, an open mind on Italy's reliability seems indicated.

What about national solvency? Have our three thousand million dollars made Italy economically sound and self-supporting?

Again no. Italy is not self-supporting. The deficit in international payments now seems to be hovering

around two or three hundred million dollars annually. The government budget will still be seriously off balance this year.

Two million unemployed (one-tenth of the entire labour force) in 1945 are still two million unemployed in 1953. Foreigners estimate that, of the present working force of 20 millions, 800,000 to one million are either superfluous or working in unprofitable industries.

Yet the worst factor of all is this: The real efficiency of the Italian worker is one-fifth lower than under Mussolini!

Take agriculture. With about the same percentage of the people working on slightly more land, with double the number of tractors, more fertilizer, more cattle, pigs, sheep and goats, production per acre is no greater, and the country is slightly more dependent on imported food than in 1938.

Therefore it looks as though Italy has gone as far as it can under the present load—and stopped this side of solvency.

This obviously means that Italy has no economic margin for financing a larger contribution to defence.

Why is it that the millions spent by American taxpayers have failed to accomplish our purposes? Here are the reasons that struck me.

1. Communism in Italy is not—as so many Americans naïvely supposed—entirely or primarily the result of unemployment and poverty.

France has about as many Communists and no unemployment. Greece is poorer and has fewer Communists. Communism in Italy is a market basket for all possible dissents, resentments and oppositions to the established order. It is strongest where living standards are highest, not lowest. It attracts the better educated, not the least educated, workmen and peasants, in a country where millions resent the presence of priests in politics and where opposing the government is the national sport. When the government distributes small farms to landless peasants, it does not make capitalists of them. Communists say it just proves they're right: the government *has* to do it.

So long as this attitude persists, any internal improvement is credited to the successful pressure of the Communist Party.

2. Italian politicians have tied political life into knots.

Take the new Republican constitution. It saddles the government with the responsibility for creating and maintaining heaven in Italy.

An exaggeration? Listen:

Under the constitution, the "Republic recognizes the right of all citizens to work and promotes the conditions which render this right effective." This charges the government with finding everybody a job—including today's two million unemployed!

"The Republic, by economic and other measures, facilitates the de-

velopment of large families"—thereby encouraging the poor to have more babies.

The Republic further promises every worker a living in case of "accident, sickness disability, old age and involuntary unemployment." It must "offer education to the infirm and the disabled." It not only protects trade unions, it "recognizes the right of workers to collaborate . . . in the management of business enterprises."

Now all these paragraphs—and others—may be as demoralizing as they seem to me, or supremely just. But, in either case, the Italian Republic cannot afford this kind of super-welfare state. It would bankrupt even the United States.

Naturally, the government has fallen down on its promises. In so doing, it helps the Communists, who are on the job every day of the year, while their democratic adversaries are active only at election time.

3. Another bunker is the over-heavy, authoritarian bureaucracy—an army of state employees, all of them underpaid, half of them superfluous, automatically perpetuating hopelessly cumbersome administrative practices.

Typically bureaucratic is the government's method of dealing with unemployment—namely, enforced "featherbedding." Under trade-union pressure, the Parliament passed a law compelling every employer of more than 50 people to add another ten per cent to the pay-



roll. Any employer discharging an employee "without proper cause" (who can decide such a question?) must give him a month's pay for each year of service.

This creates Communists by allowing the Red unions to reward the faithful by jobs and preventing employers from firing Communist agitators in their plants. It "reduces unemployment" only by making otherwise profitable businesses unprofitable. How many U.S. companies could stand a ten per cent pay increase?

4. Italy's economy is a museum of most of the inefficient practices of the past century. One chief obstacle to a sounder Italian economy is IRI, the Institution for Industrial Reconstruction. It is the government's monster trust. It is the State's reservoir for leaky private enterprises. It controls more than 20 per cent of all Italian industry; some say more than 30 per cent.

A list of the major companies in the IRI system takes 12 typed pages!

Here you may find the country's largest banks. Here—controlled through four submonsters—are steel companies; mechanical industries, including shipbuilding and the manufacture of one of the world's most famous racing cars, the Alfa Romeo; power stations and electrical companies; cellulose, potash, acid and artificial-rubber plants; shipping companies; real estate undertakings; a chocolate factory; a share in many foreign companies

including the famous Wagon-Lits that run all over Europe. And 80 per cent of Italy's famous film industry.

Yet this fantastic State economy—the largest in the world outside the Communist countries—was not planned. It just grew. When the Fascist régime practically bankrupted Italian industry, it set up IRI to take over the receiverships. IRI was Mussolini's way of keeping his control over the nation's business as well as of bailing out the less fortunate of those big businessmen who paid for his original "March on Rome" in 1922.

The Italian Republic inherited IRI, has felt compelled to add to it considerably and is making no real effort to get rid of it. In fact, the Republic is committed to a spree of economic "planning."

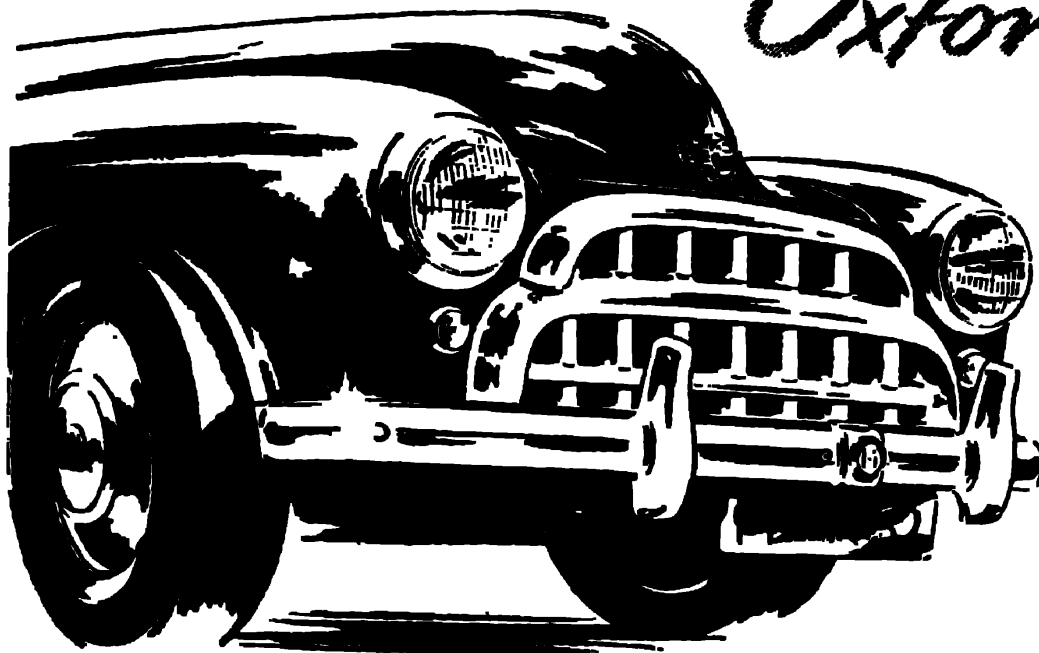
Italians argue that within IRI each plant functions as an independent unit. They forget to stress that profits from paying units are used to wipe out losses from bankrupt enterprises. As though State management were not a sufficient drag in itself!

Much of the private sector of the Italian economy is even less sound than IRI. I refer of course to the huge private trusts and State-subsidized private monopolies.

The formula of Italian big business is *private profits and socialized losses*. The profiteers are highly organized in associations, cartels, trusts, holding companies, and en-

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# You'll be glad you bought a **MORRIS** *Oxford*

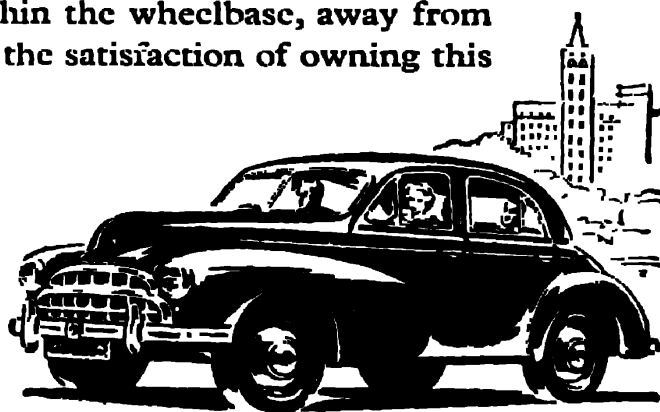


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Sense the flexibility of its ample power. Experience the comfort of its riding and road-holding—made possible by independent front wheel suspension. All seats within the wheelbase, away from road shocks, add still further to the satisfaction of owning this "Quality First" car.

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trenched behind tariff protection calculated to enable the least efficient to make a "reasonable profit."

Thus the Italian customer must buy tyres from the Pirelli company (a virtual monopoly) above world prices largely because Pirelli itself buys a good deal of its rubber at cartelized prices.

In the absence of detailed public balance sheets, nothing really prevents such organized, systematic fleecing of the people.

Why then wonder that Italian society contains a small super millionaire group and a huge mass of the poor, with far too few middle-income people between them? Why wonder that, unhappily, millions of Italians can see no way out save into some form of collectivism?

The miracle is not that Italy is not yet out of the red but that it has come so far.

I CAME HOME believing that we could have got much closer to our original goals, for what we have spent—or less. But in order to do so, we should have had to go at the job (1) with a different view of the problem; (2) with, in part, different personnel; (3) with a deeper understanding of the country; (4) in a different spirit; and (5) with somewhat different techniques of helping.

Our officials took the view that to eliminate Communism we had to get rid of poverty and unemployment. They insisted on higher wages and higher consumption before they

had raised production to the desired levels. In short, they tried to buy Communism out of existence and failed.

The members of our missions went at their job with visible eagerness when they should have been—or have seemed—reluctant. It certainly was not America's job to encourage Italians to spend more of our money and spend it faster. Nor was it our job to encourage an Italian administration committed to sound finances to join the spend-before-you-get-it boys.

Some Economic Co-operation Administration-Mutual Security Agency employees knew too little of the country and people. Big industry in Italy has been in trouble since it started. It has been a recurring burden on the taxpayers. Why encourage it for any but military purposes? Small individual industry, on the other hand, fits the Italian temperament. Small and middle-sized industry, moreover, is actually employing ten times as many people as big industry—unsubsidized. Wiser Americans would, I think, have directed their principal attention to the two fields wherein Italians are experts; namely, specialized artistic or semi-artistic manufactures and agriculture. In particular, they would have helped to provide sufficient, smooth-working farm credits.

Most mistaken of all, in my judgment, was the spirit of giving U.S. aid "without strings." Europeans have lived too long really to believe

# Barneys

*The ideal tobacco*



*"I feel I must write you a few lines in appreciation of Barneys Tobacco. I have been trying to smoke a pipe for years, but after a few days have had to give in. Then I had the good fortune to strike Barneys. It is splendid, and the flavour is much better. I have already recommended it to two of my friends—both pipe smokers of long standing—who are as enthusiastic about it as I am."*

The three strengths of Barneys are  
**PARSONS PLEASURE BARNEYS PUNCHBOWLE**  
 each strength at 4/6<sup>a</sup> the ounce

*And* **IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.**

## £25 is too little



Must go abroad this year all the same. If anyone should know, Cooks should know how to get by on £25. I shan't risk going on my own. I'll leave it to Cooks. They know the way.

## £25 is too much



I'm very glad the basic foreign currency allowance is only £25. Keeps my wife on the right lines. That's why we're off to the Riviera this summer (she doesn't know yet). Beats me how Cooks do it.

# Drop a line to COOKS

Whatever your views on the currency allowance, you'll find the right answer in Cooks new magazine 'Holiday-making,' free from Dept. F4A/MR, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Berkeley St., London, W.1, or branches; or offices of Dean & Dawson Ltd.

in something for nothing. Since they could find no solid motive behind our "generosity," they have had to believe the Communist thesis of a "hidden motive." I feel that we should have approached them on strictly contractual terms.

"The American people," we should have said, "are ready to help you eliminate Communism and make your economics as solid as you have just made your finances. Yet in the last analysis those are your jobs. Therefore we shall direct our help towards those Italian enterprises capable of standing on their own feet and shall expect you to requite 'counterpart' funds with specific 'counterpart' acts, such as getting rid of economic parasites. This is not interference, it is simple business."

We should, I think, have requested the Italian Government back in 1948 to do certain things at once: to enact an anti-trust law breaking the wealth-wasting monopolies; to provide for detailed public accounting of corporation finances; to repeal the ten per cent feather-bedding law. We should not have given aid even to the profitable economic units of IRI—as we frequently have—so long as these profits were being used by the government to absorb losses on duds.

Moreover, we have learned that helping a people through its government may not be the best way to gain that people's confidence and friendship. Obviously, only the Italian Government could, with

"counterpart" funds, rebuild the war wreckage and construct new public works. *But no private Italian has received directly anything free from the United States.* He is therefore more or less unaware of the extent to which he has been helped by us. On the other hand, though he sees American officials all over the place, he never meets a Russian. He listens in consequence to the Communists' line that the United States and not the U.S.S.R. is trying to use Italians as customers for surplus goods and as cannon fodder.

We could have countered this, in part, by not identifying ourselves so closely with the Italian Government—still less with any political party.

BUT the dollars have been spilt and there is no use crying over them. Today practically everybody accepts the fact that we have not attained what we set out to attain, that we're overspending in the process, and that, in spite of our contributions, ill will towards us is increasing abroad. Practically everybody recognizes that the U.S. aid programme has to be reviewed and probably overhauled.

In what direction?

Several theories are current. One—which naturally appeals to allied governments whose citizens are clamouring for the fuller life regardless of consequences—would reduce military aid and use the money saved to raise living standards. Aneurin Bevan, for instance, has

come up with the charming proposal that the United States should drastically cut back present military appropriations and devote the entire savings—thousands of millions—to the “peaceful development of backward parts of the world.” This is feather-bedding at its most extreme and unacceptable.

Another theory would simply stop further economic aid altogether and concentrate on increasing the military strength of threatened areas.

Most of our officials abroad, while conscious of their past failure to obtain action commensurate with our help, still insist that we must continue economic as well as military aid in some form or lose our strongest allies.

What will the 83rd Congress do? Obviously, world-wide philanthropy is out. The last Congress resigned itself only with tears to extending more foreign economic aid, even when it was disguised as “defence support.” The new one is pledged to cut our budget. Champions of stopping further economic aid abroad are finding foreign support. Authentic European voices are being raised to ask us to end economic subsidies. Our European friends are as tired of taking “charity” (and advice) from our swollen economic missions as we are of giving it. An Italian financial expert put it to me even more sharply:

“Italy just cannot afford to take any more U.S. aid. We cannot afford to be always waiting about to

see what your Congress will do.”

Right or wrong, we cannot suddenly cease our injections into foreign economies without creating all those horrible “withdrawal” symptoms experienced by drug addicts when their dope is taken away.

What we must do—finally and definitely—is to see that this aid is no longer wasted even in part, or used for ends that are not ours. The recent spectacle of our great country literally pleading with reluctant governments to take our assistance would be something to weep over if it were not so funny. We shall have to set our terms for them to take or leave.

It is still not too late to transfer what is left of our foreign-economic-aid policy from the “charity” to the “business” level. We can start giving only upon request, in the way that will induce allied peoples to do the most for themselves and on a strictly *quid pro quo* basis.

Meanwhile, there are cheaper and more efficient ways of helping that can be rapidly organized. The easiest is more “off-shore orders”—orders for U.S. military supplies to be filled in Europe. We should increase and distribute these not only according to alleged “need” but in part to the lowest bidder, thus inducing our friends to compete among themselves.

We could also invite more foreign companies that can show a profit to ask for American loans. The Mutual Security Acts already make

provision for a limited guarantee by the U.S. Government to American lenders. To stimulate enough U.S. lending, the next Congress must go further in this direction.

Again, foreign firms needing U.S. capital might invite enterprising Americans to come in as partners. If they want our money, they ought to be willing to take us in. Such a suggestion would wake the piercing protests of foreign (and U.S.) Socialists against "restoring the fetters of capitalist imperialism." I think it is time we made clear that the money of a capitalist country like ours goes abroad on capitalist terms or stays at home.

The biggest aid we can extend to

Europe is a larger market for its goods—lower U.S. tariffs and an end to deterrent customs regulations. These seem to me changes that the 83rd Congress cannot ignore if it intends to end or reduce direct economic aid abroad.

Here then are a number of courses of action for our foreign aid in general, as suggested by our experience in Italy. They would not only relieve the American taxpayer. They would consolidate the free world. They might roll back the Communist wave faster. For they would help create an atmosphere of democracy and self-reliance where Communism and parasitism cannot flourish.



### *Workers' Paradise!*

PRIME MINISTER ZAPOTOCKY of Czechoslovakia, obliged to scold a group of union officials for their lax enforcement of the laws on labour discipline, offered an interesting explanation for the fact that Czech workers now put in longer hours than during the bad old capitalist days. "Under capitalism," he said, "Communists fight for the eight-hour day—to give the workers more time to study Stalinism and overthrow the bourgeoisie. But in Czechoslovakia capitalism has already been overthrown, so the eight-hour day is no longer needed. What was once revolutionary has become reactionary. Not only eight hours per day of the workers' time but their entire lives belong to the State."

—*Fortune*

ON OCCASION the brilliant criminal lawyer, Max Steuer, found that his reputation had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Once he asked a prospective juror: "Do you come to this trial with any preconceived ideas concerning my client's innocence or guilt?"

"No," replied the other, "but I think he must be guilty. Else, why should he engage you?"

—*Milwaukee Journal*

# THE MAN WHO THOUGHT WITH HIS HANDS.



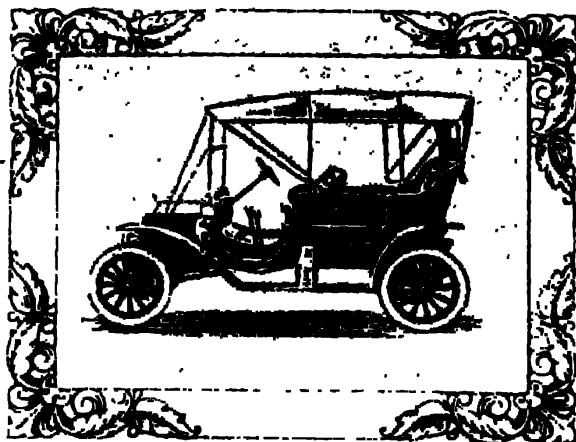
*Condensed from "The Wild Wheel"*

GARET GARRETT

**T**HE fabulous story of Henry Ford and his engineer-magicians, who doubled U.S. labour's wages overnight, created the first assembly line, made an automobile every ten seconds and brought the price of a car down "so that everybody could afford one."



## THE MAN WHO THOUGHT WITH HIS HANDS



ONE SUNDAY IN 1914, when the prevailing minimum wage for U.S. factory work-

ers was a little over \$2 a day, news came from Detroit that rocked industry to its heels and created a sensation round the world: Henry Ford had announced a minimum wage of \$5 a day and cut the working day from nine hours to eight.

Immediately it was prophesied that Detroit would be ruined by an exodus of employers; that those who remained and tried to meet the new Ford wage scale would go bankrupt; that the Ford company would fall; that Ford employees would be demoralized by this sudden affluence—they wouldn't know how to spend the money.

When asked about it Ford said, "If the floor sweeper's heart is in his job he can save us \$5 a day by picking up small tools instead of sweeping them out."

Later he wrote: "The real progress of our company dates from the time we raised the minimum wage to \$5, for then we increased the buying power of our own people, and they increased the buying power of other people, and so on.

Behind the prosperity of America is the enlargement of buying power by paying high

wages and selling at low prices."

Five years later, when he increased the minimum to \$6 a day, he said, "Paying \$5 for an eight-hour day was one of the finest cost-cutting moves we ever made, and the \$6 day is cheaper than the five."

He defined proper wage and price this way: "The right price is not what the traffic will bear, and the right wage is not the lowest sum a man will work for. The right price is the lowest an article can steadily be sold for. The right wage is the highest an employer can steadily pay."

Henry Ford was the supreme practitioner of free enterprise, a credo and a system that grew to full size in the American environment and nowhere else. It was founded on the doctrine that the individual businessman, freely pursuing his own ends in producing things for others, was bound to serve the common good, whether he consciously intended to or not. The system was cruel in the way that nature is cruel to weak and marginal things—but it

*worked*. It produced in America the most fabulous material achievement in the history of the human race.

Let us look at this system through the eyes and accomplishments of Henry Ford, a kind of divine mechanic who, by instinct and intuition, acted on the world with ruthless and terrible energy - a man who thought with his hands.

BEFORE FORD, the automobile had been a plaything for the rich. His public announcement of the Model T read: "I will build a motor car for the multitude. It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to take care of. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one and enjoy with his family the blessings of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."

As Ford saw it, the Model T had but four essentials--power plant, frame, front axle and rear axle--all so designed that no special skill and no great expense would be required to repair or replace them. Model T owners used to take the car apart with a monkey wrench and pliers, put the used or damaged parts in a gunny sack, take the sack to the nearest Ford station where it would be filled with new parts in exchange for the old--and a slight difference

to pay. Then home to put the whole business together again, with an absurd sense of ego-satisfaction. More Model T's were rebuilt in that manner, in barns and sheds and under the shade tree, than were ever sent to garage mechanics.

It is impossible for members of this generation to know what a displacement the Model T had in the lives of their fathers. It was a mechanical animal such as never existed before and will never be seen again. It changed the habits of the American people.

In 19 years Henry Ford made 15 million Model T's and he brought the price down from \$1,200 to \$295.

From the beginning of the Ford company there were other and better cars. There was no new principle in the first Ford that other car makers did not already know; nor was there any new basic principle in the millions of Fords that followed. What set the company apart was the way it went about its work.

Ford's enthusiasm for cutting the price kept his engineers and managers in a state of delirium. Sometimes he would set the price of a Ford below cost, just to see if his men could work it out. They always did.

For the grand mechanics--Ford and his engineers and production men--work was play. If it hadn't been, it would have killed them. They were as men possessed. They often forgot to eat. They drove the workers, but they drove themselves

much harder, and they drove the machines until the metal ached.

Once some builders were called in by the Ford factory to bid on a special machine. The specifications called for a speed that could produce 200 finished parts an hour. The machine builders said, "You've made a mistake. You must have meant 200 a *day*."

The Ford engineer who made the design said, "There's no mistake. Two hundred an *hour*."

"No machine can do that," said the machine builders.

The engineer said, "Before asking you to make these machines we made one for ourselves to see if it would work. It's working now—come and see it."

For a new machine that did something better or a new wrinkle that saved time, the glee of Henry Ford and his engineers was like that of children with a wonderful toy. If the idea had come from a foreman or worker, Ford would stuff the man's pocket with money on the spot. Yet immediately they all tried to think of ways to make it work still better, and if anyone could do that, the wonderful toy was broken up for scrap.

When theirs was the wonder plant for the world for doing impossible things in unheard-of ways, these men were so sure they could improve on any given operation that anybody was welcome to come and look—even rival car makers.

All this could happen because

Ford did not believe in experts. "Our new operations are always directed by men who have had no previous knowledge of the subject and therefore have not had a chance to get on familiar terms with the impossible," he said.

One of his illustrations was glass. He thought plate glass could be made continuously in a big ribbon with no handwork at all. The glass experts of the world said that this had been thought of before and tried—and it could not be done. Ford gave the task of doing it to men who had never been in a glass factory. They did it with such marvellous success that now all plate glass is made that way.

The grand mechanics could do anything. To uproot an entire tractor plant and set it down in Ireland was a mere chore. Once, the U.S. Government wanted some anti-submarine boats, provided they could be built in a hurry without interfering with Ford's other war work. Within 120 days, at River Rouge, Ford's geniuses created a building a third of a mile long, 350 feet wide and 100 feet high, and inside it Eagle Boats—stamped out of sheet steel like automobile bodies—were being engined and equipped. And this was the work of men who had never before built a boat!

Foremost of Ford's right-hand men was Charles Sorensen—the "Magnificent Dane"—who began as a pattern maker in the Ford shop at \$3 a day and became the great

# Ah! Kensitas- that's Good!



**M**y little dog likes making friends -  
I trust that's understood.  
A ladder? What's to do? I know!...  
"Ah! Kensitas - that's good!"

*(Kensitas - the fresher,  
smoother cigarette)*



**OUR BELIEF, THE FINEST LEAF...  
KENSITAS - THAT'S GOOD!**

production genius of his time. Shortly before America entered World War II Sorensen went to California to see how they made aeroplanes there, because the Ford company was going to make planes, too. To a California manufacturer he said, "I don't understand why you first build the body of the plane and then drag everything into it through little holes."

"How would you do it?" they asked him.

"I'd build it in four sections," he said, "then stuff the sections and put them together."

That changed the method of aeroplane construction. It was Sorensen who built the Ford plant at Willow Run, Michigan, which eventually produced a bomber an hour.

THE famous Ford assembly line—the first of its kind ever installed in the world—revolutionized industrial methods. The idea came in a general way from the overhead trolley that Chicago meat packers use in dressing beef, where each butcher cuts off one part of the carcass, then pushes the carcass on to the next butcher, who takes another part, and so on. What made the Ford method epochal was not the discovery of the principles of scientific assembly-line management but the imagination, ingenuity, excitement and total logic with which they were applied.

Of general principles, Ford said he knew only two: A man should

never have to take more than one step if it could be avoided (which meant that the man should stand still and the work come to him) and no man should have to waste time and energy stooping over (which meant that his work should be brought to him waist-high).

"Save ten steps a day for each of 12,000 employees and you will have saved 50 miles of wasted motion and misspent energy," he said. "The undirected worker spends more of his time walking about for materials and tools than he does in working. Pedestrianism is not a highly paid line!"

It all came down to one principle: *Overcome time.*

Moving the work to the man, and from one machine to another, by gravity slides and conveyer belts, was first tried by Ford on what are called sub-assemblies. The engine is an example of sub-assembly—its several hundred parts are always assembled before the engine is put on the chassis. In the old way, one man assembled the Ford engine, walking round and round it until it was finished. This job was now broken down into 84 separate operations, and one man, standing still, was assigned to each operation as the engine came to him. The result: whereas previously 84 men assembled 84 engines in a given period of time, now 84 men assembled 252 engines in the same amount of time.

The first result of speeding up sub-assemblies in this manner was



**Taste the fruit!**

to produce confusion. Each sub-assembly line was a rising stream, and there was no river to take the flood. There stood the chassis, unmoving, in the middle of the floor, with people bringing engine, magneto, transmission, and so on, to it. Then a thought presented itself: *The chassis had to move.* At that moment the last secret of mass production was discovered.

First Ford got a windlass and 250 feet of rope, and dragged the chassis slowly along. Everything had been timed and arranged beforehand, with sub-assemblies and parts piled along the way so that each would be within arm's reach just as the chassis arrived. The workers either walked with the chassis or rode it, doing their work as it moved, keeping their tools in their hands. Never before had a car been assembled in less than 12 hours and 28 minutes. The first one pulled along by the rope was assembled in *five* hours and 50 minutes.

Later the windlass and rope were thrown away, and a power-driven endless conveyer belt was installed, flush with the floor, like a flat escalator. It was wide enough to hold the chassis and workers on both sides so that workers and car moved together, each man doing his assigned bit, then stepping back a few paces to repeat it on the next car.

The belt moved, at six feet a minute, past 45 stations. At each station something was added to the

car. At station 45 the engine was started and the car moved away under its own power. On that first conveyer belt the time required to assemble an entire automobile was reduced from almost six hours to 93 minutes.

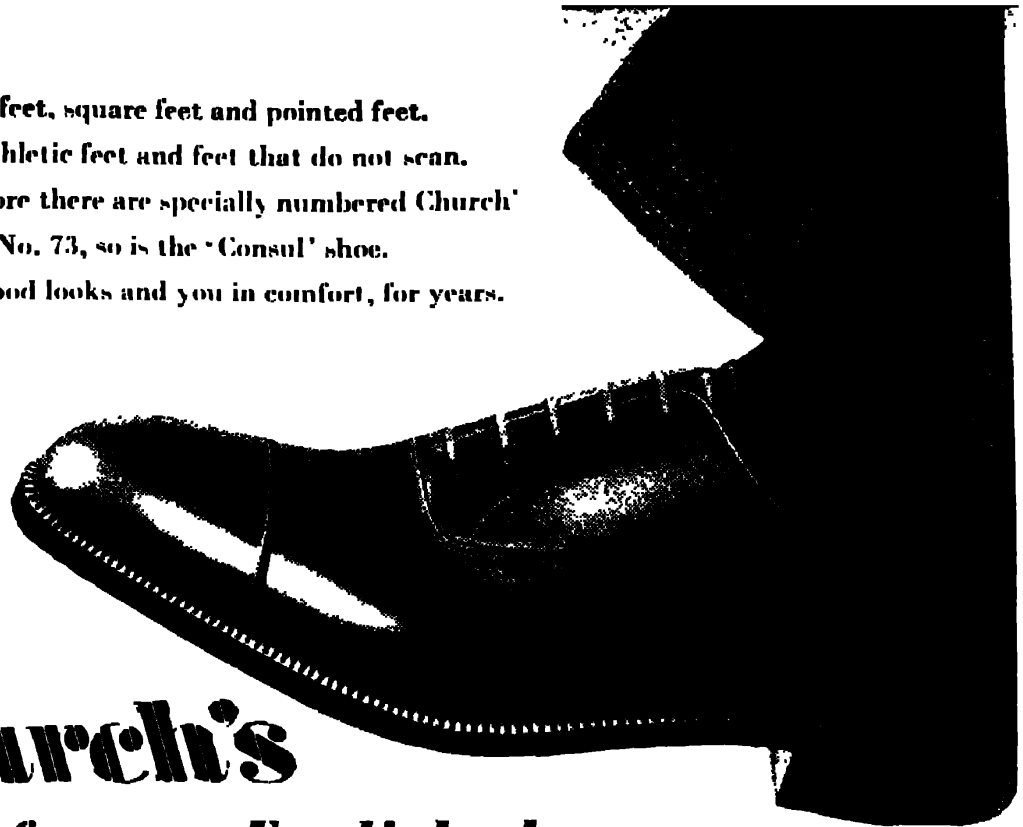
"FORTUNATELY, we inherited no traditions and are not founding any," Ford said once. Nevertheless, he *was* founding one, and on second thoughts he added, "If we have a tradition it is this: Everything can always be done faster and better."

No superintendent had to think of anything else but that. He would be wasting his time if he did. At the end of each day he divided the output of his department by the number of workers in it, and that was his department's score. If the score was good, everything else would come out right.

Ford's feud with time was relentless. "Time waste is the easiest of all waste," he said, "and the hardest to correct because it does not litter the floor."

As some people can see four-leafed clovers in the grass at a glance, so in his marginal vision as he walked through the shop he could see waste of labour, energy and materials—all representing valuable time. Once he was passing a group of men testing an engine on a block. This was the custom for the Ford company and all other automobile makers before installing an engine in a car. "Why do we do that?" Ford asked. The

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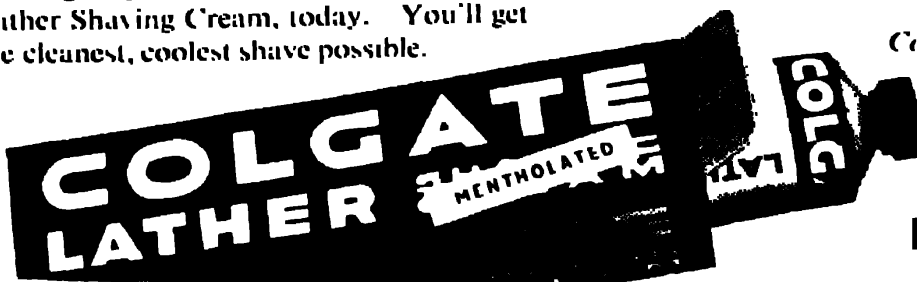
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men were struck dumb; they didn't realize that Ford was actually talking to himself.

Ford went straight to his engineers. "The only reason we make a trial run of the engine is that we are not sure we made it right. Let's make sure of that, and stop wasting time and money on this testing."

They made sure—and stopped testing.

As Ford looked further about him, he perceived that the time cost in manufacturing began the moment raw materials were separated from the earth and continued until the finished product was delivered to the consumer. Scanning his sources of supply, all he could see was a chaos of waste. Nobody doing anything the Ford way.

So the Ford Motor Company became a vast integrated manufacturing empire, getting ore from its own iron mines, fuel from its own coal mines, wood from its own forests, rubber from its own plantations, chemicals from its own vats, fabrics from its own looms. Although it continued to buy enormously from suppliers and contractors when there was advantage in it, the company made some things just to learn how, in case the suppliers should begin to charge too much, or as insurance against suppliers' failure.

A fleet of Ford boats brought iron ore from the head of the Great Lakes to the docks at Fordson on the River Rouge. Held to schedule

like a railway passenger train, a Ford ship was limited to 24 hours in port. Finding that \$200,000,000 of capital was tied up in stockpiles and warehouses, Ford abolished these sources of waste. The elapsed time from the moment the ore was separated from the earth at the mine to the appearance of the finished automobile had now been reduced from 14 days to three days and nine hours. And a Ford car could be turned out *every ten seconds!*

In shipping out finished automobiles by rail, Ford had originally followed the same procedure as other car makers, putting them aboard a goods wagon whole, seven to a wagon. But the first time he made 1,000 cars in a day and tried to ship them this way he created the worst traffic jam Detroit had ever seen. What would it be like when he wanted to ship twice as many?

So he began to ship them knocked down, to be assembled at branch plants; that way he could get 130 in one wagon. He went much further; more and more the branch plants all over the United States assembled the cars and also did some manufacturing, so that only subassemblies and bits and pieces went out from Detroit, and these packed and crated with such geometric precision that a loaded goods wagon was as full as an eggshell.

He created a traffic department that became the day-and-night torment of the railway people. At the moment a wagon of Ford freight

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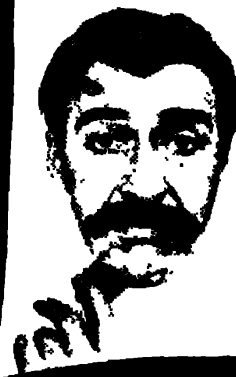
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started from anywhere, a Ford man wired in its number. At the first junction or breaking point there was another Ford man to check its arrival, see that it got on its way again, report it by wire. And so at the next point and the next one, until it arrived at its destination—and there again was a Ford man to see it to the unloading platform. If anywhere a wagon loaded with Ford freight was an hour late, the Ford traffic department knew it and there was hell to pay.

When Ford finally had the opportunity to look back at the pattern he had established and to rationalize it and find clear words for it, he said: "The new *method* must produce the profit. Never cheapen the product. Never cheapen the wage. Never overcharge the public. Put brains and still more brains into the *method*."

This was the secret of the greatest profit maker of his age.

I ONCE asked Ford where ideas come from.

There was something like a saucer on the desk in front of him. He flipped it upside down, tapped the bottom with his fingers and said: "You know that atmospheric pressure is hitting this object at 14 pounds per square inch. You can't see it or feel it, but you know it is happening. It's that way with ideas. The air is full of them. They are knocking you on the head. You don't have to think about it too

much. You only have to know what you want, then forget it and go about your business. Suddenly the idea you want will come through."

One day I saw this work. At lunch, Ford was talking to me and William Cameron, who did the company's radio broadcasts, when his tall body stiffened; the expression of his face, which had been lively, changed to that of a sleep-walker, and he said to no one in particular, "Ah-h! I'm not really thinking about that at all!"

With no other word he rose and walked rapidly away. An idea he had been wanting had come through, and he had gone to do something about it. Cameron said, "That happens often. We may not see him again for a week."

One day in the engineering laboratory Ford and I happened to pass through his private shop—a mechanic's dream come true. He dragged out his most precious relic. "That's it," he said.

It was the first Ford car—a small buggy box mounted on four bicycle wheels, with some tiny machinery over the rear axle. He was seven years of nights making it, while holding a job as engineer in the power-house of the Edison Illuminating Company of Detroit. As he identified the bits and pieces of scrap it was made of—engine cylinders from a steam exhaust pipe, wheel hubs from railway washers, and so on—he told me of driving it for the first time by the light of a

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lantern on a rainy night. He could only go forward, but it got him home, where Mrs. Ford was waiting with an umbrella.

He related how he had got from the mayor of Detroit a permit to appear in the streets with it in daylight. And how when it stalled, as it sometimes did, he would chain it to a lamp-post for fear someone would make off with it before he could get back with repairs.

"It would run now," he said, "if they hadn't taken souvenirs from it."

Ford was persuaded by someone to set up a statistical department. A year later he ruthlessly abolished it. He found it had grown to a huge bureau—and he knew the nature of bureaux. They grow like demon weeds. If you cut one down to half size, a year later it will be twice as big. The only way to control it is to kill it. He said statisticians' facts are dead before they are written down, and by the time a large collection of facts on any subject has been assembled their value has so changed that they are a record of the past and are useless, even dangerous, as guides to the future. The only facts he cared about were the ones he found as he moved forward.

JUST BEFORE Ford brought out the Model A, which succeeded the Model T, I said to him: "Now you and General Motors and Chrysler are going to make all the Fords and Chevrolets and Plymouths you can and add them to the market. Yet the

total number of cars the market can absorb in a year is some definite quantity. Why can't you and they determine what that quantity is, and govern yourselves accordingly?"

"You want to take all the fun out of the game," he said.

"No," I replied, "I'm only thinking it might be possible to bring some kind of stability into the motor industry."

"Stability!" he said, as if he would bite the word. "Stability is a dead fish floating downstream. The only kind of stability we know in America is change."

"What about the recurring evil of unemployment from overproduction?" I asked.

"Overproduction is a false word," he said. "When you say a thing is overproduced, all you mean is that it is wrong in price or in time. I suppose today you could make too many buggies at any price. They would be wrong in time."

Ford constantly dispraised the profit motive, which he felt business was always favouring over what he called the wage motive. When business thought only of profit for the owners, "instead of providing goods for all," it frequently broke down—so frequently that scientists had invented what they called "business cycles."

Either profits would come from doing the job well, he believed, or they would not come at all, and a properly conducted business could not fail to return a profit. Then he



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made this remark: "A business absolutely devoted to service will have only one worry about profits: they will be embarrassingly large."

His company had grown from a rude frame building where a few mechanics assembled about ten cars a day to a mammoth empire capable of producing two million cars a year. All this had been paid for out of earnings. The company's total original capital was \$28,000—invested by 12 individuals, all of whom were eventually bought out by Ford—and not once did the company have to borrow. Each year there had been a profit. Nearly all of it had gone back into the business to provide further means of reducing the cost of a car.

As the public, having confidence in Ford, bought his product, so it provided his capital. He felt he had no right to charge the public interest on its own money. When earnings were used to buy a mine, for example, the profit from the mine belonged to the public. "A business that makes too much profit," he said, "disappears almost as quickly as one that operates at a loss."

His way with profits seems to have proceeded at first from intuition. The theory came later. It was this: If an article costs a dollar less to produce, and you cut a dollar from the price, more people are able to buy. More buyers make a still larger business, which still further reduces the cost, which in turn increases the business again.

If on the other hand the one dollar saved is added to the manufacturer's profit, the price to the consumer remaining the same, there will be no change in the volume of business. If the dollar saved is added to wages, there will be no change in the volume of business. But when you share the profit with the public, prices go lower, business increases, more men are employed, wages increase, profits rise.

His return to the public for providing him with capital was in the lowered price of the car. The Model T, at \$295, was the cheapest satisfaction of a material want that ever appeared in the world.

Ford pointed out that there was a difference between hard work and work well done. Men can work very hard with their hands and never create the amount of goods the world needs, and therefore not enough to exchange for the goods they themselves need. Ford's definition of work well done was the creation of something that satisfies a human want and sells at a price everybody can afford to pay. That demands production in great quantity. Men working with their hands can never produce that result, nor can they ever earn high wages. Moreover, you would never find enough skilled men to do it.

That, of course, is where the machine comes in. By the mechanical extension of the man the productive power of labour was enormously in-

**More  
appetite  
for life**



If we want to live well, in fact really to enjoy the things we like and to add new charm and energy to our daily lives, then we shall do better to choose our food with care and understanding. Hovis *does* contain the heart of the wheat—and that's good. Good enough to give you more appetite for life . . .

**and thank Hovis  
for that**



creased. Ford placed machines closer and closer together—"We put more machinery per square foot of floor space than any other factory in the world," he said. But the room a machine worker needed had been calculated to the inch; also the cubic content of the air space above him, so that each worker got the necessary oxygen, and none wasted.

If you built skill into machines and caused materials to flow continuously through them, you made it possible for even unskilled workers to earn high wages. And with the product you satisfied human wants that could not otherwise have been satisfied. That was the pattern. Ford went so much further and faster with it than anyone else that it came to be known as the Ford Idea.

Some said he had taken skill out of work. His answer was that by putting higher skill into planning, management and tool building, he made it possible for skill to be enjoyed by the unskilled.

Ford's feeling for the machine was a passion. One may believe that he was the first to see what the machine was actually for. It would transform society, set it free from immemorial wasteful drudgeries, fill its life with new and miraculous things, and give it time to enjoy them. It would produce a world that could never be made with hands alone.

Does the machine enslave the man who serves it? Ford said no. The only slave was man without the

machine. This you could see in lands where men and women hauled wood and water on their backs; artisans spent long hours in toil for a paltry return; low standards of life and dire poverty.

Even though the worker who served the machine became an automaton, he was better off than he had ever been before, for if he were not performing repetitive tasks in this clean and air-conditioned factory he would be selling his muscle in animal drudgery such as digging ditches in all kinds of weather.

If the machine enslaved him for eight hours a day, it also enabled him to go home earlier, to have a house such as no other unskilled worker had ever been able to afford, and to own an automobile. The machine organization, for all its hardness, did multiply the wealth and leisure of society, and increase the satisfaction of everyday living in a fabulous manner.

In Henry Ford's philosophy, the machine was an elemental force, blindly creative, like nature. How to release it was man's greatest discovery. The consequences were social and tremendous, and might bring many new problems, but these would be problems accompanied by hitherto-unimagined plenty, and you might trust them to solve themselves in time.

DURING the ten years between the depression and World War II the relations between government and

*Have a GOOD RUM for your money*



people in the United States were fundamentally altered. The people's welfare became a direct responsibility of the Government, and people became willing to surrender personal freedoms and to endure compulsions in exchange for security.

Suddenly there died the song of the wild wheel—the unrestrained, magnificently productive organism that Ford and other enterprisers had built. In place of it was heard a mighty chorus demanding that wheels be tamed—planned and governed. The delusion was that the wild wheel had caused the depression by producing more than could be consumed, thereby causing unemployment and want.

This popular delusion seized the majority of men in business, who were willing to agree to limit production, regulate prices and put competition more or less in a strait jacket. Ford rejected it completely. What he would not, or could not, see was that a world was passing.

The benefits of mass production cannot be realized unless management and labour are both free. So long as that freedom existed in the motor-car industry, the cost of an automobile went lower and lower until it became, pound for pound, the cheapest manufactured thing in the world—not only the Ford car but all American cars. And at the same time American automobile labour was the highest paid in the world.

It was estimated that one year the Model T generated, directly and indirectly, a payroll of one thousand million dollars, and in that year the car sold for 20 cents a pound. That could not happen again in a world of tame wheels. If the political and social conditions that exist today had existed in 1900, the American motor car industry, in its present form, could not have been created.

No one would be able to do in this regulated world of today what Henry Ford did in his world of free private enterprise. He would not be permitted to plough back his profits as capital; he would have to borrow it. And his profits on that borrowed capital would be limited—all to the making of a very different story.

Wholly free enterprise did not survive Ford. It was stoned to death by the multitude and buried with hymns of praise for the easier life. The obsequies were performed by the Government, which assumed ultimate responsibility for the national economy; by the Government's tax collector, who was to become insatiable; by organized labour, whose economic power against that of the employer was increased by law, deliberately, on grounds of social policy.

Many people like it better this way. I do not intend to argue the issue. Let me say only this: If private enterprise had not begotten the richest world that ever existed, there would have been much less for the Welfare State to distribute.

# MY SON'S STORY



*A condensation  
from the  
book by*  
JOHN P. FRANK

This is the story of my son, who is sick in a particularly terrible way. The publishing of it is a ripping apart of his privacy and ours. Why do it? Because if people know more about this kind of common tragedy in their midst, they can do a great deal to improve the handling of it; and, because our experience is that of so many other people, perhaps our account of groping our way through may help the next fellow along the same path.

Our son was born on January 18, 1947, in Bloomington, Indiana, where I was a young professor of law at Indiana University. Until the end of May, John Peter's days were unvarying, with the usual small adventures: the bath, which he enjoyed; playing in the sun on a blanket; a little foolishness with his mother; "talking" to his father in the evening. And there was the occasional trip to Dr. Albert\* for inspection, with the report each time of "all's well."

The local dairy distributed a monthly bulletin which described children at one month, at two months, and so on. It was reading the dairy bulletins that gave me my first doubts. "This month," they would say cheerily, "your child began to reach for toys on the side of the crib," or "he began to push himself up on his forearms," or "he rolled over."

But John Peter didn't. What the

\* Names of doctors and Sisters have been disguised.

"My Son's Story," copyright 1951 by John P. Frank,  
is published by Sudgen & Jackson, London, at 10s. 6

bulletins said he would do in any one month he usually did a month or two later. By August, Peter, though eight months old, was not yet sitting up by himself, nor had he completely mastered rolling over. I was not worried, and was even a little amused that my child should be starting slowly; I don't believe it ever occurred to me that he might never catch up.

One day in September when Lorraine took John Peter in her arms he suddenly grew limp and unconscious, though his eyes were wide open. She rushed to Dr. Cabot's surgery a few doors away, and he immediately began to work over John Peter. In a few seconds the baby regained consciousness. Dr. Cabot said, "He'll be all right in a moment."

By the time I reached home Lorraine and John Peter were there. The baby was in his crib, conscious, moaning, whining occasionally, and feverish. Dr. Baker, the children's specialist, came and examined him. He thought it best that the baby should spend the night at the hospital. Lorraine stayed with him, sleepless and frightened beyond measure.

But next morning John Peter awakened cheerful and fever-free. Dr. Baker's examination showed nothing wrong—heat prostration seemed to cover the situation.

In a couple of weeks the episode was half forgotten. John Peter obviously had suffered no injury and

seemed happy. But on September 26 at dinner-time Lorraine went to his room on some impulse. In a moment I heard her scream, "He's gone again!"

When I rushed upstairs I saw him as Lorraine had described him before—limp, unconscious, but with eyes wide open. I called Dr. Albert. "It's probably a convulsion," he said. "Put him in a tub of lukewarm water. He'll probably be all right before I get there."

Into the tub went John Peter, to be massaged with lukewarm water. It is a picture as vivid in my mind as if it had happened today—the baby lying in the tub as if lifeless, and yet staring, staring, staring.

Dr. Albert examined John Peter briefly and said, "He needs oxygen. We'll have to get him to the hospital at once."

On a surgical table at the hospital, an oxygen mask over his face, he began to convulse violently. He lay naked on the table, his arms and legs moving not in little tremors but in great jerks. And he was still unconscious.

Dr. Albert injected a sedative, then listened to his heart as the convulsions grew more severe. He said, "I can't promise that he's going to pull through."

Then, quickly, the convulsions stopped. As John Peter grew quiet, his eyes closed and his breathing slowed to normal. He was asleep.

Dr. Albert said, "I think he'll be in the clear now."

OCTOBER and November were peaceful and busy, and no very serious doubts assailed us. But on December 2 the baby had another convulsion. We rushed him to the hospital. There, after the injection of sedatives, he returned to consciousness and fell asleep.

This time we were sent to Dr. Graham, a top Indianapolis neurologist. His examination was different. He encouraged John Peter to roll over, and studied his inability to do so. He put him in various positions, with knees this way and that. When he had finished, he said, "There may be some pressure on the brain. If so, X-rays will probably show it."

As Lorraine and I settled down to wait for the tests we felt a little relieved. I had visions of miraculous brain surgery to restore my boy.

The day after the X-ray tests, Dr. Hill, the assistant consultant, came to me.

"Mr. Frank," he said, "sometimes in these cases Dr. Graham likes me to make a preliminary statement for him. It is—ah—very difficult. We have read the pictures, there is no doubt about them. A large area of the brain is dead."

"What does that mean in terms of his future?" I asked.

"It means that he has no future. He will never develop fully."

Dr. Hill then gave me the best advice that could be given to a parent in my position. "Mr. Frank, your impulse is going to be the normal one. You will look at that

attractive youngster, and you won't believe that anything is incurably wrong. You may start going from doctor to doctor, in hope of a medical miracle. Don't. Go to one other doctor, the best you can find. Get him to study this case thoroughly. If he agrees with us, stop.

"I have seen tragedy after tragedy with parents who would not believe the truth. There are charlatans in our profession still, men who will promise miracles at high prices. I know a couple whose child is a Mongolian idiot. They have travelled all over the United States and Europe and spent thousands looking for a cure. The child is a Mongolian idiot still."

Dr. Hill left, and I stood at my son's bedside waiting for Lorraine. Because this is Petey's story, what his father thought and felt in that ten minutes doesn't really matter. What his father said was: "Peter, I don't know if it's possible to get you out of this. If it is, we will."

In the evening Dr. Graham joined us in John Peter's room, to give us the full report. Slowly and with great difficulty he said, "Sometimes a child may be perfectly normal in appearance and yet something can have gone wrong between conception and birth. That is what has happened to John Peter. In his case the cells of large parts of the cortex are dead."

Lorraine and I sat quietly, too stunned for questions. Dr. Graham understood. He said, "This is enough

for tonight. Get what rest you can, and I will see you tomorrow."

**A**S THE EVENING went on, Lorraine became more and more tense. After a while I telephoned Dr. Graham to ask if some sedative would be advisable for her.

He said no. "The sorry fact is, Mr. Frank, that your days will get worse and worse as you understand John Peter's condition better. We are being blunt with you because this kind of situation can only be met head-on. It's a terrible thing to have to say, but if you think your wife needs a sedative now, wait until you see her tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that. Don't start it."

The next day in a private interview, Dr. Graham said to me, "I may as well give you both barrels. It is too bad that John Peter did not die at the time of that second severe seizure. If his case runs in the normal pattern, he may be able to sit up when he is two, to stand between two and three.

"A year or two after that he may become unmanageable. He will never be able to talk. Sooner or later he will get some kind of simple infection and, because his resistance will always be extremely low, it will become serious for him and he will die. I'll give you a prescription for phenobarbital to control the convulsions. Give it to him twice a day."

"For how long, Doctor?"

"For the rest of his life."

**W**E WENT to my mother's home in Appleton, Wisconsin, for the Christmas holidays. For John Peter there were presents galore, and everything had wrappings with which he could play. Just short of 11 months old, he laughed and gurgled as a baby should, and responded with condescending amusement to funny faces and odd gestures. When, a day or so later, we went to Milwaukee to see Dr. Jacobs, we were again hoping for a miracle.

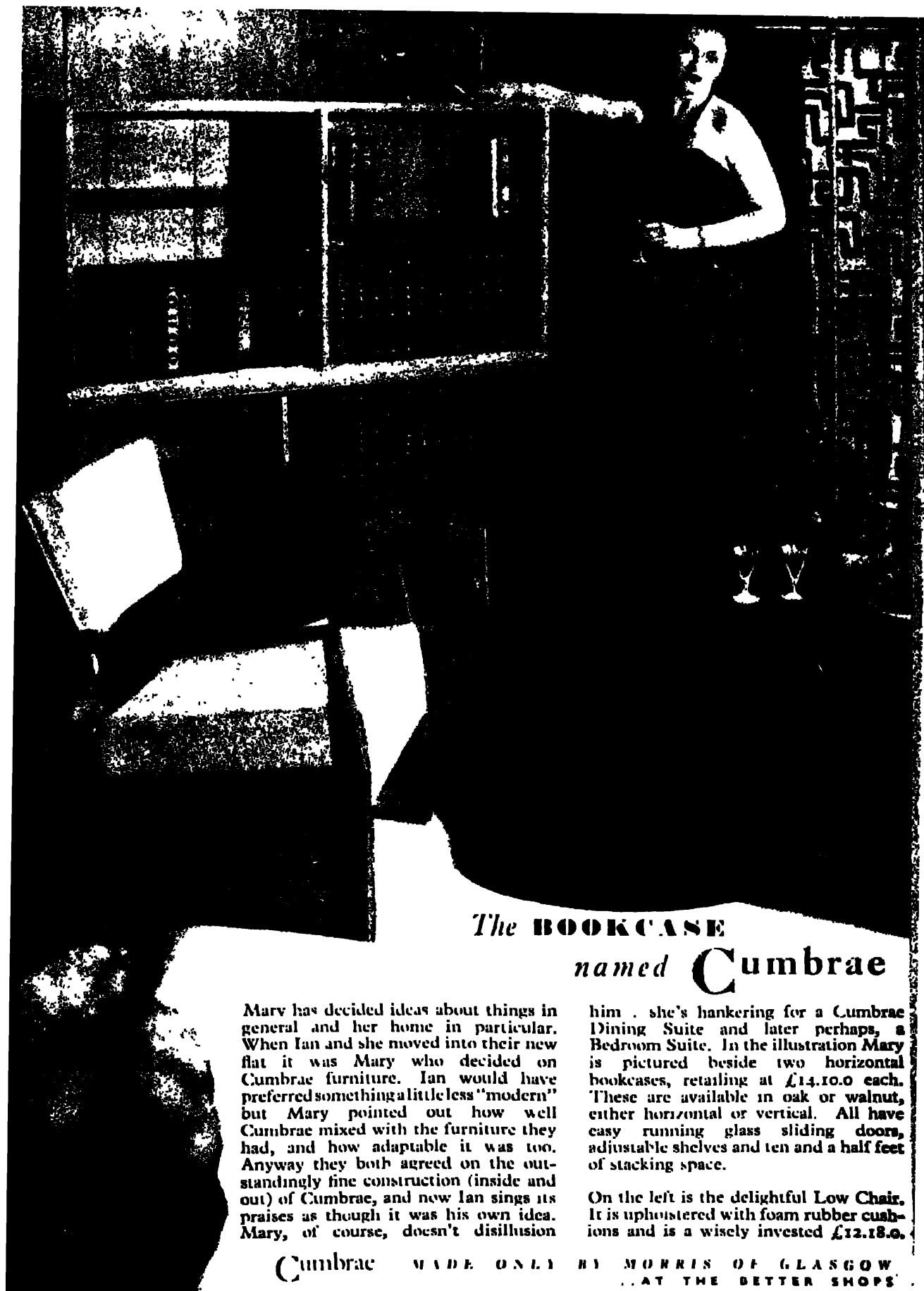
But it was not to be. Dr. Jacobs, probably our foremost specialist on convulsive disorders in children, confirmed the diagnosis. "It is cortical atrophy. There is no doubt of it."

"Doctor," said Lorraine, "will it happen again?"

"It rarely strikes twice in the same family," he answered. "The thing for you to do is to have five more children. You cannot save this one, but a few more will save the parents."

In the sense of hoping for a cure, we never hoped again. But as John Peter's prospects seemed worse and worse, our affection and determination to help him grew stronger.

**A** FEW FRIENDS knew of our situation and were deeply interested. As I talked with them I discovered that others had suffered similar misfortunes. This man whom I had known for years had a retarded child. With another it was someone in a remoter part of his family. In a way that I



*The* **BOOKCASE**  
*named* **Cumbrae**

Mary has decided ideas about things in general and her home in particular. When Ian and she moved into their new flat it was Mary who decided on Cumbrae furniture. Ian would have preferred something a little less "modern" but Mary pointed out how well Cumbrae mixed with the furniture they had, and how adaptable it was too. Anyway they both agreed on the outstandingly fine construction (inside and out) of Cumbrae, and now Ian sings its praises as though it was his own idea. Mary, of course, doesn't disillusion

him. she's hankering for a Cumbrae Dining Suite and later perhaps, a Bedroom Suite. In the illustration Mary is pictured beside two horizontal bookcases, retailing at £14.10.0 each. These are available in oak or walnut, either horizontal or vertical. All have easy running glass sliding doors, adjustable shelves and ten and a half feet of stacking space.

On the left is the delightful Low Chair. It is upholstered with foam rubber cushions and is a wisely invested £12.18.0.

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had not understood before, we were not alone.

Most of these people had placed their children in institutions. That came with the force of a new idea.

In January Dr. Albert stated the case: "Once it is clear that a child is hopelessly subnormal, there isn't any question about the wisdom of putting him in an institution. Your wife won't want to, but her life is at stake, too. You can't do the child much good by keeping him at home, and you can't do yourselves anything but harm. Let me make one suggestion: see if you can place him in a Catholic institution."

I was surprised. Dr. Albert is Protestant and I am a Jew.

He went on. "A mentally defective child is absolutely helpless. It takes the patience of an angel to care for him, and the Sisters are more likely to have it than anyone else. Your own peace of mind will be greater if his care is entrusted to someone who sincerely believes that the spirit of God is in that child, and who regards her task as a duty done in a great cause."

By the end of January 1948 I had made up my mind that John Peter should be placed in an institution. It was a desperate judgment made with a sense that every hope of life was falling about my ears, but making up my own mind was the smallest part of the problem. Every day Lorraine was rededicating herself to John Peter's care. It would not be easy to induce her to let go.

The first step was to find a suitable institution. I finally learned of one that seemed most promising: St. Rita's Home for Children, Williamsville, New York, operated by the Felician Sisters.

St. Rita's would take infants and the rates were not beyond my reach. A vital question remained: Was St. Rita's restricted to children of Catholic parents?

Back came Sister Rogers's answer: "Our home is open to all, regardless of religious denomination, race or nationality."

More details came in another letter. "We admit all lowest types of mental defectives, with the exception of the convulsive type." Had we come so close, to be defeated by the exception?

And then Lorraine became pregnant. Her doctor advised me not to let her consider separation from Peter until late in her pregnancy, to avoid the possibility of miscarriage resulting from emotional strain.

*W*E COULD NOT eliminate grief, and did not try. But we did try to make the best of it. Lorraine's new pregnancy was, and was intended to be, a tonic to our spirits.

In June we went to Washington, where I was to work for the summer. Peter was 17 months old, and Lorraine was five months pregnant. Most of that summer is lost in an unhappy haze. The days were full and tiring, and so were the nights. The heat didn't help. Peter ate

poorly and slept poorly, crying miserably a good deal of the time. By August 1 we were all three exhausted.

I was ready to concede that there was little we could do for Peter, and that, indeed, we might be giving him less than an institution could. At 18 months he could still neither sit nor crawl, and he appeared to be years away from walking.

Lorraine and I had not discussed institutional care for Peter at all, because it seemed clear that decision and action ought to come close together. Now I put the whole thing up to her.

I supposed she might have trouble making up her mind. She didn't. She said, "No." Her position was simple: she loved Petey devotedly, and she asked nothing more than the opportunity of giving as much of her life as he could use to looking after him.

In a grave, terribly firm way Dr. Baker told her, "Mrs. Frank, you can't give your son the care he needs, at home. Caring for retarded children has to be done lovingly and affectionately, but with a certain impersonality, too. It's a job that needs to be done with fixed hours, and with time off, and with holidays."

Lorraine said, "But the institution will cost money. If we put the money into having more space and some help, why can't we do the same job at home?"

"Believe me, it always fails. Think

of the child to be born. You don't really suppose that he can grow up normally in a house with a youngster as ill as Peter. The tension is bound to communicate itself to the second child, who will become nervous and unhappy. You will not be able to give him the love and attention he deserves."

That hit Lorraine hard. It was so obviously true.

Dr. Baker continued. "Mrs. Frank, unless you separate your son from yourself, you will risk every important value of life for yourself, for your future children, for your husband; and you will give John Peter nothing but an increasingly neurotic mother in return."

When Dr. Baker left, Lorraine raced for Peter's bedroom. She was standing over the crib when I caught up with her.

A FEW DAYS later, after a particularly hot, exhausting day, when Peter had suffered an especially trying time, I had what seemed to be the start of a nervous breakdown. A year's strain took its toll all at once. My temporary collapse shook Lorraine as nothing else had. When, a day or so later, I told her that I wanted Petey to be in an institution and would insist on it unless she objected very strongly, she said, "When?"

"Soon."

We have never, from then until now, discussed her thoughts about it. I have always supposed that she

bowed not to please me but to save me from strains greater than she thought I could manage.

Peter was still convulsive, but his medication was proving a good control; perhaps St. Rita's would take him. I talked to Sister Rogers, the head of St. Rita's, on the telephone. She heard my story. The time of her thinking was very long. Finally she said, "You may bring your boy on Saturday."

I went alone with Petey to Buffalo. In the waiting crowd at the airport I saw Sisters dressed in dark brown, with heavy wooden crosses about their necks. They were warmly cordial, and Petey went to them without demur. Within an hour, we were welcomed at St. Rita's.

As I put through a telephone call to Lorraine my heart was almost light, for the first time in months. "Darling," I told her, "it's all right. It's a wonderful place."

"John, are you *sure*?"

"Very sure. It's far, far better than I had imagined any home might be. I saw many children this afternoon, and not one was scowling, or sullen, or even crying. Peter should be happy here."

The misery in Lorraine's voice lightened. "I'm so glad."

The capacity of St. Rita's Home is 40 children, all under five years. To care for them there are usually 17 or 18 Sisters and three or four employees—better than one adult to two children. This is a remarkable ratio, and a necessary one because

of the great amount of care retarded infants need.

The children include all imaginable types of handicapped human beings. The Sisters treat them with special tenderness and consideration. These cases seem to provide an added opportunity, or special challenge, to prove their devotion to God's duties. The work is terribly hard, the hours extremely long. The mystery to me about the Sisters' service to these retarded children is why they undertake it. I asked one of the Sisters how she avoided feeling depressed. She replied simply, "If it were not for our spiritual exercises, we could not do it at all."

**S**INCE I left Petey that day in 1948, he has made slow, unsteady progress. That Christmas I went alone to see him; his new little sister, Gretchen, was only six weeks old, and Lorraine had to stay with her. I found Petey well adjusted, clearly prospering.

But when Lorraine and I went together to see him in June 1949 and again in September, Sister Rogers gravely warned us that we must be prepared for the possibility that Petey would not live long. He was completely feeble and apathetic. He had not been ill, he had simply deteriorated.

And then, miraculously, he began to mend. When we were there at Christmas 1949, he was very much alive again.

He is now between five and six

years old and has been away from us for over three years. He has been crawling well over a year, and he can get into a sitting position easily. He is less alert than a ten- or 11-month-old child, but his development is roughly comparable to a child's of that age. We are still hoping. We very much hope that he will be able to walk one day.

Gretchen, our daughter, is a model of health at two and a half, and, if a father may be permitted his immodesty, is slightly precocious mentally. She was an enormous help in bringing her parents back into a normal routine.

The final adjustment is the one that time takes care of. That is peace of mind. It's like interest on a savings account; nothing can be done to speed it up, it just comes.

One last word. Many thousands of children of Petey's general class are born in America every year. Our experience was in some respects exceptionally fortunate: strong friends and brave families gave great assistance. I wish that families less well situated than ours could come out as well.

*Postscript by  
Lorraine W. Frank*

**N**O AMOUNT of time or any of life's fulfilments will ever erase the nightmare of that evening at Methodist Hospital when we heard the diagnosis that our son was "retarded." I remember saying that night: "We will never be happy again."

The astonishing thing is that that

isn't necessarily true. There occurs an unconscious transformation of values, and the smallest things give a happiness that had seemed no longer possible. Like the day Petey picked up an empty cup and tried to drink from it.

The feelings of guilt attendant upon committing a child to the permanent care of others are overwhelming. When the time came to consider putting Petey into an institution my whole rational machinery collapsed and, with the urging of our doctors, I decided nothing and let John go ahead as they advised.

A son doesn't go out of a mother's life without leaving a void. There have been hard times. One particular stab of misery was on our first visit to St. Rita's. Taking his picture with his baby sister proved too much for Petey and he began to cry. I tried to comfort him and couldn't, and finally one of the Sisters took him and comforted him in the way he had grown to know—not my way. It made me realize acutely that they, not I, were his mothers now.

But there are compensating pleasures. We were, not unnaturally, worried about our little girl until she was past the stages of development Petey never reached. When she first sat up alone, we were infinitely more thrilled than most parents are at such a time. And yet probably no achievements of Gretchen's will ever match the happiness

I had the first time Petey pulled himself up in a play-pen at St. Rita's, and, holding on to the sides, walked around a few steps to get a toy he wanted.

**A**N IMPORTANT footnote has now been added to Petey's story. Before I went to visit him in September 1951, the Sister Superior had written to say that Petey had enjoyed a "wonderful summer," and that there would be a surprise for me. We know that nothing will ever bring Petey even remotely close to normal, so we are steeled never to expect much, even as a surprise.

When I arrived, Sister Superior took me to the head of the stairs that lead up from the playroom. There, coming up the stairs, by himself, was Petey. I knelt and held out my arms to him, and he came into them, ungracefully and unsteadily, but walking with an unmistakably proud grin on his face and he put his head in my lap. Then

he looked up at the Sister kneeling beside me, and said happily, the first words I ever heard him speak, "Oh, Sister."

Petey now has a vocabulary of about half a dozen words, and he understands a few simple commands. He walks constantly, can climb a slide and come down by himself, and has obviously entered into new worlds of self-amusement.

The Sisters were apologetic that they had not been able to teach him to say "Mummy." But the Sisters are his "Mummy" now, and I proudly thought that every time he handed me a toy and said, "Here, Sister," he paid me the greatest compliment.

I was glad all over again for our decision to place Petey at St. Rita's and to keep in touch with him, making no pretence that our sick child had died, or perhaps never lived. We have the happiness that can come from *knowing* that our son, though away, is happy himself.

*Our Cover* this month shows Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the informal atmosphere of a rehearsal at the Royal Festival Hall.

Sir Malcolm will be conducting the same orchestra in concerts at this, London's newest centre of music, on the Wednesdays before and after Coronation day (May 27 and June 3).

*Ektachrome by J. Barnell*

# *Nobel, the Prize-Giver*

Condensed from *The Saturday Review of Literature*

*Harland Manchester*

**O**NE DAY in 1861 a group of Paris bankers gave impatient audience to a young man who said he had a big idea. He was a Swede; a thin, sickly, nervous chap, but with plenty of assurance.

"Messieurs," he announced dramatically, "I have an oil that will blow up the globe!"

The bankers jumped, but the young man calmly went on to explain his new explosive. Shortly his hearers cut him off. The whole thing sounded impossible; anyway, who wanted the globe blown up?

When Napoleon III heard about the young Swede, however, he spoke to a financier, and Alfred Nobel went back to Stockholm with a draft for 100,000 francs. Thus the foundation was laid for the Nobel fortune.

To Alfred Nobel there was nothing sinister about powerful explosives. His father, Emmanuel Nobel, had been tinkering with them for years, and had invented a naval mine used by Russia in the Crimean War.

Alfred was the third of four brothers, and the puniest of the lot. His mother fought a constant battle to keep him alive. As a young man

he travelled in Europe and America; and in Paris he met a girl with whom he fell desperately in love. She died. Saddened and embittered, Alfred returned at the age of 21 to his father's factory, and there he went resolutely to work—for work, he decided, was all that life held for him.

Emmanuel Nobel was convinced that nitroglycerine had great possibilities as an explosive, though it was used then chiefly as a stimulant in heart ailments. Under certain conditions it would explode, but no one knew just what these conditions were. Sometimes a container of the stuff would fall to the ground with a thud, and nothing would happen; sometimes a small jolt would cause a shattering explosion. Alfred and his father set out to tame nitroglycerine.

Gradually Alfred took the lead in the experiments, and arrived at the theory that the only sure way of exploding the soupish liquid was to confine it in a stout container and set it off with a sharp primary explosion. He evolved the blasting cap—an invention still the basis of the whole nitroglycerine and dynamite industry.

After securing Louis Napoleon's

help, Alfred and his father went hopefully to work, but nitroglycerine still would not behave. In May 1864, an explosion killed the youngest son, Emil, and four workmen. Old Emmanuel was prostrated, and never recovered.

The Nobels had no permit to work with explosives, and the authorities cracked down. Indomitably, Alfred kept on. He moved his plant to a barge moored in a lake. Chemist, manufacturer, bookkeeper and demonstrator all in one, he hardly took time to eat, and succeeded in ruining his digestion for life. He would show the world, he said, that his blasting oil was safe.

Within a year the Swedish Government was using his "soup" to blast a terminal railway tunnel under Stockholm, and he had launched manufacturing companies in four countries.

He was too optimistic; nitroglycerine's reign of terror was about to begin. One morning in 1865, Nobel's plant in Norway soared skyward. A few weeks later, a worker in Silesia tried to cut frozen blasting oil with an axe. They found his legs half a mile away.

The next April, 70 cases of nitroglycerine blew up aboard a ship docked in Panama. Even the wharf and warehouse nearby were wrecked and another ship badly disabled. Sixty people were killed, and the damage came to £200,000. A few days later, 15 persons were killed and a block of buildings was

wrecked in San Francisco by a nitroglycerine explosion in an express wagon.

Alfred Nobel arrived in New York on a business trip shortly after the San Francisco blast, bearing boxes of "soup." He was about as welcome as the plague. People avoided him, and hotels turned him away. When he announced that he would give a public demonstration at a quarry, only about 20 men came to see the fireworks, and even they kept their distance. He poured a little of the terrible oil on a flat piece of iron, and then raised a hammer. The spectators ducked for cover. There was a sharp report, but Nobel was unharmed. He coaxed them nearer, and in a dry, scientific manner explained that only the oil struck by the hammer exploded. You couldn't blow off the lot, he said, without confining it. Then he touched a match to the puddle. It burned, but didn't explode.

For two hours Nobel put the mysterious giant through its paces. He finished the performance with some real blasts, to show what it would do when given its head. The crowd went away convinced.

Although Nobel's office was now swamped with orders and a fortune was within reach, he almost failed that year. Several countries passed laws forbidding the use of Nobel's "soup," and ships refused to carry it. A safe nitroglycerine had to be invented. So Alfred Nobel invented

it, though some say it was an accident.

In northern Germany there is a light, absorbent earth called *kieselguhr*. Nobel's workers ran out of sawdust and used the earth in packing nitroglycerine cans. The story is that one of the cans leaked, and Nobel noticed that the *kieselguhr* drank it up like blotting-paper. He mixed three parts of "soup" with one part of *kieselguhr* and his prayers were answered. The stuff could be kneaded like putty and packed in cartridges and it was safe to ship. Nobel called it dynamite. Within ten years, 15 Nobel plants were turning out six million pounds annually of the new explosive.

At 40, Alfred Nobel found himself a lonely, exhausted, melancholy man, with no interests outside his work and few acquaintances outside his companies.

He tried to alter his way of life. He bought a fine house in Paris. He returned to Shelley, the god of his boyhood, and had an idea of writing. But he was equally at home in six languages, and could never make up his mind which to use. Even in conversation he wandered from one to another, unconsciously slipping into the language which the topic suggested.

Nobel was a prodigious reader, not only of technical books, but of poetry and philosophy. He liked those writers who bolstered his belief in the constant progress of humanity. Many of his letters—he

often wrote 50 a day—were exhaustive discussions of new novels, plays, and books of verse. He started two novels which he never finished and late in life he wrote a play, in which he became completely absorbed.

Because he wanted to entertain, he considered marriage, but since his early love affair he hadn't met a woman he thought he could get on with. He made cynical remarks about women, for he was desperately shy and believed himself so repulsive that no woman would marry him except for his money. Yet whenever an attractive woman made a determined attempt to be nice to him, he opened up like a flower.

It was his loneliness that led to the establishment of the peace prize. His correspondence was in six languages, and it was not easy to find a good secretary and an accomplished linguist in one person. He hated hiring secretaries, because he dreaded dismissing them.

In 1876 he tried once more, and Bertha Kinsky, a Bohemian countess, answered his advertisement. She was an attractive woman of 30, well educated, charming in manner and a good listener. Nobel's gloomy, kindly and occasionally sarcastic manner appealed to her. He, in turn, was much impressed. But before she had actually entered upon her duties, she eloped with young Baron von Suttner.

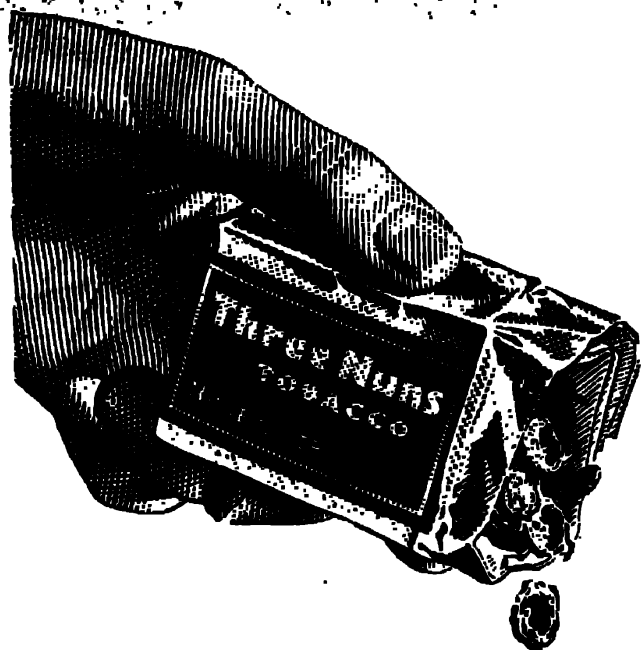
The couple worked for the Red





*A gracious welcome  
to your guests*

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

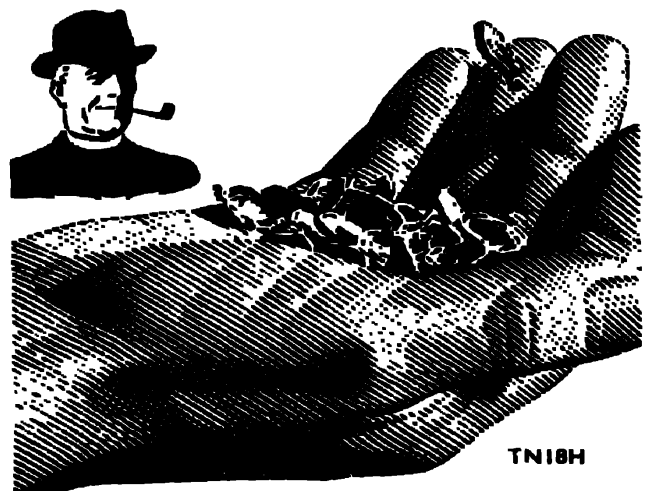


**Please do not tease!**

Those curious discs of Three Nuns do not need teasing—except, perhaps, the few at the top of the pipe bowl. Each disc is a complete blend in itself. Each smokes so slowly that a pipeful of Three Nuns is a delightfully prolonged performance.

**Three Nuns**

ORIGINAL BLEND • EMPIRE BLEND



TN18H

Cross during the Russo-Turkish War. The Baroness came back appalled by what she had seen, and wrote a passionate anti-war novel. Soon she was a recognized leader in the peace movement. The Baroness and Alfred Nobel had remained firm friends, and now she appealed to him to help in the movement.

Nobel predicted that his high explosives would put an end to war sooner than her peace meetings, because as military weapons became more deadly, horrified nations would disband their troops.

In spite of his doubts, Nobel decided to leave his fortune—which amounted to about £2,000,000—to found a prize for distinguished peace workers. Later he included the prizes for science and literature. He intended these awards, not as crowns of success, but as lifebelts for sinking geniuses. Yet the terms of his loosely drawn will made it impossible for the award committees to consider the financial status of the recipients.

Nobel turned his back on Paris when the French Government, alarmed because he had sold his smokeless powder to Italy, placed restrictions upon his work. He lived his remaining days in austere solitude at San Remo, Italy. When his brother Ludwig, who had made a fortune in oil, died, the French papers thought it was Alfred; and he had the peculiar satisfaction of reading his own obituaries. They were not complimentary.

After his unhappy experience in Sweden, Alfred Nobel searched far and wide for a suitable place in which to manufacture nitroglycerine. He finally hit on Ardeer, a lonely spot among the sand-dunes of Ayrshire, and here in 1873 he made the first batch of explosive from which a great industry arose. Ardeer, still the largest explosives works in Europe, employs over 13,000 people and belongs to the division of I.C.I. Ltd. which bears Nobel's name.

At San Remo he spent most of his time working on synthetic rubber and artificial silk. His heart began to give out, and he went to specialists. He laughed when they prescribed nitroglycerine. He bought a sphygmograph, watched the line which showed the irregularity of his pulse, and pointed out to his friends the degree of variation that would kill him. On December 10, 1896, he died.

Before his death Nobel had abandoned the idea that more powerful killing agents would frighten the nations into peace. He pinned his faith on something very like the League of Nations.

At first, he did not intend to found a perpetual peace prize. He suggested that it be discontinued at the end of 30 years, for he believed that if international peace were not assured by then, the world would relapse into barbarism. He said that in 1893. It was just 30 years later that an Austrian house-painter led a *putsch* in Munich.

# Both these men are 35!



**T**hinning hair puts 10 years on a man's age—and is taken to be a sign of failing powers. Grossly unfair? Yes. But it is the truth. Yet many men suffer in this way, *when there is no need*. For the most up-to-date knowledge about hair growth offers new hope.

Hair is made from as many as 18 different substances, called amino-acids. If even *one* of them is missing, your hair will not grow correctly and may not grow at all! By far the quickest way of making good that shortage is to massage Silvikrin into the scalp. For *Pure Silvikrin* contains *all* the 18 hair-forming substances in an active state. Silvikrin is a unique bio-chemical treatment which aims at a fundamental improvement in your hair health.

*For severe cases of dandruff, greasy scalp and thinning hair, you must use Pure Silvikrin (12/6 for a month's supply). For less severe cases use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion or, if your hair is dry, Silvikrin Lotion with Oil. Bottle 2/9 (Large economy size 4/10). All prices include tax.*

## **'THE BOOK OF THE HAIR'**

Send for this authoritative 36-page book about the growth and care of your hair, enclosing 7½d. in stamps, to Silvikrin Laboratories Limited (Dept. BH-16A), County Building, Honey Pot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.

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*the sparkling*  *drink*

*replaces  
lost energy*

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**Lucozade** is used by

DOCTORS and NURSES in CLINICS,

HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOLS





*A* change is good for us all, but we housewives too often tend to order the same goods each week, serve the same dishes, follow the same methods of working. *Have a change!* I've got ten good buys for you this month that you may never yet have shopped for. Some you can even *try at no expense* beyond the cost of a card to me.

A "change" for breakfast is welcomed by the whole family—especially at this time of year. So if you're not already eating



WEETABIX, what about serving this different cereal tomorrow? The "cakes" of crisp, malty *whole wheat* can be eaten in lots of ways—with milk alone . . . or buttered and marmalade-d . . . or with bacon on top (an ideal snack,

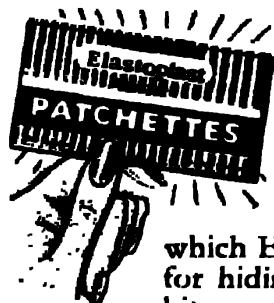
this!). Here's an energy-giving food (really *nice!*) that will keep Father and the children satisfied and full of go all morning. And *cheaply!* How about a sample pack of Weetabix and recipe leaflet FREE? Then write today to me Alison Grey, 1 Albemarle St., London, W.1.



*The thing to achieve* with make-up today is an all-over finish that makes your skin look *naturally* flawless. And for this effect COTY have a new liquid tint foundation base that's

*matchless.* It's called INSTANT BEAUTY. You finger-print it on over face and neck, then powder on top. It hides little veins and blemishes, flatters the tone and texture of your skin, so that powder merely seems the *bloom* on a naturally lovely complexion! Instant Beauty is made in three shades—Naturelle, Azalée and Continentale—price 7/6d. And it's *not drying to the skin.*

*I used to say* I'd rather endure moths than the smell of moth repellents. But now I've met a positively loathsome-to-moths invention that's *flower-sweet* to put among your clothes. It's the RACASAN Moth Repellent and Air Freshener Block. Yes, it's an air freshener, too—you just hang up the block in the container it comes in to keep toilets, bathrooms, sickrooms nice-smelling. The Racasan is made of paradichlorobenzene, a big word for a big help in making home *sweet* home! In six different perfumes, price 1/3d. from chemists, grocers and ironmongers.



*You don't need me* to tell you what ELASTOPLAST is and does. But what's *new* are the handy little circular dressings called PATCHETTES

which Elastoplast make specially for hiding shaving nicks, insect bites and pimples. They're made

of waterproof Elastoplast—flesh-coloured plastic that's proof against wet, oil and detergents. Once on, I bet *no one* would detect them—they're so skin-like, cling so smoothly, cannot fray! To introduce them, Elastoplast will give a little packet of Patchettes to *any* lady who writes *FREE*. Got yours? Write



*One of the miracles of modern times* is the VILEX cloth. It's a tea-cloth that amazingly has to be used *damp*—yet it polishes the crocks while it dries them, makes glasses and silver *gleam!* When it gets too wet, just wring and go on

using . . . no soggy tea towels hanging about, no having to dry, iron or mend them. It's also a duster, *picks up* dust without spreading it. With its saving of time and trouble, Vilex is marvellous, and really *cheap* at 4/11d. If Boots or your favourite store hasn't got it, write to The Vilex Co.,

In association with NANCY SASSER

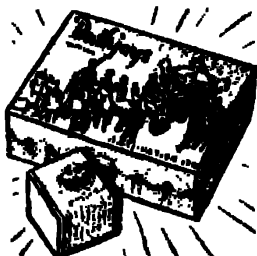


The favourite dry biscuits in my family are JACOB'S HIGH-BAKED Water Biscuits, so may I recommend them to you? They're baked in a special

way that makes them extra crisp, extra brown and deliciously *mitty* in flavour. Incomparable with cheese, they're also a boon to have by if you're serving drinks—men love their crackling crispness! They're grand, too, for supper or cocktail savouries with something piquant on top—like pâté, anchovies or cheese spread. Jacob's High-Bakes—11d. a half-pound loose or 1/- a pkt.

What shall I serve for sweets? How

often I've solved that problem by getting a packet of BROWN & POLSON FLAVOURED CORNFLOUR out of the larder! My family love blancmanges made with this famous cornflour, because they're firm yet creamy, and the flavours are extra delicious. You get Strawberry, Raspberry and Vanilla in one packet, and the Chocolate (superb!) by itself. Ever tried Flavoured Cornflour *but*—the chocolate with pears, the vanilla with any stewed fruit? Then *do*—it wins praise all round. Remember, it's Brown & Polson Flavoured Cornflour you want.



A little self-indulgence works wonders for a woman when she's feeling tired and "blue". The luxury I give myself at such times is a hot bath with a BATHJOY in it. The *comfort* of that soft and scented water is balm to weary limbs. Tiredness flows away, spirits revive . . . you step out feeling cherished, charming, *re-born*! I suspect we'll all need buoying up with Bathjoys next month! So how thoughtful of Reckitts to pack 6 Bathjoys inside a golden Coronation Box with Royal coach a-top. It's lovely to keep, grand for a gift and only 2/6d.



**FREE to denture wearers**—a 4-days' supply of STERADENT, the cleanser that's *made for the job* of keeping artificial teeth *immaculate*. No doubt you've seen the Steradent advertisement—Granny bathing Baby with startling statement above: "She's bathing her grandson and cleaning her teeth". Well, that's exactly what Steradent does—all by itself—purifies, disinfects and dazzlingly cleans your plate while you're doing something else. With Steradent's safe, oxygen-cleaning action, dentures lose stains, feel nicer and keep their fit better. But test it **FREE!** Write for Steradent 4-days' sample to me, Alison Grey, The Reader's Digest, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

If you can't "go down to Kew in lilac time," here's the next best thing . . . enjoy the scent of lilacs every time you wash. Those specialists in soap—

CUSSONS—have made a new toilet soap called LILAC BLOSSOM which I'm sure you'll *love*. The perfume is delicious, and the soap itself makes you feel "expensive" as you wash—its lather is so bland and soft, the oval tablet (hand-finished) so heavy in your hands. Yet Lilac Blossom is only 1/6d. for an extra big tablet. Get the Talcum *en suite*. A bargain at 2/-. Good chemists everywhere stock Cussons toiletries.



## BIRO CROSSWORD No. 4

Solution to Puzzle on Page 7

ACROSS: 3, Stoic; 8, Blight; 9, Opaque; 10, Onion; 11, Cornet; 12, Conder; 13, Attaint; 16, Dredger; 19, Grand; 20, Lout; 21, Barb; 22, Screw; 24, Hot cake;

27, Raiment; 30, Adrift; 32, Torpor; 33, Chair; 34, Radish; 35, Evenly; 36, Yokel.  
DOWN: 1, Almost; 2, Agenda; 3, Storing; 4, Omic; 5, Concord; 6, Canned; 7, Furors; 13, Allat; 14, Taunt; 15, Trace; 16, Defer; 17, Grace; 18, Robot; 22, Sketchy; 23, Wastrel; 25, Oldham; 26, Critic; 28, Murder; 29, Noodle; 31, Hack.

# Thousands acclaim new Wisdom toothbrush

*Beats both nylon and bristle*

**T**HE new Wisdom Flextron has been on the market only a month or two. Yet already it has hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic users. And no wonder.

Wisdom Flextron is a new, improved kind of nylon. It has all the advantages of ordinary nylon (lasts longer, doesn't break or go soggy), *plus* the essential liveliness and snap-back of the finest natural bristle. No wonder Wisdom Flextron users are so happy with their new toothbrushes!

## FIVE BIG ADVANTAGES

Flextron gives you these five big advantages:

1 Flextron tufts are more lively than ordinary nylon—they probe into every hidden crevice.

2 Flextron is finer than ordinary nylon, giving it the gentleness of bristle. Wonderful for polishing!

3 Flextron won't wilt. Bend it as much as you like, it springs right back.

4 Flextron tufts can't snap off with wear. And like the tufts in all Wisdom toothbrushes they are *permanently anchored*.

5 Flextron maintains "new brush" efficiency day in, day out. Your Wisdom Flextron brush will last much longer than any natural bristle brush, and at least as long as any ordinary nylon brush.

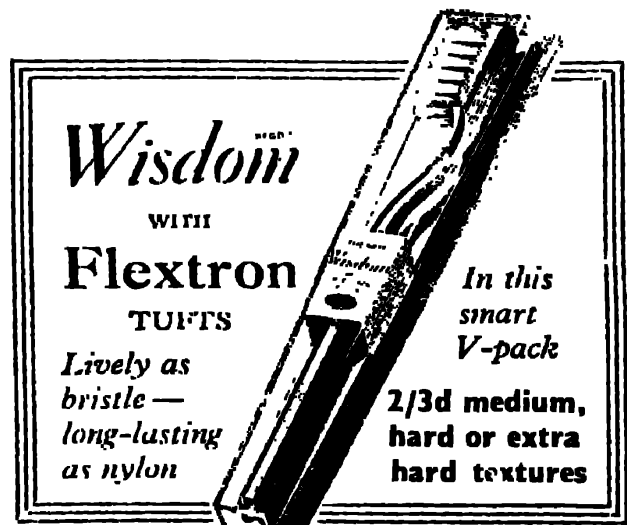
## WHAT IS "CORRECT SHAPE"?

"Correct shape" is the name used by Wisdom to describe the unique bend in the handle of every Wisdom toothbrush. This design is based on the findings of a recent survey among 3,000 leading dentists, the majority of whom specified this shape. It makes correct brushing easier.

## ACT NOW!

Don't neglect your teeth a day longer. Give them the care they deserve with a new Wisdom Flextron.

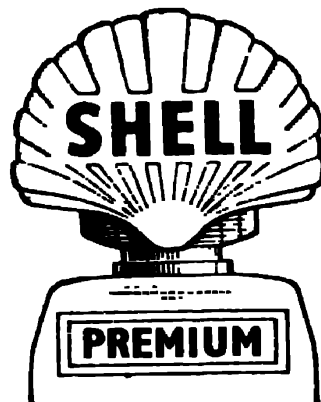
Recent dental survey shows that 7 out of every 10 toothbrushes now in use need replacing. Be wise—replace *yours* with a new Wisdom Flextron, the toothbrush with the greatest invention since nylon.



Made by Addis Ltd., of Hertford,  
who made the world's first toothbrush in 1780

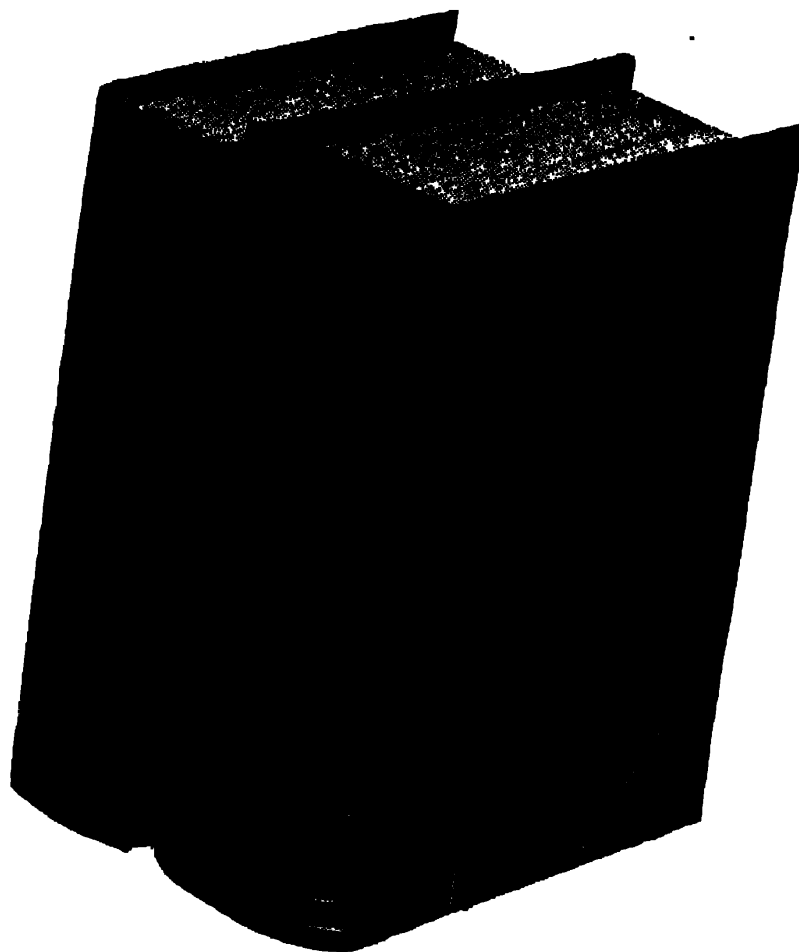


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**TWO STYLES**

*In green, handsomely tooled in gold, with metal clips for the magazine.* **9/6**

*In a plain red binding with cord tying for 6 copies, title in gold on the back.* **7/6**

**AND AN INDEX FOR HANDY REFERENCE FREE ON REQUEST**

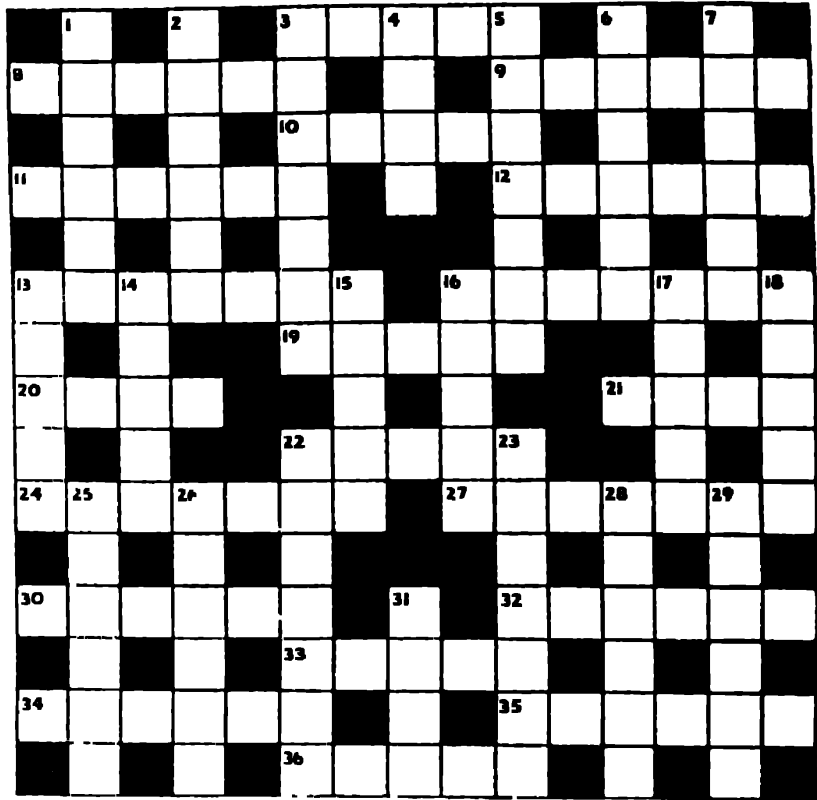
*To help you put your finger at once on the article or story you would like to read again, *The Reader's Digest* publishes twice a year an index of contents, which is yours for the asking. Just write to us on a postcard, giving your name and address, and we will send you a copy free of charge, every six months if you wish. Address your postcard to "Index" . . .*

**The Reader's Digest Association Ltd**  
**7, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C.4**

# THE **Biro** CROSSWORD NO.4

## CLUES ACROSS

- 3 His philosophy is fatalistic (5)
- 8 A garden affliction that is mostly not very heavy (6)
- 9 Barring 8 across beheaded (6)
- 10 Few can assist at its mutilation dry-eyed (5)
- 11 One angle a naughty boy may know pretty well (6)
- 12 With third and last letters interchanged this bird would form an inclusive line (6)
- 13 Disgrace to reach when cur-tailed (7)
- 16 But for its work the port might get bottled up (7)
- 19 'This is taking too much to oneself (5)
- 20 An oaf who would be floored and beaten if he lost his head (4)
- 21 A fisherman would have little success without this on his hook (4)
- 22 It will not turn to go in of its own accord (5)
- 24 Mixture of hock and tea that is very good to eat! (3, 4)
- 27 Clothing that is torn about design (7)
- 30 True of the ship that lost 22 across? (6)
- 32 In a slug this is excusable, but not in healthy humans (6)
- 33 It has four legs, and is often put at the middle of stables (5)
- 34 Course for an artist, apparently, but he might take a rooted objection to it (6)
- 35 Plainly without any ups and downs (6)
- 36 A free countryman, though a symbol of slavery to many (5)



## CLUES DOWN

- 1 Not quite part of the normal M.O.'s task (6)
- 2 A good guide as to what to do at meeting (6)
- 3 There's nothing in binding stuff for laying up (7)
- 4 Don't mind what this word tells you, put it in! (4)
- 5 Agreement one could have many on a string with (7)
- 6 Is a donkey able to be put into tins? (6)
- 7 Animal covering on mineral is all the rage (6)

- 13 Entirely exclamatory idea of dietary (5)
- 14 Provocative remark mostly of relative significance (5)
- 15 Just the merest indication of equine gear (5)
- 16 Might be freed, but better put it off (5)
- 17 Did he make runs with it, or was his style awkward? (5)
- 18 He does the job in just a mechanical way (5)
- 22 In an incomplete way do some artistic work while flying (7)
- 23 Walter's become rather a re'er-do-well (7)
- 25 Stale joint in Lanes. (6)
- 26 He can make play with good opinions (6)
- 28 When communist spirit turns up, look out for crime at its worst! (6)
- 29 Just the sort of fool who would get himself in the soup! (6)
- 31 The horse with a kick (4)

*Solution to the Biro Crossword is on Page 3*

**Biro** the ballpoint pen.

*News Item*

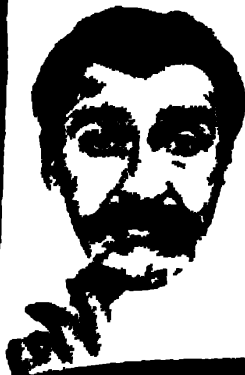
CROSSWORD enthusiasts will find the new Biro "Controlled Flow recharge" enhances the ease and comfort of Biro writing. Science and engineering have combined to produce a perfect writing medium which never fails to write clearly and easily without smudge or blobs.

**SAM COSTA SAYS...**



**ERASMIC**  
**lather is just**  
**right !**

not too little...  
(no Razor drag)



not too much...  
(no Razor clog)



**COMPLETE IN HOLDER 2/- STICK 1/3**

ER 203-65: 100

THE ERASMIC CO LTD LONDON

**DRY FLY SHERRY**



*A gracious welcome  
to your guests*

**20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle**

# BRYLCREEM



Brylcreem is the first step to smartness, the step that makes all the difference on the road to success. It gives you that well groomed, confident look that famous men all over the world have found so valuable. Yes, Brylcreem is the perfect hairdressing. Brylcreem comes in tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6

SMARTNESS COUNTS... BRYLCREEM YOUR HAIR

# KEEP IN TOUCH

A highly developed sense of touch will enable a blind man to play his part in a competitive world with confidence and skill. St. Dunstan's trains war-blinded Servicemen and women in many crafts and professions, by teaching hands to take the place of eyes. Great work is being done, but the costly training and welfare depends entirely upon voluntary contributions. Please help St. Dunstan's to carry on this vital work by remembering St. Dunstan's in your will.



*St. Dunstan's is not a hospital  
in the sense of the National Health Service*

All information from Sir Ian Fraser, M.P.

## ST DUNSTAN'S

1, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

*(Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948)*

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The reputation and influence of THE SUNDAY TIMES have always been unique in British journalism. Now, every week, it is finding many new readers, extending its influence to the younger generation and consolidating its reputation with their elders.

Why? Because it is a newspaper *which moves with the times*. Its news services, both home and foreign, are and always have been unrivalled. Its reviews of books, plays, films, music and the arts generally are and always have

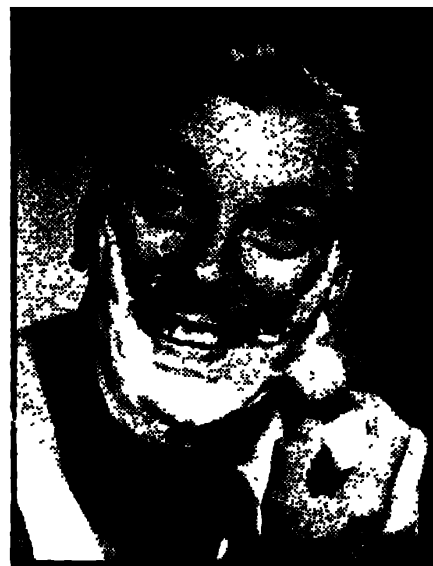
been unsurpassed. But over and above these things, and all its other famous weekly contributions, from finance to fashion, from gardening and country life to radio and travel, is the spirit of the paper: humane, ever young, ever progressive.

THE SUNDAY TIMES has no use for mere pedants or doctrinaires. Every week it enriches the minds of its readers in a hundred ways. That is one reason why THE SUNDAY TIMES is becoming the most discussed of all Sunday newspapers.

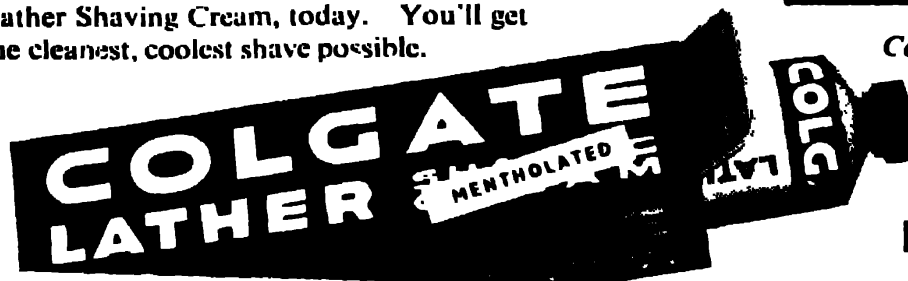
# Here's the Cleanest Coolest Shave yet!

## THE SECRET IS COLGATE'S RICHER 'MENTHOL-BLENDED' LATHER

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blended for a  
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Start to use 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, and you'll notice a wonderful difference almost immediately. Hair will look bright and healthy, comb easily, and stay tidy all day; dandruff will soon disappear! All you need is a regular massage with a few drops for 20 seconds every day; don't rub—just work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.

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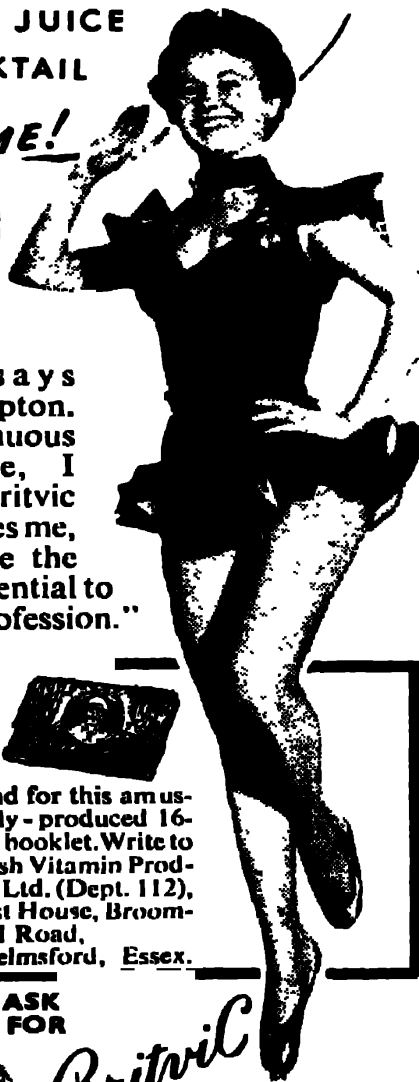
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**SAYS Nanci  
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"Yes!" says  
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**and be sure**  
*of breath*  
**and body freshness!**

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That's because Amplex and *only* Amplex  
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Amplex is the original chlorophyll  
tablet. It's proven by millions.  
**Get Amplex Chlorophyll Tablets**  
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# Win Friends, Popularity With Little Tricks of Everyday Talk

A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social

functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more readers of this paper with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet, which will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is Conversation Studies (Dept. RG/CS6), Marple, Cheshire. Enclose 2½d. stamp for postage.

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## VYKMIN now adds the IMPORTANT VITAMIN B6. TO ITS 7 OTHER VITAMINS

VITAMIN B6 is the blood purifier and skin cleaner. To perform that function it acts principally on the blood, thereby helping to prevent as well as to correct skin disorders. Every vitamin in VYKMIN is important. Each vitamin has a special function, but they all help each other.

BECAUSE of the therapeutic efficacy of VYKMIN'S vitamins and minerals they are prescribed by doctors all over the world to prevent and correct such common ailments as undue tiredness, general weakness and debility, frequent colds, anaemia, blood and skin disorders, nerves, periodic digestive

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**Vykmin**  
Combined  
Complex  
VITAMIN MINERAL CAPSULES

*The cleaner that is*

**DIFFERENT**

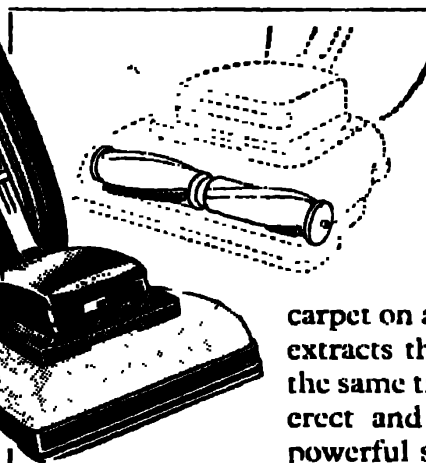
*from all the rest*



THE "Hoover" is the only cleaner that *beats*... as it sweeps... as it cleans. It is by this gentle beating action that it removes the damaging, trodden-in grit from your carpets, and so protects them and makes them last longer. It is also equipped with easy-to-use cleaning tools which keep the whole house clean from top to bottom. Ask your Hoover Dealer to demonstrate.

**If you already have an electric cleaner**

and it has perhaps seen its best days, replace it now with one of the latest Hoover models—and see the *difference*.



**WHY THE "HOOVER"  
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**H.P. TERMS  
READILY AVAILABLE**

Ask your Hoover Dealer to show you the superb range of latest models. There's one exactly right for *your* home and *your* pocket.

**YOU'LL BE SO MUCH HAPPIER WITH A HOOVER**



*The* **HOOVER**  
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER

*It BEATS...  
as it Sweeps...  
as it Cleans*



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Call in at your Esso Dealer today and treat yourself to miles and miles of **Extra Happy Motoring.**



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EXTRA ANTI-KNOCK • EXTRA MILES PER GALLON • EXTRA ACCELERATION  
EXTRA EASY STARTING • EXTRA POWER • EXTRA ENGINE CLEANLINESS

**Unruffled.** Hair groomed with Silvifix Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvifix really *controls* your hair ... without gumming or greasiness ... and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual. 4'6 a jar, including tax.



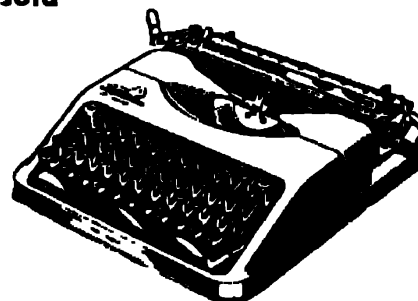
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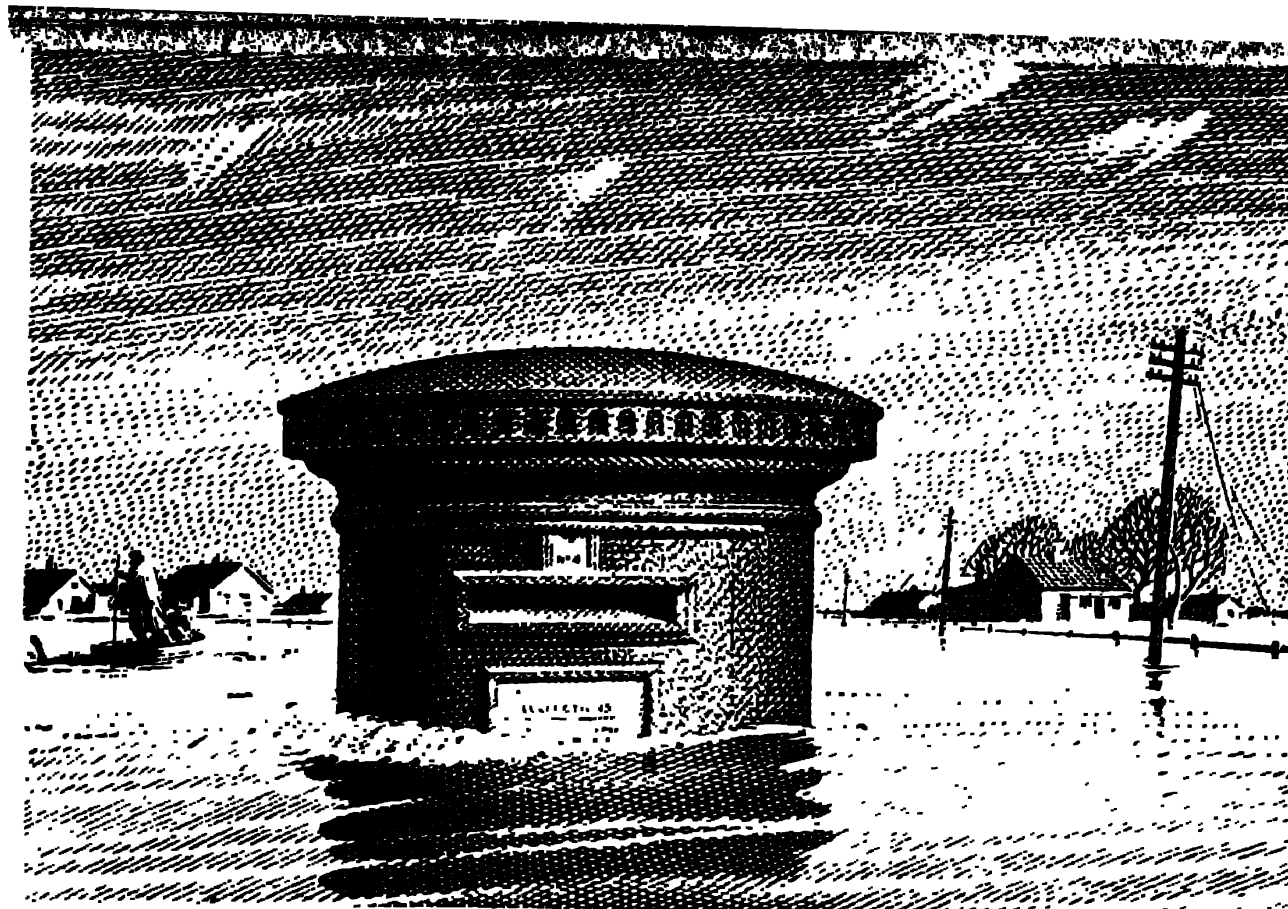
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## **You meant to help... *but have you?***

**Y**OU HEARD the whole tragic story. Of homes destroyed and the possessions of a lifetime ruined by the silt and slime of the sea.

You meant to help. Perhaps you already have, with clothes or goods. Now the pressing need is for money. Money is needed, in Mr. Churchill's words "to replace as best we may the homes and furnishings

which the seas by their invasion have destroyed."

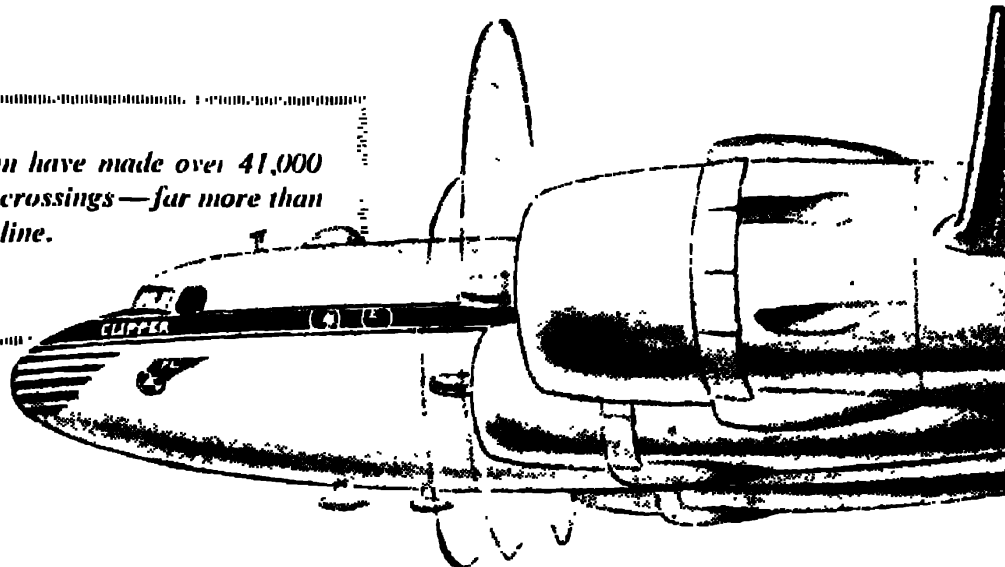
Do what you can to help. Send half-a-crown, five shillings, a pound. Send as much as you can spare. Whatever you give, the Government will double. The Fund will see that your money is used wisely and swiftly where it is most needed. *Please send your money to*

The Lord Mayor's  
**NATIONAL FLOOD AND TEMPEST DISTRESS FUND**  
The Mansion House, London, E.C.4.

*All work in producing this announcement has been given free.*

# Going to America?

*Pan American have made over 41,000  
transatlantic crossings—far more than  
any other airline.*



## **BOOK NOW for summer travel**

Planning a trip to North America? May we advise you to travel, if you can, well before the Coronation. Your Travel Agent may otherwise have difficulty in getting you a reservation when you want it.

If, perhaps for business reasons, your journey must be later on, see your Travel Agent now and make a tentative booking. Seats will soon be booked right up—particularly for Pan American, the airline with most experience of transatlantic flying. Reservations are heavy already. So get yours in now—if you have to change your plans, you can always cancel later, without obligation.

**Consult your Travel Agent, or Pan American,  
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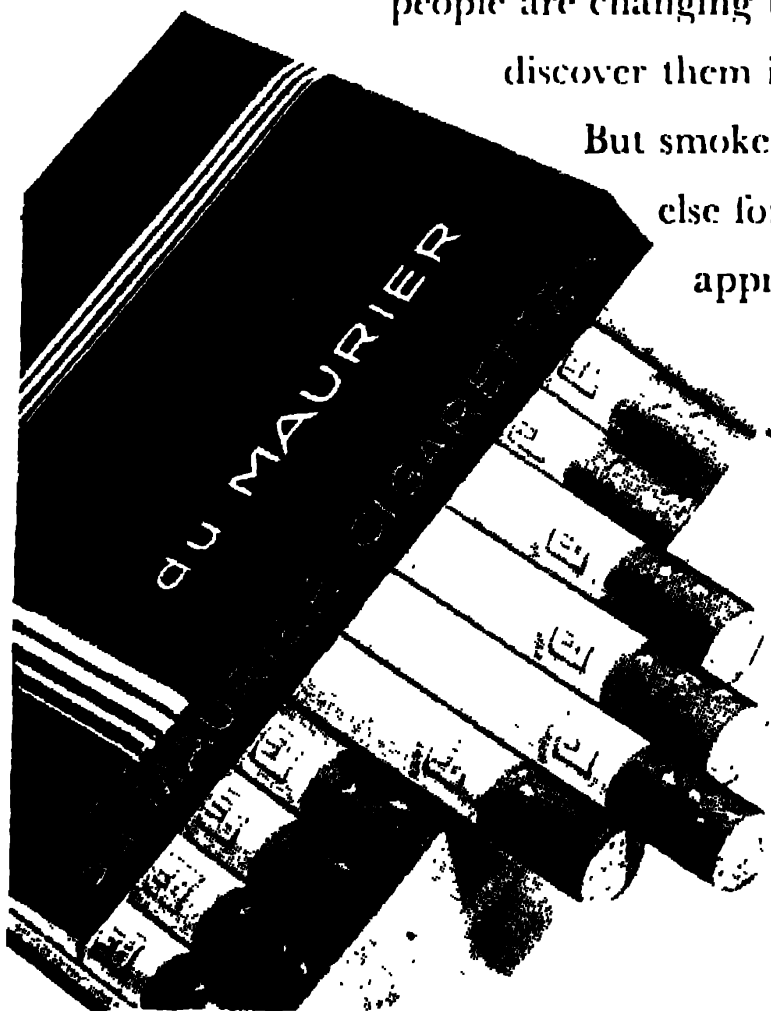


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will tell you why  
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**du MAURIER**

Although there are many good reasons why more and more people are changing to du Maurier, you won't discover them in a single day's smoking.

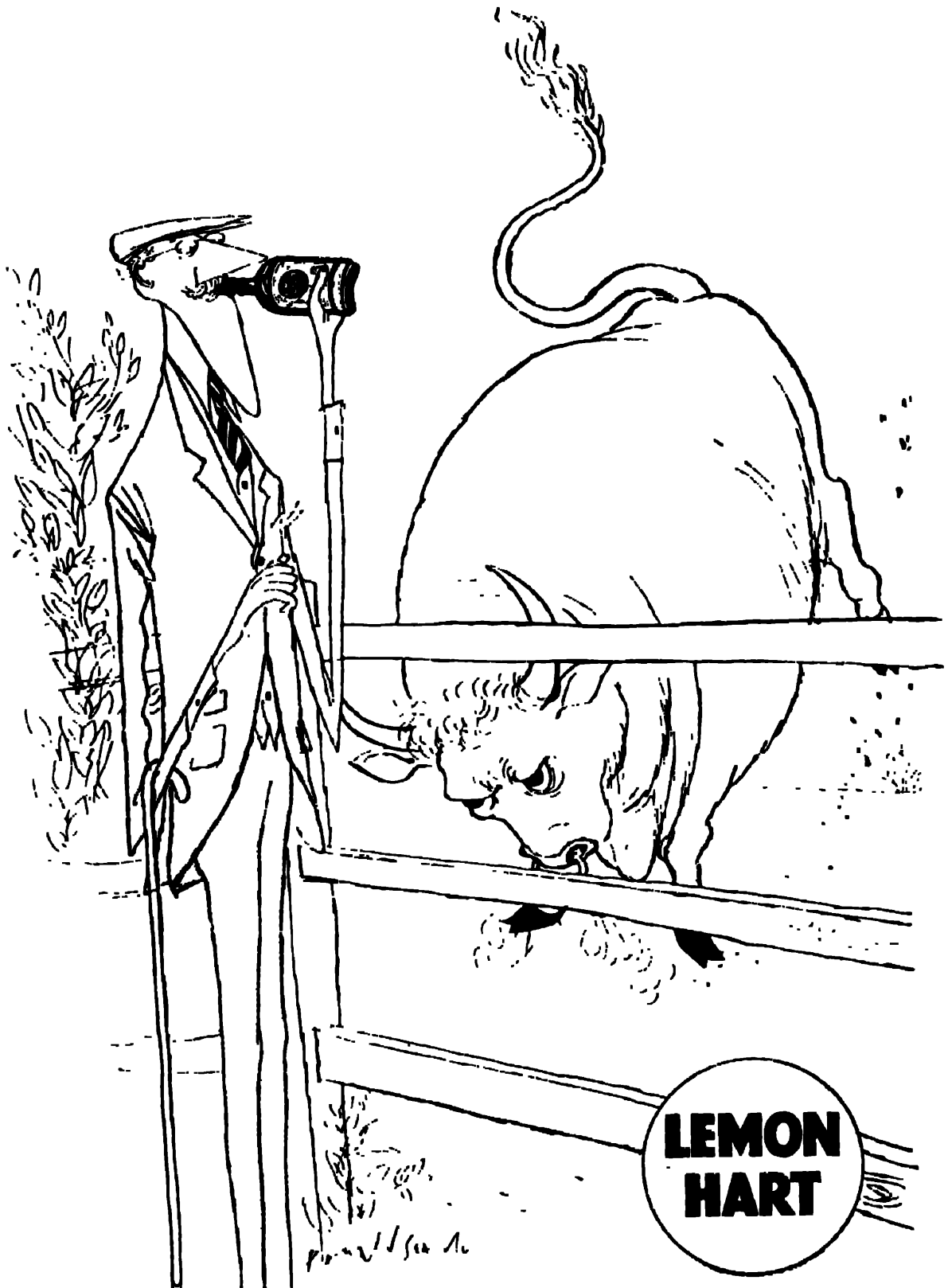
But smoke du Maurier and nothing else for two weeks, and you will appreciate the SPECIAL appeal of these fine filter tipped cigarettes—cork tip in the red box and plain tip in the blue box.



**THE FILTER TIP  
CIGARETTE**

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*Have a GOOD RUM for your money*





There's South Sea Island magic in this

## NEW CHOCOLATE THRILL!



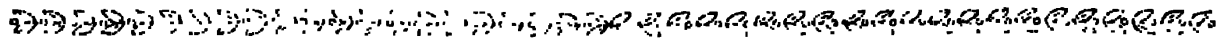
Here's Bounty a new chocolate-coconut bar! It's sheer tropical magic the sweetest and juiciest coconut you ever tasted, and just smothered in rich full-cream milk chocolate!

Treat yourself to a Bounty today!

**BOUNTY** Two big chunky bars  
for 6d.

Another sweet treat by Mars

*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*



## *Lady Luck and British Bettors*

Condensed from The Weekly Chronicle

John D. Drummond

**F**OR eight months of the year Great Britain is the largest and most efficient gambling den in all the long history of man's pursuit of Something for Nothing. From August to May leisure minutes and spare shillings of nearly half the adult population are spent trying to predict the results of the Saturday football matches. This season the companies which promote and organize the mass gambling—and would shudder at so coarse a word—will probably have taken in a record £60,000,000.

Out of this harvest two thirds of the ten million gamblers will get, week after week, the usual Nothing; almost another third will get little more than their bait back; a few thousand will get Something; and a

---

*Great Britain's "Flutter Factories" manufacture daydreams by the millions. And each week—when the results of the football pools are announced—some dreams come true*

---

few dozen impossibly lucky devils will be hit on the head by a plum the size of a house.

When Mr. and Mrs. George Borrett of Cardiff won a big prize, the pool company, as is usual in such cases, dazzled them with a whoopla presentation ceremony at a West End Hotel—cocktails, press agents, stage and screen stars. As he unfolded the magic cheque actor Emlyn Williams said to the Borretts, with hushed dramatic effect: "It's not £900, it's not £9,000; it's

£91,000." Whereat Mrs. Borrett burst into tears. "It's really too much," she gasped. "It makes us seem like freaks."

Whether freakish, immoral, illusory, the pools have become a national habit. The Football Association has complained that 16 times as many people gamble on football as watch it, and urged that the sport "be protected from the parasites who fasten upon it for profit." The Church is opposed; a Baptist minister said not long ago: "A society that offers a man £75,000 for sixpence is out of gear." But Parliament's last attempt to regulate the pools failed by a vote of 188 to 24.

Even the government has acquired a stake in the gambling, for the pool companies yield about £20,000,000 a year in taxes, and, thanks to the £50,000 in postal-order fees and postage paid by pool fans every week, Her Majesty's Post Office now shows a profit instead of a loss.

A large share of the pool gamblers' money goes to the company known as "Littlewoods." Its owners, the Moores family, are millionaires. Eminently respectable, their coupons invariably refer to the gambler's stake as his "investment."

From the 60-odd major football matches played every Saturday, the wily promoters choose those whose results appear the most difficult to predict. These matches are served up on forms gay with coloured ink, in a variety of appetizing combinations — "Select Five," "Double

Draw," "Treble Chance," "Penny Points Pool." For every draw correctly forecast the gambler scores three points, for every visiting-team victory two points, for every home-team victory one point. If his total is higher than that of any other gambler, he can buy a fleet of Rolls Royces and fuel them with Chanel No. 5.

The pool promoter takes no gamble himself; he pays his expenses (in the case of Littlewoods something like £100,000 a week), reserves 30 per cent of the gross for taxes, takes his profit (2·2 per cent) and divides what is left among the winners. Last September, winners in Littlewoods' Treble Chance Pool shared a record £284,892.

A few weeks later two men guessed the eight drawn games required in this pool. There was enough money in the kitty that Tuesday to pay each of them the limit of £75,000, and a lot of second prizes to others besides. Littlewoods immediately flooded the land with posters screaming "Double Top!" These advertisements undoubtedly made the next few weeks' kitties bigger than ever.

In the Treble Chance Pool, winners must name eight drawn games out of 52, not a single one of which will necessarily be a draw, and exactly eight of which rarely are. Last April Mrs. Lilian Guest, a charwoman of Godalming, Surrey, was all alone in her glory when she picked the eight drawn games, and

won the limit (recently self-imposed by the promoters) of £75,000. Mathematicians reckoned that the chances against anyone's being a sole winner were 42 million to one.

Some people organize their friends into elaborate syndicates, but they would need at least a million partners to cover all the possible combinations of even the simpler pools. Others, more sensibly, use rough-and-ready "systems" based on birthdays and house numbers. Like Mrs. Enid Tute of Hull, who let the ages of her three children be her guide—and won £71,801.

Most of the pool companies are in the Liverpool area, where, during the football season, postal authorities add 40 extra trucks and hire 500 temporary workers.

The harvest of daydreams is processed in huge closely guarded buildings called Flutter Factories. At Littlewoods the gamblers' envelopes are first fed into ingenious machines which stamp code numbers on the envelope and everything inside it. Then Littlewoods' 12,000 girls check the postal orders against the customers' accounts, and string the coupons together in garlands of hope. Eagle-eyed security men roam the aisles. No cash is handled, for the pools, to comply with outworn anti-gambling laws, operate on "credit" only. Therefore pool addicts, when placing this week's bet, enclose a postal order for the bet they placed the week before.

Saturday evening, when the re-

sults of the matches become known, the safes are opened, and the checkers begin. Some of the girls can check as many as 360 coupons an hour—one every ten seconds. All the doors are locked, and until the job is done no girl may leave her workroom unless accompanied by a matron. On Sundays 5,000 extra hands are recruited.

Tuesday is pay-off day, and big winners get advance notice by telegram.

Excellent as advertising for the pools are the presentation ceremonies, but pool promoters are disturbed by the increasing number of winners who send in their coupons with an X in the blank marked "No publicity." A few winners have even had their names changed by legal process to avoid poor relatives and begging letters.

Somewhere in the Hornsey district of London is a Mr. X who won the all time record prize of £104,417 (this was before the pools limited their dividend) and dropped out of sight so successfully that no one knows who he is but a few pool officials—and the tax collector. Winners do not pay income tax on their jackpots, but the tax officials come round at the end of the financial year to point out that if the money has been invested any revenue is taxed as unearned income.

People are more conscientious about meeting the pool's deadline than about more serious obligations. Of the millions of coupons mailed

every week, only a few hundred may arrive too late. But the pools' gremlins are sometimes friendly, sometimes malign. In the pocket of the overcoat stolen from Tom Grower in a Blackpool hotel was a filled-in pool forecast. When Saturday's results showed that he had picked a winning line, Tom's annoyance turned to an agony of slender hope. Tuesday's mail renewed his faith in human nature, for it brought him a cheque for £10,754. The thief had kept the overcoat, but—more than likely being a pool fan himself—had mailed the coupon.

Sgt. Kenneth Alder of the R.A.F. signed up for another 12-year stretch in order to qualify for a pension. The ink was hardly dry on the application form when a sixpenny pool investment won him £40,000.

It must be said that a big prize rarely seems to bring happiness.

John Davies, a collier, won £45,000 several years ago. He was generous, and people took advantage of him. He stopped work, and nearly went mad. "When you've sweated to earn a pint of beer, it tastes good," he said. "But when money just falls on top of you there's no point to it. I often wish I'd never won it."

John Pass won £60,000, but soon found himself in court, accused of trying to welsh on a promise to buy his local hotel. "I didn't really mean to buy the hotel," he explained. "It was just my way of celebrating." When completely sober, he gave this advice to other winners: "Change your address. Lock your doors. Stay inside. Tear up all begging letters. And never sign anything."

John Pass practises what he preaches with the single exception of signing his name, which he still does once a week—at the bottom of his forecast coupon.



### *Deft Definitions*

*Lowbrow:* A person who can't appreciate something he doesn't like.

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

*Comic relief:* When the life of the party goes home.

—*Toronto Star*

*Cinerama:* A new movie process that will make Katharine Hepburn look like Jane Russell.

—Alan Wilson

*Expert:* A person who can take something you already knew and make it sound confusing.

—*Ohio State Journal*

# I AM A BLIND FARMER

*Condensed from Christian Herald*

Alice Haines

*As told to Blake Clark*



**I** AM a successful farmer because I am blind and lazy. Being blind, I must make farming as uncomplicated as possible; being lazy, I take as few steps as I can. For 12 years I have operated my 45-acre poultry farm on these two principles. It is valued at more than ten times its cost in 1941.

I started farming the blind and lazy way when I tried to put in my first wheat crop during the wartime labour shortage. Up till then I had depended on a farm hand to do heavy work, like hauling and spreading manure, difficult for a woman. I had never expected to plough, but after nine months without help I found myself on the tractor one spring morning. I could not follow the traditional ploughing technique. When I completed a furrow and lifted out the plough, I couldn't tell where to put it down again. I was lost.

So I started at the edge of the field and ploughed round and round in ever-decreasing circles. After the first difficult circuit, the front tractor wheel pressing against the steep side of my previous furrow kept me going perfectly, and I went steadily on in one smooth, continuous operation. I saved time, labour and wear on the machinery.

Ploughing away a few days later, I heard the voices of Joe Beard, the county agent, and a neighbouring farmer. Here was something, they said, as good for the sighted ploughman as for me. Now many farmers in our area plough my way.

Before I was blinded—by ocular tuberculosis—I had been in editorial work and knew nothing about farming. But, like many city people, I had always dreamed of having “a place in the country.” My mother and I found a place in Virginia, about 20 miles from Washington. It



cost about all the money we had left after my three years of hospitalization.

Learning to get about was difficult, but I set out to learn. Using a cane to guide me, I repeatedly walked over the fields, to the buildings, and through them, over the paths and to the location of the machines and implements—slowly, carefully, listening intently. I stepped on baby chicks. I couldn't plant a straight row. Trying to hammer, I found out how hard it is to hit a nail you can't see—yet how easy to hit a finger you can't see either.

To put eyes in my feet, I changed my leather shoes for sneakers, so that I knew when I walked off a path or the ridge of a furrow. After many sore fingers I could tell by the sound of the hammer on a nail whether it was going in straight. I mended fences, sawed wood, put in windows.

Going about the farm one day several months after I got settled, I stopped short, seized by a sense that something loomed ahead. I reached out and touched the barn door and realized with a thrill that this was my first experience with "facial vision," that Rosetta stone of the blind which converts a strange, hostile world into a familiar, friendly one for those who achieve it. Its principle seems to be similar to that of radar: rebounding sound waves or waves of air warn you of an object.

After that I moved about confi-

dently, passing close to trees and buildings without fear. About the same time, I no longer needed to count the number of steps to the barn—my legs knew. Only when snow blanketed paths, buildings and trees muffling all reverberations of sound, did I have difficulty. Snow really makes a blind person feel blind.

My mother had a job during the day, so most of the work was up to me. For my "money crop" I began with 300 laying hens, kept on enclosed shelves where I fed, watered and tended them quite well alone.

When the time came to bale my hay, I learned how farm folk cancel labour debts. My neighbour Wright came because I'd given him an interest in the crop for helping me harvest it. Hawk came because he owed Wright labour; Burke owed Hawk; Suppinger owed me for fertilizer. In one day everybody paid off everybody else.

Sharing work enabled me to raise poultry feed that kept expenses low. The first year I made enough profit to build a new house for my expanding flock. In time I acquired a sow, a cow and calves, some fine sheep, and brought my poultry flock up to 3,000 laying hens. With my mother's salary as a backlog and increased production on the land, I built a new house, improved or converted every existing farm building, bought new equipment. I was full of excitement and joy. For years I'd lived in a world that belonged to others;

here was a world I could create for myself. Everything was fun, stirring my imagination.

An old saying has it that the profit from sheep is in the shepherd's eyes—that is, only his watchfulness keeps the flock alive and productive. Lacking eyes that could look out across the fields, I was in trouble from the start. Lambs born in the pasture froze to death. Any other sheepman could have run out to save them, but I didn't even know they were there. So each night as the ewes came in I examined them. If I thought they might be in labour by morning I put them in the lambing pen. Now my lambs are nearly all ways born indoors, warm and snug.

A new lamb can safely go out into cold air in about a week. But if it starts to drizzle, the ewe, comfortable in her thick wool, may not bring the little one in. Many lambs get pneumonia and die. But I found that if I sheared the wool from the top of the ewe's head she felt the cold and damp herself, and returned to the warm shed, bringing her lamb with her.

Every sheepman has the problem of saving orphan lambs. Like all mammals, lambs need the colostrum in the first milk from their mothers—it helps protect them against early diseases. When I get a ewe with a single lamb and a full bag, I milk out some of the colostrum fluid and freeze it. Then if an orphan comes along I defrost the fluid and he gets a good start in life.

Animals are, much like people. Some chickens, for example, like some people, are aggressive. They are first up on the feeders, eat longest and so develop faster. This means that the more timid ones, crowded out and cheated of feed they need, produce hardly enough to pay their board. Recognizing these aggressive fellows by their weight, size of pelvic bone and other signs of early maturing, I group them by themselves. The meek ones, not forced to compete with the bullies, come along beautifully and produce as well as the others.

I learned in many other ways to capitalize on the "human nature" of farm stock. Cockerels, for example, are gentlemen. If you don't have feeding space for every cockerel to eat grain simultaneously with his hens—and few poultry houses have—the cockerel will hold back and let the hens eat first. The females fill to bursting and the male doesn't keep up the weight he needs for highest fertility.

I hung a circular self-feeder from the ceiling of the poultry house. When the hens have had enough to eat I hoist the feeder until only the cockerels can reach it. Chanticleer now doesn't hesitate to dine, since he isn't depriving a lady of anything. His prime condition has increased the hatchability of my eggs by about ten per cent. On 30,000 to 50,000 dozen eggs a year, that helps.

Since I couldn't see the indicator, I had to develop some other method

of weighing eggs. Groping for it frustrated me. All scales have stoppers to keep the indicator from swinging too far. I simply screwed up my stopper to point 24 ounces to the dozen—the least the hatchery accepts. Those eggs that made a “plunk” went to the hatchery, the others to the market. After this, when I started a two-to-three-hour session of egg-weighing, I listened to a good novel on my talking-book machine and finished the job swiftly.

As a result of having to use all my ingenuity and constantly consult experts, I have an orderly, efficient farm. Government agriculture experts use my place as a pilot plant. From far and wide they bring visitors who want to see a one-man, mechanized, electrified modern farm.

A recent caller was the Minister from Afghanistan. The State Department had sent him to large-scale operations such as 500-animal cow barns and 60,000-bird turkey farms until he was desperate. Did Americans have nothing that he could use at home? My place excited him. He seized upon everything I said as gospel and had one of his retinue take it down in writing.

Journalists from other countries have come, asking all kinds of refreshing questions, poking into my

icebox and pulling out things to nibble on. School children come in droves, sometimes ten groups in one month. Ex-servicemen studying agriculture use my farm for their poultry study.

Many visitors do not believe I am blind. A tough Braille teacher taught me not to be “shifty” but to look straight into my visitor’s eyes. I do it by focusing on the sound of the voice and lifting my gaze about three inches. Once, after I gave a 20-minute ploughing demonstration, an onlooker came up and said coolly, “Miss Haines, we don’t believe you’re blind. Would you be willing to repeat the demonstration with adhesive tape over your eyes?” I submitted to the taping, and left them thoroughly convinced.

Being a blind farmer has its hazards, but the compensations outweigh all dangers. I’ll never forget putting in my first crop of oats, or the heavenly smell of crab apple trees in bloom, the acrid odour of the fertilizer being sown along with the seed and the balmy breeze brushing my face. Best of all is the thrill of creating and of contributing my share in a helpful exchange of workable ideas. I felt tremendous pride when a recent visitor to my farm turned to me in my blindness and said, “Miss Haines, you’ve certainly opened my eyes!”



EXPERIENCE is a hard teacher. She gives the test first and the lesson afterwards.

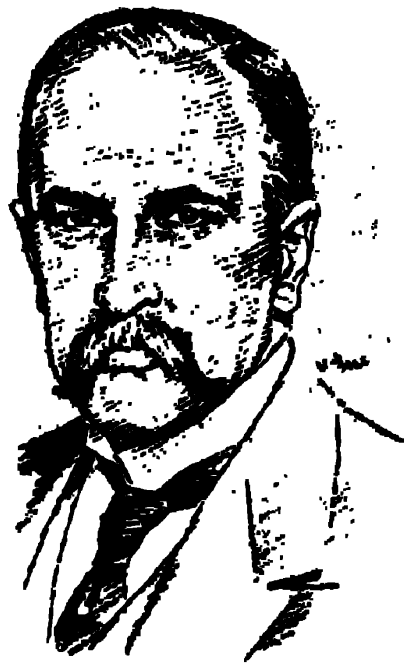
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# "THE WORLD'S BEST DOCTOR"

*Condensed from New Liberty*

Richard Match

*"He belongs to the medical students of all time, as Lincoln belongs to common men everywhere."—Wilder Penfield, M.D., famed surgeon and former Osler pupil*



**W**ILLIAM OSLER discovered no miraculous cure or wonder drug. Yet at his death in 1919 he was the most beloved physician since Luke. And 30 years later an article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* said: "The years have added to his glory. No one has in any way taken his place as the world's best doctor."

Diagnostic wizardry, brilliant research, writing and teaching—these constituted Osler's tangible achievements. The revolutionary methods he brought to medical schools have probably saved as many lives as the conquest of typhoid. He was great not alone for what he did, but for what he was: he was master of the art of ministering to a patient's troubled mind, as well as to his sick body.

William Osler (the first syllable rhymes with *dose*) was born in

an Ontario parsonage in 1849, the last of eight children of the Rev. Featherstone Osler. At 15 he was expelled from the village school for unscrewing the desks from the floor one night and piling them in the attic. Transferred to a private boarding school, he came under the influence of two remarkable men: the school warden, W. A. Johnson, an Anglican clergyman who studied natural science as a hobby; and the school physician, Dr. James Bovell, a medical man who late in life entered the ministry. The examples of these men provided the two main streams of influence in Osler's life:

"Anyone who undertakes to tell the story of Osler," says Richard Match, "must acknowledge his debt to Dr. Harvey Cushing's 1,400-page authorized *Life of Sir William Osler*, published in 1926."

unswerving devotion to science and profound religious faith.

Few medical schools of the time owned a microscope, but Dr. Bovell did. He and Dr. Johnson trained the eager young Osler in its use. Shortly after he entered divinity school to study for the Anglican ministry, Osler published several authoritative articles on microscopic fresh-water animals. A year later he told his disappointed father that he had decided to become a doctor.

Graduating from McGill Medical School, in Montreal, Osler went to Germany, Austria and England for further study. In a London laboratory he became fascinated in the study of irregular clumps which form in blood after it is drawn from the body. Others had noticed the clumping, but Osler was the first to observe that in circulating blood there were colourless globoid bodies which he called "the third corpuscle." Since these globes clumped after exposure to air, he concluded accurately that the bodies (now known as blood platelets) played an important rôle in clotting. Announcement of this significant scientific discovery brought him so much acclaim that McGill called him home to become, at 24, professor of physiology.

The "boy professor" immediately converted a cloakroom into a laboratory, McGill's first. Then he spent \$600, half his annual income, to buy a dozen microscopes for his students. Without appearing in the

least rushed, he took on innumerable extra jobs, including those of librarian and registrar of the Medical School. New medical journals and societies seemed to sprout in his path; he probably founded more of both, and attended more meetings, than any other doctor in history.

Trichinosis was considered a rare disease in Canada—there were then only four cases on record. But from his boyhood examination of farm animals' viscera under the microscope Osler knew that the trichina worm turned up more often than his elders suspected and was probably sapping the strength of countless Canadians. Now, with his own laboratory, the young professor decided to attack trichinosis; he volunteered to perform autopsies for any doctor who would let him. Soon he was averaging 100 post-mortems a year.

Infected pork had been found to be the source of trichinosis in Europe, so for eight months Osler and a student veterinarian, A. W. Clements, haunted Montreal's slaughterhouses, performed more than a thousand autopsies on pigs. Finding dozens infected, they demanded that municipal meat inspection be instituted and that the public be educated in cooking pork thoroughly. This was the first of many campaigns which were to make Osler the most effective public-health crusader of his time.

Through his autopsies young Osler was acquiring a training in pa-

thology that few practising physicians could match. He reasoned, however, that he could accomplish more if, in addition to studying the organs of those who died, he could study living patients and link their outward symptoms with an abnormal condition of some one internal organ. But living patients were hard to come by; McGill considered young Dr. Osler purely a laboratory man and would not permit him to examine patients in the wards of the affiliated hospital.

The smallpox ward of the hospital was then being supervised on a rotating basis by several all too-reluctant physicians. Osler volunteered to take charge of it—and thus got his first opportunity to work with sick people. (He also got smallpox—a mild case, fortunately.) Soon he talked his superiors into giving him charge of a non-contagious ward as well.

Hospitals were expected to be gloomy buildings in those days. Osler changed all that. He began by ordering flowers and a coat of pastel paint for the wards. Then he went to work on his patients. He gave them little medicine but "lavish doses of optimism," practising psychosomatic medicine long before the term was invented. "The miracles at Lourdes and Ste Anne de Beaupré," he once wrote, "are often genuine. We physicians use the same power every day. It will not raise the dead; it will not put in a new eye or knit a bone; but the healing power of be-

lief has great value when carefully applied in suitable cases."

"To the astonishment of everyone," recalls a Montreal doctor, "the chronic beds at McGill, instead of being emptied by disaster, were emptied rapidly through recovery, and new cases stayed but a short time. It was one of the most forceful lessons in treatment ever demonstrated."

Innovations like these spread Osler's reputation beyond Canada and he was offered a medical professorship at the University of Pennsylvania. Undecided, he flipped a coin; it fell "heads" for Pennsylvania.

Osler's students at Pennsylvania hardly knew what to make of this medium-sized, athletic-looking Canadian with receding black hair, a big drooping moustache and a taste for brilliant neckties. Instead of mounting a lecture platform, as was the professorial practice, he hitched himself up on a handy table, confessed that he hated to prepare lectures and announced that he couldn't teach without a patient for a text anyway. "To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an uncharted sea," he stated; "but to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all."

Accordingly, he introduced a thin young man and told the class to see for themselves what a real live case of anaemia looked like. Patients illustrating other diseases followed, all lucidly analysed by Osler. The medical students were electrified; it

was the first time most of them had ever tapped a patient's chest, listened to a heartbeat or examined blood under a microscope. For at that time (1884) no medical school in the United States offered effective bedside teaching. "It makes one's blood boil," Osler fumed, "to think that there are sent out year by year scores of men called doctors who have never attended a case of labour or seen the inside of a hospital ward."

Not content with bringing patients to his students, Osler now brought students to patients. For the first time anywhere, medical students entered hospital wards freely, as much a part of the team as housemen, nurses or attending physicians. They took case histories, examined patients (under close supervision, of course) and made tentative diagnoses which were confirmed or corrected by the experienced doctor in charge.

As Osler had predicted, the patients received better, more alert care than ever before, with fewer mistakes, thanks to the constant stimulus of inquiring young minds for whom diagnoses had to be checked and counter-checked. The corner-stone of all medical education today, William Osler's bedside teaching pays dividends in better medical care to every human being now alive.

In Baltimore the trustees of the will of a merchant prince named Johns Hopkins were now building the finest hospital and medical

school in the United States. Searching Europe and America for physician-teachers, they chose William Osler to head its department of internal medicine, although he had not yet reached his 40th birthday. From the day it opened in 1889, brilliant youngsters flocked to the new Baltimore centre, and within a few years Osler's trainees were eagerly sought throughout America.

Dr. Osler's ward rounds, starting promptly at 9 a.m., were the high spot of the hospital day. Nurses, housemen and visiting doctors made an admiring procession in his wake. Patients knew (they were supposed to know) a great man was coming to help them, and they smiled. For the children, to whom he was particularly devoted, he had a "secret" whistle, a prearranged signal to warn them of his approach.

Osler was an uncanny diagnostician, a bedside sleuth with few equals. He knew what to look for, and he took the time to find it. In one patient, for example, he suspected the presence of an arterial aneurysm—a dangerously dilated blood vessel sac which, if it could be located, might be removed surgically. If not, it might hemorrhage fatally. Repeated physical examinations had failed to turn up the elusive sac when Osler appeared at the bedside.

For an hour, while housemen grew restless, the Chief just sat there watching the sick man's chest and abdomen. Finally he said, "Let's try

swinging the bed round to the far wall." Puzzled, the housemen complied.

Lifting the window blind high, Osler studied his patient only a moment in the new light, then pointed to a spot on the chest wall. There, faintly but unmistakably shadowed by the slanting afternoon sunshine, was the tell-tale pulsation of the aneurysm no one else had been able to find.

Often Osler could diagnose quickly. Leading his students through a ward one morning, he passed the bed of a patient whom he had never seen before. Grasping the man's toes for an instant he waved goodbye, and as soon as they were out of earshot he informed his startled retinue that the owner of the toes suffered from leakage of a heart valve. No undergraduate who saw him pull that diagnostic rabbit out of the hat ever forgot that this particular heart condition causes a distinctive jerky pulse, easily observed in the big toe.

Among the visiting doctors who followed Osler through the wards one day was an unknown young country surgeon from Minnesota. Osler's thorough study of patients, the constant use of scientific diagnostic aids like the microscope made a deep impression on him, and he came back many times with his brother. The brothers' name was Mayo, founders of the famous Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota.

Another young man used to wan-

der over from the surgical department to watch Osler—a young man so impatiently outspoken about the work of other staff surgeons that rumour said his days at Johns Hopkins were numbered. Sensing his potential greatness, Osler gently suggested self-restraint. The hot-headed young man offered to resign. Next morning he had a note from Osler. "Do nothing of the kind!" it said. "Who is free from faults? Your prospects here are A-1 and we need you." So it was that Harvey Cushing stayed at Johns Hopkins to blaze new trails in brain surgery and to become William Osler's devoted son in all but name.

Duties at Johns Hopkins were just part of Dr. Osler's activities. He was also president of the American Pediatric Society, author of a neurological study of cerebral palsy, an authority on angina pectoris and certain other circulatory ailments (one is still called Osler's disease), co-founder of the American National Tuberculosis Association. He was a crusader against malaria, typhoid and syphilis, and a pioneer advocate of better mental hospitals. Meanwhile, he wrote no less than 1,200 books and articles. Some of them remain classics in their field, unexcelled even after half a century of medical advance.

In 1897 Frederick Gates, philanthropic adviser to John D. Rockefeller, senior, read Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine* and was both enthralled and appalled. In it



Osler had summed up all that medical science knew at that time, then bluntly declared there was much more it should know and didn't. Gates discussed Osler's book with Rockefeller, and out of that conference grew the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and, later, the Rockefeller Foundation.

By 1905 Osler, besieged by sick people, working at a killing pace, concluded that if he were to retain his own health he would have to find a quieter post than Johns Hopkins. Medical schools all over America sought him; a Canadian millionaire offered McGill \$1,000,000 if it could get him back. But his choice was made when King Edward VII appointed him Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. A few years later the King conferred on him a baronetcy.

His first move in England was to make peace between London's two rival medical societies, which had not spoken to each other for 50 years. His second was to reintroduce bedside teaching to a nation which had neglected its potentialities. Osler took Britain to his heart, and she took him to hers. His Oxford home became a sort of New World embassy in the Old, fabulous for its hospitality.

Too old for front-line duty in World War I, Osler went into uniform as medical consultant to the Canadian and American Army hospitals in England, and unofficially earned the title of "Army Consoler

General." He received hundreds of anxious cables from next of kin whose wounded soldiers were in hospital in Britain. In each case he located and examined the wounded man. The Canadian Medical Corps adopted for parents the most reassuring form cable it could think of: "Your son has been seen by Osler and is doing well."

In August 1917 Sir William's own son and only child, 21-year-old Revere Osler, was gravely wounded at Ypres. Half a dozen of the American Army's greatest surgeons—Harvey Cushing among them—sped to the scene. An operation was performed, but in vain. With heavy hearts they watched as the Chief's beloved boy was lowered into the earth of Flanders.

Following the Armistice, Sir William spent a year raising money to save the war-ravaged libraries of Belgium and the starving children of Austria. Then, in December 1919, worn out by his wartime activities and by grief for his son, he was unable to withstand an attack of pneumonia that followed recurrent attacks of bronchitis. Knowing more about the disease than his attending physicians, he realized how it would end for him, and faced death serenely.

After he died a slip of paper was found by his bed. On it he had written: "The Harbour almost reached after a splendid voyage, with such companions all the way, and my boy awaiting me."

We may find out in 1956

## Is There Life on Mars?

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Morton Clurman

**F**OR CENTURIES men had gazed at the heavens and speculated about life on other planets. But in 1877 Giovanni Schiaparelli, in the Milan Observatory, looked through a telescope at Mars and saw something that transformed speculation into a scientific problem. Schiaparelli had been peering at Mars for years. He had seen, as others had, the bright-orange patches believed to be dry land, the bluish-green dark patches regarded as seas, and the glittering white polar caps which waxed and waned with the Martian seasons.

But now he was observing a little more clearly than usual, for in that year Mars was as close as it ever gets to the earth—35 million miles.

Under perfect atmospheric conditions Schiaparelli discovered faint, dusky streaks linking the light Martian "land" areas with the darker "seas." These he named *canali*—literally, channels. A surprising feature about the *canali* was their doubling. This occurred particu-

larly, said Schiaparelli, in the months following the melting of the polar cap. In the course of a few days a single dusky line would be transformed into two parallel lines following the original course.

Mistakenly translated as "canals," which implied constructed waterways, the *canali* revived speculation about the probability of life on Mars. Schiaparelli himself said: "Their being drawn with absolute geometrical precision, as if the work of rule or compass, has led some to see in them the work of intelligent beings. I am very careful not to combat this supposition, which includes nothing impossible."

In the United States a brilliant and wealthy young American, Percival Lowell, read of Schiaparelli's findings. Scion of a remarkable New England family of poets, scholars and statesmen, Lowell had graduated from Harvard University with honours in 1876 and was preparing for a diplomatic career when he heard about the *canali*. He

decided to devote his fortune and talents to studying the planets, especially to solving the riddle of Mars.

After investigating sites all over the world, Lowell founded an observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, where the high, dry air promised a minimum of atmospheric disturbance. He collected a staff of able assistants, and by 1894, when Mars was again close to the earth,\* he and his staff were making thousands of observations of the red planet. At the time of his death in 1916, Lowell had probably made more observations of Mars than any other astronomer.

Where Schiaparelli had been doubtful about the canals, Lowell was positive. By 1909 his drawings showed the planet covered with an intricate geometric network of nearly 700 single and double canals. Nor was he shy about interpreting their meaning. "That Mars is inhabited," he said, "we have absolute proof."

To prove his point Lowell wrote three books, *Mars and Its Canals*, *Mars As the Abode of Life* and *The Evolution of Worlds*. His arguments were simple but fascinating.

Mars, he believed, is a dying planet. Once the home of a thriving, highly intelligent civilization, the planet is now drying up, losing its life-supporting water supply. The light, ruddy areas of Mars are

scorched deserts. Only at the polar caps is there much water left. In a desperate attempt to prolong the fertility of the planet, the Martians have constructed an enormous network of canals. These carry water from the frozen polar caps to the dark, irrigated areas where the Martians live. To keep this enormous volume of water moving over tremendous distances, gigantic pumps with 4,000 times the power of Niagara Falls are necessary.

Lowell had a ready explanation, also, for the seasonal change of colour of the canals and the dark areas. The canals themselves, he thought, would be too narrow to be visible to astronomers here. What we actually see are belts of irrigated vegetation lining the canals, just as an observer on Mars might be able to see the fertile valleys lining our river banks. As the polar caps melt with the coming of the Martian summer, water is released to flow into the canals and the vegetation advances with the moisture towards the equator.

Lowell's theory set off a controversy that rages to this day. If Lowell were right, then—in his own words—"the drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly but surely time will snuff it out. When the last ember is extinguished, the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career for ever ended." And presumably the Martians, an intelligent race, would be

\* Sometimes these close approaches occur in 17-year cycles; sometimes in 15.

feverishly hunting about for other planets to which they could migrate. Earth was the closest, most suitable neighbour.

Actually, what does modern astronomical science know about Mars? We know a great deal that Lowell could only guess at. The modern telescopic camera, for example, responds to haze-cutting infra-red and short-wave ultra-violet light rays, thus "seeing" objects hidden to rays in the visible spectrum. Using these cameras, three cloud layers have been detected in the Martian atmosphere. The top stratum of bluish-white clouds, six to 19 miles above the surface of the planet, is believed to be made up of fine ice crystals. The bottom layer, two to three miles high, consists of yellow clouds, which may be dust or sand stirred up by winds. Between the blue and yellow clouds is a thin, continuous stratum of violet haze, probably either fine ice crystals or water droplets.

These clouds have long proved the existence of a Martian atmosphere, but now we can determine its approximate composition. When light passes through a mixture of gases, certain of its component colours are absorbed. Different colours are absorbed by different gases. By analysing the reflected light from Mars with a spectrograph, we find that the atmosphere has little or no free oxygen. Carbon dioxide and small amounts of water vapour are the only gases thus far detected. Ni-

trogen, which would not show up on a spectrograph, is also believed to be present. The Martian atmosphere is very thin, about one-tenth as dense as ours and comparable to our high stratosphere 11 miles above the earth.

Lowell guessed that the bright, ruddy areas covering two-thirds of Mars were deserts. Modern science has recently confirmed this hypothesis. Using a supersensitive polarimeter with a powerful telescope, a French astronomer, Dr. B. Lyot, has found that the Martian deserts are covered with the same volcanic ash that covers the moon. Even more recently, astronomers at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California have found that silica, basic component of sand, is present in large quantities on the Martian deserts.

Surface temperature is a crucial factor in deciding on the possibility of life, as we know it, on Mars. Using an instrument called the thermocouple, a device so sensitive it can measure variations in temperature of 1/100,000 degree, we have found that by earth standards the climate on Mars is severe but not impossible.

Like the earth, the temperature range of Mars varies with the seasons and the latitude. However, since Mars is farther from the sun, its average thermometer reading is about 60° F. colder than ours. The thin Martian atmosphere also permits enormous variations in the temperature from day to night and

season to season. Thus, on a summer day at noon the Martian equator may reach 90° F. Yet at night the mercury will drop to 40 below or colder at the same spot. So human beings might survive the Martian climate if they had protection against severe cold.

Lowell and most astronomers of his day believed that the Martian polar caps were of snow and ice which melted in the summer. Now the three wonder instruments of modern astronomy—the spectrograph, polarimeter and thermocouple—attest that Lowell was right.

If there were on Mars large bodies of water, astronomers could see the reflection of the sun on their surfaces and could detect large amounts of water vapour in the planet's atmosphere. The absence of both these signs indicates that Mars, true to Lowell's prediction, is a dry planet. What happens, then, to the water from the melted polar ice? For one thing, despite the huge area of the Martian polar caps, there is little water in them. They are not like the earth's polar fields of snow and ice, hundreds and even thousands of feet deep. Reflected light shows that the Martian caps are thin, with a maximum depth of ten inches.

What happens to this water in summer is still a matter of dispute. Many astronomers believe that the moisture is picked up by the atmosphere and deposited in the form of rain or dew. Others hold that it is carried away by the spongy soil.

As the ice caps melt, the dark regions of Mars change colour, the change progressing from pole to equator at 28 miles per day. Lowell believed that these colour changes are caused by living plants which flourish with the release of polar moisture. His theory is still widely held; in fact, there is new evidence to support it. Light from Mars's dark areas is similar to that reflected from lichens and mosses, the only plants known to botanists which could survive in Mars's cold, thin, oxygen-starved atmosphere.

Most experts believe that the Martian dark areas are vegetation. Yet a few contend that colour changes in the dark areas are due to salts in the Martian rocks which change their hues with the absorption of moisture. They point out that green plants on the earth appear a luminous white in the infra-red spectrum, while the "vegetation" of Mars remains dark and obscure in that light. But chlorophyll on Mars may not be green. Purple chlorophyll is known to exist, and such a colour would look dark by infra-red light.

There is general agreement that life of *some kind* exists on the red planet. But there is also a consensus that animal life, as we know it, is either non-existent or extremely primitive. By manufacturing oxygen through photosynthesis many species of earth plants can survive in an atmosphere of nitrogen and carbon dioxide, but only a few lowly

worms in the whole animal kingdom can survive without oxygen.

When scientists discuss this question, the phrase, "life as we know it," is all important. For most scientists believe that Mars once had an oxygen atmosphere similar to our own. After millions of years this oxygen combined with the iron in the Martian soil to form iron rust or ferric oxide which gives Mars its distinctive red colour. Meanwhile, an intelligent race may have mastered the secret of artificial photosynthesis which our own chemists hope to do before long. Thus Martians may be manufacturing their own oxygen from the plentiful carbon dioxide in their atmosphere. Or they may be extracting it directly from the rusty Martian soil by chemical processes. The climate on the planet was once much warmer than it is now, and an intelligent race would have had millions of years to lick the problem of frigid nights.

In trying to determine scientifically whether there is an intelligent race on Mars, the "canals" are by far our most significant clue. If the dusky streaks really are canals, then Lowell's case is clinched. But the exasperating fact is that with all our modern instruments we have been able to get little conclusive evidence.

Mars, like all the other planets and their satellites, is too cool to

give off its own light and must be seen by the relatively feeble reflected light of the sun. To get an adequate photograph it has until now been necessary to use a long-time exposure; and the longer the exposure the hazier, more blurred and indistinct the image.

But there is now new hope. The big 200-inch telescope on Mt. Palomar, in California, has four times the light-gathering power of its closest rival. Its 16-foot mirror gathers so much light that it should be possible for it to take motion pictures in 1956 when Mars is again in a favourable position. With hundreds of thousands of short exposure frames to choose from, there is a good chance that the Palomar films will yield at least a few photographs sharp enough to answer the canal riddle once and for all.

What Palomar will tell us is anybody's guess, but many scientists believe that the canals are the last remnants of a great civilization which has long since perished. Because Mars was smaller than the earth, and farther from the sun, it has completed its life cycle and now rolls through space a dead planet, except for a few primitive species of vegetation. Some day, say these scientists, space travellers from the earth may uncover the ruins of a highly developed Martian civilization.





# *Listen to the Mocking-bird*

*Condensed from Nature Magazine*

Lewis Nordyke

THE MOCKING BIRD, a saucy little mimic dear to the hearts of millions, is often called America's National Songbird.

Great poets immortalized the nightingale and the skylark, but a barber captured the melody of the mocking-bird. Richard Milburn, a natural born whistler who accompanied himself on the guitar, first whistled a tune based on the bird's trill in his father's barber's shop in Philadelphia just a century ago. One day composer Septimus Winner heard Milburn's melody, and wrote the words--the poignant story of a man who has lost his love and hears the mocking-bird singing over her grave. Published in 1855 under the title "Sentimental Ethiopian Ballad--Listen to the Mocking-bird," it has been an American favourite for 97 years.

The mocking-bird is an opera singer without a fancy costume, a slim grey bird the size of a robin, with black diamond eyes and a long, sharp beak. Patches of white in the wings and tail show when the bird is in flight, giving dash and sleekness to his lines.

This sober-suited songster can mimic the songs of 40 other birds. But the mockers are nonconformists; some of them mimic and some of them stick strictly to their own songs. This has given rise to argument among

naturalists: Is the bird actually a mimic or is he a singer born with a marvellous repertoire? People who love the mocking-bird say he "can mock anything," including the squeak of a wheel or the whistle of a youth who has just beheld loveliness across the way.

Some years ago, several English nightingales were sent to Florida in cages. One night there was great consternation. Nightingale music rang from treetops up and down the countryside. But the nightingales hadn't escaped. Mocking-birds had picked up the imported music and were improvising on it.

The mocking-bird is mainly a resident of Dixie, but in recent years he has infiltrated new territory and is now heard in the Great Lakes region and in New England. A slightly different singer known as the western mocking-bird ranges from Texas westwards to California and southwards into Mexico. Mocking-birds do not migrate with the seasons, but the singers that live in village and city sometimes move in winter to the nearby open country, to a more stable supply of food.

In Mexico there's a legend that the gay, extravagant songster, impressed with his own brilliance, decided he was lord of the sky and of song. He was flung to the ground in rebuke. Since that time of chastisement, his song has commenced with *Con el favor de Dios*—If God wills it. On a bright spring morning, when you hear the first mocking-

bird's song you can, with some imagination, discern that phrase of pious submission.

Except for the hermit thrush, the mocking-bird has the sweetest, most musical voice of any feathered songster in the United States, and certainly the greatest variety of song. Cocksure that his stuff is worth repeating, he trills each phrase at least six times; this gives his song a musical fullness that no other bird can equal. And he sings more frequently than any other familiar bird.

The male does the singing, and his song is part of courtship, mating and raising a family. Early in the spring he selects his individual territory, which includes a perch from which he can oversee his empire. From here he opens the season with tentative notes, like a violinist tuning up. Within a few days he is in top trilling form, and there's a female flitting about the lower branches; then, as Longfellow said in *Evangeline*, there comes "from his little throat such floods of delirious music that the whole air and the woods and the waves seem silent to listen."

Soon the loosely constructed nest is built—never in the top of tree or vine, but about midway. While the dutiful female lays four to six turquoise-coloured, brown-flecked eggs, the male spends the greater part of his time nearby on the perch, pouring out music. Occasionally he pitches high into the air, turns half a dozen flip-flops and pirouettes



back to the perch without missing a note. He works overtime, braving the scorching sun of midday to sing, and trilling on through moonlit nights.

While the young are in the nest, the perch is a watchtower. Last spring a woman telephoned her local newspaper that a large brindle cat had strolled under a nest in which hungry young mocking-birds were squawking. Screaming like half a dozen mad jays, the singer plummeted off his perch and hit the cat behind the ears, making the fur fly and bringing blood. Then he soared to a tree limb, turned, screamed and dive-bombed again. He rose to the eave of a nearby garage. Using this as one vantage point and the limb as another, he shuttle-bombed until the frightened cat scatted.

Audubon marvelled at the mocking-bird's courage. While painting birds in their natural haunts, in Louisiana, he produced a canvas showing three mocking-birds attacking a rattlesnake that had taken refuge in the fork of a tree. In reality, the mocking-bird is an individualist; he goes into battle alone. He does fight snakes, dive-bombing

their eyes; he attacks hawks and crows that threaten his home and doesn't hesitate to dash into a tree-top filled with blue jays.

Protection of the young sometimes requires still greater courage. If the little birds are captured and caged and left within reach, the parents continue to feed them.

If a mocking-bird were to encroach on another's domain he'd probably find himself in battle. Workmen in the grounds of the University of Texas happened to lean a window against a building so that it reflected like a mirror. This was in a mocking-bird's territory, and when he glimpsed his own image he attacked again and again with screaming fury until the window was removed.

There is an argument as old as the Jamestown Colony over the correct operative billing of the mocking-bird and the nightingale. Thomas Jefferson took a persuasive stand on this question when he wrote: "I have heard the nightingale in all its perfection and I do not hesitate to pronounce that in America it would be deemed a bird of third rank only, our mocking-bird and fox-coloured thrush [hermit thrush] being unquestionably superior to it."

Spring is here,  
How do I know?  
A little virus told me so.

—Ohio Newsletter

*Revealing excerpts from the diary of a U.S. Embassy official in Moscow.*

*Condensed from U.S. News & World Report*

Frank W. Rounds, Jr.

*Frank Rounds, Jr., was attached to the U.S. Embassy in Moscow from January 1951 until June 1952. He reads and speaks Russian fluently. Travelling as widely as restriction permitted, he talked with thousands of ordinary Russians. This condensation is compiled from his diary and from an interview with him.*

THE MAIN THING that hits you when you first arrive in Moscow is how silent the place is. It is incredible. There are perhaps six million people in this crowded city, and the centre areas—the shopping district, the theatre district, round Red Square—are packed with people. But nobody is talking. Indoors it is the same. In the West, during intermissions at the theatre, there is a continual hubbub. In Moscow not a word is said. In restaurants it is like being in a morgue—the place is packed and nobody's talking.

I don't think the Russians are consciously thinking: "I mustn't talk because my conversation might be reported." Silence has just become a habit. After 30 years they have

come to accept it as part of their life.

Moscow is full of Chinese—students, engineers, military groups. Normally the Chinese are vivacious, gay and excitable. But in Moscow they too become sullen and behave just like the Russians.

STRANGE chipping, scraping sounds woke me about five o'clock this morning. On my way to work I discovered that they were made by thousands of women, keeping the streets clean of a new snow. In place of machines, a herd of forlorn, unhappy women do the job with shovels, scrapers and twig brooms.

Their clothes are the worst I have seen in Moscow. Most Russians here are adequately dressed, but these

street girls work in subzero temperatures dressed in flimsy cotton skirts and low-grade felt boots. Few have mittens or gloves.

According to popular theory the Kremlin recruits scores of thousands of peasant girls from the hinterlands each year. These women eagerly volunteer for any kind of rough work in exchange for the attractions they think they will find in Moscow. They are quickly disillusioned. One girl I saw was crying silently as she switched at the snow with her broom.

When the last flake was swept up, the girls were packed in open trucks, like slaughterhouse cattle, and taken away. These women also sweep the streets in summer, and work on the garbage-disposal trucks.

YOU CAN walk almost anywhere you want in Moscow. As to travel outside Moscow, the limit is 25 miles. Within this circle there are many restrictions.

To get outside this circle you must notify the Foreign Office 48 hours in advance: who's going, when, how—train or car, and if it is a car, the licence number and name of the Russian driver. All this so that they can get the plain-clothes men ready.

Your whole route is patrolled. On the five-hour automobile trip to Tolstoy's home we saw close to 60 militiamen at various points. As we passed we looked back and saw them pull out their notebooks and check our licence-plate number.

The way this system works is that you pass one man, and, if you don't pass the next within the appropriate time, they check back.

You can't stop, even to answer a call of nature along the route: you are likely to be interrupted in the middle of the proceedings. At one point we decided to have a picnic beside the road anyway. We were just getting settled when over the horizon came a militiaman swaggering with revolvers, saying that we should have to get on.

MY MAIN JOB here is to translate the eight Moscow morning papers. These papers have no news as we know it: no weather reports or local news, no reporting of accidents, no human-interest stories. Each paper is only four pages. The most important thing is the leading article, really an editorial, on the front page. The rest of the page is filled up day after day—as are pages two and three—with letters from various organizations throughout the country telling Stalin how well they are fulfilling their norms. The back page, except for two or three inches devoted to sports, is primarily for international news—Tass dispatches from all over the world and articles by special writers, always anti-American. All papers copy *Pravda*. Often they have to hold up news stories several days before they can find out how to interpret them officially.

Apart from the Communist Party members few Muscovites bother to

read these pseudo-newspapers. In the Underground, buses and other public places they are all reading books. Russia is incredibly culture-minded. They even queue up, sometimes for hours, to get into a library, so hungry are they for knowledge.

RUSSIAN PRICES for many things are staggering. An order of bread and butter in my hotel costs 4s. 6d.; a pot of black coffee in a restaurant, 6s. 3d. A medium-quality, ready-made suit in a department store was priced at 1,800 roubles—over £150.

Such prices make me wonder how the ordinary Russian, whose wages average 600 roubles a month, gets along. Sixty roubles go for taxes, state loans and union dues. Rent and utilities, usually provided at low rates by the factory where he works, total 40 roubles a month. That leaves 500 roubles (about £43) for food, clothing and other necessities. A ready-made suit must seem an unattainable dream to most of the men in Moscow.

I HAVE SEEN Soviet provincial bureaucracy at work today—a sight denied most foreigners here.

Two companions and I are on a sight-seeing trip to Yaroslavl, a sizeable city about 175 miles north-east of Moscow. One of the main things we came to see was the famous church of St. John the Baptist.

We took an ancient wooden train from the centre of town, but got off

too soon. The street was a series of mudholes between rough, upturned cobblestones. As we were hopping along between puddles, about a block away from the church, a militiaman stepped in front of us and roughly said we could go no farther.

He demanded our travel-authorization documents. We informed him that our trip had been approved by the Foreign Office. We did not even have our diplomatic identity cards to show him. The hotel had insisted on retaining them. A crowd was gathering round us as we explained that we only wished to see the historic church. One middle-aged man demanded to know why we should not be allowed to go on. His remark infuriated the militiaman. "You have no concern in this," he growled.

"I do not fall under your authority and can say what I please," the spirited stranger replied. His defiance was a surprising pleasure.

More expressions of disapproval over the militiaman's ruling kept coming from the crowd, but we decided to leave without further argument. It was apparent the militiaman would not relent, and we felt further discussion might bring trouble on the sympathetic spectators.

We went to the office of the local Soviet to see what response these officials would make to a request to visit the church. We were directed to a room where a long line of

poorly dressed people, clutching petitions of some sort, waited.

The girl at the desk grew tense when we told her we were Americans and wanted a pass to see the church. She fetched an older woman who took us to the section on cultural and educational work. We announced our purpose to the man in charge.

"Impossible," he said. He explained that there were factories in the neighbourhood of the church.

We suggested that he have someone escort us.

Unfortunately, he said, the special guide was having his day off.

We observed that we knew the history of the church and did not need a trained guide—anyone would do who could see that we kept within bounds.

His manner became sharper, but still civil. He said he would check and see if anyone were free. No one was. Could he write us out a pass, we asked.

Here was something he was sure of. A pass from him was impossible. The factories, unfortunately, were under the jurisdiction of another authority in the neighbouring district.

We decided to cross the Volga on the ferry, and we bought tickets at a booth a short distance from the dock. Then a militiaman appeared from nowhere and rudely ordered us away from the river-bank.

Yaroslavl, as a city, leaves a sense of deadness. Almost all the buildings

are ancient and dilapidated. There is no new construction.

The people seem to share the sense of deadness. We have seen few smiles in Yaroslavl.

AN ANTI-AMERICAN cartoon of the Statue of Liberty is causing a great deal of comment in Moscow this winter. The poster, displayed at Moscow's greatest art museum, the Tretyakov Gallery, is one of several hate-America drawings by a young Moscow artist who won a Stalin prize with this particular one.

His drawing is most effective propaganda. At first glance you see the familiar classic face of the goddess, beautifully drawn. Then you notice that she is weeping, with a long teardrop hanging from her left eye. Closer inspection reveals a New York City cop peering out of each eye, the policeman's head forming the eyeball. The teardrop turns out to be a policeman's truncheon hanging from the wrist of one of the officers.

This is one of the ways the traditional Russian fear of the police is turned against the West.

Russian schoolteachers are instructed to teach Soviet children that hatred is a virtue. A textbook for teachers of elementary schools, which I examined today, says, "The pupils of the Soviet school must realize that the feeling of Soviet patriotism is saturated with irreconcilable hatred towards the enemies of socialist society. It is necessary to

learn not only to hate the enemy but also to struggle with him, in time to unmask him and, if he does not surrender, to destroy him."

The book containing this passage was approved in 1946 for use in educating teachers.

I saw a new anti-American play last night, called *Under the Golden Eagle*. It is a sickening example of the way the Russians are stirring up hate.

The villain was a Major Peterson, a U.S. Army officer serving as head of a military-police detachment in Germany. One scene takes place in his quarters at Christmas time. Between the Christmas decorations there are pictures of pin-up girls and large photographs of lynchings and of men hanging from gallows. The Christmas tree is decorated with miniature tanks and bombs.

Several times in this scene "Silent Night," translated into Russian, is played through a radio in his quarters. Later the carol becomes an ironic theme song. German and American characters hum it while murdering, blackmailing or making love.

A large crucifix stands on the major's desk. One scene has to do with a black-market deal over a string of pearls. While Peterson is negotiating with two Germans, he dangles the jewellery over the cross, fondling the pearls as he strings them around the brow of Christ.

The audience reacted warmly,

hissing and booing the villains continuously. A girl sitting next to me wept quietly all through the play. Are these reactions only an appreciation of the dramatic "thriller," or a true sign of hatred for everything American?

It is hard to generalize about the Russians' reactions to anti-American plays. You are naturally more impressed by the people who hiss and boo and sob. But on the other hand you can look down the aisle and see others sleeping in the midst of all the noise. I'd say the reaction was about half and half. And, incidentally, if I ever noticed any empty seats at the theatre, it was at the anti-American plays. The classics were always packed.

There was never any anti-American manifestation in the audience. Let me tell you about one conversation I had. I went to *Madame Butterfly* one night and I had with me a copy of Puccini's biography. Sitting next to me was a young fellow in his middle 20s, and we got into conversation. He was a student at the University in Leningrad. Presumably a university student of that age, heavily indoctrinated and knowing nothing but Communism, would be most loyal to the régime.

He asked me countless questions about jazz, which they are trying to stamp out in the Soviet Union because it is supposed to be decadent and Western. Then we got talking about music in general. We talked through two intermissions. At the

end I gave him my book as a present, saying: "Here is a souvenir from an American warmonger."

He hit the ceiling. He said: "How dare you say that! How dare you insult the Russian people like that! You don't believe that we really think you are warmongers, do you? How can you possibly say that?"

I MOVED from the Metropole Hotel today into a one-story house which the Embassy has rented as living quarters for some of its employees. It is a very fancy and very dirty minor mansion, typical of the gloomy dwellings put up by rich Moscow merchants 50 years ago. The fancy touches include a stained-glass window of purple tulips and green weeds over the entrance and an imposing flight of marble steps.

Day and night we are "guarded" by militiamen who have sentry boxes in front of the house, and by plain-clothes men who pace up and down the rear courtyard.

Three other Americans and I occupy the ground floor. Below us, in the low, dark basement, there are about 40 Russians. We have no contact with them: they have a separate gate in the fence and a separate door into the basement. We sometimes joke about an Iron Floor between us and the Russians.

We are not permitted to go into our own cellar to see who our neighbours are and how they live. The guards watch them as well as us.

When I am at the Embassy and have anything of particular importance to say to the Ambassador, we go out and walk in the garden where they can't pick our conversation up on hidden "mikes."

The efficiency of their guarding system is terrifying. There is a call box right outside my bedroom window, and almost every time I leave the house the militiaman outside telephones somebody. I understand that call, but what bothers me is this: When I come home on nights when I feel I haven't been followed, I just have time to walk in at the front door and go to my bedroom before the call box telephone rings. I assume somebody is calling to check up: "Did he get there?" That begins to get under your skin after a while.

AMERICANS are always surprised to find there is television in Russia. But I have been watching Russian TV shows several times a week. Programmes consist of operas and ballets, theatre productions, concerts and variety shows. Quite a few old Russian movies, as well as an occasional new film, are put on.

So far receivers are small and expensive. There are only two models—a six-inch size which costs £110 and one with a nine- or ten-inch screen, which costs £220.

According to published figures there were about 8,000 sets in Russian homes a year ago. Since then, judging by the appearance of new

antennæ, we think the number of sets has about doubled. Soviet authorities no doubt see clearly—as Lenin did of motion pictures—that this new medium offers tremendous possibilities for propaganda and indoctrination. I think the authorities will see to it that Russian television is expanded as rapidly as possible.

RUSSIANS can buy their own cars for private use—but when one of them does, it's news. Only one person in thousands owns one.

This morning's issue of *Trud* has a revealing story about "Automobiles for Personal Use." The dispatch is from Krasnodar, an important industrial city with a population of more than 200,000:

"January 8—Today several orders for automobiles by the working people of the Kuban were received in the Motor and Tractor Sale store. In the past year, the store sold 400 motor vehicles to workers and employees. The following acquired machines: Comrade Buchinsky, department head of an agricultural institute; Comrade Velichko, deputy director of the same institute; Comrade Biramov, combine operator of the Yuzhno-Khutorskaya Machine Tractor Station and Hero of Socialist Labour."

*Pravda* has similar stories about auto buying. Yet there is hardly any traffic on the roads. I walked several miles along the main highway between Moscow and Leningrad—the two biggest cities in Russia—and I

never saw a car on it; not even freight—that all goes by rail.

THERE is less drinking in Moscow than there is in our Western cities, but it is a different kind. It is sullen and deadly. People drink to get drunk and pass out, and they do, all over the street.

Right next to our house was what they call a *vytrezvitel*, a Russian word that has only one meaning—"sobering-up station." It is a sort of Turkish bath, and through the grating in the sidewalk you can see steam come out day and night, even in midsummer.

About every half-hour a sort of "Black Maria" arrives with a load of the dearest people you have ever seen. They just roll them out. The patients have to pay a fee—something like £2 10s., I heard—the next morning after they've slept it off.

I CAN'T get out of my head the squeak, squeak, squeak of Russian shoes. This noise is noticeable everywhere, even on the stage. The most renowned actresses, who wear the best clothes available, have some difficulty in making their voices heard above the voices of footwear.

Russian eyes are almost invariably drawn to the shoes of foreigners. Today as I walked down the street I counted the number of times their gaze dropped quickly to my feet. The ratio is seven or eight times out of ten. It is incredible.



THE ARBAT is a typical Moscow business street. It is a narrow, crowded thoroughfare lined with shops. To and from the Embassy I travel its length by trolley bus. In five blocks we pass three cinemas, a theatre, a dozen bookshops, and other shops selling furniture, gramophone record, shoes, clothes, groceries, meat, bread, pets, liquors, tobacco and hardware. During the day swarms of Muscovites pour down the Arbat, to stand in silent, black-clothed lines before the shop doors. Actually, there is little to buy, and what there is is prohibitively expensive. The Arbat puts up a brave front, that even blinks with neon lights—but behind it there is little more than a hollow shell. The Russian, resigned, always hopes there will be more on the shelves on his next visit, and there usually is—just enough improvement to keep him plodding on.

Late at night the Arbat must surely be the most deserted street in the world. Then you can see the skeleton of Moscow life—a living skeleton made up of the police and militiamen.

There is a special reason for their presence: Stalin and his lieutenants pass along this thoroughfare on their way from the Kremlin to their country homes. They are driven at top speed down the very centre of the street, and all traffic, day or night, is carefully controlled to prevent the slightest interference. Through an elaborate system of

block-by-block warnings, pedestrians and vehicles are cleared out of the way minutes before the big black limousines, with their trailing open cars full of guards, whizz past.

Last night I missed my bus and walked alone through this maze of guards, counting them as I went along. Within five blocks the tally was 58. And under cover, in more than 20 dark doorways, plain-clothes men stood silently in the shadows and watched me pass.

TODAY radio and banner headlines told the Russians: "New Reduction of State Retail Prices for Food-stuffs."

Price cuts ranged from ten to 20 per cent: meat will be 15 per cent cheaper, dark bread 12 per cent cheaper—an important reduction because of the heavy Russian consumption of dark bread. Tea, the national drink, is 20 per cent cheaper.

*Pravda*, in its front-page editorial, told the people that this is another incident proving that the Soviet system is superior to capitalism, and that the arms race in Western countries is sharply reducing living standards for the working people there, and pushing up prices.

Even without this propaganda the Soviet citizen can see that price reductions have taken place for five successive years. The worker in the factory and his wife in the kitchen can see that things are slowly but steadily getting better.

It would be extremely dangerous, I think, for us to dwell only on the fact that the economic level at present is very low compared with ours, and to forget the fact that the movement is towards betterment. It would likewise be dangerous to underestimate the strength this progress gives the régime among the people.

It is shortly after midnight, and we are steaming in silence and darkness through the choppy seas of the Gulf of Finland. I am writing this in the small, empty salon of the *Beloostrou*, the Soviet ship that is taking me back to a world I always took for granted—until I lived in Russia. Of the 30 passengers, 27 are Russian. I am the only American. When we assembled at the customs the Russians were grim and silent, even the seven children among them. They behaved much as they might if they were being sent into exile. Perhaps they actually believed the West would corrupt or devour them, and were genuinely afraid. They talked only in whispers.

It was far from a gala sailing. No friends or relatives came to see the passengers off. No flags flew, no champagne corks popped.

Edward Crankshaw says: "Several years have gone by since I was last allowed to visit Russia. And so insistent is the weight of Soviet propaganda that I often find myself wondering, against my better judgment, if life in Moscow may not, after all, have changed out of recognition in the last five years. This article assures me that it has not. It has the authentic touch. In essentials it might have been written five years ago or ten or twenty years ago. Here, in a word, is Communist Moscow as it affects the foreigner who lives in it (as distinct from the delegate on a conducted tour). In spite of price cuts, in spite of the better-stocked shops, the atmosphere does not change. Perhaps it cannot change."

Edward Crankshaw writes for the *Observer* as a specialist on Soviet affairs. He is the author of *Russia By Daylight* (Michael Joseph, 1951, 15s.) and other books on the U.S.S.R.

As the engines vibrated I took my last look at Russians on Russian soil. Three frontier guards, in bright-green caps, dark-green brass-buttoned coats, blue breeches and black boots, watched us leave. Above them, on a high concrete wall, stood a blue-coated sailor with rifle in hand. Guns and loneliness—that was my final impression of Russia.



"A FRIEND of mine," writes Harry Emerson Fosdick, "was stricken with infantile paralysis in youth—terribly. Someone, sympathizing, said to her, 'Affliction does so colour the life!' 'Yes,' she said quietly, 'and I propose to choose the colour.'"

# Life's Like That



**D**RIVING THROUGH a remote stretch of desert in the American West my brother Frank and I spied a shack which advertised meals. We went inside. The front room was deserted. After calling for the proprietor and waiting a while, Frank went back to investigate the kitchen. He found an oil stove, a slab of bacon and some eggs. He slipped on the cook's apron, lighted the stove, sliced some bacon—and started cooking breakfast for two.

About this time a couple of sheepherders came in and sat at the counter.

"What'll it be, boys?" the new cook asked.

"Bacon and eggs," the men replied. More bacon was sliced, more eggs broken.

There was the sound of horse's hoofs outside. A big man came in, looked around and sat down at the end of the counter.

"What'll it be, mister?"

"Bacon and eggs."

The sheepherders finished, asked for their bill and tossed a silver dollar on the counter. Frank pitched it into the drawer. The big man was eating by this time. "Your bill's 50 cents, bud," Frank told him.

The man looked up from his meal. "Don't look as if I'd ought to pay."

"You're eating, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," the big man said. "An' it's right good, too. But it still don't look like I'd ought to pay. When I left here 20 minutes ago, I *owned* this damned joint." —D.R.

A POLICEMAN we know finally caught up with an expensive car that was doing double the speed limit.

"Your excuse'd better be good, and one I've never heard before," he informed the attractive and befurred young woman who was driving.

She looked at him thoughtfully

for a moment and then said quietly, "I'm the star of a show. The producer has to leave town next week, so the date was shoved up because of that—and also because of some very active competition that has just arisen."

"After I write this ticket, I'd like to have the data on this show—just for my own satisfaction," our friend said grimly.

"Well, here it is," said the girl. "Place: Memorial Hospital. Producer: Dr. H. O. Frye. Act: Caesar can section. How about helping me get there?"

For the rest of the trip the "star" sped behind a police escort. B.C.

MY HUSBAND and I bought an old house in the country that had been vacant so long that the forest had crept in round it. I marked all the trees and shrubs I wanted saved and asked a woodcutter to take out the rest. I however, when I came back a few weeks later to see how the work was progressing, I found he had spared an old apple tree near the back door. "I wanted that cut, too," I told him.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I know."

"Do you imagine that that knotty, worm-eaten relic will keep us supplied with apples?" I asked, laughing.

He shook his head. "Not apples, ma'am," he said, "birds." P.S.B.

SHE WAS a very young and obviously inexperienced waitress, and

during the course of dinner she committed every crime in the book. She placed my soup in front of me with her dainty thumb immersed, brought lamb chops instead of veal cutlets, forgot to bring the rolls and butter I had ordered. Growing more flustered, she murmured something about "my first day here"—and spilled coffee on my sleeve. I managed to keep a smile on my face, though towards the end it became somewhat forced. As I prepared to give her a tip she blushing shook her head and handed *me* the money. "You earned it more than I did," she said. H.L.B.

WE WERE all worried—especially Jay, my small son—when we had to send our dog by train. When the dog was installed in a luxurious screened box, Jay affixed this note to it:

"Dear Sirs: This is Bu.  
Feed her, water her, please do.  
I love her and I'll love you.  
Thank you, Jay."

Bu arrived at our new home sleek, well groomed and evidently well fed. Attached to her crate was another note:

"Dear Jay: Here is Bu.  
We fed her, watered her and  
walked her, too.  
We even brushed her just  
for you.  
Hope you're satisfied—  
The Baggage-Car Crew."

--MRS. J.H.W.

# An Unforgettable Character

By Bruce Hutchison  
*Editor, Victoria Daily Times*

**T**ED HEISETT is a hunting and fishing guide in the Clearwater River region of the remote British Columbia wilderness. In summer he takes care of his small farm; in winter he runs a trap line.

I have followed the trails of Canada with many guides, but Ted Helsett (the name he accepted when no one hereabouts could pronounce the Norwegian original) is unique. Not because he is a superb woodsman, but because he has met the wilderness on its own terms and mastered it in a supreme test. Better than any other man I know, he has learned to understand and love the big north woods.

I said that Ted has been tested by the wilderness. He has, many times—and one of those tests was



very nearly his final examination. One autumn, while guiding several hunters, he left them to scout for game. In climbing over a slippery log he fell and broke his left leg above the knee.

After the first minutes of stunned agony he took a quiet inventory of his situation. He was only about five miles from his party, but in his condition he might as well have been a hundred. It was dusk, and snow began to fall.

His assets included a rifle, an orange and a box of matches. The matches, for the present, were useless. He could not afford to remain here beside a fire which no one would see through the thick forest. The rifle could purchase him a quick release. Should he take that easy way out, or die by inches in an

attempt to cover those five impossible miles?

The absurdity of his dilemma enraged him. In his snug house a wife and two children would be beginning to worry about him—a woodsman who was as much at home in the wilderness as in his own kitchen. This, to him, was the hard thing: the wilderness, always his friend, had now turned against him and perhaps destroyed him. But Ted was not made of stuff that dies easily. His rifle, he decided, could be used as a last resort; meanwhile it would serve as one crutch. With his hunting knife he managed to cut a forked sapling for the second crutch. He removed the leather laces of his boots and strapped two sticks as splints round his broken leg. Then he raised himself on his crutches and lurched into the darkness.

About that night he remembers little except seeing the flash of lights high above timber on a mountain where his party was fruitlessly trying to signal to him. Many times as he staggered along on his crutches, crawled over the ground and fell over countless dead trees, he fainted with pain. In rolling down a hillside he lost one of his laceless boots in the snow and it was two hours' work to crawl back and recover it. Then he blacked out.

Dawn found him still in the forest. By his reckoning he was two miles from the burn of an old forest fire. If he could reach that open

country a smoke signal might be seen by his friends. He had covered about half that distance when darkness came again. Somehow he lived through a night of solid pain.

Late the second morning he reached the burn and kindled a fire beside a pitchy stump. During the afternoon he managed to make several other fires. The search party found him at dusk, covered by new snow, unconscious, barely alive.

Ted told me that story at a camp on Clearwater River. The man who faced me across the campfire was of massive build, with the blond hair and the boy face of a Viking. Both his legs were strong. After six months in the hospital and two years of healing you could hardly detect his limp on the trail. He had been marked by the wilderness, and he carried it easily. It was like a regimental stripe which he had earned and then forgotten.

But the mark went deep. How deep, I was to learn one summer when I was staying at one of Ted's cabins. One morning he did not answer the call to breakfast. His bed was empty, and we wondered where he had gone. But we knew him too well to worry.

In mid-morning he returned across the meadow on foot, dusty, hot and silent. Something had gone wrong. He ate his warmed-over breakfast without a word. Then, after a comforting pipe of tobacco, he told us.

At daylight he had heard the horses moving and suspected they

were breaking out of the fenced clearing and heading for home, 20 miles away. Ted leaped from his bed, pulled on his boots and tried to head the band off before it could penetrate the rotten rail fence.

As he expected, his favourite mare was leading the rebellion. She had committed the same crime once before, demoralizing his pack train, and he had kept her only because she was a perfect mount. Now he saw her leap the fence and disappear down the trail. He managed to corral the other horses after a wild chase on foot.

That mare, said Ted, had been ruined by kindness. She had been foaled on his farm, the children had made a pet of her and she presumed on this special treatment. I could see that Ted had brooded hard on a fatal mistake. Finally he announced his decision. He would shoot the mare when he reached home the next day.

I protested that at least he could sell her, that she was too precious to be shot. No, he would not sell her. An animal like that could be the death of any owner. She might lead the whole pack train off and leave a man helpless in the woods. Therefore, she must die.

The gentle, soft-mannered man spoke without raising his voice, without bitterness or anger. The simple justice of the wilds, by whose laws he lived, must be enforced for the common safety. The rifle which he had once thought of turning on

himself, when the law seemed to condemn him, would now be turned on the mare he loved. After another protest I abandoned the argument. Behind his gentleness that man had his stern and ruthless side. Without it he could not survive in a stern and ruthless land.

I must not give the impression that Ted is unhappy in his hazardous life. On the contrary he needs danger as other men need food, and his reward is complete. The feel of the summer trail and the winter snow beneath his feet, the warmth of a cabin after a day of bitter cold, the sweet hours of rest around an evening campfire, the companionship of animals--to Ted Helsett these things make money, fame and power seem like trash. That, of course, is why men of money, fame and power follow him obediently on the trail: they recognize in him a force larger than themselves.

Ted's harmony with the wilderness is proclaimed in his seat on a saddle, his soothing words to a nervous horse, the swing of his axe and the restless eye which seizes every sign of game, every landmark and the portents of weather in the sky.

All fur-bearing animals fascinate him, the beaver especially. He knows all the beaver's engineering and housekeeping habits, and he loves them as playful friends. He keeps a private census of every beaver house within reach of his trap line, observes the new houses as

they are built, and on the trail he watches the gnawed poplar trees that tell him where his friends were travelling. As a trapper he must kill beaver but he never kills more than one or two in each community during the winter. As a result of his husbandry, there are now more beaver in this region than ever.

One day after a long hard ride we reached the cabin at dusk and after a late dinner went outside for a breath of air before bedtime. To the westward, in the Mahood Lake country, the sky was red. A forest fire which no ranger could reach had been burning there for a month. Ted watched and then turned with a quick grunt to the north. No fire had been reported there but now the whole horizon had turned crimson. He stood watching it for a long time in silence. He must have seen more than I could see. Not until next morning would he discuss what was to him a tragedy beyond description.

That fire to the northward, he said, had undoubtedly wiped out several of his cabins. That was no matter. They could easily be rebuilt. The beaver in that district, God knew how many of them, would all be dead. On a waste of charred land he could not hope to restore them in his lifetime. That day he rode far ahead of me in silence. Finally he told me that he knew from personal experience what his friends the beaver had suffered.

A few years back Ted had driven

his truck to Clearwater Village for supplies. From the road on the crest of the hills he noticed smoke five miles away and 1,000 feet below him. On reaching Clearwater he reported the fire to the forest ranger, and started home. Among his supplies were three drums of petrol.

Ted drove on until he was confronted by solid flame ahead. He turned round, only to find that he was trapped in a small area of woods surrounded by the oncoming flames.

Digging a hole in the clay bank of the road, he buried the petrol, then lay under the truck, his only shelter from the heat. He felt, he says, like a piece of bacon in a frying pan. This time he had no merciful rifle with him. He was prepared to die when suddenly the wind dropped, leaving the protecting island of unburned timber untouched.

If Ted seems anxious about your cigarette on the trail and never lights his pipe until the evening's camp is made, you will understand his caution. He knows what it must feel like—for man or beaver—to be cremated alive.

Little by little, from many camp-fire talks I pieced together Ted's story. Born on a prosperous Norwegian farm, he had felt early the wanderlust of his people, who had discovered America centuries before Columbus. After a season on the Canadian prairies as a farm hand he drifted westwards to the Rockies and worked on the railways.



From the first time he saw the big woods of British Columbia his only ambition was to live among them. When he had enough money he married a Canadian girl of Swedish parentage and bought a narrow valley farm on the Clearwater River in the western flanks of the Rockies, 30 miles from the nearest town. Without other help they built their comfortable house in one month. Ted equipped it with running water, and furniture he made. (He can make anything, from snow-shoes of vine maple and raw-hide to pack saddles and sleighs.)

Ted's philosophy emerged with his story and I learned that he was trying to master, in his own fashion, the difficult wilderness of thought. He wanted to know much more than the complicated but narrow world around him.

He studied the geology of this country, showed me where a vast lava flow had dammed Clearwater River ages ago, and took me to see the erosion which had carved the lava of the canyon into rich Gothic sculpture. From zoologists, ichthyologists and botanists whom he served as guide he had a good working knowledge of natural science. In the winter nights he read incessantly. The American hunters had discovered his appetite for knowledge and brought him scores of magazines.

His daughter and son attended a primitive school far down the road,

and when it could teach them no more they followed correspondence courses offered by the British Columbia government.

Ted's daughter, now a young lady better mannered than any I had ever met in the city, had read some 300 books from the government library every winter for the last half-dozen years, had swallowed the English classics and was studying Spanish in her spare time. The boy, in his mid-teens, was completing the secondary school curriculum (he had been delayed, Ted said, when he took over the farm during his father's long convalescence) and he had become a competent amateur zoologist, skinning and stuffing the local animals and carving their shapes exquisitely in wood.

Only the strong can maintain a flame of civilization in the wilderness. This family, under the leadership of a man who came here with little money, unable even to speak the local language, had achieved a form of civilization more advanced, in essentials, than that of many people in the city.

If Ted's path had led to the cities I suppose he would have been managing a business and making money, for nothing could keep such a man down. But this region of lakes, mountains and timber was all he asked for and, unlike most men, he knew what he wanted and why. He had performed a rare miracle: he had achieved contentment.

# ) *When Life Hangs on a*

# *Thread*

Condensed from 'Today's Health'

J. D. Ratcliff

AT ONE TIME or another virtually everyone requires surgical sewing: to close wounds after accidents or operations, to repair childbirth injuries. Some of this sewing is so simple that a housewife could do it; some so difficult that it demands the utmost skill of the expert surgeon.

In some cases the aorta—the heart's main artery—is constricted, hour-glass fashion. Result: the body is on a famine ration of blood. To correct this, the surgeon cuts out the constricted section of artery, replaces it with a new segment. The sewing job required is so difficult that only the most skilled surgeons can do it. The artery ends are tough, fibrous and as slippery as cooked macaroni. The 20 to 30 stitches needed must be strong enough to withstand the pulsing surge of blood that comes with each heartbeat. They must be absolutely tight to prevent fatal leakage, but not so tight they cut the artery. The inside of the junction must be flawlessly

*The surgeon now performs feats undreamed of a few years ago*

smooth, otherwise a fatal clot may form.

Comparable skill is required in the cornea transplant. The cornea, a transparent tissue, is the window-pane of the eye; when it clouds, blindness results. Surgeons can replace the cloudy tissues with healthy cornea taken from the eyes of the dead or from persons blind from other causes. The cornea is among the toughest tissues in the body, as is the sclera, the covering of the eyeball, to which the transplant must be attached. Sewing together two pieces of slippery gristle, getting a snug fit and being sure that seams are in exact alignment, calls for surgical virtuosity.

Today's surgeon has an astonishing array of surgical threads at his command. There are more than 100 kinds of sutures for eye surgery

alone, and hundreds for other specialized tasks. They are as fine as 1/500 inch in diameter, as heavy as 1/30. Most work is done with cotton, silk, catgut—which comes from sheep—and fine wires of steel and the metal tantalum. Nylon is also used, and experimental work is underway with other new synthetics which appear to hold promise.

Each suture material has its own advantages. Cotton is cheap and strong; silk is non-irritating; tantalum retains its strength for long periods in slow-healing wounds. Left in the body, all of them, except catgut, soon become encased in fibrous tissue—walled off and harmless. Untreated gut is absorbed in about ten days. If the wound is one that will take longer to heal, the surgeon uses tanned gut; the degree of tanning determines whether it lasts 20, 30 or 40 days.

Surgical threads come in many colours to provide contrast with the organ being sewed. A surgeon may use black silk for sewing eyes; blue cotton for the skin; catgut for the intestine.

Needles come in a great variety, both straight and curved. The points vary: tapered for use in soft tissues (arteries, intestine, thyroid); cutting points for tough tissues (eye, skin, womb). As a rule, straight needles are held in the fingers. Needle-holders—forceps-like devices that grip the needle-shank firmly—are used with curved needles.

Until recently, nurses sterilized

sutures and threaded needles as surgeons needed them. Today the trend is towards use of "swaged" needles. Here a hole has been drilled in the shank of a needle, the suture fitted and clamped tight. Swaged needles thus have no eyes. Packed in sterile tubes, they are ready for instant use and are discarded after surgery.

Such needles have an obvious advantage. With a threaded needle, two strands of suture must be pulled through tissue. The swaged needle, with only one strand, makes a smaller hole, causes less injury.

As in any needlework, a variety of stitches is involved. In the main, surgeons rely on the blanket stitch, cobbler's stitch, the purse-string and lock stitch. Sewing may be either "interrupted" or continuous. If there is danger of infection running along a continuous stitch, rotting the suture and causing a wound to burst open, the surgeon will use an interrupted stitch. Each stitch is tied separately. This type is usually used on the skin, whereas continuous stitches are generally taken on muscles, lining of the abdominal cavity and intestine.

Every suture must be fastened firmly, every severed blood vessel tied off with a ligature. In an extensive operation, say a breast amputation, there may be 100 or more "bleeders" to be tied off. Surgeons rely for the most part on three or four kinds of knots; their mainstay is the old-fashioned reef knot.

Every operation presents its own

sewing problems, but a few basic rules are always followed. Tissue must never be stretched; stitches must be tight enough to hold but not so tight that they constrict and damage tissue. The objective is to get things back as they were before.

As he "backs out" of the abdomen after working on a gall bladder, for instance, the surgeon faces a number of sewing jobs. First he must close the peritoneum, the tough lining of the abdominal cavity. Here catgut is ideal. Next, muscles must be sewn; then fascia, the body's tough connective tissue. If the patient is fat, it may be necessary to draw adipose tissue together. Finally, the surgeon reaches the skin. Here he may use silk or cotton or perhaps metal clamps, which give a neat closure and are easily removed. For about four days stitches alone hold tissues together. Then regeneration has gone far enough to help, and at the end of 14 days full healing should have taken place. Under the best conditions, there will be only a pur-

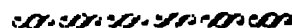
plish, hairline scar, which will gradually fade.

Different branches of surgery pose their own sewing difficulties. Plastic surgeons are particularly concerned with neatness, since their work is often done on the face. They try to take advantage of natural skin folds as points to make incisions and they make needle punctures through pores if possible.

Metal plates and pins are generally used to hold bones together. However, in some cases they are sewed—a shattered kneecap, for example. Since this bone is too hard for a needle to penetrate, it must be drilled. Then the cap is sewed together with metal sutures.

Intestine is difficult to sew—and the seam must be gas-tight. Any leak into the abdominal cavity might lead to peritonitis and death.

No needlework is as awesome as that of surgeons. Their increasing skill has made possible many operations that would not have been undertaken a generation ago.



*Phillips Brooks:* You who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly in the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy—if only you could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!

*Above and beyond politics, Eisenhower hopes  
to inspire a spiritual reawakening in America*

*By Stanley High*

**I**N THE vast flow of words that have been written about Dwight Eisenhower, one aspect has received little attention—his longtime hopes and purposes for America. Better than administrative policies or legislative prescriptions, those hopes and purposes reveal the stature and character of the President. They are a guide to what, above and beyond politics, may take place during his Presidency. His commitment to them is deeper and more determined than to any partisan objectives, and he believes they are the terms by which, in history, his Administration will have to pass muster.

There is nothing "off the record" in what the President himself calls his "long thoughts" about America. They are the plainest thread that runs through all his speeches. They

are the most frequently recurring theme of his conversations. He has made them the solemn basis of his charge to the men and women he has called to be in his team.

By some current standards, the President is "old fashioned" in what he most deeply believes. He is as "out of date" as the copybook maxims he stressed in his campaign:

"Honesty is the best policy"; "He that goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing"; "A man is known by the company he keeps"; "Birds of a feather flock together"; "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Perhaps these homilies have not recently been fashionable, but who can read them without feeling that it would have been good for everyone if they had been?

In today's atmosphere of pseudo-intellectualism, the President's profoundest beliefs perhaps seem "corny." He is no doubt corny when he talks, as he has, about "the extraordinary virtues" of his parents; of the fact that they were "thrifty, economical, honest"; of

As a member of General Eisenhower's staff during the presidential campaign last autumn, Stanley High travelled thousands of miles with the General's entourage and spent many hours in personal conversation with him

the "lusty influence of the Bible in their lives"; of "how I sat at my mother's knee"; of the story of Abraham Lincoln walking miles to return a few cents he had overcharged a customer that day in the store.

The extent to which these homely virtues are out of date is proof to the President of what has happened to his country. He believes that what has been wrong with the American Government is only symptomatic of things gone wrong in America and with Americans. He knows the symptoms require immediate treatment. He believes the cure requires basic changes in American thought and direction. These changes will produce political and economic consequences. But they are not, themselves, political or economic. They are moral and spiritual.

In one pre-convention conversation General Eisenhower remarked: "From the way I'm talking and from what I'd like to see happen, it looks as though I should have been a preacher." In a non ecclesiastical sense, it is a preacher's job he has cut out for himself.

What President Eisenhower wants for America is a revival of religious faith that will produce a rededication to religious values and conduct. He wants this, first, because he is a religious man. He is not outwardly pious, and he seldom talks about religion in personal terms. I do not know how he prays or how often. But from his unembarrassed expres-

sions of belief in prayer, I am sure that he does pray. I do not know how often he reads the red-leather Bible he keeps by his bed. But from his familiarity with the Scriptures, I am sure he reads it. His regular attendance at church is not because of his public position. It is a lifetime habit, and it is more to him than a formal, Sunday gesture.

The inaugural service of worship was not, as has hitherto always been the case, limited to the President-elect and his family. His Cabinet members and advisers were expected to be there with their families. They were--180 of them.

He has said that in selecting the members of his Cabinet he wanted to find out not only what their abilities were but what, as men, they were dedicated to. And his inauguration prayer, written in long-hand after that morning's service of worship, was not alone for himself but for "my future associates . . . that Thou wilt make full and complete our dedication. . . ."

The President's top associates can have little doubt about the spiritual purposes to which he believes his Administration must be dedicated. On January 12 he called his Cabinet and chief assistants into a pre-inaugural conference in New York. When they were seated at luncheon together, the President-elect rose at the head of the table. He expressed confidence in the capacities of the people assembled there. He felt they were among the best Amer-

ica could provide for the job ahead. But he was sure they would agree with him that, even for the best, the job ahead was too big to undertake without the help of Almighty God. He then turned to his Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Benson, and asked him, a prominent church-member, to lead them all in prayer.

But it is not only because he is personally religious that the President gives first importance to the reviving of religious faith. He believes that the "godly virtues"—those extolled in the copybook maxims—account for America's beginning, its growth in strength, material well-being and social progress. He believes that, except in a renewal of that faith and those virtues, there is no answer for the future.

"You can't explain free government in any other terms than religious. The Founding Fathers had to refer to the Creator in order to make their revolutionary experiment make sense; it was because 'all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights' that men could dare to be free. They wrote their religious faith into our founding documents, stamped their trust in God on the faces of their coins and currency and put it boldly at the base of our institutions. And when they drew up their bold Bill of Rights, where did they put Freedom of Worship? First, in the corner-stone position. That was no accident."

Before and during the campaign

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**T**HIS is what I found out about religion. It gives you courage to make the decisions you must make in a crisis and then the confidence to leave the result to a higher Power. Only by trust in God can a man carrying responsibilities find repose.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

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Eisenhower frequently talked about the strength America must have if her freedom is to be preserved and extended. In his three kinds of strength, he insisted that the "spiritual" should come first, not as a possible climax after the "economic" and "military."

"Our forefathers proved," he said, "that only a people strong in godliness is a people strong enough to overcome tyranny and make themselves and others free. Today, it is ours to prove that our own faith, perpetually renewed, is equal to the challenge of today's tyrants."

At one point in the campaign, some of his associates were a little concerned by what they regarded as too much religion in his politics. Lest he be accused of overdoing it, they urged him for a few speeches to skip the spiritual note. At that proposal the General was first puzzled and then irritated. "Gentlemen," he told them sharply, "you misjudge the American people."

"I am sure of one thing," he has said. "There is a great spiritual yearning, a hunger among the peo-

ple of this country. And I meet more and more people who are not ashamed to express it."

In the political sense, General Eisenhower had no ambition for the Presidency. In the political sense, he now has no ambition simply to go through four or eight years and thence into history as the 34th

President of the United States. He does, however, have one consuming ambition: He is determined to use his influence and his office to help make this period a spiritual turning point in America, and thereby to recover the strength, the values and the conduct which a vital faith produces in a people.



## The Thirteen Steps

### *Aileen King in Housewife*

"EVERY DAY I must climb those stairs a dozen times," I said. "I'd like someone to make it up into an astonishing total for me, like one of those rows of objects laid end to end, reaching from here to Glasgow."

So I decided to do it myself. I counted carefully for a week, and found that I averaged 13 limbs a day—13 times up 13 stairs, each eight inches high—eight feet eight inches each climb, or 112 feet eight inches a day.

Now, with my diary and the known heights of some famous buildings and mountains, I was ready for my calculations. One Sunday early in spring I began the first recorded day's climb. Before midday on Wednesday I had passed the height of the cross on St. Paul's (365 feet). By bedtime I was at the level of the Great Pyramid. That week I achieved the height of the Woolworth Building and long before the fortnight was out I had passed the Empire State Building at 1,248 feet and had no more man-made eminences to mark my progress.

An entry in my diary on June 29 reads, "Summit of Jungfrau, 13,671 feet." Then on July 9 there is the single word "Matterhorn." I had been climbing for 18 weeks and six days and had reached 14,780 feet. Nine days later, at 15,782 feet, I stood at the top of Mont Blanc, the greatest height in Europe. Now I looked across the Atlantic, and my diary entry for August 2 reads, "Overcast and sultry: very heavy going today. Just before sunset reached the crater rim of Popocatepetl: rather weary; height 17,540 feet." On August 28 Chimborazo was topped at 20,498 feet, and on October 10 I rested at the summit of Aconcagua, America's highest mountain.

Only the Himalayas were left. My diary for December 4 reads: "The season is now far advanced. It was cold when I started this morning, with a threat of snow. Towards evening, I reached the peak of Everest, 29,141 feet, highest mountain in the world! I have climbed the stairs 3,367 times in 37 weeks."



*The little Japanese god was supposed to bring good luck*

## Our Travels with Ho-tei

*Condensed from  
"Together We  
Wandered"*

C. J. Lambert

**I**N 1928 my wife and I sold our home in Somerset and set off to see a bit of the world. Japan was our first target. In Kobe we spied in a junk-shop window an ivory figurine which we immediately coveted. It was a carving of Ho-tei, the ancient Japanese god of good luck.

A tiny figure about an inch and a half high, with a laugh of blissful content on his lined old face, he sat tailor-fashion on an ivory cushion. This cushion, on which his overflowing tummy rested, was ornamented with sprays of flowers, and his kimono was covered with chrysanthemum embroidery. We entered the shop and asked his price. Incredibly, it was less than five shillings. Overwhelmed with our luck, we returned to our ship to study the god more closely, for at that



price it seemed there must be something wrong with him.

Examination showed that we were even luckier than we had thought. The figure was certainly very old, for it had the deep creamy lustre peculiar to old ivory, and the carving was truly exquisite. There was only one curious thing. Apparently the carver had started a fraction too low in the elephant's tusk, for centred in the underside of the cushion there had been a hole where the nerve of the tooth had ended. But this was plugged with an ivory peg, and we thought nothing of it at the time. We were to ponder deeply on it later.

Meanwhile, with Ho-tei carefully tucked away in Marie's dressing-case, we embarked for Manila. On the second day out, Marie began

suffering from a nagging toothache. The ship's doctor gave her stuff to deaden the pain, but it did no good and she had a wretched 12 days.

However, both of us were immediately struck down with dengue fever, an unpleasant malady marked by high temperatures and racking pain in every joint, and it was weeks before Marie was able to stagger out to a dentist. He proceeded to drill one of her teeth straight through to the nerve, and I thought she would go mad with the pain on top of the aches and pains left by dengue. We concluded that the Philippines were not for us, obtained passage to Sydney, and crept on shipboard more dead than alive.

When I unpacked I noticed that Ho-tei had somehow been swapped over to my baggage. Naturally I laid no stress on this, but the following day I started the most appalling toothache. There was no doctor on board, and I lived almost entirely on aspirin. I was nearly desperate when we reached Cairns, our first port in Australia. A dentist there tinkered with my teeth but said there was nothing wrong. Within minutes of getting back on board, they were aching as bad as ever, so I saw another dentist at the next port, two days later. He, too, found nothing wrong, but the fact remained that my teeth started aching as soon as I got back to my cabin.

At Brisbane, two days later, I told a dentist to start pulling my teeth, and to go on till I told him to stop.

Immediately the first was out—within ten minutes after coming ashore—I felt such relief that I was certain it had been the culprit. The dentist said the tooth should have given me no trouble at all. But I was sure my miseries were over—until we boarded the boat, when I started living on aspirin again.

In Sydney we left most of our luggage in bond, so Ho-tei was parted from us for several weeks. After a delightful pain-free time, we made a four-day voyage to New Zealand. Both of us had toothache on only one day during the journey --when we had our heavy luggage brought into our cabin for repacking. Then Ho-tei went back in the hold and our teeth behaved again.

After a wonderful six weeks in New Zealand we sailed to Panama, then caught another boat down the west coast of South America to Chile, where we were to visit my mother. The entire trip was uneventful as far as our teeth were concerned, except for one day: when we repacked our luggage in the baggage-room. We had no suspicion that the little god was the cause of our intermittent tooth trouble.

I should have got a clue when we reached my mother's, for she fell in love with Ho-tei and Marie presented him to her. She had good teeth, but within a few hours they started aching wholesale. We were surprised and a trifle hurt when my mother handed him back and said she felt he was "bad medicine." But

we put him back in our luggage in the storage-room, and the incident was forgotten until we were back on shipboard—bound for England.

One day we mentioned the glory of Ho-tei's carving to some friends who were interested in ivory. Marie fetched the god from the baggage-room and gave it to one woman to show her husband. We saw no more of the woman that day, which we thought strange; but next morning she and her husband came up to us, looking very far off colour. They had both been ill with toothache.

Suddenly a great light struck us. We went over dates and symptoms carefully all the way back to Japan, and our hair rose in horror. We couldn't believe, and yet we had to; such a sequence of events could not be a simple coincidence. Marie was all for chucking the little devil overboard, but I was so alarmed at his seeming power that I wondered if he would retaliate by rotting every tooth in our heads. The best thing seemed for us to return him to his countrymen on our arrival home.

Soon after we reached London I went to a famous Japanese art shop in Bond Street, placed the god in front of the suave little Japanese manager. He examined the figure and said they would be delighted to buy it, for the carving was as exquisite as anything he had ever seen.

Feeling rather silly, I replied that I could not take money for the god, and related some of our troubles. A strange expression came over the

man's face. He rapped out an order in Japanese, and a few moments later an assistant brought in an aged Japanese in national costume.

The moment the old man sighted Ho-tei, he gasped, extended both hands in a kind of supplication, then picked up the little figure and immediately examined the bottom of the cushion. Ignoring me utterly, the three men then passed the carving from one to the other, each examining the bottom of the cushion, and exchanging short sentences in Japanese. They were completely absorbed in this queer business. Later, from people who had lived in the East, I learned that some Japanese temple gods were given "souls": tiny medallions were engraved with characters, and this strange "soul" was hidden in the body of the god.

Be that as it may, the old Japanese carefully placed our smiling Ho-tei on an ornate lacquered shrine at one end of the shop and lit a row of joss sticks at his feet. As the heavily sweet smell of their burning filled the room, not another word was spoken. When the manager bowed me out of the shop, there was an expression of awe, almost of fear, on his face. I stepped out into the roar of London's traffic with a great sense of freedom.

I never returned to that shop in Bond Street; I do not even know if it is still there. I do wonder sometimes what has happened to that tiny ivory figure, but I have no intention of finding out.

# *It Pays to Increase Your Word Power*

By Wilfred Funk

**TO** HAVE a command of words leads to freedom of expression, and the knowledge that you have this power builds self-confidence. Before you begin this test write down definitions of those words you think you know. Then check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

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- (1) IRREVOCABLE (ī rev' ō kā b'l)—A: *stubborn*. B: *temporary*. C: *that cannot be recalled*. D: *provoking*.
- (2) INCONSONANT (in con' so nunt)—A: *not in harmony*. B: *absurd*. C: *without moral restraint*. D: *a state of inconsolable grief*.
- (3) VINDICATE (vin' di kate)—A: *conquer*. B: *bear a grudge*. C: *to free from suspicion*. D: *boast*.
- (4) COMMODIOUS (kō mō' di us)—A: *gracious and helpful*. B: *proved*. C: *spacious*. D: *prodigally generous*.
- (5) CREDULOUS (kred' ū lus)—A: *unbelievable*. B: *firm in believing*. C: *over-ready to believe*. D: *suspicious*.
- (6) MISNOMER (miss nō' mer)—A: *awkwardness*. B: *a name wrongly applied*. C: *stupidity*. D: *absent-mindedness*.
- (7) POTABLE (pō' tā b'l)—A: *believable*. B: *that can be carried*. C: *drinkable*. D: *very strong*.
- (8) ENNUY (ahn' wee)—A: *anger*. B: *jealousy*. C: *humour*. D: *boredom*.
- (9) NONDESCRIPT (non' de script)—A: *shabby*. B: *not easily described*. C: *miscellaneous*. D: *confused and disordered*.
- (10) EXHORT (eg zawt')—A: *shout loudly*. B: *urge strongly*. C: *obtain money by threats*. D: *criticize bitterly*.
- (11) APPELLATION (ap e lay' shun)—A: *an unexpected sight*. B: *the conferring of an office*. C: *a name or title*. D: *the act of making a plea*.
- (12) WARY (waiv' ī)—A: *frightened*. B: *too ready to believe*. C: *stingy*. D: *cautious*.
- (13) CONCERNED (kon sur' ted)—A: *compressed*. B: *combined*. C: *confused*. D: *forced*.
- (14) PALTRINESS (pawl' tri ness)—A: *tardiness*. B: *pettiness*. C: *boredom*. D: *carelessness*.
- (15) NOMINAL (noin' in nuhl)—A: *entire*. B: *unnamed*. C: *existing in name only*. D: *believable*.
- (16) THESAURUS (thē saw' russ: "th" as in "thin")—A: *a long essay*. B: *a prehistoric beast*. C: *a repository of words or knowledge*. D: *a condensed account*.
- (17) MINARET (min uh ret')—A: *a dagger*. B: *a dance*. C: *a small vase*. D: *a slender tower*.
- (18) DEFILE (de file')—A: *filth*. B: *a narrow pass*. C: *a row of numerals*. D: *the pattern of troops marching side by side*.
- (19) CONVEY (kūv' et)—A: *conspire*. B: *conceal*. C: *outwit*. D: *desire eagerly*.
- (20) COMPENDIOUS (com pen' di us)—A: *compact and inclusive*. B: *awkward*. C: *lengthy and completely unabridged*. D: *forceful*.

## Answers to

### "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **IRREVOCABLE**—C: That cannot be recalled; unalterable; as, "That which is past is *irrevocable*." From *ir*-, "not," the Latin *re*, "again," and *vocare*, "to call."
- (2) **INCONSONANT**—A: Not in agreement or harmony; inconsistent; as, "His letter was *inconsonant* with the simplest precepts of decency." From *in*-, "not," and the Latin *consonare*, "to be harmonious."
- (3) **VINDICATE**—C: To free from suspicion; to prove the truth of, usually against opposition; as, "He tried to *vindicate* his claim." From the Latin *vindicare*, "to set free."
- (4) **COMMODIOUS**—C: Spacious; roomy; affording ample accommodation; as "a *commodious* apartment."
- (5) **CREDULOUS**—C: From the Latin *credulus*, "believing easily." Hence, over-ready to believe; as, "His *credulous* nature finally cost him his entire fortune."
- (6) **MISNOMER**—B: Originally from *mis*-, "not," and the Latin *nominare*, "to name." Hence, a name wrongly applied; as, "The term 'factory-built house' will always be a *misnomer*—'factory-fabricated and site-assembled' will probably be nearer the truth."
- (7) **POTABLE**—C: Drinkable; suitable for drinking. From the Latin *potare*, "to drink."
- (8) **ENNUI**—D: A French borrowing meaning boredom; weariness resulting from lack of interest.
- (9) **NONDESCRIPT**—B: From *non*-, "not," and the Latin *describere*, "to sketch off in writing." Hence, something not easily described; belonging to no particular class or kind; as, "The dress she wore was *nondescript*."
- (10) **EXHORT**—B: Identical in meaning with the Latin *exhortari*, "to exhort"; "to urge strongly"; to encourage; to attempt to arouse or incite by warning or appeal.
- (11) **APPELLATION**—C: A name or title.
- (12) **WARY**—D: From the Old English *waer*, "careful." Hence, cautious; watching and guarding against deception; as, "He looked over the contract with a *wary* eye."
- (13) **CONCERTED**—B: From the Latin *concertare*, "to strive together." Hence, arranged or planned together; combined; as, "The delegation co-operated to achieve *concerted* action."
- (14) **PALTRINESS**—B: Pettiness; contemptibility.
- (15) **NOMINAL**—C: Existing in name only; as, "The price paid was *nominal*." Latin *nominalis* from *nominare*, "to name."
- (16) **THESAURUS**—C: In Greek *thesaurus* means "treasure." Hence, a treasury. As a figure of speech, a "treasury" or repository of words or knowledge; a dictionary; an encyclopædia.
- (17) **MINARET**—D: A slender tower attached to a mosque, surrounded by one or more balconies, from which the muezzin calls Mohammedans to prayer.
- (18) **DEFILE**—B: From the Latin *filum*, "thread." Hence a narrow pass that can be marched through only in "file"; as, "The troops marched warily through the *defile* that wound between high cliffs."
- (19) **COVET**—D: Desire eagerly; crave. One can *covet* an education, but more commonly *covet* means to have an inordinate desire for something belonging to someone else. Through Old French *coveter*, from the Latin *cupere*, "to desire."
- (20) **COMPENDIOUS**—A: Compact and inclusive; containing the substance in narrow compass; abridged; as, "He wrote a *compendious* treatise on modern art." From the Latin *compendere*, "to weigh together."

#### Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct.....excellent  
19-16 correct.....very good  
15-12 correct.....good to fair

# "Servant of the Unfortunate"

*Condensed from France-Illustration*

*Pierre de Latil and Robert Littell*

WITH his air of cheerful rascality and joyous failure, Antoine Fornero seems anything but saintly. And while many saints wore sackcloth and ashes, few of them would have stooped to Fornero's clothes, which give the impression that he has not so much slept in them as suffered from insomnia in them for weeks on end. Besides, for most of his 77 years Fornero was a free-thinker. Yet the bishop of the diocese has sent him an illuminated certificate of his good deeds.

The proper backdrop for a working saint is a book-lined cell dimly lit by his own halo. Fornero's setting is a dingy shop in a forlorn back street of Nice. A sign over the door reads, "General Plumbing and Heating Supplies." Inside are wooden bins neatly heaped with the

*A French plumber who literally gives all that he has to the poor*

brass fittings of the trade. Against the wall there leans, like its owner a bit twisted but still serviceable, the grandfather of bicycles, with a worn wicker basket strapped to the handle bars.

"My competitors all have shiny new vans," says Fornero with a chuckle, as if it were a point in his favour. Which, in a way, it is.

For 30 years Fornero has ploughed all the profits of a once-prosperous business into the welfare of his fellow men. Half a mile away there stands, in proud contrast to his desolate little shop, a large modern building into which he has poured his earnings, his comfort, even his

necessities. It is a shelter for the aged, founded by our dilapidated saint a generation ago.

In this humane, efficient institution, 62 old people await in decent comfort the coming of their last sunset. The long halls, a-whisper with the slow shuffle of slippered feet, are spotless; every dormitory is a cross-roads for light and air; the kitchen is as clean as a battleship. The old men dozing or filling their pipes are neat and contented-looking; on a sun-drenched balcony the old ladies roost and cackle gently like tame birds.

All saints have had one thing in common: they were fiercely uncompromising. If a voice told a saint to take all he had and give it to the poor, a saint would give *all*. Antoine Fornero, like the saints, has never worried about rainy days or a retirement fund. He has not given away a tithe, but everything. He has tried to do good to all—at disastrous cost, by worldly standards, to himself, so that now he is practically a pensioner of his own good works.

Besides the refuge for old people, Fornero has created a second charity in Nice, a well-equipped dispensary and home for the Sisters of Mercy who tend the sick. And in a dozen other ways this extraordinary man has earned the title he prints on his business card: "Servant of the Unfortunate."

Why has he devoted half a lifetime to helping others? Perhaps it is partly because of his own early

years. Antoine's father was a carter who lived with his small family in a shack down by the docks. But though they were poor, there was always a welcome at the Forneros' for the stray and shelterless.

"The less there was to eat," says Antoine, "the more people there were round our table to eat it. 'It's not much of a house you have to live in,' my father used to tell us, 'but these others have none at all.' So you can see it's not my fault if I try to do good—it's simply in my blood."

When he was ten years old Fornero went about Nice on Sundays shining shoes. One day the police arrested him. They turned him loose after an hour, but wouldn't give him back his shoeshine box. This trivial act of meanness was a turning point in Fornero's life. The world and all the people in it, it seemed to him, were divided between good and evil. The policemen who had so unjustly kept his shoeshine box were evil. They were Authority, so Authority was evil too. And what else was the Church but Authority? His spirit, already proudly self-reliant, blazed in revolt, and he became a freethinker.

Yet intertwined with this rebellious sense of injustice was another impression, contradictory but deeper. Like countless other French boys, Antoine read Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. What especially struck him was that part of the story in which Jean Valjean, rich now

and hiding his convict's past under another name, gives shelter to some nuns whose pious, selfless lives are spent tending the sick. "Here," Fornero thought, "is what I want to be able to do myself some day."

After fighting in World War I, Fornero went into the plumbing-supply business. Now he could at last indulge his dream. So when by accident he met some nuns who needed a roof for their good works, he impulsively agreed to build them a shelter with room for them and four old people besides. It cost 30,000 francs, all the money Fornero had in the world.

But there was no money for furnishings, and for months the nuns slept on the straw Fornero used to pack his plumbing fixtures. Their Christian humility made a profound impression upon him. He was caught, a willing captive, in a net of kindness.

One Sunday morning while his wife was at Mass (she was as ardent a believer as he was an unbeliever) Fornero emptied the linen cupboards of his own house, and carried all the sheets and blankets to the shelter. When his wife came home he said to her: "Louise-Hortense, for going without your household linen in this world, you are sure of a room at the Grand Imperial Palace Hotel in the next. Only I, who do not believe in the rewards of the hereafter, have the right to complain."

Louise-Hortense saw that there

would be no use resisting his downward slide towards sainthood, and cheerfully made the best of it. She gladly gave the little property she had of her own, and remained a partner in all her husband's good deeds until her death in 1929.

The original modest shelter spread and grew as Fornero bought up adjoining sites. Today the "Villa Hortense"—as Fornero tactfully calls it so that the old people won't have to say they are living in an institution—is a solid building half a block long. The equipment is modern—electric washing machines, spacious washrooms, two lifts, a kitchen fit for a Riviera hotel. Fornero even designed a chapel with balconies opening into it from the dormitories, so that the old people in wheel chairs can hear Mass from their own floor.

"Where did the money come from?" Fornero says as he proudly shows you round. "Well, I didn't steal it, but I borrowed big sums which I paid back little by little."

Sometimes he carried the precept of "take all thou hast" a little farther than Scripture intended. One day, after weeks of dickering, the owner of a piece of land needed for enlarging the shelter suddenly agreed to sell—on condition of immediate payment of thousands of francs. Fornero, who as usual had but a few hundred francs in his account, coolly made out a cheque, and then as coolly called the bank to say that he had just signed a rubber



cheque, and would they please not have him arrested. They didn't.

Fornero lives rent free, you might say, in the house he has given to the Sisters of Mercy. The sisters give him his dinner. For lunch he walks up to the home for old people. His army pension goes entirely for odd gifts—to a widow who is behind in her rent, little rewards for acts of kindness he has observed.

Some years ago Fornero read a speech by the Minister of Education urging official recognition for the mothers of the Republic's most distinguished sons. Fornero did not applaud. "On the contrary," he says, "it seemed to me that the truly admirable mothers were those to whom motherhood has brought not pride and joy but a cross." So every year he gives a party to a little group of "Admirable Mothers" who have uncomplainingly devoted their lives to the thankless, loving protection

of an idiot or a defective child.

And every Sunday morning Fornero visits the city gaol, calling upon the prisoners. He keeps a list of those who are soon to be released and notes details about their trade, their families, their prospects of a job. Many of the men come to see him when they are free, and to the neediest he gives tickets for meals at his Foundation or for a week's lodging in the municipal shelter.

Is Fornero still an unbeliever? As he shows one round his Foundation, he will point out the new vestments he has bought for the Chapel, and say, "Not so bad for a former free-thinker." And he does attend Mass. Yet, for him, religion seems to be Christian action rather than creed, and by this standard he is far more religious than many a believer absorbed in his own salvation. "The only way to achieve happiness," he says, "is to do good."



*P*HYSICALLY all who have passed 40 begin to deteriorate; but mentally some men and women never grow old, no matter how many years they have to their credit. If they maintain a constant interest in the world about them they will actually live longer than those whose curiosity diminishes or decays.

I think I can point out the exact moment when a man begins to grow old. It is the moment when, upon self-examination, he finds that his thoughts and reflections in solitude turn more to the past than to the future. If a man's mind is filled with memories and reminiscences instead of anticipation, then he is growing old.

—W.L.P.

*A* WOMAN who is smart enough to ask a man's advice is seldom dumb enough to take it.

—Ellaville, Georgia, *Sun*

*A teacher who is also a mother helps youngsters answer many of the questions that are puzzling them*

# What Teen-Agers Want to Know About Sex and Marriage

*Condensed from The American Magazine*

Elizabeth Force

**E**LEVEN years ago I was asked to teach a new kind of course at the secondary school in Toms River, New Jersey, a course to help prepare students for family living. Since then more than 600 students have asked me very frank questions. Many boys and girls are deeply puzzled by changes taking place in their behaviour. Over the years I have learned to respect these teen-agers tremendously, and not to underestimate them. Here are some of the subjects that come up year after year.

Girls ask: *Do you have to make love when you go out with boys?*

"No, you don't have to," I assure them.

Some girls complain that if they don't "neck" they won't get dates. They have exaggerated fears of the competition from the few promiscu-

ous girls in circulation. I point out that these girls are usually unloved, pathetic kids who use promiscuity as a means to get the attention they can't get any other way. Everybody has a body, I tell them. But *what else* have you got to make yourselves interesting and appealing?

I try not to make any youngster feel guilty about his or her urges or affections. Nature's prime function is to propagate the race, and love-making is a part of the plan. The sexual urges of the male are concentrated and direct, and they are probably at their greatest at about 18. This causes a control problem because boys can't afford to marry until later.

"So," I point out, "it is not fair to lead a boy on and then be angry when he finds he is not in control of the situation. Arranging dates of other kinds will reduce the likeli-

hood of using love-making as a pastime."

*Is a girl necessarily "bad" if she becomes pregnant before she is married?*

In answering that, I try to bring into class a young couple with a baby. The girls adore the babies, and the boys show more interest than might be expected.

"Now," I say, "here is a fine baby. What does he need in order to get a fair start in the world?"

The answers come flying back: a good home, parents who want him.

"Is it fair to a baby *not* to want him?" I ask.

In a chorus they reply that it is outrageously unfair.

touchy about fair play.

I explain that mating carries a profound responsibility. A mature person accepts that responsibility and learns to channel and control his emotions, although this is not always easy.

Then I invite local clergymen to explain the religious points of view. Their stand appeals to the youngsters' sense of idealism and they respond warmly.

*Is it possible to really "fall in love," the kind you marry on, at 17 or 18?*

Adolescents in the first flush of their sexual awakening, I tell them, tend to fall wonderfully in "love" with the whole opposite sex. By the time they are 17 or 18 many students believe they are experiencing a grown-up love, and some of them

actually are. On the other hand, often a girl who is over-anxious to marry is basically unhappy; marriage seems an escape from some troubling home situation. "Are you trying to *get away* from something?" I ask. "Is that a proper attitude for building a new home?"

*How soon is it all right to go steady?*

Most parents object to their youngsters getting serious too soon. Since wisdom is usually on the parents' side, we invite parents to present their case. "I didn't know parents could be so intelligent," commented one student afterwards.

*How do we tell when we've found the Right One?*

I ask my students to write down all the traits they want in their life partner. They soon have lists a foot long. When they have written themselves out of adjectives I tell them to tear up their lists.

"You are just not going to get all those things," I say. "So what will you settle for?"

In this sobered atmosphere we begin talking about traits that are known to promote a stable marriage — dependability, considerateness, flexibility, affection, love of children.

*How soon can you marry?*

Young people in many countries are marrying younger every year, girls now often at the age of 20. I point out that a girl marrying sooner is apt to make an immature choice—a choice she may regret.

Many girls have told me, after completing the course, that they had broken off engagements, and were now thankful for the additional growing-up time.

The students all want to know how much money is needed to get married. I invite in young married couples who were former students. Then I ask a girl pupil what things she feels she will need in her home to start with. She may glibly list a car, refrigerator, TV set. One put down the approximate cost of all the things she wanted and added in a year's rent. It came to more than \$5,000.

The married couples said that they *now* have most of these things, but that they had to skimp just as most other couples do at the start, and in fact got much of their temporary furniture from their families' attics. "Anyhow, it's more fun to build as you go," they add.

*Do people stop loving each other when they get married?*

It bothers teen-agers that married grown ups seem to spend more time washing up than being romantic. As one perplexed girl said: "They just kind of ignore each other."

I point out that married couples often love each other more deeply than teen-agers comprehend. We talk about different ways they reveal this love: in the adventure they share in planning and building their home, in the way the wife cooks special dishes she knows her husband will like, in their little private

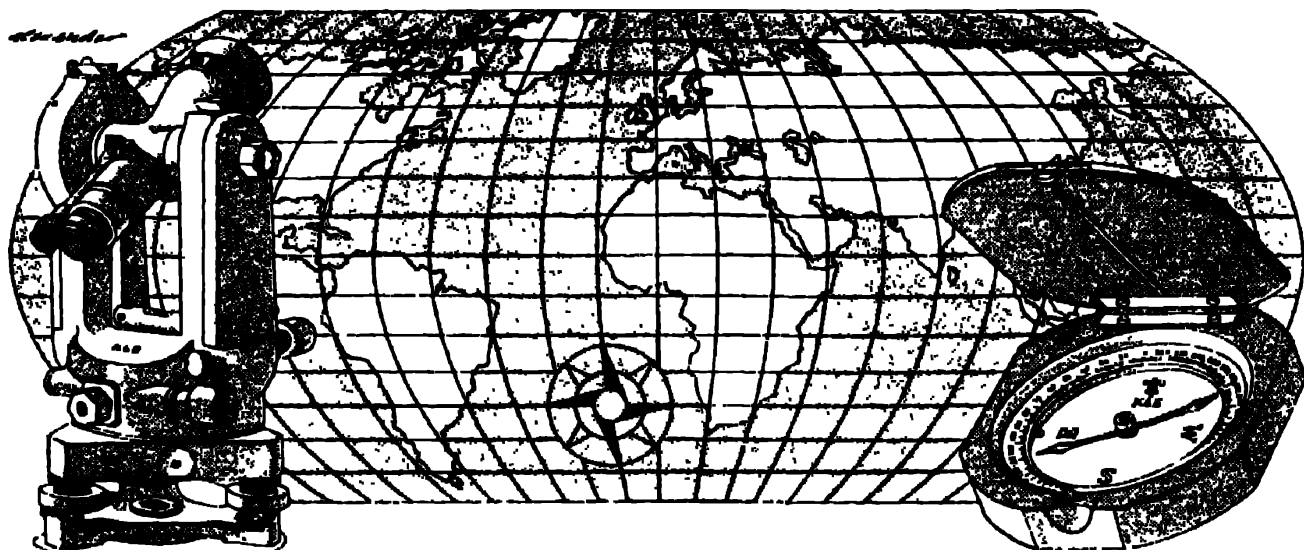
Amabel Williams Ellis—author, broadcaster, and mother of a family—wrote *The Art of Being a Parent* (Bodley Head, 1952, 8s. 6d.). Concerning this article she writes:

"Believe it or not, our sons and daughters would very much like our help and advice about their courtships. But a veil of shyness lies between us. 'They've got a moral standard of their own, but it doesn't seem to be quite the same, so I don't know what I ought to say!' So spoke the mother of a boy with a poignant love problem on his hands who seemed also doomed by shyness not to be able to explain his troubles.

"This New Jersey teacher and her classes seem to have got over these difficulties of communication wonderfully well. Read the results of their consultations, and even if you disagree, you will have benefited by so clear, sensible and factual a discussion. Read the facts, too, of course. They will remind you of the divine madness, and the exquisite folly without which all the rest would be incomprehensible."

jokes, in the way he remembers the special anniversary days that are important to her, in the way they stand by each other when troubles come.

Parents comment on the positive changes that have come over their youngsters after taking our course. The youngsters say that they are able to think straighter about their problems. A survey made a few years ago indicates that the divorce rate for graduates of our course is only a fraction of the national divorce rate.



## MAP THE WORLD

*Condensed from Harper's Magazine*

C. Lester Walker

**D**URING World War II radar-guided bombers based on Corsica kept missing their targets. When Corsica's position was resurveyed, the whole island had to be relocated on the map—an astonishing thing in a region like the Mediterranean, which had been surveyed for centuries.

Of the world's 55 million square miles of land surface, only one-tenth is covered by topographical maps—the kind which shows the exact configuration of the land. All the countries of Western Europe are 100 per cent topographically mapped, accurately and in large scale. The United States is less completely mapped than Japan or India.

Some months ago Stanley Lott, a civilian pilot, was flying near Pendleton, Oregon, when heavy icing forced his plane down to 4,700

*Only one-tenth of the world's land area is adequately mapped*

feet. He reported to the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration station at Pendleton and asked for instructions. The CAA knew that there were uncharted mountains in the region where Lott was flying, so they warned him to keep above 7,000 feet. Lott tried to comply, but could not. Presently he flew straight into a mountain, killing himself and two passengers.

The CAA had given Lott the best information available, but that ridge was not on its charts. Why not? Because the area had never been topographically mapped, despite the fact that it is only a few miles from Pendleton and two main highways.

There are topographical maps for

little more than half the United States, and detailed, large-scale ones for less than a fifth. Only two states are adequately mapped, and some of the states farther west have hundreds of thousands of square miles never touched by topographical mapping. The U.S. Geological Survey estimates that there are at least 900 million uncharted acres in the United States.

Over the rest of the world, where maps are not lacking altogether, many in use are inaccurate. Well-esteemed maps of the Atlantic coast of Panama turn out to have been compiled from British Admiralty charts of the year 1854. Maps of Australia show lakes which have been bone dry for 100 years. Maps of one Latin-American country showed a large lagoon where actually 2,000-foot peaks rose. Isle of Pines, just south of Cuba, which aircraft have long used as a check point when approaching Havana, turns out to have been misplaced on maps as much as 18 miles. Canadians, recently remapping their north-east coast, have discovered 5,000 square miles of islands where current maps had shown only empty sea.

There is a particular dearth of special-purpose maps used by engineers, agriculturists, geologists. Geological maps, for instance, and maps of soils, ground-water resources, forests, water power, vegetation, drainage, climate, land erosion, land use exist for only a small fraction of the earth's area. The United Nations

in a recent report complained that less than two per cent of the land area of the world was mapped on a scale large enough for use in its planning and development.

Do inadequate maps make a great difference in the world's affairs?

One instructive example is that of Great Britain's land-utilization map, fortunately completed before World War II. It shows in minute detail what all the lands from the top of Scotland to the tip of Cornwall are best suited for. This map enabled Britain, in the first months of the war, to expand her ploughland acreage by 60 per cent, and double the island's production of essential foods.

Some years ago Tennessee decided to build a new cross country road, and engaged private surveyors to lay out its course. Their survey indicated a road 26.3 miles long. But the state geologist was dissatisfied and got the U.S. Geological Survey to make a detailed strip-contour map of the area. From this map state engineers picked out another course for the road—seven miles shorter—saving \$400,000 in construction costs.

In the new land of Israel a dew-fall map has meant much to agricultural development. Since the summers are rainless, dew is a major factor in the water balance of the vegetation; the map shows, with contourlike lines, how much dew falls annually in various parts of the country, and the number of dewfall

nights. From these and other data farm planners know what to plant and where.

Perhaps the grandest-scale sample of the difference maps can make is Britain's groundnut venture in Africa. It was launched with great expectations: millions of acres of wild land in Tanganyika were to be converted to peanut growing to produce edible oils and margarine for Britain's fat-hungry citizens. It was called "the biggest food-raising scheme ever attempted." But it turned into a dismal failure. No small part of the trouble seems to have stemmed from the fact that its planners were too casual about the need for adequate maps.

Two large areas were considered as the site for major development: one region was reached by a railway from the port of Dar-es-Salaam; the other was inland, without good road or rail connection to the sea. The former area was picked, because of the railway.

Good soil maps would have forewarned against this choice. But the soil maps used were based on inadequate data. The land turned out to be so full of quartz sand that ploughs and other implements rapidly wore out. The soil also has an iron cement content; unless ample rains softened it at just the right time, the ground became so hard that the peanut sprouts couldn't push through it. Four years after the project was launched it had cost over £26,000,000 and had not produced

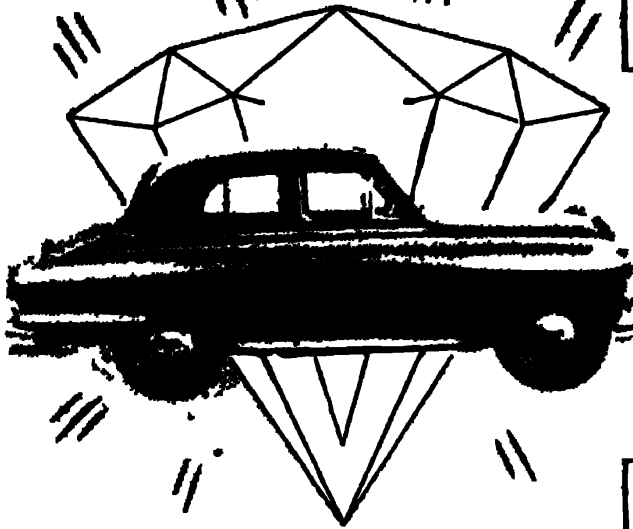
enough peanuts to equal the amount used for seed.

Obviously the sooner the world can get an accurate map of its whole self, the better off it will be. And the preparation of such a map has been under way now for some time. This is the so-called Millionth Map, or International Map of the World, which is sponsored by the International Geographical Union. The idea for it goes back to 1891, when a young professor of geography at the University of Vienna, Albrecht Penck, proposed it to the International Geographical Congress. A scale of one-in-a-million (about one inch to 16 miles) was suggested, and an international committee was appointed to study the matter.

But for 18 years the project got nowhere. National differences of opinion blocked progress. French geographers objected to Greenwich as the zero meridian and insisted on Paris. British geographers protested the use of the metric system; they preferred feet and inches.

In 1909 Britain invited ambassadors from various nations to meet in London to see if the world map couldn't finally be launched. This meeting settled all questions.

Progress was interrupted by World War I. However, before the war had advanced very far the Allies discovered they needed a map of Europe of the style and accuracy of the intended International Map of the World. So the Royal Geographical Society prepared one



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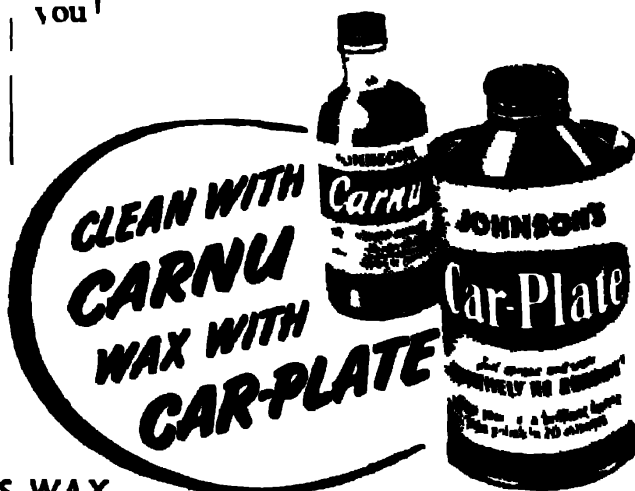
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which covered Europe (except for Spain and Portugal) north to Leningrad and east to the Urals and was essentially a near twin to the proposed IMW.

By 1938, 48 sovereign nations were enlisted in the International Map project, and nearly a fourth of the map had been completed and published. Currently a new mapping of Latin America is under way. Some of the difficulties which this survey has already encountered go far to explain why the world has not been wholly mapped long before this. Despite aircraft and photography, accurate mapping still needs on the ground a network of accurate points of latitude, longitude and elevation, known as the "geodetic control." (In this survey the points are fixed by markers which must be correct to one half-inch in seven miles.) This means survey parties on foot must set up observation stations, and more than 500 stations of different types were established in one year. This is only a dot on the map, for in the plotting of a single north south arc the number of stations eventually to be involved would be nearly 2,000. And the territory to be covered is 6,000 miles long and 3,000 wide.

To set up just one station, survey parties have had to hack through jungle for 14 days to go 20 miles, and then stay on station for weeks, waiting for enough clear weather to make observations. If the weather was wet (as in parts of Costa Rica

Last autumn No. 82 Squadron, Bomber Command, R.A.F., completed the greatest peacetime air survey ever made by covering 1,216,000 square miles of Africa. The same squadron found another use for their mapping technique during the disastrous flooding of the East Coast last February. With other R.A.F. units they flew 40,000 miles in more than 70 sorties and made 16,000 negatives. Often the photographs showed breaches unknown to those labouring on the ground. At the same time the R.A.F. flew sorties to Holland, and their pictures helped the Dutch authorities to fight their own terrible floods.

where rainfall is 320 inches a year) fungus formed on the lenses of instruments. Or if it was dry the heat created a smokelike haze which cut down visibility. Some of the stations had to wait more than 100 days for proper observation conditions.

On the Bolivia-Chile border the members of one survey party toiled up 18,000-foot Cerro Santiago to find that their line of sight was blocked by another mountain. Because the season was late they would have to wait till the following year to climb the other peak and continue the work.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Map of the World moves towards completion at such a seemingly plodding pace? The last tally reported from the organization's headquarters in England gave 461 sheets finished of the planned total of 961 for the continents and adjacent islands.

"Come to think of it, why do they call it baby-sitting?"



## *My Day with Susan*

Condensed from  
Leelanau Enterprise Tribune  
*Karl Detzer*

UNTIL RECENTLY I've managed to live a fairly sheltered life. There have been minor incidents, like the gun battle I once had on the roofs of Paris. And the time I fell through the floor of a burning mattress factory in Chicago. But all in all, life has been tranquil.

Then, in a feeble minded moment, I agreed to "look after" Susan, my year old granddaughter.

Susan was having her nap when her mother and grandmother left for a five-hour shopping trip. She would sleep for another hour or more, her mother said. But Susan began to holler as soon as the car

went down the drive. So I got her up. When I opened the door Susan beamed at me and bounced up and down merrily in her crib. I gathered together the intimate gadgets used in the operation called "changing the baby" and placed them on the bed. Then I carried her to the bed and placed her, oh, so gently, on her back. Susan gurgled at me. But just as I reached for her nether garment, she flipped over like a circus acrobat and lit out on hands and knees.

I caught her as she was catapulting off the bed and dragged her back. That offended Susan's dignity. She screamed, grabbed the glasses off my nose and flung them across the room. I darted after them. Flip, flop—she was off to the races again.

"Now, young lady," I said, when I captured her, "we're through with games." That was when she caught my necktie. She has a cute trick of yanking it tight, like a noose, and strangling her grandfather. By the time I was breathing again my face was the brightest colour she'd ever seen. Susan likes bright colours. She laughed merrily.

Once more, determinedly, I started the operation. A year-old baby and an eel have much in common. Only an eel isn't so slippery. And it doesn't shriek. Pitting my determination against her vast strength and intelligence, however, I finally got both sides properly pinned. Well, anyway, they were pinned.

Next came her clothes. The man who designs shirts for infants is a mad genius. He conceals the sleeves. While I was fumbling to find them Susan flailed all her arms violently—she must have at least eight of them. Finally, I mastered them, and the shirt.

It was with her cute little blue overalls, however, that I scored my real triumph. Susan didn't want to wear overalls. But, by thunder, she wore 'em! Not all in one piece, I admit. She just wore as much as stayed together at the end of our battle. Terrible, what flimsy material they use these days! Susan managed to split both legs down the seam from belt to ankles. By the time I got the last snapper snapped she looked like the Little Match Girl. She also looked furious at her grandfather.

I tried to make small, soothing sounds to quiet her. But she couldn't hear me; she was making so much noise she couldn't have heard the fire alarm if it had gone off in the room. I reached down to pick her up. That's when she bit my thumb. It's difficult to watch your language in the presence of the Little Ones, so it's just as well that she couldn't hear me. She has only eight teeth,

but a sabre-toothed tiger couldn't have done a better job on that thumb. I didn't bleed to death and that disappointed Susan no end.

Susan has a lovely play pen in the living-room. It is full of lovely toys. I put her into it and breathed again—for a moment. But Susan didn't want to play with her lovely toys in her lovely play pen. All she wanted was to get the hell out of there. She threw her toys all over the room, to the accompaniment of bellows. I put the toys back. She hurled them out again. I leaned over to calm her, she grabbed my glasses again and threw them after the toys.

A couple of friends dropped in for a few minutes. At the sound of their car Susan dried her tears. She greeted them with an angelic smile. But as soon as they left she went into her impersonation of the Mad Mullah once more. She'd just been resting.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that a man can learn something new each day. I learned how long it is from two o'clock to seven. I guess I'm not cut out for baby-sitting.

Come to think of it, why do they call it *baby-sitting*?



THE older you get the more you realize that kindness  
is synonymous with happiness.

—Lionel Barrymore



# The Indian All Round Us

By Bernard DeVoto

*Author of "The Course of Empire," "Across the West," "Missouri," "The Year of Decision," etc.*

**T**HE EUROPEANS who developed into the Americans took over from the Indians many things besides their continent. Look at a few: tobacco, corn, potatoes, beans (kidney, string and lima and therefore succotash), tomatoes, sweet potatoes, squash, popcorn and peanuts, chocolate, pineapples, hominy, Jerusalem artichokes, maple sugar. Moccasins, snowshoes, toboggans, hammocks, ipecacuanha, quinine, the crew haircut, goggles to prevent snow blindness—these are all Indian in origin. So is the versatile boat that helped the white man occupy the continent, the birch-bark canoe, and the custom canoeists have of painting designs on its bow.

A list of familiar but less impor-

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*A rich part of our heritage—and one that is too little appreciated*

---

tant plants, foods and implements would run to several hundred items. Another long list would be needed to enumerate less tangible Indian contributions to our culture, such as arts, crafts, designs, ideas, beliefs, superstitions and even profanity. But there is something far more familiar, something that is always at hand and is used daily by every American and Canadian without awareness that it is Indian: a large vocabulary.

Glance back over the first paragraph. "Potato" is an Indian word, so is "tobacco," and if "corn" is not, the word "maize" is and Americans

used it for a long time, as the English do still. Some Indians chewed tobacco, some used snuff, nearly all smoked pipes or cigars or cigarettes, and the white man gladly adopted all forms of the habit. But he spoke of "drinking" tobacco instead of smoking it, for a long time. Squash, hominy, ipecacuanha, quinine, hammock, chocolate, canoe are all common nouns that have come into the English—or rather the American—language from Indian languages. Sometimes the word has changed on the way, perhaps only a little as with "potato," which was something like "batata" in the original, or sometimes a great deal, as with "cocoa," which began as, approximately, "cacahuatl."

"Quinine" is a modern word, made up by the scientists who first isolated the alkaloid substance from cinchona bark, but they derived it from the botanical name of the genus, which in turn was derived from the Indian name for it, "quinquina." The Indians, of course, used a decoction made from the bark.

Put on your moccasins and take a walk in the North American countryside. If it is a cold day and you wear a mackinaw, your jacket will be as Indian as your footwear, though "mackinaw" originally meant a heavy blanket of fine quality and, usually, bright colours. On your walk you may smell a skunk, see a raccoon or possum, hear the call of a moose. Depending on what part of the country you are

in, you may see a chipmunk, muskrat, woodchuck or coyote. The names of all these animals are Indian words. (A moose is "he who eats off," that is, who browses on leaves. A raccoon is "he who scratches with his hands.") You may see hickory trees or catalpas, pecans or mesquite, and these too are Indian words. At the right season and place you may eat persimmons or pawpaws or scuppernongs. All the breads and most of the puddings made from cornmeal originated with the Indians but none of the original names except "pone" has been kept.

On a Cape Cod beach you may see clammers digging quahogs, or as a Cape Codder would say, "coehoggin'." The Pilgrims learned the name and the method of getting at them from the Indians: they even learned the technique of steaming them with seaweed that Americans practise at clambakes. The muskellunge and the terrapin were named by Indians. Children may build a wigwam to play in—it was a brush hut or a lodge covered with bark—or they may ask you to buy them a tepee, which was originally made of buffalo hide but can be canvas now. They may chase one another with tomahawks.

The people earliest in contact with the Indians found all these words useful, but some Indian sounds they found hard to pronounce, such as the *tl* at the end of many words in Mexico and the South-west. That is



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why "coyotl" became "coyote" and "tomatl" our tomato. Or accidental resemblances to English words might deceive them, as with "muskrat." The animal does look like a rat and has musk glands, but the Indian word was "musquash," which means "it is red."

Some words were simply too long. "Succotash" began as "musick-wautash," "hominy" as "rockahominy," and "mackinaw" as "michilimackinac." (The last, of course, was the name given to the strait, the fort, the island, and ended as the name of a blanket and a jacket because the fort was a trading post.) At that, these are comparatively short; remember the lake in Massachusetts whose name is Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg.

Twenty-six of the United States have Indian names, as have scores of cities, towns, lakes, rivers and mountains. In Maine are Kennebec, Penobscot, Androscoggin, Piscataqua, Wiscasset and many others, from Arowsic to Sytopilock by way of Mattawamkeag. California, noted for its Spanish names, is still well supplied with such native ones as Yosemite, Mojave, Sequoia, Truckee, Tahoe, Siskiyou. Washington has Yakima, Walla Walla, Spokane, Snoqualmie, Wenatchee; and Florida has Okeechobee, Seminole, Manatee, Ocala and as many more as would fill a page. So with all the other states.

Consider such rivers as the Ar-

kansas, Ohio, Mohawk, Wisconsin, Rappahannock, Minnesota, Merrimack, Mississippi, Missouri and Swannee. Or such lakes as Ontario, Cayuga, Winnepesaukee, Memphremagog, Winnebago. Or such mountain ranges and peaks as Allegheny, Wichita, Wasatch, Shasta, Katahdin. Or cities: Milwaukee, Chattanooga, Sandusky.

The meaning of such names is not always clear. Tourist bureaux like to make up translations like bower-of-the-laughing-princess or land-of-the-sky-blue-water, but Indians were as practical-minded as anyone else and usually used a word that would identify the place. Unpoetic pioneers christened dozens of streams Mud Creek or Muddy River—and that is about what Missouri means. The Sauk or Kickapoo word that gave Chicago its name had something to do with a strong smell. There may be some truth in the contention of rival cities that it meant "place of the skunks," but more likely it meant "place where wild onions grow." Kentucky does not mean "dark and bloody ground" as the sentimental legend says, but merely "place of meadows," which shows that the blue grass impressed Indians, too. Niagara means "point of land that is cut in two."

Quite apart from their meaning, such words as Kentucky, Niagara and Potomac are beautiful just as sounds. Though Americans usually take it for granted, the beauty of Indian place names impresses visi-

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tors from other countries. But since some Indian languages abounded with harsh sounds or gutturals, this beauty is unevenly distributed. In New England such names as Ogunquit, Megantic and Naugatuck are commoner than such more pleasing ones as Housatonic, Narragansett and Merrimack. The Pacific Northwest is overbalanced with harsh sounds like Nootka, Klamath, Klickitat and Clackamas, though it has its share of more agreeable ones—Tillamook, for instance, and Umatilla, Willamette, Multnomah. (Be sure to pronounce Willamette right: accent the second syllable.)

Open vowels were abundant in the languages spoken in the southeastern states, so that portion of the map is thickly sown with delightful names. Alabama, Pensacola, Tuscaloosa, Savannah, Okefenokee, Chattahoochee, Sarasota, Ocala, Roanoke—they are charming words, pleasant to speak, pleasanter to hear. One could sing a child to sleep with a poem composed of just such names. In New York, if Skaneateles twists the tongue, Seneca glides smoothly from it and so do Tonawanda, Tuscarora, Oneonta, Saratoga, Genesee, Lackawanna, even Chautauqua and Canajoharie.

What is the most beautiful Indian

place name? A surprising number of English writers have argued that question in travel books. No one's choice can be binding on anyone else. But there is a way of making a kind of answer: you can count the recorded votes. In what is written about the subject certain names appear repeatedly. Niagara and Tuscarora and Otsego are on nearly all the lists. So are Savannah and Potomac, Catawba, Wichita and Shenandoah.

But the five that are most often mentioned are all in Pennsylvania. That state has its Allegheny and Lackawanna, and many other musical names like Aliquippa, Towanda, Punxsutawney. But five others run away from them all. Wyoming (which moved a long way west and named a state) and Conestoga and Monongahela seem to be less universally delightful than the two finalists, Juniata and Susquehanna. For 150 years, most of those who have written on the subject have ended with these two, and in the outcome Juniata usually takes second place. According to the write-in vote, then, the most beautiful place name in the United States is Susquehanna. It may be ungracious to remember that it first came into the language as "Saquesahannock."

ONE of the best ways to make your old car run better is to learn the price of a '53 model.

—United Mine Workers' Journal

*Jean Monnet is building a new Europe round coal and steel*

## "MR. EUROPE"

*Condensed from  
The Rotarian*

"EUROPE is born!" This dramatic announcement was made undramatically by a short, sturdy man with brown eyes who neither raised his voice nor gestured. Standing in the flag-decked town hall of the tiny Duchy of Luxembourg last August 10, he sounded more like a registrar of births than the proud father of a newborn infant.

But Jean Monnet of France, looking much younger than his 64 years, is indeed the father of the European Coal and Steel Community—the most inspired endeavour of post-war Europe. Through it European nations have joined in a community of federal structure for the first time in history. France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, with a combined population of 160 million, have agreed on a single market for their production



Andre Visson

of 240.4 million tons of coal and 41.6 million tons of steel.

This Coal and Steel Community, with Luxembourg as its capital, forms a pattern for federal administration that can include other European nations

and be applied to other fields of economic and political life. Indeed, it is the nucleus for a European federation.

The blueprint for this organization is known as the Schuman Plan, after France's able Foreign Minister who sponsored it. But it was Monnet who conceived the idea, and Monnet who drafted the charter that calls for a strong executive, a federal parliament and a federal court. And when representatives met to nominate the first president of the new Community, the unanimous choice was Jean Monnet.

So Jean Monnet is now the

No. 1 European; he has the most responsible and taxing job on the Continent. As president of what is known as the High Authority, his official concern is only with coal and steel. But the decisions he makes can affect the whole economic life of the six member nations, even of all Europe. He must prepare reports for the Common Assembly of 78 representatives of the six parliaments to which the High Authority is responsible. There are also matters to be discussed with the delegations accredited by the United States and Great Britain, which recognize the Community as a sovereign federal state.

Jean Monnet was born the son of a French brandy-maker in the small town of Cognac—a name that is a world trade-mark for the best in brandies. At the age of 16 he left school to work in his father's business. "The great thing about brandy," say Monnet, "is that it teaches you patience." (It takes 30 years to produce a superior brandy.) While selling the family product in England, Canada and the United States, young Monnet learned to speak English fluently.

During World War I, through family connections, he met the leading French statesmen and sat in on discussions of national procedures. So great were his vision, tenacity and power of persuasion, he convinced them that the French and British must pool their economic and shipping resources if victory

were to be won. Sent to London, he organized the highly successful Wheat Executive Agreement, an alliance of Great Britain, France and Italy which determined the purchase and distribution of all cereals on a common basis. This alliance resulted in the Allied Maritime Transport Council, set up to do for shipping what the Wheat Executive Agreement had done for cereals.

After the war Monnet's zeal for international co-operation brought him to Geneva as assistant secretary-general of the League of Nations. But in 1923 came an SOS from his father. The family business, shattered by the war, was in serious difficulties. Monnet rushed to Cognac. It took two years of hard work to remedy matters there. Then he looked round for a new job. Geneva no longer attracted him: the prospect for real international co-operation through the League of Nations looked dim.

He got a partnership in Blair & Co., a New York house engaged in international finance. Thus began for him a period of high adventure. New York, San Francisco, Paris, Warsaw, Bucharest, Stockholm, Shanghai, in turn, saw the active little Frenchman with the quick, brown eyes and ruddy cheeks. He reorganized the state finances of Poland and Rumania, wound up the bankrupt Swedish match empire, financed the construction of Chinese railways.

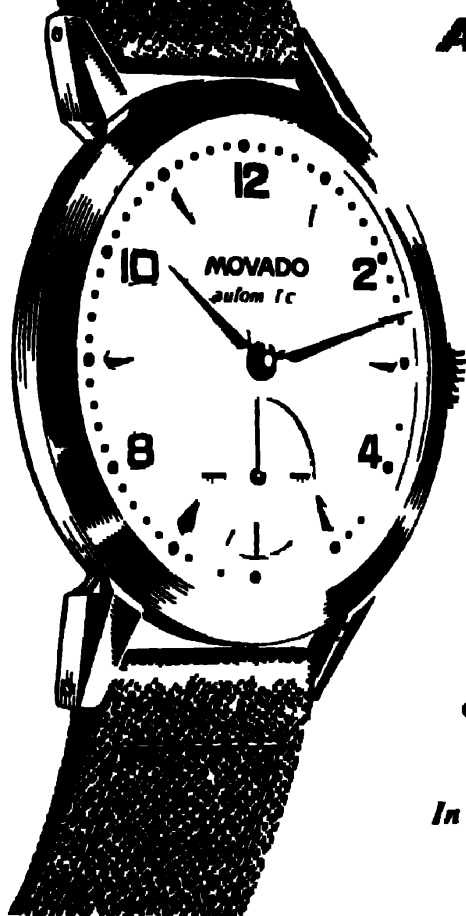
When World War II broke out,

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Monnet left New York for London to serve as chairman of the Anglo-French Co-ordinating Committee. The million-dollar orders for planes and engines he placed in the United States stimulated the quadrupling of American aircraft manufacture. This time he pushed French-British economic integration much further than in the previous war. He used all his powers of persuasion to sell a bold idea to Winston Churchill. On Sunday, June 16, 1940, Churchill startled the world with the proposal: "France and Great Britain will no longer be two nations, but one indissoluble French-British Union!" It came too late. Pétain had taken over.

Monnet's friends expected him to join General de Gaulle's "Free French" movement. But he knew France could not regain her freedom unless Britain won her own fight. So he returned to America to work with the British Supply Council—a French citizen with British diplomatic credentials and a personal letter from Churchill.

Together with American and British military and civil leaders, he worked out a programme for production which, after Pearl Harbour, became known as the Victory Programme: 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, eight million tons of shipping by the end of 1942. He worked 12 to 14 hours a day and managed to live in Washington for three years without attending a single cocktail party.

After the liberation of France,

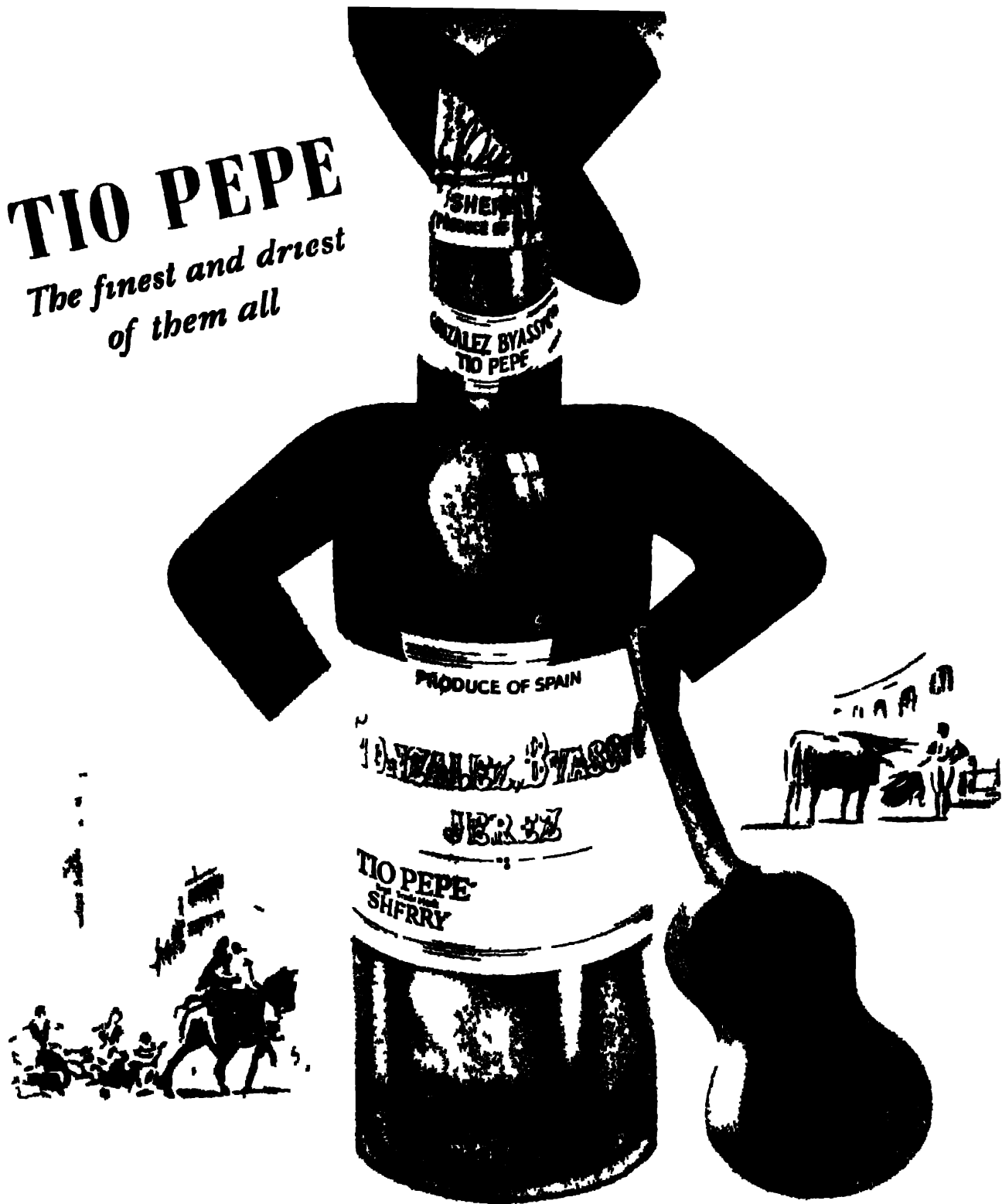
Monnet appealed to his countrymen: "What France needs above all else is the modernization of her equipment and methods of production." He won his plea. A five-year plan with Monnet as its High Commissioner was established. For the first time in his life he was holding public office in his native land.

After five years of the Monnet Plan—greatly aided by the Marshall Plan—France's national production was 50 per cent higher than before the war. Output of steel had risen from 6.2 to 10.5 million tons; of coal from 47.6 to 55 million tons. But this was not enough. Monnet knew that France could not by herself recover either her prewar prosperity or security. European countries could not catch up with the United States' formidable economic advance, or cope with the Soviet military menace, unless they pooled their resources.

However, this pooling of economic and military might was possible only if France and Germany could overcome their age-old distrust. If German coal and French iron—without which no weapons could be forged—were brought under one authority, war between France and Germany would become impossible. This would open the way for an economically sound and militarily strong Europe.

It was to achieve this that Monnet conceived the European Coal and Steel Community. The aim is to create a single European market for

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coal and steel, and to end monopolies that have strangled production. In normal times the joint effort assures a duty-free flow of coal and steel to participating nations. In times of shortage it can prevent discrimination by allocating whatever is available. In times of depression it can prevent overproduction.

The executive power of the Community is vested in a nine-man High Authority. Eight members are appointed by common agreement of the participating nations for a period of six years; these choose a ninth as president. They are members of an independent, supranational body and can neither be instructed nor recalled by the respective governments. The High Authority is responsible only to the Common Assembly. This Assembly is composed of 18 members each from France, Germany and Italy, ten from Belgium and Holland, and four from Luxembourg; all are elected for one year by their respective parliaments. By a two-thirds vote the Common Assembly can compel the members of the High Authority to resign.

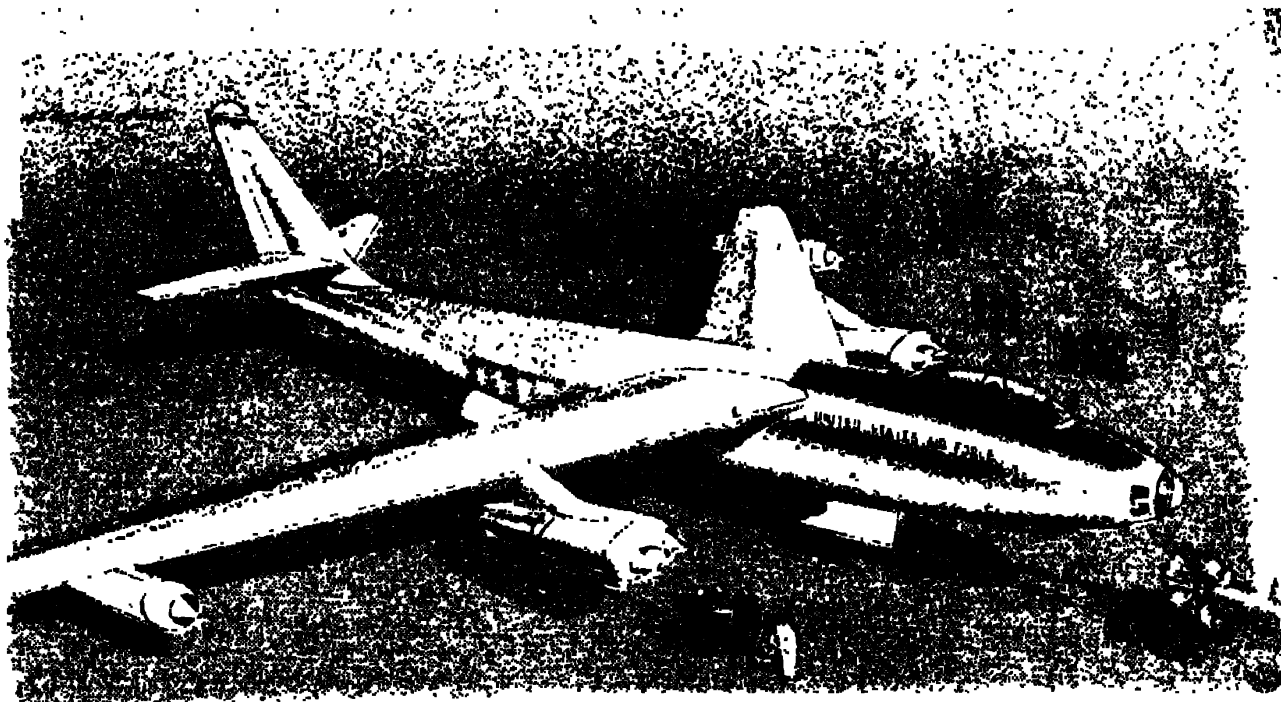
The High Authority has its own budget. It can levy taxes on coal and steel production, and it can make loans. It can impose fines on industries refusing to abide by its decisions, which are enforceable through the Community's Court of Justice, whose seven judges are appointed by the participating nations for a period of six years.

Lord Layton, a director of the *News Chronicle* and the *Star*, and Chairman of the board of the *Economist*, has worked closely with Jean Monnet. He comments:

"At the moment when the European Coal and Steel Plan is coming into being, it is useful to recall, as this article does, Jean Monnet's remarkable background and, in particular, his wartime service as Vice-Chairman of the British Supply Council in Washington. If there is any Frenchman who really understands the British business world, Britain's Civil Service and its economic structure, Jean Monnet is the man.

"It is in keeping that he has warmly welcomed to his headquarters at Luxembourg the official British Mission sent by Mr. Churchill. He realizes that Britain will not put her basic industries under the authority of a European Parliament or a European Executive; but he knows that we must work closely with the Pool, and is negotiating with the Mission in the belief that we shall accept many of the obligations of the new organization. He will almost certainly prove to be right."

The father of the Coal and Steel Community can see plenty of obstacles in the way of European union. "The most important thing in life," he says, "is to have a goal and to know that there is no turning back. The Community is the first step towards European federation. The road will not be easy, but it is the only one that offers Europe a future, so we cannot turn back. And I am confident that our goal will be attained."



## "OPERATION MANY BASKETS"

*By Francis Vivian Drake*

**A**LL AMERICANS know that across the Pole lies a ruthless aggressor, unlikely to be deterred by anything but fear of overwhelming retaliation. But how strong *is* our power of reprisal, how effective our means of delivering it?

Previously it had been held that our long-range B-36 intercontinental bombers, capable of carrying an atom bomb from the United States to any target in the world, offered the maximum discouragement to aggressors. Might not short-range blows, delivered from many bases closer to Russia, offer a more formidable deterrent?

During this deliberation, every factor was painstakingly re-evaluated—the growing size of Russia's

air force, already twice as big as ours, her new jets that have made our propeller-driven B-36s obsolescent; and the insistent warning of our intelligence services that by 1954 Russia would be strong enough to start World War III if she wished. From this survey emerged a new plan. No longer were we to rely on a few great bases at home. Instead, we were to adopt a new grouping of bases *overseas*, spearheaded by a string of what the then Secretary of the Air Force, Thomas Finletter, called "bargain bases"—single runway affairs from which our atom bombers could strike repeatedly and powerfully at the heartland of the aggressor.

To the layman this proposal



might not seem to make sense. Why, if we have intercontinental bombers capable of striking directly from the United States, should we entangle ourselves in overseas commitments? What could be better than to strike back across the North Pole, the shortest route to Russia? The answers came from the strange new values of the jet-atomic age:

*First*, we have no operational jet bombers with enough range to do intercontinental bombing, and because of past inaction we cannot get them until 1957. But we *do* have the new swept-wing B-47, the largest and finest jet bomber in the world. The B-47 has a combat radius of 2,000 miles, and it can be produced in quantity by 1954.

*Second*, intercontinental bombing wastes precious time. It takes a crew about six hours to prepare for a long mission, and it takes 30 to 40 hours to fly the mission in a propeller plane. At the end of such a mission the crew is exhausted and must have 48 hours' rest. An intercontinental bomber thus could not make more than two trips a *week*. On the other hand, a B-47 based overseas could bomb one target, return to a base, refuel, reload and destroy another target—*before the intercontinental bomber had landed back in the United States*.

*Third*, intercontinental bombing ties us to a single approach—the short route across the Pole—and this permits concentration of enemy defences. Moreover, the polar route

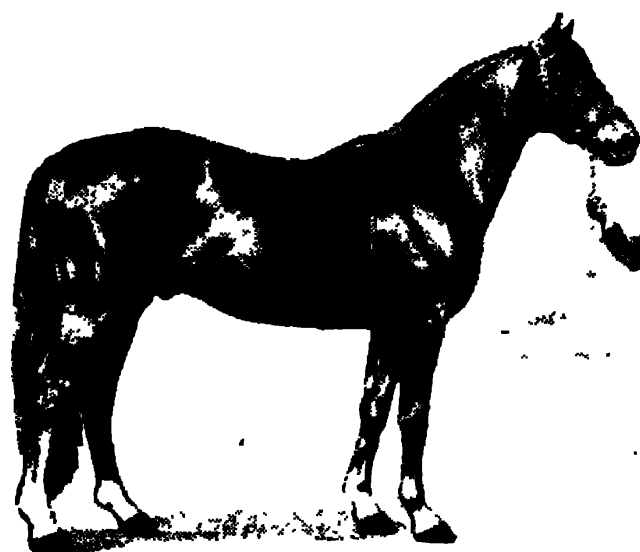
has 24 hours of daylight all summer, and vapour trails are visible for hundreds of miles. By contrast, the southern approaches to Russia have dark nights even in midsummer.

Finally, overwhelming retaliation by the intercontinental route would require an enormous and expensive fleet of bombers, perhaps ten times the size of any force we have ever had. By using overseas bases to shorten the distance from take-off to target, we can make a much smaller fleet serve just as well.

Before committing the United States to the new plan, however, the High Command took a final look at an alternative proposed by many—that of making home defences impregnable. Here the results proved disappointing, even with all the new wonder weapons. Atom bombers, flying singly at 650 m.p.h. at 50,000 feet, carrying electronic counter-measures to jam the defences, are hard to intercept. During World War II the Germans had achieved an average destruction of two per cent of our bombers. Even today our Air Defence Command, using the latest anti-aircraft devices and sonic-speed jets, is able to achieve an interception rate of only ten per cent.

In the light of these bleak facts the new reprisal plan was adopted and base arrangements were urgently requested. The whole scheme is aptly described by its unofficial title, "Operation Many Baskets"—so many that Russia could not escape

# A good judge...



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### Great reading for a memorable month

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#### **A "New" Poem to Her Majesty the Queen** *by Walter de la Mare*

In a special four-page section, a hitherto unpublished poem by one of Britain's greatest poets salutes Her Majesty—and there's a very interesting story behind this Coronation poem.

#### **Caviare for the Comrades**

When four American journalists invaded Eastern Germany (officially to visit Leipzig Fair) things happened. They ate with ordinary people—ordered caviare for them—invited known informers to join them at table. In fact, the Eastern Zone had its gayest week for years—and the dreaded police couldn't do a thing!

#### **Drunk Trap**

The Alcometer is the latest aid enlisted by American police in their battle for safety on the roads. Neither the driver nor his lawyer can refute its evidence—the drunken driver is sure to be convicted. In one city where police used this device, car-owners who were doubtful of their sobriety decided it would be wiser to go home by taxi!

#### **Why Didn't You Get that Promotion?**

Ideas on what makes a man suitable for promotion to a better job are changing. Howard Whitman gives examples of the kind of questions big American companies are asking candidates for promotion—and the answers that show whether a man is fit for a better job.

#### **Fabulous Midget: The Transistor**

In less than half a century the thermionic valve—essential part of a radio set or an electronic brain—has changed the world. Now there's the transistor coming along to replace the valve—minute in size, long-lasting, cheap—and new frontiers are opening in radio, television, radar.

#### **Never say Diet!**

Ever thought you really must do something about getting your weight down? Then you'll want to read Corey Ford's light-hearted survey of recommended diets. Perhaps you'll even agree with his final conclusion—that the simplest way to get your weight down is to *change the scales*.

**ALSO** these fascinating features among the good reading in next month's *Reader's Digest*:—*Man without Fear*—Old Firehorse Kinley; *The Greatness of Pablo Casals*; *The Truth about the Immigration Act*; *The Amazing Mr. Doolittle*; *Ferment on the Gold Coast*.

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# The Reader's Digest

overwhelming retribution if she started atomic war. Some 500 B-47s have been delivered, and production is approaching two a day. The job of implementing the whole design was given the Air Force, in particular to the Strategic Air Command.

Today the U.S. Air Force has about 20 big bases overseas. In addition to the NATO bases in England, Germany, Italy and France, it has others in Okinawa, Alaska, Greenland, Iceland, Spain, the Azores, Crete, Turkey and Saudi Arabia. Besides these there is the North African complex of six bases in Morocco and Tripoli, with headquarters in Rabat.

The heart and centre of "Operation Many Baskets" is the U.S. Strategic Air Command, America's primary atomic force. The potential power of SAC is so great that in case of war it is under the direct operational control of the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It is on stand-by alert night and day. A White House flash can order it into swift action. In case of attack against the United States, its standing directive is to "destroy the vital elements of the enemy's capacity until he no longer has the ability or the will to wage war." Its targets are not men but the structures of men—the industrial complexes, stockpiles and centres of government that sustain war.

So far this potential has never been used, even in Korea, but for the first time a global force has been

organized to strike anywhere in the world at short notice.

To make best use of the new bases SAC has developed an extraordinary degree of mobility. On 24 hours' notice a Wing of 45 B-47s, 20 aerial tankers, 30 air freighters, 2,586 men and nearly 300 tons of spare parts can take off for any forward base in the world and operate for 30 days without fresh supplies. Some 40,000 items, ranging from spare engines to tiny electronic valves, are kept prepackaged in aluminium boxes, ready to be shackled to special hooks in the planes. Every man has his assigned place. No one knows when an order may come from SAC—they come frequently.

On an average, each big-bomber crew spends 90 days a year overseas, flying realistic "combat" missions. With this new mobility the entire design for atomic defence begins to take realistic shape—global rings of bases from which *all* U.S. bombers, not just intercontinental types, can strike in such overwhelming numbers, in such a short time, that the aggressor would truly lack "the ability or the will" to wage war. One component remains, however—a component so essential that without it the entire design is a two-legged chair. To complete the plan we must have a modest reserve force of extreme-range jet bombers which, *in case all overseas bases failed*, could strike directly from the United States. Even if the Communists penetrated other govern-

ments, or harried our outer ring of bases, it would not gain them immunity from an ultimate blow from big hydrogen-bomb carriers.

These extreme-range jets have to be something much bigger than the B-47. Fortunately, we have such a plane coming along—a gigantic jet bomber named the B-52. Two prototypes have been successfully test-flown and the first few combat types are scheduled for delivery in 1956. The B-52 should come into actual service in SAC by 1957.

It is designed to outfly, outrange and outbomb any plane we know today—but, we have only a “token” handful on order. This minimum procurement violates the first lesson of the Air Age: *no type of plane is of any use unless it is available in adequate numbers.*

In order to justify building the planes at all, we shall need to raise the procurement of B-52s to about 500 for delivery in 1957 and 1958. Such a reserve fleet of B-52s would not mean that money spent on overseas bases is wasted. On the contrary, ability to use these bases, if only in part, would be better than having three times the B-52s without such bases. The B-52 is, to repeat, essentially an insurance weapon—but it is insurance of the most vital kind.

With these planes the design would be complete. Then we should have the best *deterrent force* it is in our power to construct without going bankrupt. We haven't got such a

force now. We shall never have it unless the U.S. Department of Defence can settle on a policy of first things first, for there is only so much money to go round. Aeroplanes and atom bombs don't bring defence on the cheap. They are costly, whoever builds and operates them. As long as we continue to scatter our strength we invite attack.

This fact has dawned on one of our allies a little ahead of us. In a paper delivered to our Defence Department some months ago, the British Government announced that after exhaustive study it had decided that its first line of defence would henceforward be the Air. It went on to say that until Britain achieved genuine strength in this department, it could not afford the luxury of trying to be equally strong in every service at once.

For a nation with a history of world power built up with traditional surface weapons, this was saying a great deal, but it is part and parcel of the era in which we live.

It is hard to convince ourselves that the world has actually reached the point where one man, by flicking a little switch in a bombsight, can drop the equivalent of three million tons of TNT, enough to destroy millions of people; but unhappily it is true. Multiply the man by a thousand, and we have a sudden, lethal force that must take precedence over old-fashioned ideas of “winning” wars after years of surface struggle.

"There is no burden that is not  
lightened by the sharing of it"

## Keeping the Heart's Door Open

By I. A. R. Wylie

**M**ANY YEARS AGO a friend whom I knew fairly well but not intimately came unexpectedly to see me. I sensed at once that she was in serious trouble, but being young, shy and afraid of seeming intrusive, I made no effort to help her unburden herself. I held her at arm's length. We talked of the weather, mutual friends, the news. We drifted further and further away from what was so vitally concerning her. That night she tried—fortunately unsuccessfully—to commit suicide. I realized then that at a critical moment I had shut the door in the face of a desperate need for sympathy and help.

This near tragedy brought me up sharp against a problem that confronts us all: we often realize that behind the calm façade of a friend's life are griefs and anxieties we shrink from touching, which are only revealed to us by chance flashes of self-betrayal. This knowledge creates in us a sense of helplessness and insufficiency. And it compels us, in our turn, to keep our own

silence, to make ourselves little islands of loneliness surrounded by seas of reserve and so-called pride.

I think we have made too much of this tight-lipped endurance. I am not decrying silent courage, but I think that the silence has been overvalued. It may be, to some extent, the cause of the alarming increase in mental breakdowns. Our burdens, unshared, become too heavy to be borne.

True, we must be neither self-pitiers nor wailing walls for the self-pitiers to weep against. But the people who lock their doors most securely against us are often the most in need of being reached. There are times when we need the courage to batter at the locked door and demand admittance even at the risk of rebuff.

I had a friend once who was truly afflicted with misfortune. She had a sick husband; she herself was ill. There was no money. But she wore a bright and smiling countenance that became in time almost a distorted mask. Her friends fell back

from her inaccessibility as from a high stone wall. I cared deeply for her and one day I took my courage in both hands and told her, "I know you are in desperate straits. If you want to talk about them please prove that we are friends and talk. If I can, I shall be proud to help. I shall be prouder still that you trusted me."

She was silent for a moment, fighting herself. Then she began, for the first time, I suspect, in years, to cry her heart out. It was like the bursting of a pent-up river. All the concealed fears and perplexities and griefs poured over its banks. And when the flood tide had passed, her strained, make-believe cheerfulness had given place to an openhearted serenity. We talked for hours. Her story is not mine to tell. I can only say that just by talking freely she was able to work out the worst of her difficulties. Long afterwards she confided that she had felt herself to be on the verge of a mental breakdown. My seemingly brash disregard for what she had considered her pride, her obligation to live out her tragedy in silence, had pulled her back from the abyss.

There is another approach which, though indirect, sometimes leads to the heart of the matter. When I feel in my bones that someone I know is very unhappy but doesn't know how to unburden herself or thinks that to do so would impose upon her friends, I go to her for help and advice. I confide my troubles to her.

She recognizes that I have trusted her and returns the confidence.

The highest walls that people build round their troubles seem to be those constructed round financial misfortune. Money can be wonderful to have. It is cruel-hard to be without it. But that men should be proud of having it or ashamed of not having it is silly. I brush aside the defences of friends who believe that though they can accept my time and strength—so much more valuable—they would be for ever humiliated if they confided their financial troubles to me or accepted financial help from me. To one protesting friend I retorted, "You mean that if I accepted help from *you*, I ought to feel humiliated."

After a moment's thought, she laughed. And the false pride which she had built around herself melted like a mist in sunshine.

Sometimes delicacy can be a form of crudity. To be "delicate" in your sympathy with someone in financial straits is, to my mind, to be clumsy and heavy-handed. It creates the impression that something as simple and natural as giving what you happen to have to someone who happens to be in need of it is in itself an indelicacy. Try forthrightness with a friend in need. You will find tight-lipped reticence breaking down before your matter-of-fact assumption that where money is concerned pride and reticence are out of place.

I suppose marital troubles are among the hardest to hear, cer-

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tainly the most dangerous to the well-intentioned sympathizer. It is a case of intruding "where angels fear to tread." And yet, referring back to the instance in my first paragraph, it was my failure to intrude that allowed my friend to drift to the brink of suicide. In that case, I was a friend of both husband and wife; I sympathized with both. I realized they were the victims of an incurable circumstance rather than of wrongdoing. There seemed little I could do. But I could have given her time. She was crushed breathless under her unhappiness. I could have persuaded her to talk her heart out; perhaps then she might have faced her disaster with more calm and judgment.

I failed her, partly from youth and diffidence but also because of a subconscious reluctance to take my share of another's burden. For the moment we become aware of another's troubles we become automatically responsible. The friend's troubles are ours until we have done our best to relieve them. So it appears much easier not to see, not to intrude.

Sick people—especially the chronically sick—are hard to approach. Sympathy can become a real intrusion, a cause of exasperation and finally in itself perfunctory. And yet it was from an invalid that I once learned a great lesson.

"I don't want sympathy," she said. "I want to feel you need me."

She had given me the key not only to her own citadel but to many other grimly defended citadels. From those who need us we can accept anything.

When we are perplexed as to what part we should play in our friends' troubles, it is our motive which should be our guide. And motives are tricky things. Are we seeking the gratification of mere curiosity? Do we want to make ourselves interesting by purveying gossip, by passing on, under the guise of sympathy, what has been entrusted to us? When we are sure that we seek nothing but the relief of another's distress, then I think we have the right and duty to risk the dangerous adventure of interference. We may fail. It may cost us dearly. But it is better to seem tactless than to be heartless, better to risk intrusion than to be indifferent. By intruding we may set someone who is on the verge of disaster back on to the road to rehabilitation.

If we give freely we must also accept freely. If we lock our own doors against sympathy we cannot expect other doors to open to us. We should remember that there is nothing that makes a good friend happier than to be trusted with his friend's troubles. There is no burden that is not lightened by the sharing of it.

Above all, we must keep our own doors open, so that grief can feel instinctively that with us it can find shelter and so that happiness can be sure of welcome.

*The great Communist howl of 1952—"Germ Warfare by the U.N. in Korea"—is examined by an American writer and refuted*

THE COMMUNIST HOWL

"GERM WARFARE BY THE U.N. IN KOREA"

Condensed from Pathfinder *Charles Stevenson*

**T**he Communists have accused the United States of germ warfare in Korea ever since late 1950 when U.N. troops broke out of their southern beach-head and swept north into the Reds' own domain. It is time we disposed of these charges by telling what we did do that the Communists have twisted into their biggest lie.

When we took Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, smallpox and typhus had already broken out among the 25,000 people remaining in the city; all were weak from hunger. So many doctors had been executed as reactionaries that hospitals were empty except for corpses. The patients had been allowed to starve or die for lack of care.

Working fast, relief teams accompanying our forces began distributing food and treating the ill. During the seven weeks of our régime, the population swelled to 150,000 and we fed them all. We started seven hospitals. We vaccinated 75,000. We

checked the spread of typhus and smallpox. In December, when we had to retreat, three million North Koreans—one out of every three inhabitants above the 38th parallel whom the Reds claimed as their own—insisted on going with us rather than endure a return of their own government.

Even before the war both northern and southern Korea were periodically hit by diphtheria and smallpox epidemics. Rudimentary sanitation and polluted water supplies caused a high rate of amoebic dysentery. Villages were overrun with rats. Mosquitoes spread malaria and encephalitis. When war intensified disease, the Communists did nothing to help. Instead they added starvation to the horror of the epidemics. To divert attention from their own guilt, and to explain away the diseases which again surged out of control after our retreat, they accused us of germ warfare.

That, in brief, is the story.

Up to now our battle against dis-

case has been so critical that many of its details have had to be hidden in military secrecy. But these facts are officially documented.

Following our retreat from North Korea, thousands of exhausted, sick refugees staggered ever southwards until they piled up against our headquarters at Pusan. There 10,000 were inoculated and sent to camps every 72 hours. But still they came. At the Cheju-do camps the ailments they had brought with them started to spread. When typhus broke out, the Air Force flew in medicines. The American, Canadian and Korean Red Cross brought in every square inch of canvas they could find. Twenty thousand patients were cared for in tent hospitals. All but 69 were saved.

We dusted with DDT, but it was ineffective against the species of typhus-carrying lice being brought from the north. Wherever Red soldiers or refugees had been, outbreaks of the disease continued. Moreover, new prisoners were introducing a highly contagious dysentery which failed to respond to normal treatment. The situation was perilous.

An infantry landing ship fitted out as a floating laboratory was dispatched to the Kojedo coast. Physicians, bacteriologists, sanitary engineers and hospital orderlies were sent in. Feverish research was begun by specialists from American medical schools, private practice and Government laboratories. The re-

search not only developed new antibiotic techniques that cured the dysentery but also new insecticide formulas that killed the lice. Their discovery will undoubtedly save countless lives in the future.

These treatments were immediately made public, and the Communists were free to use them. They did—not to save lives but to poison men's minds. The Communist radio barked:

"Americans are testing bacteriological weapons on captured Chinese volunteers. The criminal work is being carried out on board the U.S. landing ship on Kojedo. The Chinese Red Cross has filed charges of protest with the International Red Cross and demanded that the culprits be punished."

To stabilize our advances against Korea's disease and misery, UNCACK (United Nations Civil Assistance Command Korea) was formed. UNCACK teams, made up of personnel from 28 member nations, set up stations to feed and treat the horde of refugees moving south. Many were so near starvation that at first they could be given only rice water fortified with vitamins and sugar. All had to be vaccinated, then hunted up six months later for booster shots.

When military intelligence brought information that 800 were ill with typhus, dysentery and influenza on Cho-do, far north of the 38th parallel in enemy territory, two epidemic-control teams and a medical

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unit went there at the risk of being killed by Communist troops. Time and again, by ship and air, such teams have been sent to other epidemic spots in the north to treat the ill, vaccinate, and leave medicines.

We also had to clothe, feed and shelter millions of people. We replaced 20,000 wrecked homes the first year, helped rebuild factories, power plants and water works. We taught the people to bury human waste and chlorinate their wells. Nearly 1,000 tons of garbage was removed from the streets of Seoul. Fifty thousand rats were killed in Pusan in eight weeks. Kerosene was sent to rural areas for an anti-mosquito campaign.

The response of nameless Westerners to the cause can never be told in full. A soldier with the Third Army back in the States passed the hat and collected \$10,857. It bought more than three tons of garments. The same sort of thing happened in the 19th Bombardment Wing of the Air Force.

Five nuns from the Maryknoll Sisterhood at Ossining, New York, started a dispensary in Pusan that treated 2,000 Koreans daily. Entire families slept all night in the street to be in line. When the nuns needed more room GIs built an addition in their duty-free hours.

For seven months Capt. Osborne Floyd, a Negro doctor with the U.S. Field Artillery, cared for 3,000 Korean civilian patients in addition to his load as battalion surgeon.

These civilians walked all night from their hovels to line up at 4 a.m. at his camp in order to be treated as soon as he had completed battalion sick call. When off duty he ranged the countryside, delivering babies, giving medicine to the bedridden.

Children received special attention. The Communists tried to cover up what was being done for them by broadcasting vicious lies: "American officers have given instructions for the capture of Korean children," said Radio Moscow. "They are tied together and taken to the fields where they are buried with their heads above ground for American and South Korean target practice."

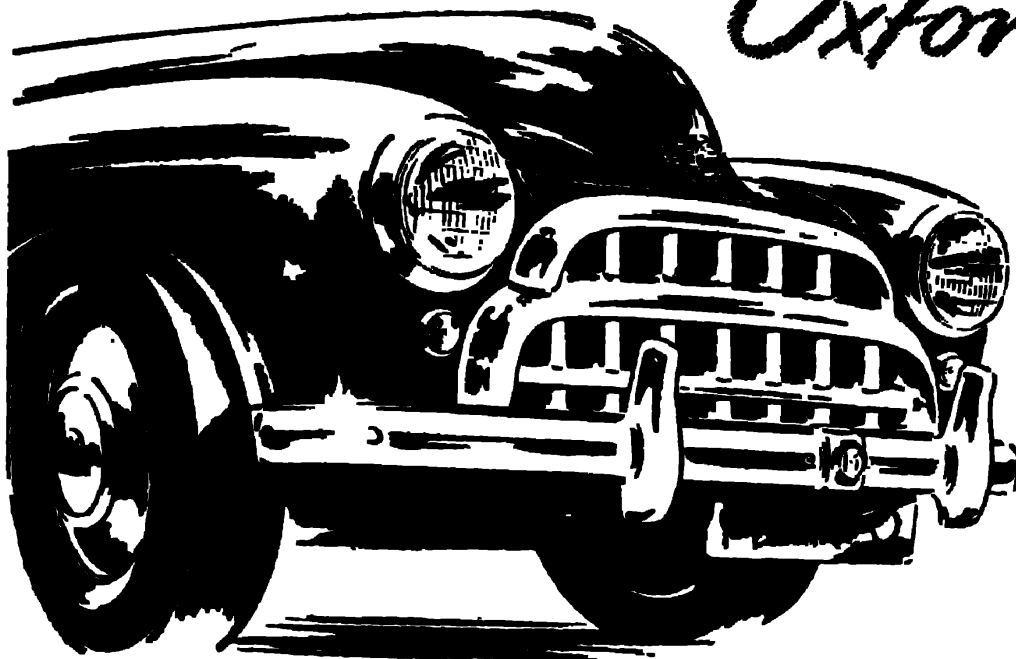
These are the facts:

There are 100,000 orphans in Korea. Our soldiers found them in deserted villages, hiding in ditches, hurt. At Seoul there were 6,000 of these waifs. An anti-aircraft brigade turned an old temple into an orphanage and hospital for 450 of them, furnished it down to little chairs and tables for classrooms, then sent to the United States for children's clothes. Each month the men produced more funds for maintenance. Then the British Commonwealth Division established an orphanage, too. So it went until 15 children's sanctuaries in Seoul were taken over by 15 different military outfits.

Doctors attached to Army hospitals and Navy ships and Danish and British medical units work with the children whenever they are off

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duty. Everywhere medical men and women have gone out after their gruelling duty with military units to treat the ill, to staff hospitals, to train Koreans in their specialities, to help carry on public-health programmes. A team from the Danish hospital ship *Jutlandia* established a hospital at Taegu, performed 500 operations, then turned the institution over to the Koreans whom they had taught. When the ship sailed for home leave, the entire medical personnel remained behind with UNCAK. A woman doctor with the Italian medical unit in Seoul laboured far into the night X-raying children for tuberculosis and teaching Koreans so that they could expand the work.

We have been able to set up 600 civilian hospitals and dispensaries in Korea. We have also carried on the greatest disease-immunization programme in all history. Enough vaccine has been shipped to immunize 25 million persons for typhoid, 36 million for smallpox and 19 million for typhus. In addition, supplies and equipment have been furnished to test 800,000 children for tubercu-

"The Communists simply cannot afford to agree to an unprejudiced inquiry on the spot. The bacteriological propaganda campaign is evidently just one more measure of ordinary Communist propaganda. It is just another effort to divide and weaken the free world. It will, of course, fail, as these other attempts have failed in the past; but I am bound to say it is none the less deplorable and disgraceful."

*Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords*

losis and to vaccinate 400,000.

The result of all this became apparent in 1952. In a single year we have lowered the number of smallpox cases by 98 per cent and typhoid by 96 per cent. Although the battle is not over, Korea is showing a health-improvement record which would be difficult to match.

To have done all this in the midst of devastating war is one of the greatest medical accomplishments in history. But more than that, it spells the difference between democracy and Communism—the difference between those who have compassion and those who don't care.



### *Signs of Spring*

MY GRANDMOTHER used to tell of a neighbour woman she knew when they were both young women homesteading on the prairies. "I am always so glad," the neighbour told my grandmother one April day, "when the house is clean, the garden planted and the baby born. Then I know that spring has come."

—Jean Z. Owen, *Widows Can Be Happy*

# THE BUSINESS OF GIVING

*Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly*      F. Emerson Andrews

*Director of Publications, Russell Sage Foundation*

**A** NEW GIVER has sprung into prominence in the past few years. As a philanthropist he does not much resemble previous givers—neither the widow with her mite nor Lady Bountiful. He does not give in order to save his soul, for he has none. His lawyers tell him that he must never give merely to benefit the needy; he must give to benefit himself. This new giver is the corporation, whose contributions in 1952 may have exceeded, in America alone, \$300,000,000.

"Don't use my name or some folks would think I was pinko," said an executive of one of the largest corporations in America. "But I think American corporations must go much farther in giving. Let's say all welfare services make a circle of 360 degrees. If a corporation sets up operations in a backward community in Brazil, it occupies the whole 360 degrees. It constructs hospitals and schools, finances any or all the welfare services—not because it's a philanthropist but because it can't operate successfully in

a community that doesn't have those services. In the United States corporations now take in about 45 degrees of the welfare circle. We don't need to go the whole 360, but we ought to get to about 180 degrees."

Henry Ford II stated the case from a slightly different angle when recently the Ford Motor Co. Fund was set up: "Traditional sources of financial support of private institutions are tending to disappear. We do not like the consequences of private institutions turning to government for financial aid. This situation places an increasing responsibility upon American businesses in their rôle of industrial citizens."

Until recently the chill shadow of the law often froze the generous impulses of corporate directors. But now in 29 states legislation permits corporations to give to philanthropic causes if a relation to their own interests can be demonstrated.

According to a Russell Sage Foundation survey, corporations in 1950 contributed 44 per cent of their total gifts to community chests and



other welfare agencies. Hospitals and health agencies, including Red Cross, polio, heart, and like groups, received 27 cents out of every dollar given. Education received 21 cents. Religious agencies, unless they are inter-faith or non-sectarian, present difficulties to corporations, where gifts are scanned by directors and shareholders of many faiths. Only four per cent of corporate gifts were in this category.

Corporation giving suggests both dangers and opportunities. One obvious danger is the closer tie between philanthropy and the business cycle. In a depression, when welfare needs expand, corporate contributions are likely to dwindle.

A few corporations have done something positive about this problem. International Harvester, for example, has set up a foundation to accumulate profits in good years to supplement the lower contributions of poor years. But confidential reports of other companies which have had a bad year show drastic cuts in contributions.

Much good may come from introducing the new hardheaded giver into a field where sentiment has sometimes resulted in little practical accomplishment. Corporations are more accustomed than individuals to avail themselves of advice of such agencies as the National Information Bureau, Better Business Bureaux and councils of social agencies, and to require and study financial statements. Thus they make more

certain that their shareholders' money is effectively spent, and they help raise standards in the field.

The dollars that corporations give away are now more the taxpayers' than those of shareholders. Under the present tax structure, a corporation with normal profits can give away \$1,000 at a net cost of \$480, the remaining \$520 representing taxes saved. If it is in the excess-profits bracket, its gift of \$1,000 costs only \$180; conversely, if it is willing to surrender \$1,000 in profits, it can make a gift of \$5,556, the U.S. Government paying \$4,556 in forgiven taxes. Such deductions are limited to five per cent of profits.

Intelligent corporate philanthropy may yield large dividends. The money a life insurance company invests in health research or safety promotion may come back in delayed death payments. The money a company in a small community spends on the local college it may receive back in trained workers.

The Bulova Watch Co. Foundation has set up the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking in Woodside, Long Island. This handsomely appointed school accepts only disabled veterans, many of them wheel-chair paraplegics, whom it trains free as watch repairers. In its first five years it has graduated 346 men, 95 per cent of whom are now gainfully employed, chiefly in retail jewellers' shops. In the absence of such special training, nearly all these

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WHILE MY  
 petite nièce la violoniste  
LITTLE NIECE THE VIOLINIST  
 interprète "Humoresque"  
RENDERS "HUMORESQUE"  
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FOR THE FOURTEENTH TIME,  
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I POUR MYSELF A VERY LARGE  
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 continue à jouer encore  
CONTINUES TO PLAY FOR ANOTHER  
 une demi-heure je  
HALF-HOUR I  
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EXPECT TO BE PRETTY  
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disabled veterans would have had to be supported by Government subsidy for the rest of their lives. Though they continue to receive disability pensions, most of them are making such substantial incomes that they pay considerable sums in income taxes.

Business statesmanship needs to consider what its share should be in supporting existing free enterprises in health, welfare, education. Such support is not a necessity. Private individuals can and do bear much of this burden, and the Government will take over any essential services which fail of private support and add them to the tax bill. Corporate giving is chiefly an opportunity. An increasing number of corporations are now handling that opportunity with the care it deserves. They appoint contributions committees, often aided by a full-time executive secretary, to initiate programmes in fields of the corporation's special skills and interests.

The Ford Motor Co. Fund has devised an ingenious scholarship plan whereby the children of Ford employees are selected by competitive tests and their expenses paid in the college of their choice, with an additional \$500 a year paid to the college (unless it is tax-supported) for its general support.

The Foundation of the Rich Department Store in Atlanta develops

special programmes which have included a building to house the Emory University School of Business Administration; a radio station for surrounding communities, owned and operated by joint boards of education; an outpatient clinic for a local hospital.

A workshop for the handicapped has been built in Binghamton, New York, with the aid of several corporations, and its workers are executing regular business contracts. Food manufacturers and others have contributed \$4,000,000 to the Nutrition Foundation for basic research and education in the science of nutrition—of value to the food companies, but of even greater value to the public. E. I. du Pont de Nemours has set aside \$510,000 in the 1952-53 year for postgraduate fellowship and research grants to "stockpile" knowledge.

Corporation giving, as it grows in size and experience, can fill a unique place in the scheme of philanthropy, taking special care of the needs of the local community with which it is intimately acquainted and seeking out opportunities in the field of its own resources and technical knowledge. True, this new giver will be guided by self-interest. But we are coming to learn that the highest self-interest is often scarcely to be distinguished from the thing we used to call altruism.



How long has it been since you've  
had ice-cream for breakfast?

## *The Art of Being a Nobody*

*Condensed from The American  
Mercury*

Eric Manners

**I**F YOU ASKED why I respect our old family doctor so highly, I might dredge up such sensible reasons as his medical skill or his work in research. They'd be true enough, but I rather think the real reason for my respect lies in what he eats for breakfast: a bowl of cereal on which he places a dollop of ice-cream.

Mind you, he doesn't boast about this as an impressive affectation. He just eats that because it's what he likes for breakfast. He's been doing it for years, and I found out about it only when I made an unexpected early morning call on him.

We are fond of a notion nowadays that we lead independent lives, that we think things out for ourselves and are not ruled by "Authority." Unfortunately, this isn't true.

Actually we are handed (and accept) more advice as to what is right

and wrong, more urgings to a docile conformity, more authoritarian They-Says, than any creatures calling themselves free should dream of bearing.

Does that seem to be pitching it too strong? Tell me: What did you think of the doctor's breakfast? Absurd, affected, "wrong"? There isn't anything wrong about it. It is merely an example of an almost lost art that used to be called "being oneself." And there's nothing wrong with the doctor. It's the rest of us who are in danger—of letting ourselves be persuaded into a confining and endless conformity that is bad for the human spirit.

There is no counting the publications today devoted entirely to "How-To" directives for forming our characters—rules for dressing right and eating right and speaking right and rightly getting ahead in the world. Just follow these rules and you too can join a standardized populace in one great grey goo of bumpless similarity.

I think the time is at hand for a sublime burst of putting ice-cream on our cereal. This is the hour for our finding, in a flash of ancient glory revived, the art of being ourselves. You don't "form character" or "get ahead" or even "become more attractive to others" by following a set of instructions. You do it by being yourself. All you can learn by listening to rules and sedulously conforming to them is the hideous

art of how to be nobody at all.

Think of those you have known who have most memorably seemed to possess "character," who have seemed most interesting, most truly "adjusted" to the adventure of being free willed, creative, ideal harbouring people. How many of these have been bound to the everlasting orthodoxies of How To?

How To says that the right way to get rested is to sleep eight hours a night. Thomas Edison, listening to the inner voice of his personal self and its needs, slept four. A friend of mine sleeps 11, that's the natural sleep way for him.

You're *you*. If it's truly a part of the youness of you, sleep in a tree. (Charles Waterton, the grand old naturalist and grinder individualist, used to do that every now and then. He said it gave him the right tuning for feeling like a piece of God's creation, along with the chimpanzee and the owl.)

How To would have you polish your way of speaking so that no infinitive ever gets split and no participle ever dangles and the sound of you becomes indistinguishable from the sound of every radio announcer. The American preacher and lecturer Henry Ward Beecher didn't do anything like that. He spoke *his* way, and it made him his country's greatest orator. Sometimes he used words in an unconventional way, or bent grammar to his purpose. Once, when he'd done so, a woman reproved him after the sermon.

"Madam," he said, "I am Henry Ward Beecher. If the English language gets in my way, God help it."

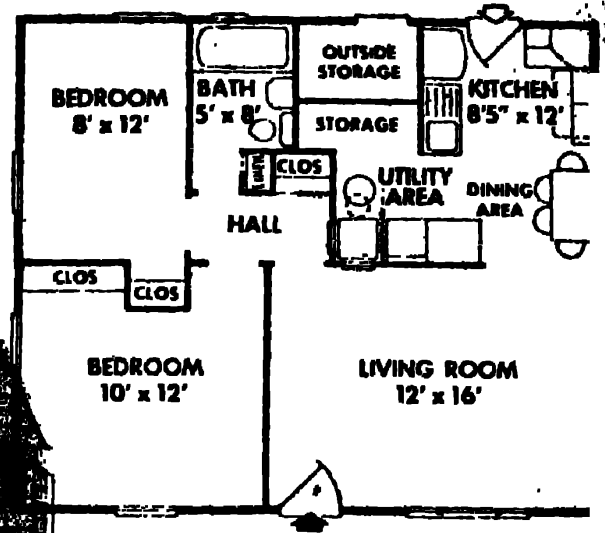
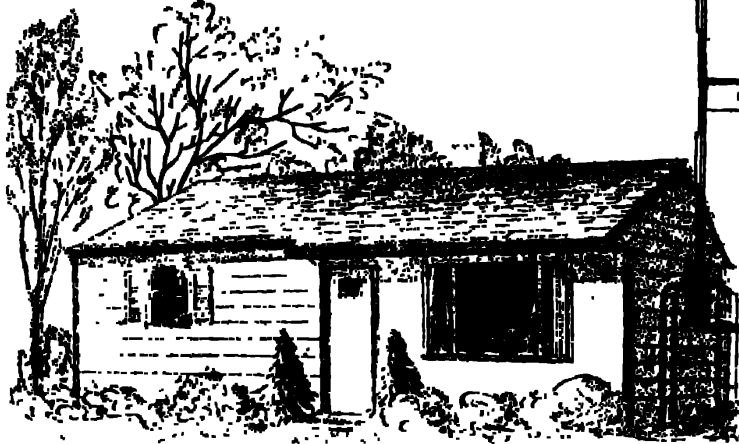
Is your native personality of a shy sort? How To says you must overcome that. You must conform, so to speak, to standard brass. Young Charles Darwin didn't. He was so shy that he became almost sick when he had to mix in gatherings of important people. But he just went on being Charles Darwin, a non mixer who followed his star into long, lonely contemplations, and he came up with the Theory of Evolution.

Do those exercises? Surely, if we really think they're right for us. But, if we've decided they're not... there was once a non exerciser who got as fit as a butter barrel. It didn't prevent his being a worthwhile personality. He was Thomas Aquinas.

Budget your time. If that's best for you, do it by all means. But if you find it's better to live in a furious blaze of activity for 20 hours at a stretch—if the light you need for your personal vision comes best from burning a candle at both ends—well, an old friend of mine lived that way and the self that came of it was a self worth being. She was Edna St. Vincent Millay.

There is a dangerous threat in the air these days—the threat of our being thought for, ruled, regulated, pushed around, made into Things. There is only one weapon against that. The weapon is the Self—the unique and incalculable reality that is a human soul.

*This year 100 new houses a day  
will come rolling off the Price  
brothers' assembly line*



## Cheaper Houses Off the Peg

*Condensed from Lifetime Living*

*Michael Costello*

**W**HEN Jim Price was 28 and his brother George was 24 they moved to Lafayette, Indiana, from the nearby village of Fowler, taking with them the craziest idea that most local bankers and real estate men had ever heard tell of. Jim had worked in a bank, handling mortgages; George had been a salesman of prefabricated houses. Neither could draw a plan or saw a board, but both thought they knew what was wrong with America's housing industry.

"It's geared to the carriage trade," they said. "Even the prefabricators are turning out little Cadillac and Packard houses. We're going to build a good house for the fellow who drives a Ford or Chevvy."

So the tall, sandy-haired brothers pioneered in the field of good, substantial houses at prices working men can afford to pay. Their assets were a vast store of energy, plenty of cornland common sense and \$12,000 in cash, most of it borrowed. They spent \$7,000 for a run-down plant, \$2,000 for tools. That left \$3,000 for working capital. With it they built, in 1940, a neat, small house.

That first Price brothers' house still stands, still looks trim, is occupied by a satisfied owner. It would bring twice \$3,000 in today's inflated housing dollars.

Since 1940 the Prices have built 50,000 houses, more single-family dwellings than anyone else has ever

built before, anywhere. They are now putting up an average of 75 houses a day. Their \$12,000 company has grown into a \$7,000,000 concern called National Homes Corporation. Last year they built and sold \$28,000,000 worth of small, substantial houses, from Maine to the Rockies, from Canada to the Gulf. What's more, each month they lend \$2,000,000 to people who want to buy.

The simple, two bedroom Price house, in a variety of exterior designs and colours, sells at \$6,350, plus the cost of the site. The carriage charge ranges from a few dollars in towns near Littleton to \$400 in the Rocky Mountain area.

The purchaser must have a steady job, about \$475 in cash for down payment, pay \$43 a month on a 25 year contract which covers principal, interest, insurance and financing charges.

This house is small—28½ by 24½ feet over all, living room 12 by 16 feet. Two beds fit snugly but without crowding into each bedroom, and there is room for a modest dining table at one side of the kitchen.

The house is fully insulated with two inches of Fiberglas, has an asphalt shingle roof, asbestos shingle or plastic plywood exterior. The wall furnace, with either gas or oil burner, circulates warm air through registers. The kitchen is fitted with built-in steel cabinets and sink and a clothes washer. For \$120 extra the whole concrete floors are covered

with asphalt tile. There's a double-glazed picture window in the living room and off the kitchen a utility room with storage space. Lighting fixtures are in place, water, electric and sewer connections are in, there's a cement pavement, and two shade trees are planted in the lawn.

A three bedroom house on a \$1,000 site costs \$8,375 plus carriage. A full basement adds about \$1,500 to the price. Other houses, up to four bedrooms, with a living room 28 feet long and two bathrooms, range up to \$12,500.

The basic house—walls, partitions, insulation, sub roof, windows, doors—is built on a factory assembly line. Wagon loads of kiln dried fir and hemlock plywood are lifted by mechanical conveyers into the workrooms. First the wood is tested for moisture content to guard against future twisting or shrinking. Then huge machines cut and shape the stock to size. One machine measures, saws, trims, notches and bores holes for rafter bolts. 23 separate operations, in a single pull of a lever which takes one man less than ten seconds. A carpenter could do the same job at the building site, but it would take a long time. There is almost no waste. We never try to cut costs by using cheap materials, Jim Price explains. "We just don't waste anything, particularly time. When we save an hour here, a minute there, by having machines do the work, we're saving dollars."

Each assembly line starts with a



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"jig," a steel and timber form which locks each trimmed sill, stud and rafter into its proper position to make the framework for a whole section of wall, ceiling or roof. Meanwhile, huge stamping machines have cut out sections of fire-resistant Upsonboard for interior wall surfaces, gypsum board for ceilings, fir plywood for outer wall and roof sheeting. As soon as the frame pieces have been clamped into the jig—which takes perhaps 30 seconds—four carpenters nail them solidly together. Before they have finished, a man begins to smear glue on all the upper surfaces. As he finishes, the other four men are lifting into position on the jig a huge, trimmed sheet of Upsonboard with openings cut for windows, doors and hot-air registers. Doors, already hung in fitted frames, are quickly bolted into their proper positions.

As soon as the glue grips the big sheet in position on the frame, the carpenters swarm over it with nailing machines which drive small aluminium nails with serrated edges that hold nearly twice as firmly as ordinary sixpenny nails. Then the section is turned over and moves on rollers to another group of workers who glue in place batts of two-inch Fiberglas insulation, cut to fit the spaces between the studding. A big sheet of plywood for the exterior wall drops on the frame and is nailed into position. The section rolls forward through a machine which coats it with priming paint

and then into a baking oven; it comes out with the paint dry.

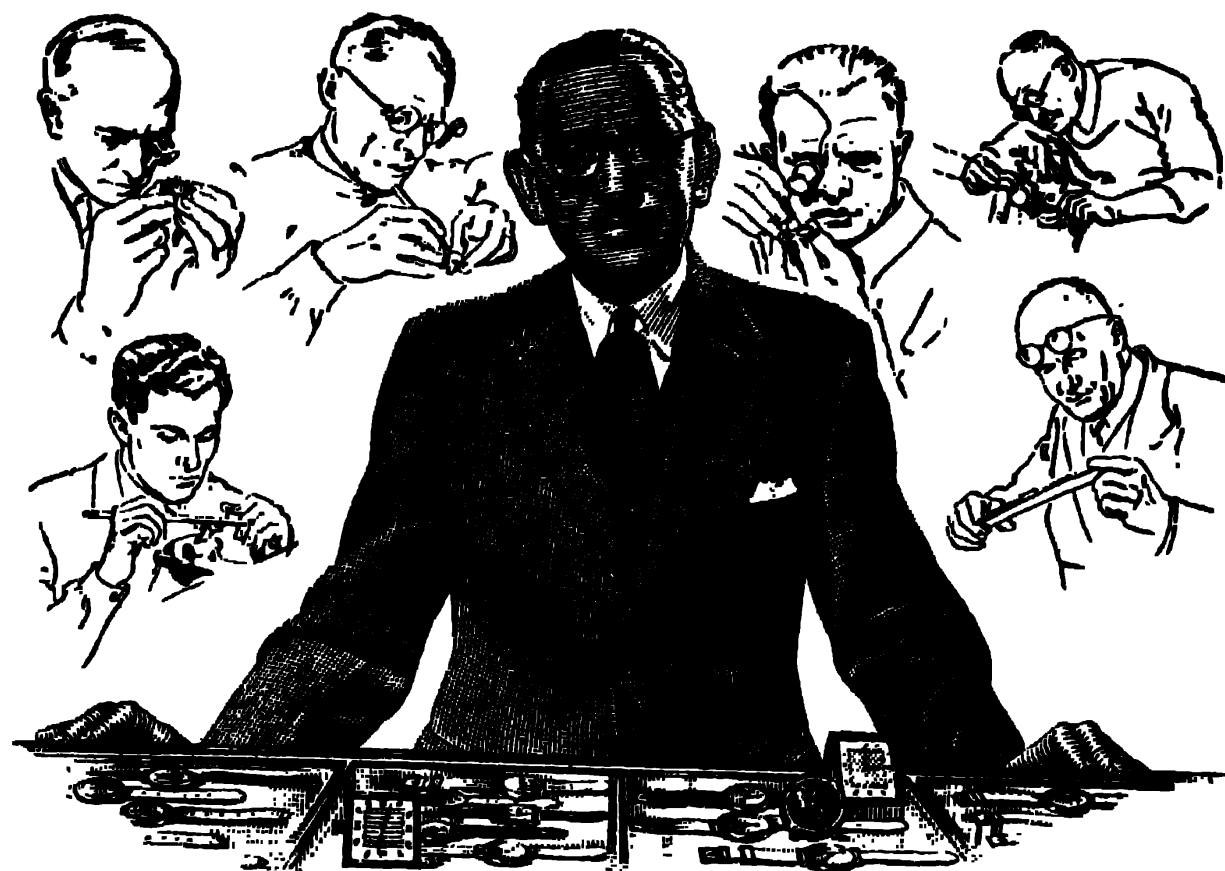
Next, workmen bolt on the window frames. In most models the frames are aluminium, with aluminium sash and pre-fitted screens.

At the end of the assembly line inspectors check each section carefully. Meanwhile, ceiling and roof sections have been moving along other assembly lines and they all converge in a big shipping room. At one end of the shipping room half a dozen huge red tractor-trailers are backed up, ready to receive their houses. One house fills one trailer. The whole job, from the moment the timber comes out of the goods wagon until the truck doors close, takes 110 man-hours.

The company's truck delivers the house at the concrete slab or foundation on which it is to be built. The Prices' local dealer has poured the concrete for the foundation in a form furnished by the company. In less than half a day six or eight local workers have the structure enclosed and are starting to shingle the roof. About 220 hours of work must be done on the site: painting, plumbing, wiring, all being done by hand with local labour to satisfy municipal building codes.

Much of this work could have been finished just as well and much more cheaply on the factory floor. But, unless the Price brothers allow local plumbers to furnish the fixtures and do the work, local painters to brush on the final coat, local elec-

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**The WATCHMAKERS**



**OF SWITZERLAND**

tricians to string the wires, many cities would bar the Price houses as "unsafe" or "substandard."

The Price brothers are realists, and they make no attempt to challenge the building codes, as so many prefabricators have done to their sorrow. The union carpenters in the Price shops probably build a better house for the money than was ever built before. The man who buys it can save 20 to 25 per cent and still let local dealers and local labour get their share.

To safeguard quality, the Price brothers called on engineers from Purdue University to advise them, and the federal Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, and the National Bureau of Standards in Washington to test their product and everything that goes into it. When local building inspectors in a western state recently were dubious about the strength of a Price brothers' roof, "because of our high winds and heavy snowfall," George Price showed them a Forest Products Laboratory report: "This roof will carry a load equal to 94 inches of snow and withstand wind pressures up to 105 miles an hour." The inspectors gave the roof quick approval.

Nearly 400 dealers scattered across America sell National houses; each one has spent two weeks at the home plant, learning just how the house sections are built. And in more than 300 communities dealers, with help from the company, have

erected "show houses" — typical stock models in the \$8,000 range. Each is ready to live in—actually looks as if it is lived in—when the prospective customer steps through the front door. Beds are made, towels hang in the bathroom, kitchen shelves are stocked, and there's a bicycle, lawn mower or snow shovel in the outer storage room. Pictures hang on the wall, books and magazines are scattered on the reading table, toys on shelves.

The brothers found that this paid off when they tried it in Lafayette one Sunday afternoon several years ago. They had laid out a new subdivision of 167 lots, built their first "show house" on one of them, invited the public to have a look. That evening they found that they had sold a house for every one of the 167 lots, and turned away scores of disappointed latecomers.

The Price houses stay sold, too. "We've had to take back less than a dozen houses for non-payment," Jim Price says, "and in every case it was because death or a divorce had broken up a family. We quickly resold every house at more than its original figure."

The Price brothers expect to boost their 1953 output to approximately \$43,500,000, which will mean about 100 new houses for every working day. While the Prices are cashing in handsomely, 50,000 American families are living handsomely in smart, new houses they can afford to own.

*The United States is maintaining more than half a million Americans abroad—and in a style to which few of them are accustomed*

## America's Costly Bureaucracy Overseas

*By Holman Harvey*

**F**OR MORE than seven years the American people have paid thousands of millions of dollars in taxes to help other countries. During these years, and by reason of these immense funds, a vast American overseas bureaucracy has sprung up, reaching out into more than 100 lands.

Last November the U.S. Government had 185,000 full time employees abroad, exclusive of the Government Armed Forces. They represented 75 departments and bureaux. The payroll alone for this horde of civilians exceeds five hundred million dollars a year.

That is only a beginning. These employees have about 105,000 wives and children with them. Added to these civilian dependents are 220,000 wives and children (and sometimes parents) of U.S. military personnel stationed throughout the world. Taken altogether, the American people are maintaining overseas, in

comfort and luxury unknown to the populations among which they live, a civilian host of more than half a million.

Is all this elaborate bureaucracy necessary? And is it linked to the ill will towards America now being reported in increasing volume?

Recently a special Congressional committee headed by Senator Olin Johnston made a seven-week study of U.S. Government employees in Europe and North Africa. The committee found many employees who had been on the payroll for six months before doing any work or even knowing who their bosses were. Others were kept on for months after their work had been completed.

The Congressmen were shocked by the high salaries and luxurious living enjoyed by U.S. workers abroad. Average stenographers earned as much as \$6,000 (about £2,000) a year. Some Government

employees occupied lavish quarters with three or four servants, including cook and butler. Not a single employee they talked to expressed any desire to return to the United States. It was obvious "they never had it so good."

Upon his return, Senator Johnston stated bluntly half of the U.S. employees abroad should be discharged.

This lavish living, however, is only a part—though a disgraceful part—of the story. The travel expenses are staggering. The U.S. Military Sea Transportation Service now operates the world's largest fleet of passenger vessels—539 ships calling at 550 ports. Their main job is to move troops. But during the 1952 fiscal year MSTS ships carried 174,751 U.S. civilian employees, employees of Government contractors and dependents. Apart from a trifling mess charge, they travelled free.

In the same year MSTS ships transported 214,000 tons of household effects. These are crated by the Government and generally delivered directly to the employee's abode and unpacked for him, all without charge.

Last year the U.S. Military Air Transport Service — MATS — flew 53,000 civilians and dependents between America and their overseas destinations. But even MSTS and MATS together hadn't enough facilities to handle their double-duty jobs. So the Government spent \$274

200,000 to charter privately owned ships, and contracted for space on luxury liners and commercial airlines.

Here is a sample checking of overseas departures from New York alone. In the 11 days from September 23 to October 3, 1952, the Government sent out five shiploads of civilians on MSTS vessels. It contracted for nearly half the first-class accommodation on the *America* sailing on October 2 and for more than a third on the new blue-ribbon *United States* sailing the next day. On top of that, it chartered 28 60-seat, commercial airliners to fly civilians to Europe. To care for these people in New York while waiting for their departure, large portions of big hotels were taken over.

The Government in a single year paid for 240,886 trips for civilian employees, and dependents of military and civilian personnel, by transportation facilities owned, chartered or contracted for by federal agencies.

Other thousands embarked individually on other liners and planes, using Government travel orders. The total volume of this traffic can only be guessed; but for the current year the State Department, which uses private transportation exclusively, asked for \$15,000,000 for travel; the Mutual Security Agency's request for last year was \$16,000,000. At an average of \$400 per trip, the requests of these two agencies alone could account for an additional 80,000 trips.

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Good News! The NEW gas cookers show a profit. 3 therms of gas now do the work that needed 5 therms in many of the older models. They grill and boil faster, oven-cook to perfection and clean easily. Exchange is no robbery especially when an old cooker is replaced by one of the modern type using less gas. It will be the pride and joy of your kitchen, and give you more leisure for pleasure. Then you'll be saving money by saving gas, and, what's more, saving the nation's precious fuel



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Years ago American companies doing business overseas found they could staff their foreign offices with competent local personnel, engender good will by so doing—and save the costs of transporting American employees, families and furnishings abroad. General Electric and General Motors, for example, usually send only indispensable executives and technicians to foreign posts. In contrast, Government agencies send thousands of stenographers, clerks and other minor officials abroad with their belongings, at vast expense.

As inducements for overseas service, many bonuses and allowances are given Government employees. In London, for example, a lower-grade clerical employee with a basic salary of \$3,551 (£1,250) can draw \$6 (about £2) a day for temporary quarters up to three months. Although the cost of living in London is lower than in American cities, he is also entitled to \$900 a year for rent and \$120 to compensate for the "extra expense of living abroad." It is possible for an employee with dependents to draw \$3,000 a year above his regular salary. Millions of British families live in England comfortably and put their children through school with less than this.

Allowances are stepped up for higher-salaried employees. A \$9,130 married employee with two children in Rome is given \$1,200 a year for extra living costs, \$3,500 housing allowance, and \$60 for each child: a

total of \$4,820 above his salary and exempt from income tax. Members of Senator Johnston's committee were startled—and no wonder—to hear high-salaried employees complain that it cost them as much as \$150 a year of their salaries to meet their entire living expenses, although the allowances are intended only to recompense for theoretically higher living costs abroad!

Foreigners employed in U.S. overseas offices are on a very different basis. A French stenographer in MSA headquarters in Paris earns \$1,760 a year, paid in francs, with no cost-of-living or housing allowance. In London English secretaries work in U.S. offices for \$25 a week, next to American secretaries paid four to five times as much. One commented recently:

"The American girls and I are friends—but we never meet after office hours. I can't invite them to my home. What I could offer them from my meagre rations would seem shabby hospitality. In their apartments they serve delicacies and cocktails. I cannot." This situation, duplicated all over the world, can hardly fail to create resentment.

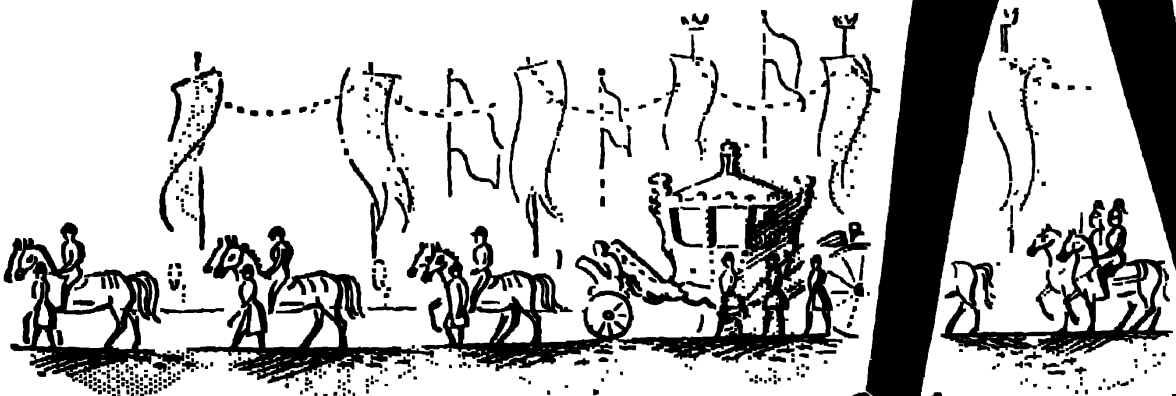
In addition to embassies and legations all over the world, the State Department alone owns 396 blocks of flats and 467 residential properties.

In London Americans have taken over most of fashionable Grosvenor Square. In Paris bureaucrats are steadily spreading out, taking up a

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dozen choice sites from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. In Rome Americans have built two blocks of flats at a cost of more than \$700,000 to house officials. One U.S. employee entitled to a \$2,800 housing allowance lives there in a ten-room penthouse, with three baths, and two terraces overlooking the Eternal City. "This would cost at least \$6,000 in the States," he said.

In Bonn, Germany, a \$13,804,000 U.S. housing project includes a shopping centre costing \$321,800; a chapel costing \$141,700; a theatre costing \$185,000; and a \$362,000 gymnasium with bowling alleys and a swimming pool. Dining facilities and bars are to cost another \$164,720.

Americans in Athens have virtually taken over three of the smartest suburbs, where they live in fine villas with extensive gardens. In one suburb four hotels are run for U.S. personnel. American buses, for American personnel who pay no fares, run between the suburbs and the heart of Athens, competing with the regular Greek buses and taxis.

Resented competition is also offered by the luxurious American clubs spread round the world. In

London the U.S. Air Force Club, occupying a \$5,000,000 mansion donated by Barbara Hutton, extends its privileges to all U.S. civilian employees and dependents. There is dancing every night. Scotch and soda sells at 35 cents. Rooms rent at \$1 a night, against \$7 to \$10 at a good London hotel.

In the American Officers' Club in Munich, Americans, civilian and military, pay about \$1 for luncheon. Local restaurants must charge at least twice as much—for the U.S. clubs receive American food tax and freight free. In Munich alone there are 25 American clubs open to U.S. civilians.

Americans have never before faced the problem of an overseas bureaucracy of their own making; and now they must ask themselves what they can propose to do about it. Apart from the drain on the U.S. taxpayer, through extravagance and unknowing ostentation, the bureaucrats are spreading ill will towards America. What an historic mischance this could become for the American people who are paying so heavy a price to foster harmony among their friends!

### *The Big Question*

WHEN Henry Norris Russell, the Princeton astronomer, concluded a lecture on the Milky Way, a woman asked him: "If our world is so little and the universe is so great, can we really believe that God pays any attention to us?"

"That, madam," replied Dr. Russell, "depends entirely on how big a God you believe in."

—Quoted by Bill Gold in *Washington Post*

# No Stone Unturned

*Condensed from the book*

IAN R. HAMILTON

**E**ARLY on Christmas morning 1950 three young Scotsmen and a girl, armed with patriotic fervour and a kit of burglar's tools, broke into Westminster Abbey. They seized the Coronation Stone, ancient symbol of Scottish liberty, and secreted it in Scotland—and thereby set the Commonwealth by the ears.

*No Stone Unturned* is the ring-leader's account of that high-handed, high-hearted coup. It is a nerve-tingling story of wild daring, bluff and a desperate game of tag with the police.

"I defy the reader not to be carried away by the sheer excitement of the narrative," says Sir Compton Mackenzie, the noted Scottish novelist.

## NO STONE UNTURNED

**ONE** NIGHT in December 1950, with three other young Scottish patriots, I broke into Westminster Abbey and removed the Coronation Stone—Scotland's own Stone of Destiny. It was a spectacular deed that fired the imagination of men everywhere. By recovering the Stone for Scotland we righted an ancient wrong and struck a symbolic blow at the very heart of Englishry. Yet the exploit hurt no one. And this too was symbolic; for violence and destruction are anathema to the Scots, whom I consider the most civilized people in the world.

It is almost forgotten that Scotland is the oldest nation in Europe. Our political institutions have been entirely absorbed by the English Crown and are administered by a Parliament which is only ten per cent Scottish. Yet, in spite of this, we have preserved our church, our own courts of justice and our own distinct legal system. Above all we have preserved our character as Scotsmen.

For two and a half centuries Scotland's pride has been a shrunken thing. But the war helped revitalize our sense of "community," and when my generation returned from the armed forces we found a spirited, growing Nationalist movement working for a measure of self-government. The aim was not separation from England but a more

honourable union, "in all loyalty to the Crown and within the framework of the United Kingdom." Yet in spite of overwhelming popular support for the Nationalists, the government refused to accede to even their most moderate demands.

In Glasgow University in those days there were many of us who sat and talked about many things, but always the talk came back to Scotland. And gradually as the months rolled on and the politicians in London continued to neglect Scotland, the talk got bitter. As a 25-year-old law student who dabbled in politics, I did not consider myself a man of action. But now my political discontent became a burning passion that would not let me rest. And it grew plain to me that I was to be thrust into action.

It was no sudden flash of inspiration which turned us to the Stone of Destiny. This Stone has always been associated with the right of government. The Coronation Throne of a long line of Celtic kings, in 1296 it was wrenched from the Abbey of Scone with sword and arson by Edward I, King of England, who took it from the Scotsmen as the symbol of their liberty. The memory is one not easily erased from Scottish minds. When Robert Bruce had carried Scotland to final victory, one of the terms of the peace was that the Stone of Destiny be re-

turned. But this covenant was never honoured and the Stone remained in Westminster Abbey.

By early November 1950 I had definitely admitted to myself that I was going after the Stone. I enlisted the aid of a young man whom I shall call Neil, and we settled down to plan our campaign. We hoped to do something that might earn a place in the history books and would almost certainly earn ourselves English gaol room.

Towards the middle of November I went to Glasgow's Mitchell Library and withdrew all the books I could find which dealt with Westminster Abbey and the Stone of Destiny. (In the end the library slips with my name on them were the only concrete evidence the police had against me.) I waded through pages of description and history, studied photographs, drew maps, made calculations.

Armed with the figures, maps and plans, I approached a Glasgow businessman for £50 to finance the enterprise (the total expenditure was to be less than £70). When he saw that I was in deadly earnest, this ardent Nationalist was keen to help. He in turn introduced me to Robert Gray, a member of Glasgow Town Council. Both the businessman and Councillor Gray had, in previous years, been associated with abortive plots for recovery of the Stone. As our advisers they were able to act like a House of Lords with an impetuous Lower Cham-

ber, and, throughout, they gave us invaluable assistance.

One night I went to London to reconnoitre. As my train crossed the border I was seized with shaking excitement. I thought of how my forefathers from Clydesdale had many times passed this way, in defence of Scotland's honour or bent on hearty plunder. But though I was travelling south with only the recovery of a block of stone as my aim, I did not think, considering the times, that my forefathers would be ashamed of me.

In London the next morning, this excitement was redoubled. It was a fine sensation to be at the heart of England not as a tourist but as a spy. I joined the handful of sightseers in Westminster Abbey, and for a considerable time moved about in the calm duskiness of the sanctuary. I already had a considerable knowledge of the building, but I particularly wanted to learn all I could about locks and doors.

The Stone was contained in a boxlike aperture under the seat of the Coronation Chair, in Edward the Confessor's Chapel. I examined it carefully. It is a block of rough-hewn sandstone about 17 inches broad by 27 inches long, and 11 inches deep. It weighs more than 400 pounds. On either end, a few links of chain terminating in an iron ring provide handles for carrying it. A small lath along the front of the old oak chair held the Stone in place, and I saw that this could

easily be removed without damage to the ancient workmanship.

Before I left I engaged one of the guides in conversation. How did they keep the place so clean—surely an army of cleaners came on every night when the Abbey closed. No? I made a mental note. A few other leading questions and another prowling round showed me where the night watchman's office was situated. I left the Abbey with all the information I required for successful burglary. Most of that night I wandered round back streets in the vicinity, studying the approaches to the building and observing all signs of police activity. On the train for Glasgow next morning, I was tired but full of burning contentment. I now knew beyond all shadow of doubt that what we planned was possible. The difficulty was there, but that was a challenge.

Neil and I evolved the following plan. One of us would conceal himself in the Abbey towards closing time, hiding in a chapel which was then under repair. I claimed this honour for myself, for the conception had been mine. After being locked in I would lie quietly in hiding until 2 a.m., or as soon thereafter as the night watchman had completed his rounds. I would then screw the lock off an outer door and admit an accomplice. We would remove the Stone from the Chair, lash it to an iron bar and carry it outside, where a small inconspicuous car would be waiting. In a quiet side

street the Stone would be transferred to a larger and faster car, which would head straight for Dartmoor, where the Stone would be hidden temporarily. Meanwhile, the small car would race towards Wales: if it had been seen at the Abbey, it would lead the police on a false scent.

This was a good plan. But in practice it had to be sorely amended under stress of unforeseeable circumstances.

CHRISTMAS seemed to me the only possible time for the enterprise, for the English celebrate very thoroughly then, and I maintained we should come down on them while they were lying in drink with their minds unbuttoned. Neil had inescapable engagements for every day over the holidays and argued that the plan would keep. But I was stubborn. Secrets of this nature do not mature like good wine. Moreover, I had screwed my resolution to the last turn, and I was not sure that it would not suddenly unwind if I was denied the prospect of immediate action. "I'll go myself," I told him.

Then one evening I attended a university dance with Kay Mathieson, a young teacher of domestic science whose political views were almost identical with mine. Small and dark and large-eyed, Kay is a Highlander, and she speaks with the quiet tongue that knows English only as a second language. I was moody and depressed, thinking

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of who among the people I knew would willingly throw over their prospects and come to London. Suddenly I knew without any doubt. Kay was an idealist who would not be greatly concerned about her own welfare if she could do something to serve the movement. A pretty woman is never suspect, and a brave woman could fire the imagination of the world.

I put down my drink and spoke to her for the first time in ten minutes. "What are you doing at Christmas, Kay?"

"I'm going home," she said.

"I'm going to London to bring back the Stone of Destiny."

She laughed. "I mean it," I said, and I did. "Would you like to help?"

"No," she said, but she meant "Yes." "What can I do?"

Things happened rapidly thereafter. As our No. 3 man we acquired Gavin Vernon, a 24-year-old engineering student who has the Scotsman's delight in high and risky enterprise. He is quite short of stature, but of considerable physical strength, and his mad recklessness gets him into many scrapes that no dour Scot was designed for. As driver in chief his first act was to hire a car.

With three people, our team was now complete and we were almost ready to leave. We met and went over our maps and diagrams as often as we had a spare moment to for-gather. Meanwhile, I had collected a burglar's tool kit, including an immense 24-inch jemmy of which I

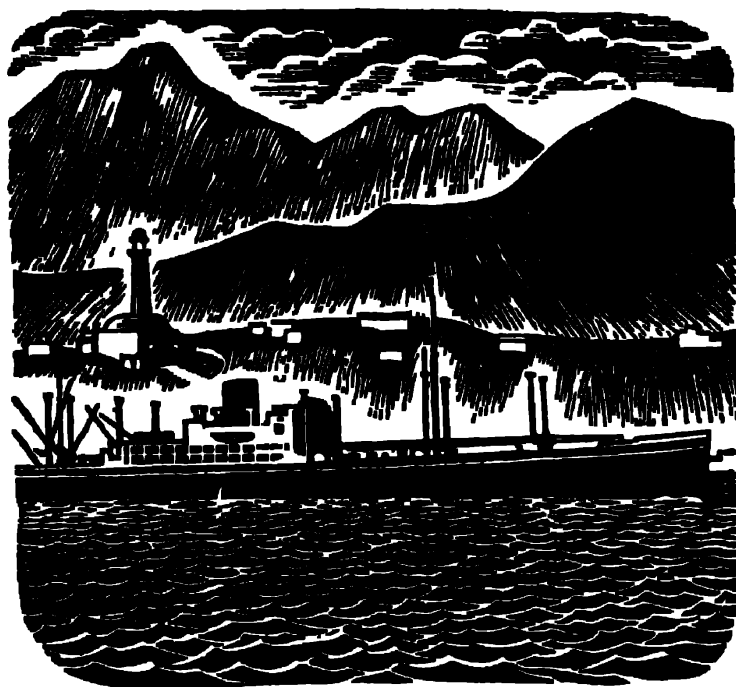
was inordinately proud. With loving care, I had made myself a shoulder sling which left the jemmy hanging from armpit to trouser pocket. The files, wire, hacksaw, wrench and other tools of my new profession I carefully stowed about my person.

At the last minute we recruited a fourth man, Alan Stuart, who could bring an Anglia car. He was a tall young fellow, with a frank, boyish face and a crop of golden hair. He was only 20 and looked younger. Which was the more reliable, Alan or his Anglia car, I do not know. But I do know that I would go round the world with either of them and there would be laughter and confidence all the way.

At last, on the evening of Friday, December 22, we piled into the two cars and drove out of Glasgow on the road south.

*I*T WAS afternoon of the next day when we reached London and shot along Whitehall, past Scotland Yard and the Houses of Parliament to the Abbey. Together we reconnoitred the Abbey.

Although we had had no sleep the previous night, we were all keen to have a go at it that same evening. So after an early dinner and a final council of war, we split into two parties, and Alan and Kay drove off to make themselves familiar with the route west to Dartmoor. If things went wrong I would not see them again until I had passed through prison.



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Sitting in the other car, I raked in my grip, produced the burglar's tools and stowed them about me. When I had my coat on, all was hidden except for a slight stoutness, which, since Gavin ascribed it to my inherent motherliness, kept us laughing all the way as we drove to the Abbey and parked the car. I was approaching the supreme adventure of my life. Excitement seized me again, but I kept it down until it was only a pressure along my ribs, which occasionally unwound itself in an involuntary twitch.

Big Ben struck 5.15 as I walked casually into the Abbey out of the shining, noisy darkness of a London evening. Inside, the light was soft, yet it seemed to illuminate me and probe me out as a persistent and sinister visitor to the Abbey. I pulled my heavy coat about me and hated the damning jemmy at my side.

Followed by Gavin, I walked slowly up the north transept, pausing only to gaze at an occasional Latin inscription. The venerable guide was in conversation with a woman and he paid no attention to me. I walked on and into the shadows of the north transept. I hoped to hide at the extreme end of it, under a cleaner's trolley. Down in the aisle Gavin walked slowly past. No one else was in sight. He nodded to me briefly, absent-mindedly. I crawled in under the trolley and, having covered my face with my coat, lay perfectly still.

Steam from my breath condensed

on my face. The hard stone of the Abbey floor under me was less real than my heart, which thudded and pounded and threatened to stick in my gullet. This I had always reckoned would be the most dangerous part. To be caught with my pockets stuffed with housebreaking tools before I had a chance even to touch the Stone would be ignominy, and I was young enough to fear derision more than anything else.

Gradually I relaxed. My leg ceased to twitch. Quarter to six struck and then the hour. Gavin would now be out of the building, for it closed at six. When quarter-past six struck I looked up. God be praised! The lights were out. I could now move in safety to St. Paul's Chapel, where I was certain I could hide safely.

Hearing nothing but the vague murmur of traffic in the world outside, I crept stiffly from my hiding-place. I had gone three paces when I suddenly heard the jangling of keys. Even as I listened, a light swept round the corner of the transept and shone in my face. White and shocked with fear, I looked up at a tall, bearded watchman.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

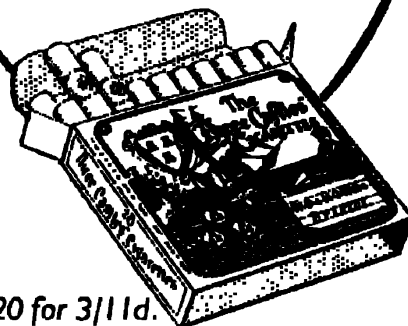
"I've been shut in," I said, hanging my head on my chest and making myself smaller.

"Why didn't you shout, then?" he asked. His voice was clear and authoritative, but not unkind.



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"I thought I'd get a row," I said, and my voice quivered on the edge of tears.

"Well," he said, "you're lucky I didn't hit you on the head. We're patrolling about here all night, you know."

For the first time a wild hope flamed up that perhaps he would not hand me over to the police, who would be bound to search me. Then, as I moved, the jemmy slipped from its sling, and was held only by my arm pressed tight against my side. I broke out in a white sweat and, opening my eyes wide, said to myself: "I mustn't be sick. I mustn't be sick."

Then suddenly we were moving towards the door. Thinking I was sheltering in the Abbey because I had nowhere else to go, the watchman asked if I had any money. When I told him that I did, he led me down the steps and with a kindly word and a "Merry Christmas" let me out into the concourse of men with nothing on their consciences.

I had bungled a fine plot and let down as good a team of robbers as ever came out of Scotland. I could have wept with impotence and shame.

By uncanny good fortune I found Gavin quickly, and we went over to Trafalgar Square, where he had arranged to meet Kay and Alan. We all felt pretty sick. We considered trying the same plan again the following night, but gave it up as too dangerous. Another coarse and blun-

dering attempt could only end in failure and bring disrepute down on our country and on our movement. But it was unthinkable that we should go home yet.

"We might break in from the outside," said Alan, who had not shown the slightest dismay in our initial failure. "Bruce watched his spider try seven times. We've only tried once. Let's go along to the Abbey and look for spiders."

We made several more excursions that night, prowling round the Abbey grounds to glean what information we could. It must have been well on into morning when we parked our two cars in a side street and tried, in spite of the bitter cold, to get a few snatches of sleep. It was not only that hotel rooms would have depleted our meagre funds, but in the cars we lived as a sort of military community, preserving our fragment of Scotland and our integrity of purpose, which we might have lost had we sought warmth and soft beds.

*W*E SPENT the next day in and around the Abbey, which was filled with Christmas worshippers, ever on the lookout for the scrap of information which would give us a clue to a successful raid. Dusk fell on a raw, cheerless night, followed by a thin, freezing mist.

Kay had been feeling ill all day, and now she was white-faced and shivering with the flu. This seemed inevitably to mean the end of our

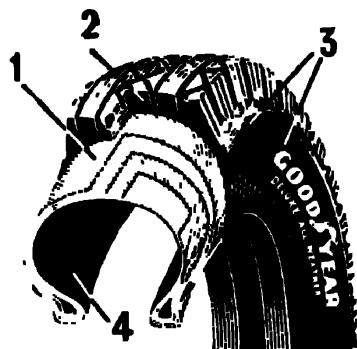
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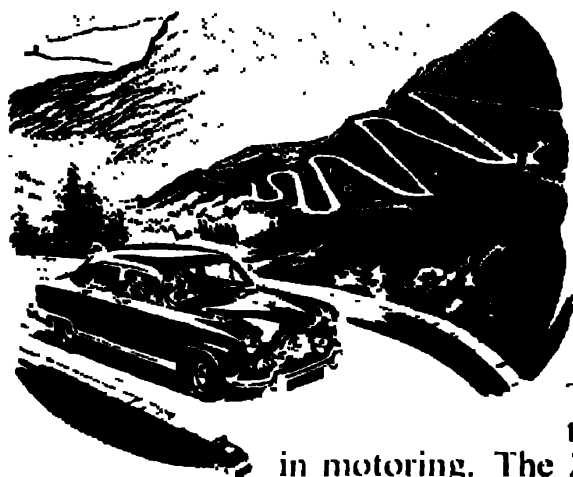
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expedition, but she would not hear of it. After exacting from me the most solemn promise that if there was to be any excitement whatsoever we would get her, she went to a cheap little hotel for a few hours of sleep.

Gavin, Alan and I then returned to the Abbey and the problem of breaking into it. We marshalled the facts that we knew. First, the Poets' Corner door, the most secluded door to the Abbey, was of pine and could possibly be forced from the outside. Second, we had learned that a new watchman came on at 11 o'clock. If he patrolled all night he could be expected to hear us forcing the door. However, none of us believed that an unsupervised watchman would pad about the dim corridors of the Abbey more often than, say, once every two hours. Then, too, all round us were signs of the wildest conviviality; there was always the chance that the new watchman would have blunted his perceptions by spending his evening in a pub.

A lane led from Old Palace Yard to the door we intended to force. The door itself was partly hidden from the road by a flying buttress, but access to it was barred by a locked and brightly lit gate, which was in full view. We felt we could by-pass this gate, however, by forcing our way through a masons' repair yard which was fenced off only by a wooden hoarding in which there was a padlocked door.

We were delighted to see that in-sobriety was abroad in the streets. That would keep the police busy. We left the cars and walked aimlessly about, calling out "Merry Christmas" to everyone we passed. As time melted away we became more and more strung up. Conditions were ideal.

When Big Ben struck two o'clock we knew that our time had come. A few people still sang through the streets, but they were a camouflage rather than a danger. With our jemmy we quickly forced our way through the masons' yard and reached the Poets' Corner door. But we would not assail this until we had got Kay from her hotel.

I drove over with Alan in the hire car, and pulled up outside Kay's hotel while Gavin waited round the corner with the Anglia. I hammered on the door. At length a voice asked, "What do you want?"

"I want Miss Warren," I said.

"All right, all right," complained the voice. "I'll tell her."

While I waited out in the car beside Alan a man presently came up to the hotel door, knocked and was immediately admitted. We wondered what business could bring him to the hotel at this late hour. As we laughed and joked rather uneasily the stranger came back out of the hotel and walked straight towards us. The hotel manager, suspicious of our call at 3 a.m., had telephoned the police!

The official flashed a Metropolitan Police Warrant Card under my nose. "I'm a detective," he said. "Can I see your driving licence?"

I fished it out and gave it to him. He took down my name and address. My palms sweated and the jemmy buttoned up under my jacket seemed as large as a tree trunk.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Several hundred cars have already been stolen tonight. What is the licence number of your car?"

Like a fool, I had forgotten to memorize it. "I don't know," I said. "I hired the car."

His questions got more and more difficult, for I could remember neither the name nor the address of the garage it came from. That had been Gavin's work, and although he sat just around the corner I did not want to refer the detective to him, lest he take Gavin's name and the number of the Anglia also. Finally the detective blew a short blast on his whistle, and a large police car appeared from nowhere and drew up.

I turned on the righteous indignation. "I've read all the law books," I said. "Not one of them says that the citizen must know the number of the car he's driving."

Kay now came out of the hotel, joined us and began confirming everything I said. But our arguments merely exasperated the detective. At all costs, we wanted to avoid being run in on suspicion of car-stealing, even if we could prove

our innocence and be released in the morning.

"Look," I said. "There is a man sitting round the corner in an Anglia car who can prove everything I'm saying. He's got the car-hire receipt."

The detective went off to check it, taking Alan with him as surety. A moment later he returned, conversing affably with Gavin and comparing the car-hire receipt with the number of the car, which he had carefully written down in his little black book.

"I hope you're satisfied, Constable," I said sententiously. "You nearly made a terrible blunder."

He apologized again and again. There were, it seemed, many dishonest people about, and one had to do one's duty. As we drove away we suddenly relaxed. To my astonishment, I discovered that I had enjoyed every minute of the excitement. This was something nearer to honourable fight than the ignoble brush with the watchman, when I had lied like a petty criminal held by the car.

We were certain that the hotel proprietor and the detective would later connect us with the disappearance of the Stone. Yet neither of them did so. Looking back on it, I like to think that the Almighty sent the detective to try us before vouchsafing us the miracle of success.

KAY, feeling better after her rest, was ready for anything. We

taste the fruit in

springtime

...on the

great

open

road.



refreshing

soothing and so long lasting

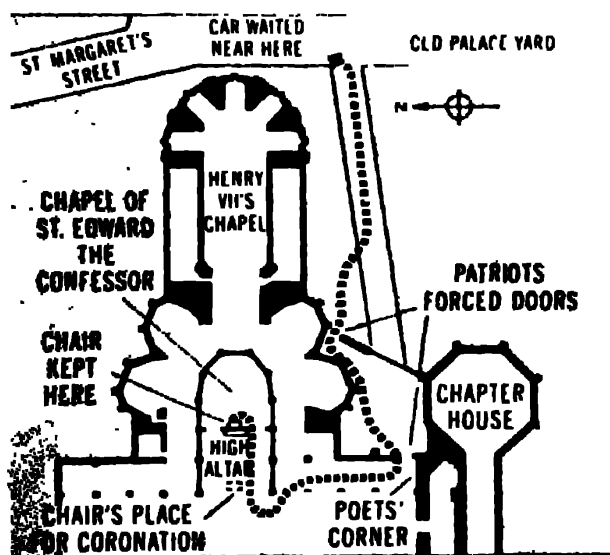


were all flushed with excitement and avid at the prospect of more. We had bid our hands to the limit: it only remained to see if all our finesses came off.

Four o'clock rang out from Big Ben. If our calculations were correct, the watchman should have finished his rounds. I parked the old Ford in a parking space not far from the Abbey, locked it and put the keys in my overcoat pocket, and rejoined the others in the Anglia.

Old Palace Yard was deserted, so Alan swung straight into the lane. The engine reverberated terrifyingly off the Abbey walls. Half-way up the lane he switched out the lights. At the top, we got out and Kay slipped into the driving seat.

Alan, Gavin and I crossed a patch of light and stood against the Poets' Corner door, crucified by the rays of a gas lamp. At least we should not work in darkness. Gavin put his shoulder against the door. "The jemmy!" he hissed.



At first we made little impression on the door. We were desperately afraid of noise, and each creak sounded like a hammer blow. But finally we deadened our ears to noise; the three of us put our weight on the end of the jemmy, and the door flew open with a crash that Kay, waiting in the car, heard and shuddered to hear.

But our way was now open. We swept into the Abbey, pulling the door closed behind us. A light glowed dimly at the west end of the nave, but the rest was in black darkness. We went down the transept in silent hurry and crept up a flight of steps into the Confessor's Chapel.

In the darkness of the chapel my torch shone wanly on the green marble tomb of Edward I. The Stone was before us, breast high, under the seat of the Coronation Chair, which stood on a kind of trestle. We prized gently at the bar of wood which ran along the front of the chair but, dry with age, it cracked and splintered. The three of us worked in a sweating fever to get the Stone out. With one man holding the torch, one prizing at the sides with the jemmy and one pushing at the back, we moved it. It slid forward. The English Chair would hold it no longer.

One last heave. "Now!" said Gavin. I pushed from the back. It slid forward and they had it between them. But it was too heavy to carry, so I laid my overcoat on

the ground; we would drag the Stone on that.

I seized one of the iron rings and pulled strongly. It came easily—too easily for its weight. “Stop!” I said and shone my torch.

I shall not forget what the faint light revealed: I had pulled away a section of the Stone, and it lay in terrifying separation from the main part. Everything was now turned bad. “We’ve broken Scotland’s luck,” came Alan’s awful whisper.

Suddenly I saw that most of the broken area was very dark. The Stone had been cracked for years and they had not told us.

“No, we haven’t!” I said. “They did it. They’ve cheated us and kept it from us.”

“Get moving!” said Gavin.

I picked up the small part. It weighed 90 pounds, but in my excitement I picked it up like a football, plunged out of the door and through the darkness of the masons’ yard. Kay had seen me coming and had the car half-way down the lane. She opened the door, and I rolled the piece of Stone into the back.

“It’s broken,” I said. “Get back into cover.” By the time I was back in the Abbey the car was once more in position at the top of the lane.

Except for our gasps for breath and an occasional grunt of effort, Alan, Gavin and I made little noise. Between us we slung the weighted overcoat down the chapel steps one by one, then dragged it across the nave. Sweat blinded us. Suddenly

and miraculously we were at the door, all at the end of our strength. “One more pull,” said Alan. “We’re not going to be beaten now.” I opened the door, and as I did so I heard the car start up. Far too early, Kay was moving it forward into the lane, whence it was clearly visible from the road. “The fool!” I said, and dashed out.

“Get the car back into cover!” I spat. “We’re not ready yet.”

Kay looked at me coolly. “A policeman has seen me,” she said. “He’s coming across the road.”

I got into the car beside her and silently closed the door, then switched on the lights. I fought breath into myself, and wiped the dust of the Abbey off my hands on to Kay’s coat. I put one hand over the back of the seat, groped for Alan’s spare coat and carefully draped it over the fragment of the Stone. Then I took Kay in my arms. She was as calm as though we were on our way home from a dance. It was our third night virtually without sleep, and we were both so drugged with tiredness that our minds were cold as ice. Fear or panic played no part.

The policeman loomed up in front of us. “What’s going on here?” he thundered. Kay and I did not fall apart until he had had plenty of opportunity to observe for himself.

“It’s Christmas Eve, you know, Officer,” I explained.

“Christmas Eve!” he answered.

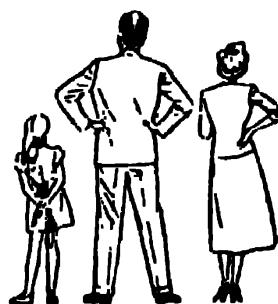
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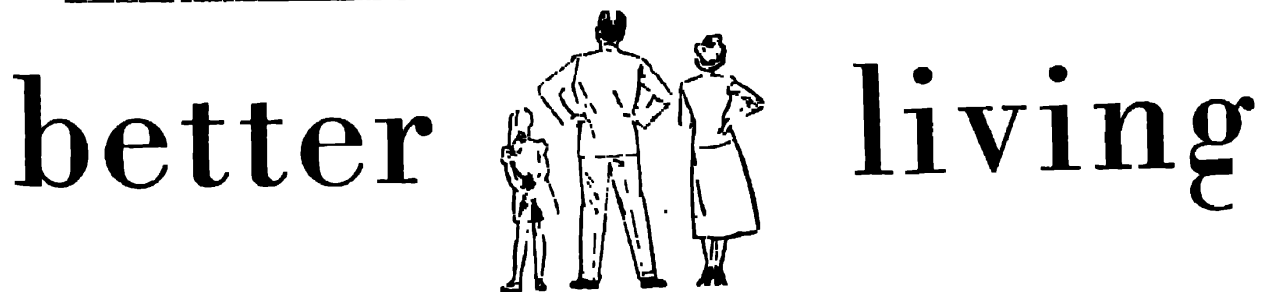
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"It's five o'clock Christmas morning, and you're sitting on private property here. Why did you move forward when you saw me coming?"

"I knew we shouldn't be here," I said humbly. "We put on the lights to show you that we were quite willing to move on."

"But where can we go?" asked Kay, vamping him. "The streets are far too busy."

"You should be off home," he told her severely. But then he began to warm to us. To my horror, he took off his helmet and laid it on the roof of the car. He lit a cigarette and showed every sign of staying till he had smoked it.

"There's a dark car-park just along the road," he said.

"Och, well," said Kay, thrusting her head into the lion's mouth, "we can always get you to run us in and give us comfortable cells."

"No, no," said the constable knowingly. "There's not a policeman in London would arrest you tonight."

"A good night for crime!" I said, and we all laughed.

All this time I had been conscious of a scraping sound going on behind the wooden fence. Kay heard the noise, too, and we engaged the constable in loud conversation: surely Alan and Gavin would hear us and be warned. But out of the corner of my eye I saw the door in the fence slowly open. Gavin's head and shoulders appeared. Suddenly

he froze. He had seen the policeman. His lips formed an amazed oath. Inch by inch he edged back, and the door closed behind him.

The policeman finished his cigarette and put on his helmet. "You'd better be going now," he said.

"We had indeed!" I said, wiping the sweat out of my eyes.

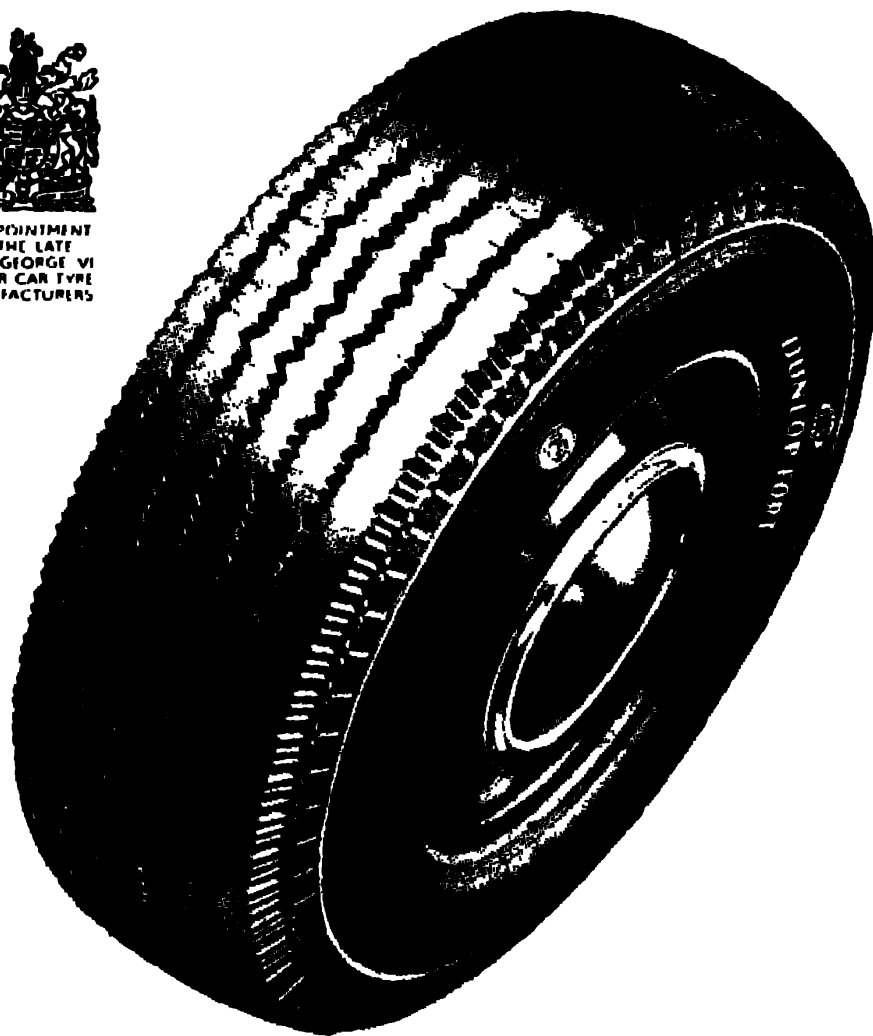
Kay started the engine. Never has a clutch been let in so jerkily; never has a car veered from side to side so crazily. I looked back: as Kay intended, the constable was following us down the lane—too amazed at the crazy driving to pay attention to anything else. But once we reached the road, Kay put her toe down hard on the accelerator.

Now the fat was properly in the fire. We still had a chance, but it was a slim one. Somehow we must get back and collect the greater part of the Stone, which still lay with our two friends in the masons' yard, and get it into hiding. Meanwhile, the Anglia was a dangerous car—the policeman must have taken the licence number. We decided that Kay should set off westwards, in the hope that she would be outside the area of greatest police activity before morning.

At the parking space, I transferred the piece of Stone from the back seat to the boot, and took Alan's old overcoat to wear myself. Then I felt in my pockets for the keys to the other car—to my horror I remembered they were in my overcoat, with the boys in the Abbey.



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**DUNLOP FORT**

*In a Class by Itself*

Without another backward glance we drove off. I got out at a traffic light, wished Kay luck, and for the benefit of a passer-by kissed her good night. "It's been a lovely party, darling," I said. Her eyes flashed appreciation of the irony, and she drove off.

I went back towards the Abbey at a jog trot. When I passed a policeman I kept my head well down lest it was our friend and he should recognize me. No one was in sight as I swung into the lane and passed through the door into the masons' yard. There the Stone lay, but of Alan and Gavin there was no sign.

"Alan! Gav!" I called in a whisper, but the whole night had gone silent. Fear ran a feather over my hair.

I cased open the broken door of the Abbey and went in. The light still glowed at the far end of the nave. I risked a breathless whistle. There was no response. My two friends had been swallowed up by the night, and my overcoat with them.

Perhaps they would be waiting for me at the parking space. I went back there and found the hire car, but no human being was in sight. I sat on the car wing and lit a cigarette. We had got the Stone to the edge of freedom, and our luck had turned against us. Success had been ours and we had failed to grasp it. We should go to gaol. I drew smoke and it tasted like sand.

Suddenly a new thought struck me. I threw away my cigarette and broke into a run back to the Abbey. Presumably, Alan and Gavin had looked for the car keys in my overcoat pocket and had not found them, so perhaps they had fallen out in the Abbey as we dragged the Stone. The chance was slim, but it was the last frail hope.

I ran to the Abbey, and went in for the third time that night. I had left my torch with Kay, so on hands and knees in the darkness I groped along the route we had taken to the chapel. Then I lit matches and retraced my steps by their flickering light. Suddenly, near the door, I put my foot on something uneven—the keys. The ring had been flattened by the passage of a heavy weight, but the keys were undamaged.

I am not easily moved by thoughts of heaven and hell, but I believe that a more than canny force was around us that night.


I ran back all the way to the car and got it started. As I drove along Old Palace Yard I noticed two policemen on duty, but I had no time to wait and see them out of sight. Already there were pedestrians abroad. I looked to see the time, and it was only then I remembered that my watch had fallen from my wrist when we lifted the Stone from the Chair.

Subterfuge was now useless. I backed straight up the lane with the car lights on. I had no clear idea of what I would do, except that I was

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going to get the Stone into the car. It was three times as heavy as I was, and I have since seen strong men strain to move it, but success was mine if only I could muster the strength.

I caught hold of the Stone and dragged it to the car without the slightest difficulty. I raised one end up into the car; then, lifting the whole weight, I got it in end over end. I think it went quite easily. I do not remember straining. Let the cynics laugh and Archbishops howl "Sacrilege!" but the hands of God were over mine when I lifted that Stone.

As I drove from the lane the night watchman was telephoning the police to report his loss. I did not know that then, but it would have made no difference.

I had stared into the cold eyes of defeat and seen them warm to victory. In my elation, I shouted and sang. The evil luck which had dogged Scotland for six centuries was shattered, and she could enter on glorious rebirth. Let them take me now, and all Scotland was at my back. I was filled with a wild exultation and something which was very near to divine glory.

I reckoned that I had at most an hour and a half before the police could get their forces marshalled. I must find open ground, and hide the Stone.

The trouble was that I did not know the road. Stupid from lack of sleep, I lost my way and wandered

round in a maze of side streets. A cold, grey dawn was beginning to creep in from the east and, almost in tears, I was driving desperately down a back street when the last of the miracles happened which brought us success. There, plodding away from me, were the familiar figures of Gavin and Alan. I pulled up with a squeal of brakes, calling, "I've got it, I've got it. Look! It's in there!"

I could take only one of them with me, for with all the weight I was fearful of the car's springs. Alan fell inside. We agreed to meet Gavin at Reading Station that afternoon at four o'clock. Then I let in the clutch, and Alan and I raced south with the Stone, exhausted and lightheaded with victory.

"I did it myself! I did it myself!" A hundred times I recited all that had happened to me since I had left him in the Abbey. Then it was Alan's turn to talk. When he and Gavin heard us drive away from the Abbey they had crept down the lane, almost on the heels of the policeman. They reached the parking space just as Kay and I were driving away in the Anglia. Not finding the keys for the other car in my overcoat pocket, they assumed that I had them with me. Then a police car passed them and, thinking the game was up, they started to walk aimlessly until, by the grace of God, I found them.

"What happened to my overcoat?" I asked.

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Alan looked round anxiously. "Didn't you get it?" he asked. "We left it just behind the car."

That was a blow, for my name was on it. We had got the Stone away, but we had left behind us a complete case for the prosecution, handing the police the evidence on a tray.

Alan and I drove south east towards Rochester. Out in the open country we followed a little cart track off the main road. Then we dragged the Stone out of the car and left it lying in a hollow, half hidden by a few sprays of bramble. It was a precarious hiding-place, but at the moment we had no alternative.

We felt sure the police had circulated the number of our car. Moreover, since my duel with the detective outside Kay's hotel, I was too dangerous to be allowed near the Stone. It seemed best then for Alan alone to meet Gavin at Reading at the appointed hour of four. Together they could hire another car and transport the Stone to Dartmoor, while I acted as a decoy by making for Wales.

First, however, we drove back to London, for we wanted to recover that incriminating overcoat if we possibly could. I do not know how we got back into town, for we had only a vague idea of the road. But eventually we approached the Abbey again. At the parking space there was no one in sight, but the overcoat, now worn and torn beyond repair, was still lying there where Alan and Gavin had left it!

Alan and I drove to Reading, arriving about ten o'clock. I left him in the Station Square, and after we had wished each other luck, I set off for Wales.

I had assumed that the police would connect our being questioned outside Kay's hotel with the disappearance of the Stone. But presently I began to feel that I was perhaps being overcautious. None of the police cars I passed showed the slightest interest in me, so I decided to return and help Alan and Gavin retrieve the Stone. It was a wise decision. Had I continued Alan would have had the whole responsibility for moving the Stone, for Gavin never arrived in Reading.

I met Alan there and he was glad to see me. Together we waited and met each train from London, our hopes dwindling as we saw no sign of Gavin. At half past four we gave up, pressed the starter and headed back for the Stone.

On the way, we stopped at a telephone box and I called Neil. He was jubilant.

"Never mind talking riddles," he said when I started to use the cumbersome code we had invented. "I'll take the risk. You've been on the radio, and you're in all the papers. The border roads are closed for the first time in 400 years, and the whole of Scotland's mad with excitement. There are two descriptions out; they're good but not 100 per cent accurate. How are you standing up to it?"

"Fine!" I said. I could have listened to him all night.

"Well, lie low," he said. "And good luck!"

We climbed back into the car and went on, still worried about Gavin's absence, which seemed inexplicable. (Later we learned that in a London restaurant Gavin had noticed a man regarding him with suspicion. When he left, the man followed, shadowing him persistently. By the time he had shaken off the pursuer it was too late for our rendezvous in Reading, so he took a train back to Glasgow.)

*A*s ALAN and I drove back towards the Stone I fell silent, thinking of the reaction to what we had done. In Scotland we had revived something of the spirit that had kept us the oldest unconquered nation in Europe; more remarkable, our action had had almost as great an effect in England. While the Abbey hounds snarled and the planners polished their pince-nez, and the resources of law and order fluttered, ordinary men who love to see the pompous deflated received the news with great amusement and felt we had done something they could applaud.

We were desperately tired, but responsibility weighed on us. What we had done was now a public affair, and nothing must be permitted to turn our faces north until we had put the Stone where it could never be found. It was a duty which laughed at rest.

We retrieved the Stone from where we had left it, and that night wandered over half the county of Kent, hunting for a proper hiding-place. About midnight, near Rochester, we found an ideal place. Some ten yards off the road there was an easily identifiable line of trees and a steep embankment littered with straw and scraps of paper. Half-way down the slope I hollowed a recess in the soft earth; we slid the Stone into it and covered it with earth and litter. It was a good job.

Our duties ended, I stumbled into the back seat and Alan put his toe down for Scotland. I slept like a dead man. It was almost 90 hours since we had been in bed and we were very tired, but the homing instinct, strong within us, made us reject the idea of going to a hotel. So we spelled each other at driving several times during the night, and continued homewards; at times we parked by the side of the road and both slept.

Next morning, delirious with tiredness, we shouted and sang triumphantly in the cold brisk air. We had raided the very heart of Englishry and were returning unscathed, while all round us the authorities gnashed their teeth and held committee meetings.

It was the middle of the afternoon before we were stopped. I was sleeping in the back seat when Alan said quietly: "It's the police, Ian."

I was awake immediately. A police car had pulled alongside and

signalled us to stop, and now two constables came round to Alan's window, notebooks at the ready. They asked for his driving licence and noted the name and address. "Where have you been?" they asked. "London," replied Alan promptly.

"Where are you going?"

"Home," he said, simply.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"It's this here Coronation Stone," said one of the constables. "You haven't seen it, have you?"

I could have laughed at the folly of the question. "No!" I cried. "But I've heard about it. It's a good show. Should have been done years ago."

The constable looked at me sourly. "We live on the one island and some think we should be all one people," he said.

"Aye, maybe," I said. "But the Scottish people don't think that, and they're the ones who have the edge on you today."

Without a word the constable handed Alan back his licence and waved us on. We could not believe our luck.

We crossed the border about ten o'clock with a marvellous feeling of relief. Glasgow was like a pleasant dream. I had expected to return to my melancholy little room with its unmade bed, so I was grateful when Alan insisted I spend the night at his home. His family welcomed me in, and the warmth of their happiness was wrapped like a blanket round us.

Sitting by a crackling fire, Alan and I told our story in all its fantastic detail. We tripped over each other to prompt our memories, and always we would be interrupted and a newspaper would be thrust into our hands so that we might read what the world was saying.

To our intense delight we learned that Kay had been there only a few hours previously, before going on north to her home, and now we heard her story.

**A**FTER she left me Kay stopped at another traffic light, and as she moved off heard a great crash behind her. She pulled over to the side and, to her dismay, saw her portion of the Stone lying on the road ten yards behind her. In my excitement I had forgotten to close the boot properly and it had swung open. Kay is a small girl, and that bit of the Stone weighs 90 pounds. Without a thought she picked it up, staggered to the boot and put it in, this time making sure the lid was tight.

Kay left the car with unsuspecting friends in Birmingham and came home by train. (A fortnight later I was to go there and drive home the Anglia with the piece of Stone. I hope these good English people have forgiven us all for our deception.)

When we had heard Kay's story, Alan and I felt quite happy. A meal was waiting for us, but we were too tired to eat. Common decency howled for a bath, but common de-



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cency went unheard. Stiff and weary, we undressed and fell into bed.

Now, above all, we had to get into our usual haunts and act in a normal fashion, for our absence might have been noted. We decided to be social buffoons, objects of contempt rather than suspicion. We would talk and speculate about the Stone until we became Stone bores. In our cups we would boast that we had taken it, or that we had been ready to take it if someone had not forestalled us. We would talk like any other young Nationalist extremist. It was the safest thing we could do, since the Glasgow police were too intelligent ever to bother with any of the avowed extremists.

Our double bluff worked and, all things considered, there was remarkably little suspicion of us. Three months later, when Scotland Yard's chief superintendent roped us all in for questioning, I overheard one student say: "What! Ian Hamilton have anything to do with the Stone? Nonsense! The only person who would ever suspect Ian Hamilton is Ian Hamilton."

There was one more matter to be settled. As yet no one knew whether the Stone had been taken by anarchists, Communists or souvenir hunters. In addition, His Majesty was distressed, and we felt that we had to clarify our position. We therefore prepared a petition to the King, reaffirming our loyalty to His

Majesty and stating our reasons for removing the Stone.

There was much discussion as to where to post this petition. I wanted to send it out from Edinburgh, for I thought we might bluff the police into concentrating their inquiries there. The others wanted it sent out from Glasgow. The police, they contended, would expect us to leave such a document as far as possible from our own doorstep; if we left it in Edinburgh, they would suspect Glasgow, and vice versa. They overestimated the intelligence of the forces against us. In actual fact, we left the petition in a Glasgow newspaper office and it was on Glasgow that the police immediately concentrated their inquiries.

OVER the New Year's week-end we drove south to recover the Stone. A second expedition was perhaps foolhardy at that time, with the police hunt at its height. They had been stopping all cars on the border for the last five days, but they could not go on doing that indefinitely and I assumed the border would be open again in two days. In the back of my mind lurked the threat of impending arrest; I wanted to see the Stone recovered before that happened.

Our advisers insisted that those of us who had been in London at Christmas should not go back again, with the police looking for us, but I was not going to be shouldered out now. Alan came, too, since it was

his father's Armstrong-Siddeley car we meant to use. Our new teammates were Neil and a friend, John Josselyn. In high spirits, we set off at night, over ice-bound roads.

It was eight o'clock the next evening when we drove out of London towards Rochester. The road was almost deserted. One after another, Alan and I picked out our landmarks in the grey night. There was the little cart track beside which we had first hidden the Stone; a few miles farther on a familiar line of bushes. Then we swept past the line of trees. Before them, two dancing fires cast shadows on a gipsy caravan.

The chances were a million to one against it; such a thing was unbelievable, but there was no doubt about it. The gipsies were camping directly on top of the Stone. We had travelled 450 miles in vain. The Stone was guarded as surely as if it were back in Westminster Abbey.

Two hundred yards up the road we stopped the car and walked down towards the fire.

There were two caravans. We drew near the first, where an ancient gipsy couple sprawled against the fence, their boots outstretched to the blaze. The man could have put his hand through the fence and touched the Stone.

"Can we have a warm at your fire?" Neil asked. The woman invited us in with a smile. We sat silent for a long time in the firelight, and then Neil started to talk. He

talked about the gipsies, the free life they lived and how they were harried by the authorities. He told them about our little country in the north which, like the gipsies, was striving to preserve its liberty and be itself. Then he talked about liberty itself, and how in the end it is the only precious thing. Freedom could be preserved only in men's hearts, and as soon as they stopped valuing it, it disappeared. "We're not like that," he ended. "And to keep our freedom we need something out of that wood. We are doing right, but we will go to gaol if we are caught."

The man, who had as yet scarcely spoken, answered him. "You can't get it just now," he said without moving. "There's a local man at the next fire; you can't trust him."

For a long time we continued staring into the glowing fire as though it contained all wisdom and all knowledge. At last a man came from the direction of the other fire, mounted his bike and rode off down the road. Now it was safe. My excitement uncoiled like a spring and I vaulted the fence. The Stone was exactly as we had left it, untouched. The four of us, with the aid of two gipsy men, manhandled it up the slope and into the car.

I fumbled in my pocket and produced three pounds, which I offered to one of the gipsies. "No!" he said. "No!" Feeling like a commoner among kings, I thanked them for their hospitality, and we



left the warmth of their fire. I do not know if the gipsies realized whom they helped that night. I like to think that they did.

We turned homewards, cruising gently into London, and pulling quietly in and out of the Saturday-night crowds at Trafalgar Square and Marble Arch. The newsboys were still shouting the headlines, "STONE: ARREST EXPECTED SOON," while the Stone passed by half a yard away. But we passed through London without challenge and continued north.

It began to snow, making the driving a nightmare. We kept to the secondary trunk roads, which were not so busy as to be carefully watched but which were busy enough not to be blocked by the snow. We stared into the white hell, skidded, and edged round corners, thinking of the bloody mush the Stone would make of us if we overturned. But gradually we forgot our fears. As each mile came up on the clock, it meant we had brought the Stone yet a mile closer to Scotland. Even if we were finished now, every mile had made history.

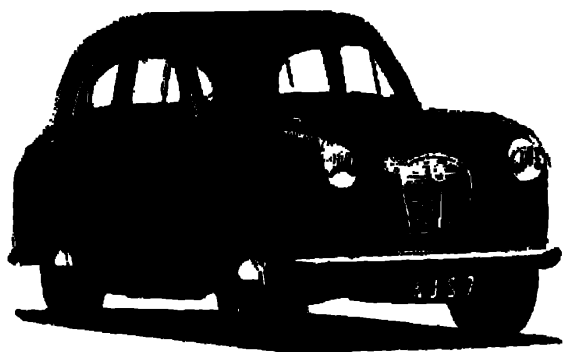
Sunday morning was clear and fresh. We stopped to purchase some newspapers, and as we went on, Neil read out titbits. The papers bulged with what we had done. Everyone of position in England was very huffy indeed. While the common Englishman laughed and wondered why Scotland had not had self-government long ago, his rulers

called us thieves and fanatics. I did not feel like a fanatic. I felt like a wee boy who had pressed a fire alarm, and who stands on the kerb and watches the fire engines roar past.

"Look at this," said Neil, and he held out a newspaper with the headline: "STONE: £1,000 REWARD." I had a great feeling of pride. I had never been worth so much money before. Yet I felt a twinge of uneasiness—£1,000 might be enough to make the most honest man sell a stranger.

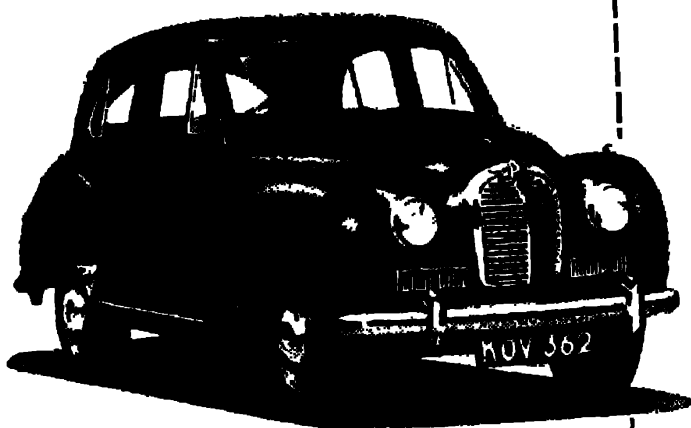
We made it back to Scotland without incident, however, and at half-past two we slipped across the border. A few miles inside Scotland we stopped. The symbol of her liberty had come back to Scotland, and some sort of rude ceremony was needed to mark the return. We drew back its covering and exposed the Stone to the air of Scotland for the first time in 600 years. From our provision basket we produced a gill of whisky we had kept for just this occasion. We each poured a little of the fine spirit on the Stone and proposed a toast. Thus quietly with little fuss, with no army, with no burning of abbeys or slaying of people, we brought back the Stone of Destiny.

That same night we delivered the Stone to a factory outside Glasgow, where it was put away in a packing case. Now our job was done and others were to take up where we had left off.



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THE MONTHS that followed were a period of inactivity on our part, and we were all tense. As the Stone was passed from hand to hand, many people became involved in the secret. Despite the rich rewards offered, not one of them gave us away. Several journalists stumbled on information which the police might have valued, and they too conveniently forgot about it. But we knew the net was drawing closer.

The blow fell towards the middle of March. Two detectives from London went north to Plockton, where Kay had recently taken up a teaching appointment. They questioned her for five and a half hours, but the girl would not break down and confess.

Two days later they came for Gavin, Alan and myself. They questioned us on our movements and tasked us with our guilt. They had a heavy chain of circumstantial evidence woven round us, yet I felt that it was more honourable to lie than to surrender. Much to our surprise, we were all set free.

Yet we were not quite at peace. We had never intended to remove the Stone completely from all ken, and we had now to weigh the advantages of bringing it again to light. There were many considerations, but our main reason for action was that the Stone was valueless to

us hid in a factory cellar. All along we ourselves had set the pace. We would end by putting the ball at the feet of authority. If they left the Stone in Scotland we had won our point, but if they snatched it away they would outrage Scottish feeling.

We arranged to have the Stone repaired by the best mason in Scotland. It would be given to the Church of Scotland at the ruined Abbey of Arbroath, where in 1320, with the sound of the North Sea in their ears and the smell of their burnt homes still in their nostrils, the Estates of Scotland had met to reaffirm their freedom. On the morning of April 11, 1951, Neil and I left Glasgow with the Stone of Destiny. At midday we carried it down the grass-floored nave of Arbroath Abbey to the high altar.

I never saw the Stone again. The authorities swooped upon it and bundled it back across the border by night, while Commons, Lords and clergy raised their voices in protest.

But I still remember that moment at the altar where we left the Stone, and where I heard the voice of Scotland speak as clearly as it did in 1320: "We fight not for glory nor for wealth nor for honour, but only and alone for freedom, which no good man surrenders but with his life."

THE Coronation Stone was returned to Westminster Abbey, and effective measures have been taken to safeguard it, particularly in view of the approaching Coronation. However, the authorities decided that "the public interest did not require" that the four young Scottish conspirators should be prosecuted.

*A tiny fungus threatens total destruction of  
one of America's most valuable trees*

## CAN THE OAK SURVIVE?

*Condensed from Harper's Magazine*

Lee Templeton

EVERY OAK in the United States—and that means much of the best hardwood timber there, plus the most valuable shade plantings—is threatened by the most dangerous invader the forests of America have ever known. The invader is a tiny fungus called *Chalara quercina*. It causes oak wilt, a disease now firmly entrenched in 18 states, from Kansas and Nebraska to North Carolina and Pennsylvania. There is no cure yet for oak wilt—and no sure defence against it.

Even the chestnut blight that wiped out one of America's finest native trees a generation ago did not rival oak wilt in potential destructiveness.

The Forest Service estimates that one-third of the hardwood saw timber in the eastern United States is oak—over 100 thousand million board feet of it. Put a conservative average price of \$20 a thousand on that, and you arrive at a potential loss of more than two thousand million dollars. But that figure tells only a fraction of the story, for it ignores indirect results.

Consider Ohio, where oak makes

up 40 per cent of the woods in the state. Some 3,000 small business concerns with an annual payroll of 250 million dollars depend upon the oak they can get there. Think, too, of the damage to parks—to shade trees, squirrels, rabbits, deer and game birds; and of what will happen to the streams and lakes when the forest floor that traps moisture and slows the silting-up process is a forest floor no longer.

Early in this century Wisconsin foresters were describing troubles that hindsight tells us were probably *Chalara* at work. Seemingly healthy trees would suddenly turn bronze. Within a month or two they looked as if they had been dead for years. Pockets of desolation quickly developed around these blighted oaks. In the space of an acre or more, no new seedlings grew, and stumps rotted with peculiar rapidity, sending up no new shoots.

But Wisconsin and upper Illinois, where the trouble was also noted, are near the northern edge of the oak's range; oak trees die there for many reasons. It was not until 1944 that *Chalara* was finally identified. As late as 1949, oak wilt had been

found only in Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa and northern Missouri, where the oak is relatively unimportant. That summer, however, it appeared in the Ozarks, where oak forests are a major resource, and in Indiana—a fact which indicated that it was spreading to the oak-rich Ohio Valley. By the next summer it had jumped to Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The answer to the oak-wilt riddle lies largely in finding how it can wipe out a solid block of trees, then leapfrog hundreds of miles, leaving whole forests untouched in between. One of the most promising leads has been uncovered by Charles Griswold, an Ohio entomologist. Griswold has found three minute bark beetles which seem to be present in most wilt-killed wood. He thinks they carry the *Chalara* spores, much as similar beetles carry the Dutch-elm blight.

If Griswold's beetles do carry *Chalara*, it will still be necessary to find an insecticide cheap enough to make spraying thousands of forest acres practical. Scientists are looking for chemotherapeutic or antibiotic agents which could be dusted over the foliage and then absorbed into the tree's system.

This research is the one bright spot in the oak-wilt picture. Every infected state has its own research team—many of them very good. The National Oak Wilt Research Committee co-ordinates their work, and finances some of it. The Bureau

In many parts of Britain the oak is the most common tree, and was once used extensively in the construction of the "wooden walls" or battleships of England. The oak may survive to a great age and many veterans can be seen in different parts of the country—for example, the famous Knightwood Oak in the New Forest, which is thought to be in the region of six hundred years old.

Our oak is relatively free from serious diseases of economic importance. An order made by the Forestry Commission, Britain's Forest Authority, prohibits the importation of oak. This is to reduce the risk of introducing oak wilt into Britain, and also to safeguard British woodlands against chestnut blight, which *can* exist on oak.

of Plant Industry is concerned with determining what trees the fungus will attack (so far, all 60-odd varieties of oaks, all chestnuts, and the beeches) and with developing wilt-resistant strains. This is a hope, but a slim one. The substitute is seldom as good a tree as the original; even if it were, replanting America's forests would be a Herculean labour.

The best that can be done at the moment is to take aerial surveys to spot sick trees, and then dispatch crews to destroy the trees before the infection spreads. The chief hope for the future lies in the fact that the United States has never before been so deeply threatened, and thus so readily moved to spend large amounts of time, money and scientific talent to find an answer.



*This busy bachelor has raised 152 "sons"  
—every one a success. His ideas on boy-  
training are well worth knowing*

## DOC WITTEN'S FAMILY TREE

*By Dorothy Walworth*

**D**OC WITTEN's house is a sturdy two-story brick-and-stucco place, half smothered in vines, its ten rooms tumultuous with boys and bulldogs. For John Walter Witten, physician, farmer and legislator, is, at 71, the bachelor "father" of 152 sons.

For 43 years Dr. Witten has been taking orphaned boys into his home in North Tazewell, in the Virginia mountains, giving them food, clothes, schooling and affection. He has done it single handed, on an income that has never been more than moderate. There are 20 boys at home with him now. Perhaps next week he will have ten more, because he cannot resist a lad who needs a father.

Dr. Witten is a man of medium height, with a face both sensitive and resolute. His eyes, behind thick-lensed spectacles, are a piercing blue, and he has a mind tough as a bear trap.

"Doc is no saint," his neighbours told me. "He can cuss like a mule-

skinner. He won't let anybody say he's religious, but his whole life he's done the Lord's will in these mountains. Maybe it's because of his being a motherless boy himself. Or because he couldn't marry the woman he wanted. John Witten knew what it was to be lonely. . . ."

He was born near North Tazewell, on a farm with rocky soil and steep hillsides. His mother, delicate, tenderhearted, died when John was five, and the six Witten children felt as though the fire on their plain stone hearth had gone out for ever. As John grew older he came to believe that, with better medical care, she might have lived. So he made up his mind to be a doctor. Right there in those mountains, where many mothers died too young.

In summer he worked on the farm, with little time for fishing and swimming in the Clinch River. In winter he went to the one-room district school. After studying at Tazewell College, he worked his way through

the University of Virginia Medical School, graduating in 1905, and starting practice in North Tazewell. Most of his patients made their living in the coal mines or on dairy farms. Few had money for a doctor. They paid him in eggs, turnips, or not at all.

That first year he fell in love with a girl named Harriet, whose beauty has become a Tazewell legend. Always shy with women, he loved Harriet too well to be glib-spoken. Besides, he did not have a penny, and her family were well-to-do. So she married someone else and, a few years later, died. John Witten still has her picture on his wall. "After I saw her, no other woman ever mattered," he says.

One winter night in 1907 he was called to the bedside of a dying widowed mother with a seven-year-old child. She kept moaning, "What will become of my boy?" Dr. Witten took her hand. "I will take care of your boy," he promised. "In my own house."

It was 15 years later, however, before Dr. Witten really settled down to being a family man. In a deserted house, he found a boy, not three years old, whose parents had both skipped town. Tazewell said such a young child would be too much trouble for a busy man. But Witten rigged up a special chair in his car and took this boy everywhere with him until the child was old enough to be left at home. Other lads simply knocked on Witten's

door. Thus Doc's house filled rapidly with frightened, lonely, hungry children.

Dr. Witten has been no halfway kind of father. His sons were always the best-fed, best-dressed youngsters in Tazewell County. He always found time to play games with them or to tell stories. When they went to college he paid all their bills, because he believed that boys who had to work their way missed a lot of learning. Later he helped them find the work they were best fitted for, devised ways for them to meet the right girls. In World War II Doc had 24 sons in the service. He wrote to each one every week, and when one of the 24 was killed in action, Doc grieved as though the boy had been an only child.

Nine years ago, on a shoestring, Witten bought a 200-acre farm near Tazewell and began producing most of the meat for his family, as well as milk, butter and eggs, and wheat for flour. Blankets are woven of his own sheep's wool. His older sons help work the farm. Whatever is produced above household needs, Witten sells.

Since 1906 Doc has never taken a real holiday, but he spends two months every other year in Richmond, the State Capital, as a perennial member of the Virginia legislature. He has surgery hours any time he's home. His patients watch, and if there's a light in his waiting room at six o'clock in the morning, they start coming. But Doc has his biggest crowd of patients in the

evening, when his working day has already been 14 hours long.

The neighbours worry. At his age, they tell him, he ought to take one of the offers he's always getting from big city hospitals, so that he won't be running over the mountains day and night. But Doc says that as long as he lives, he'll keep on raising boys and giving whatever he has to his own folks.

When I visited Doc's place I found seven boys at home. They showed me round. It was a sturdy, comfortable, spotless house. The kitchen smelled of blackberry pie which Maggie Rose, the cook, was baking in the coal oven. In the sitting-room, the old fashioned square rosewood piano, the mantel and whatnots overflowed with souvenirs Doc's boys had sent.

The boys told me they did all the cleaning themselves. Dusting was a problem, because the walls in every room were covered with photographs.

"All Doc's boys have their pictures here," one of them groaned. "Doc can tell you everything they did, and where they are right now. He won't let a single one be taken down. Once, when Doc was in Richmond, Maggie Rose hid about ten of the faded ones. The minute Doc got back, he noticed they were gone, and he hit the ceiling. She had to hang them up again."

"If we're bad, we get the tar whaled out of us," one boy told me solemnly. "But if we have fist fights,

Doc lets us keep on slugging until somebody wins. He says with so many of us living together, we have to get things out of our systems. But he makes us shake hands afterwards."


Later that day, I met Doc's older boys: the five who were helping on the farm, and the six who, home on holiday from school and college, were working in the soft-coal mines. One of them was a coloured boy who was a medical student. Witten has raised two coloured boys, both of whom have become physicians.

I understood, when I saw these older sons, Dr. Witten's warm, immoderate pride in what he calls his family tree. From a bunch of scrawny kids with a handicapped start in life, they had been transformed into well-bred, poised young men, above average in intelligence.

"Nobody around here can be irresponsible," one named Terry observed. "When Doc gives a boy a job to do, it's done. No excuses. No whining. If he tells you to make a bed, he wants it perfect. 'Son,' he'll say, 'if you can't handle a couple of dam fool sheets and blankets, how can you ever handle a man-size job?'"

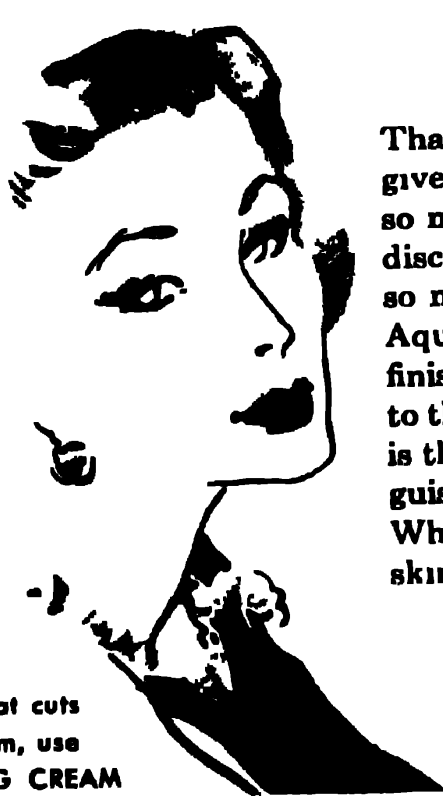
"To Doc, we're not just boys he's being kind to," another of the boys pointed out. "He feels we're his blood relations. For instance, a couple of years ago ten of us were going to a dance in Tazewell. Doc heard the girls were supposed to get flowers, so he forked out the money for ten sprays of flowers. They meant a lot of money, but he





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after-shave lotion



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give to your face means  
so much to a woman of  
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Why not get a bountiful,  
skin-bracing supply today?

For an exclusive shave that cuts  
skin irritation to a minimum, use  
**WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM**

wanted us to have what the Tazewell boys had.

"If Doc had given us food, clothes and schooling but not love, all this wouldn't have amounted to so much. But we've always been sure of Doc's affection. Maybe when a boy first comes here, he's feeling bitter and acting tough. Then Doc says, 'Son, you feel as if your chest were full of barbed wire, don't you? Take it easy. Make yourself at home.' And Doc's love starts reaching out for that boy, and it gets through the barbed wire, and the boy ends up by being, like all Doc's sons, made over—into a special kind of brother. We share everything—clothes, books, fishing rods—even our troubles. If a boy has some worry, we all sit around with Doc and thrash it out, and we usually end up by everybody getting plenty off his chest.

"Yes, we really become the family tree that Doc is always talking about. And boys who haven't been brought up, like us, to share, seem greedy and grabby. They're always saying 'I,' and it comes natural to Doc's boys to say, 'We.'"

On my last evening in North Tazewell, Doc and the boys invited me to dinner.

"What do you think of my varmint?" he asked, with a look in his eye that showed me I'd better say they were wonderful. "I wish you could meet every one of them. They're doctors, dentists, pharmacists, engineers, farmers, and every kind of first-rate businessman you

can think of. Salt of the earth, that's what they are. They've kept me poor as Job's turkey, but they've filled my pockets with satisfaction. None of them has turned out a failure."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"I wouldn't let a son of mine be a failure!" he roared. "If a boy starts to go wrong, the whole bunch of us work on him, day and night, until he goes right."

"I'd like to know your secret for bringing up boys," I said.

"No secret," he replied thoughtfully. "When my first boys came to me, I wasn't sure what on earth to do with them. But I knew I wanted them to be fine men. So I decided to raise my boys as our great-grandparents used to raise their sons. I shucked all this cockeyed psychology stuff, and got down to bedrock. As a father, I returned to the days when a boy had no time to fool around, when he had to grow up fast and be a man, because he lived in a small clearing with the hostile wilderness all around him.

"What a boy needed then is what he needs now. Plenty of love, discipline and hard work. Such things as fair play, common sense, courage, an uncompromising ferocity of independence, the fear of God are the foundation stones of character. Yet, some people call them outmoded.

"We of this era must raise great men. And I believe we *will* raise them, to the everlasting glory of the human race, when these foundation stones come back into fashion."

\* \* \* \* \*

*For this Historic Year*



This is a year when very special gifts will be given to mark a memorable event in the history of Britain. What finer personal gift could there be than an Omega? The gold wrist chronometer illustrated is the C 180SC, with the record-breaking 30 m.m. Omega movement fitted in an 18ct. gold case, and is enhanced by a quietly distinguished dial bearing solid gold figures and hands.

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\* \* \* \* \*



It's not for me to choose a customer's light ale for him But Whitbread's is what they generally ask for, and then I know they know what's good Whitbread's Pale Ale pours clean and clear to the last drop

**the best of the light ales is a**

**WHITBREAD**

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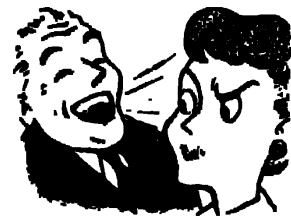


**C**heers for joyous June--the flowers, the hunting, and all the gay festivities that will mark our lovely, young Queen's Coronation! You'll have long days out, so don't forget to dash an astringent lotion on your face before making up. Use it on your feet, too, with plenty of talcum between the toes. Then you'll keep fresh when others are wilting. And now for some June buys. . .

**Don't tolerate flies and wasps in the house!** Clear your rooms instantly with Cooper's Household AEROSOL. It's infallible! You just press the button on the container, and the whole room is filled with an invisible, mist-like spray of "Pybuthrin". The spray is so fine that it stays air-borne much, much longer than ordinary flysprays do, so insects can't escape it! Harmless to *you*, it's deadly to *them*! From 3 to 5 seconds' spraying is enough for the average room, so even a small tin lasts ages. It costs 7/6d. (no separate sprayer is needed). I say, *get it!*



**Once upon a time** people might have condoned in others what's known as "B.O." and bad breath. *But not today!* Everyone has heard of Chlorophyll, the *natural* deodorant, and in AMPLEX you get the most effective Chlorophyll known - the original Gordon Young formula. Within 30 seconds of taking an Amplex tablet all mouth odours disappear, no matter what you've eaten or drunk. Amplex ends body odour, too. May I put in a plea to men *and* women for this present-day essential to good manners? *Take an Amplex after every meal.* 6d. and 1/8d.



**You'll need 100% energy** for this Summer's packed programme - so take it in at breakfast by way of WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT. This unique cereal is made from 100% whole wheat (yes, the vital wheat germ, too), plus Nature's help, bran. Any dietician approves *that* formula for energy! If you like a hot breakfast, then have your Shredded Wheat with hot milk - it never goes soggy, keeps crisp to the last bite. As a tea-or-supper treat for the children, serve with cold milk and sugar, or with butter, honey or fruit on top. It's grand value ---only 1/- a large packet.

**Take my advice** and lay in a bottle of that excellent inexpensive germ-killer, O-SYL, this month. You're bound to need it often. If the children hurt themselves, use O-Syl the hospital way - 2 teaspoons to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water - for washing cuts and wounds (boils and abscesses, too). Keep yourself fresh and fragrant by putting some O-Syl in your bath or washing water. And as a household disinfectant, use 2 or 3 teaspoons in a pail of water whenever you wash floors. It smells



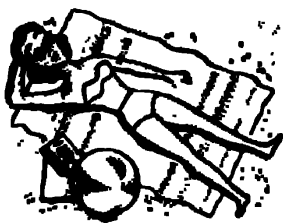
**Men do notice nice nails**, but with housework, gardening, and little time for manicures, how can you keep them immaculate! With NAILOID! It's *such* a boon.

When you wash your hands, just brush a little of this pink cream under the tips. It makes a silky lather that cleanses them strains and all - in a twinkling. Then work a little round the cuticles, so that the half moons come up and *shine*! You'll be thrilled how pearly your nails look even without polish. If you use varnish, Nailoid *enhances* it.

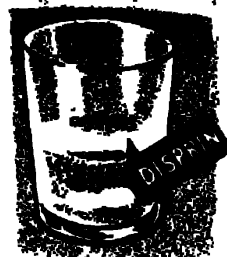


In association with NANCY SASSER

Even today, some girls still sacrifice pleasures like sun-bathing, swimming, even dancing because they're not "well". How out-of-date this is! The modern method of sanitary protection—TAMPAX—never shows, chafes, or causes a minute's anxiety. You wear it *internally* where it's unseen, comfortable, and completely protective. Gone the old bother of belts, pads and pins! You feel daintier, self-confident, serene. *Do try Tampax.* Let me send you a trial package under plain cover with all instructions for use. Send 6d. in loose stamps to me, Alison Grey, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



If you're like me and can't swallow aspirins, take DISPRIN. Disprin *dissolves!* In a matter of seconds after dropping a tablet in water, it dissolves into a milky solution that's smooth and pleasant to take. By entering the stomach in this liquid form, Disprin is more quickly absorbed, gets to work faster. And because it's soluble and far *less acid*, you are far less likely to get indigestion or heartburn afterwards—just that longed-for relief from your headache or pains.



Try Disprin FREE. Let me send you a Trial Package. Just write to Alison Grey, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

I've just met a remarkable man—Captain Knowles, M.C., M.A., D.Sc.—who despite his 61 years looks as young and fit as a forty-year-old. He teaches a BREATHING TECHNIQUE which he claims has brought new health and mental powers to people of all ages. Sufferers from asthma, bronchial troubles and nervous disorders write gratefully of the *amazing relief* his breathing and relaxing exercises have brought to them. I've studied his exercises and I'm sure he's "got something." But *judge for yourself.* Send 2½d. stamp for Syllabus of the Knowles Course to me, Alison Grey, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



"Thanks so much for telling us about KOLYNOS with Chlorophyll Toothpaste in Buy Lines. I'm thoroughly satisfied with it," wrote a reader to me the

other day. And he's only one of masses who have changed to this beneficial toothpaste for *good*. First, it's really nice—the taste is minty, *clean*. But it's the all-day *freshness* chlorophyll leaves in your mouth that's so reassuring—you just know your breath is sweet, too. Best of all, it checks decay, keeps gums healthy. Next time get green Kolynos with Chlorophyll. New *big* tubes at 11d.

You can't fool the modern child about food. CUSTARD, for instance, has to be of just the right *thickness*, and what's more, it has to be BROWN AND POLSON! "It's got the best flavour, Mummy, and it's more creamy," my children say. I think they're right and I've tried most brands. I like it, too, because it's so foolproof to make, and for coating dishes like trifle it sets so beautifully *smooth*. Summer sweets, stewed fruit, they all need custard, so it's worth getting the *best*. In my view, that's Brown & Polson.

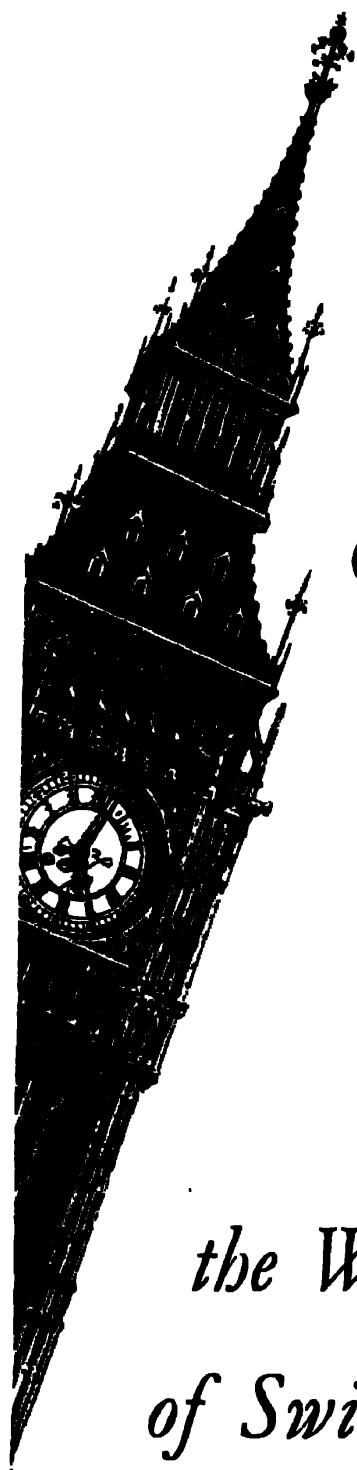


## BIRO CROSSWORD No. 5

Solution to Puzzle on Page vii

ACROSS: 3, Tunic; 8, Vigour; 9, Raglan; 10, Igloo; 11, Mazilo; 12, Wicket; 13, Monzrel; 16, Rampant;

27, Hearsay; 30, Acacia; 32, Tackle; 33, Prior; 34, Pounce; 35, Equine; 36, Rebel.  
DOWN: 1, Virago; 2, Doping; 3, Tripper; 4, Nile; 5, Crowbar; 6, Egg cup; 7, Tavern; 13, Mecca; 14, Nubia; 15, Lisle; 16, Reach; 17, Amass; 18, Tommy; 22, Scraper; 23, Kestrel; 25, Victor; 26, Racing; 28, Recoup; 29, Ail-



**T***o the British People  
on the occasion of the  
Coronation of Her Majesty  
Queen Elizabeth II*



*the Watchmakers  
of Switzerland  
send their greetings*



# Something to look forward to!

## FASCINATING READING IN THE JULY ISSUE

*There's plenty for you to look forward to in the next issue—below, we give you a preview of some of the important features that will be appearing in the July issue of The Reader's Digest. You can make sure of getting your copy of it, and the succeeding issues too, by placing a standing order with your newsagent now.*

**Marriage has Improved.** "It is high time that we look at what is right with marriage, rather than what is wrong with it," says Paul H. Landis. In this provocative article he suggests that we expect more in marriage than ever before, that our failures are a measure of how much we demand from it.

**Malenkov : The Machine That Walks Like a Man.** What do we know of the new ruler of Russia, and what does he know of us? Andre Visson gives the known facts of his career — and estimates what the West might expect from this powerful example of the new "Soviet Man," grown up without any link with pre-revolutionary days.

**Common Sense on Summer Sun.** What are the facts about the sun's rays? Why can you get burned worst when you're out of the sun? What's the principle on which suntan oils, creams and lotions work? Sensible advice on tanning—and the most up-to-date medical views on its health value.

**He Carried Hope in His Saddlebags.** 250 years ago, John Wesley was born—and from his followers the largest Protestant denomination has grown. The amazing life of the frail student who always preached three times a day, often rode 60 to 70 miles a day, lived to 88 on this rigorous discipline.

**What the Doctor Can Do About Alcoholism.** Once regarded as a hopeless problem, more and more, today, alcoholism is looked on by doctors as a *treatable* disease. Now there's a remarkable anti-alcohol drug; there's a new conception of alcoholism as resulting from glandular deficiency; it all adds up to new hope for the hopeless.

**What is the Limit of Your Mind?** True, top limits of intelligence are probably fixed at birth—but science is discovering most of us never use half the mental resources we're born with. What recent studies reveal about mysterious workings of the mind, 6 ways you can stretch your mental powers.

ALSO many other enthralling features, including: "The Day the Clowns Cried"; "Mighty Mouse Guards America"; "Inside Nowhere"; "The Obstreperous Oels of Hammel"; "Come into My Garden".

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**The Reader's Digest** FOR YOU REGULARLY





**Whatever the pleasure  
Player's complete it**



*Player's  
Please*

**It's the tobacco that counts**

[NCC 827W]

# THE **Biro** CROSSWORD No.5

## CLUES ACROSS

- 3 This garment can be turned and be not out in cut (5)
- 8 A few go to an ancient city with considerable energy (8)
- 9 Crimean leader gives style of coat (6)
- 10 Those moving into it might think a house-warming desirable (5)
- 11 Medium used by painters, of first degree (6)
- 12 Is there this sort of gate at Lords? (6)
- 13 At Crufts this would certainly be regarded with mixed feelings (7)
- 16 Position in which to see an animal show signs of breathlessness? (7)
- 19 Cross country runner often rather weedy looking (5)
- 20 If this is spotted it may be given a shaking and thrown out (4)
- 21 Country establishment for distant number (4)
- 22 When business is this there is evidently a this beheaded of it (5)
- 24 A vice originating with caviare? (7)
- 27 What comes from listeners in the hay is not evidence (7)
- 30 An affair of many branches started by two I.A.F. men (6)
- 32 Form of collar, used in point saving (6)
- 33 A first leader of many brothers (5)
- 34 Jump with little more than a light weight (6)
- 35 Horse description includes one of five (6)
- 36 Maybe he won't take the orders of the man who gets the commission (5)

## CLUES DOWN

- 1 Horse play in the beginnings of violence would just accord with her temper (6)
- 2 At a greyhound track would sticking a pin in one of the runners be as bad as using a drug? (6)
- 2 Perhaps he ought to save his outing for the fall (7)
- 4 If this river were curtailed it would vanish (4)
- 5 Long narrow iron affair for birds to drink in? (7)
- 6 Suitable trophy for a champion hen (3, 3)
- 7 Barred building state has part in (6)

- 13 Where the kaaba stands (5)
- 14 A very good baker's effort turns up here in Africa (5)
- 15 This thread is in more than a yard up (5)
- 16 Part of a river of importance to boxers (5)
- 17 Confession of foolishness to accumulate (5)
- 18 This sort of gun is quite unsuited for a small boy, really (5)
- 22 It is for the sole use of callers (7)
- 23 Bird that includes mixed trees (7)
- 25 Unfortunate name for the boy who is always last . . . (6)
- 26 . . . in this sport for example (6)
- 28 Break a heart up to make good losses (6)
- 29 An excellent fish is in bad health (6)
- 31 Mischievous child to have on one's family tree? (4)

*Solution to the Biro Crossword is on Page 3*

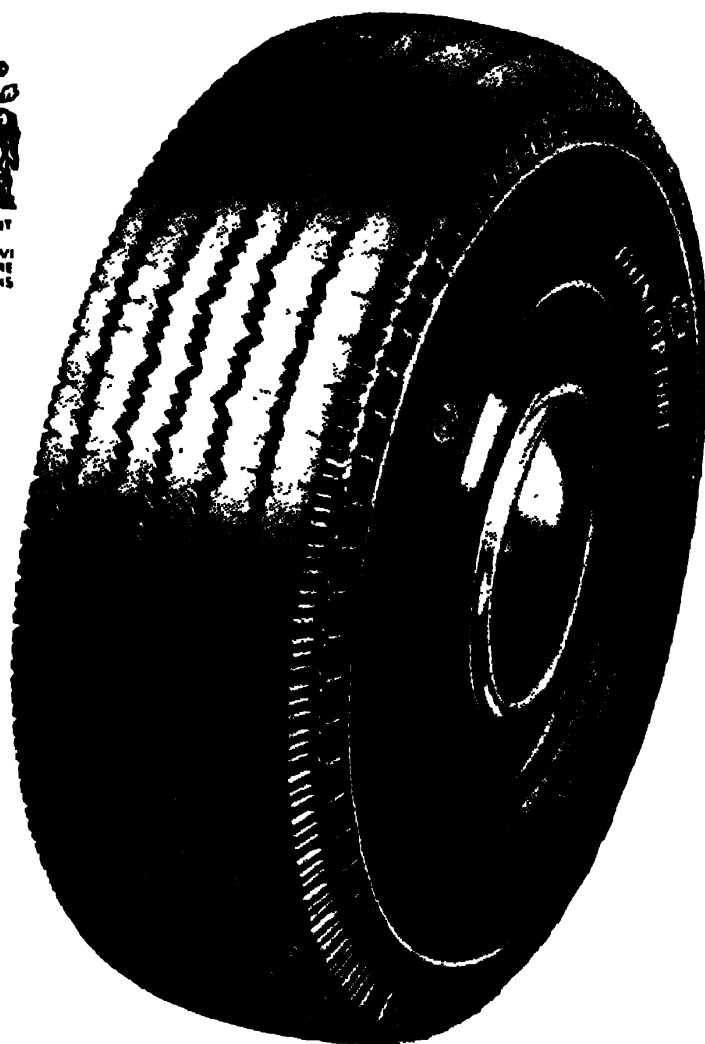
**Biro** *the ballpoint pen* WITH THE WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

*No Puzzle Here*

THERE'S no doubt whatsoever about the superiority of the new Biro "Controlled Flow" refill now on sale. Users are agreed that it gives ballpoint pen writing a new ease, greater clarity and a delightfully resilient action. The new refill is fitted in all Biro 7 and 11 pens.



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TO THE LATE  
KING GEORGE VI  
MOTOR CAR TYRE  
MANUFACTURERS



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**DUNLOP FORT**

*In a Class by Itself*

**Here is a hair dressing with a new approach—a style all its own. Silvikrin Lotion with Oil controls your hair the whole day through, yet leaves it looking perfectly natural (that's the secret of hairdressing in good taste!). It gives your hair the brilliance and gloss that come from vigorous hair health. Silvikrin Lotion with Oil is the hair dressing of today!**



**Silvikrin**  
LOTION WITH OIL  
*The Right-style*  
**HAIR DRESSING**



The **SALES MANAGER** buys a

**Consul**



• 'OVER-SQUARE' O.H.V. ENGINE

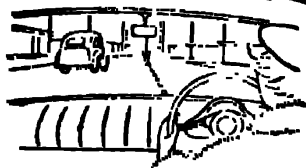
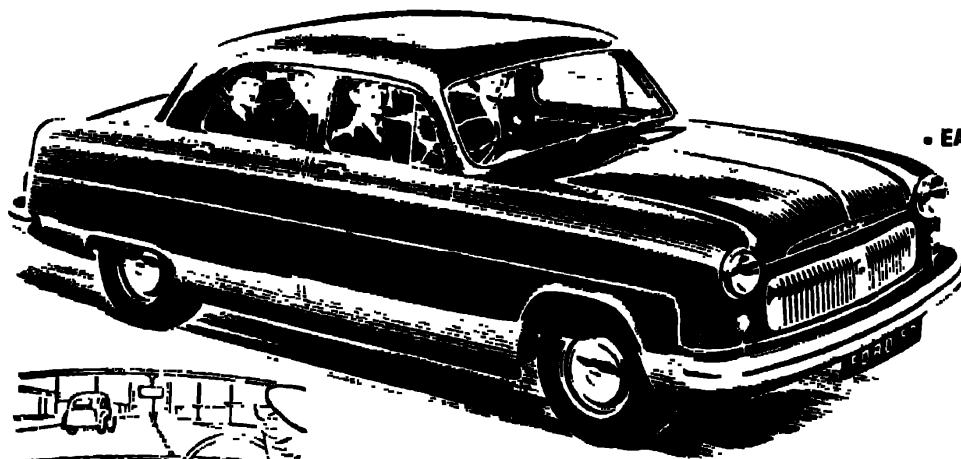
THIS CAR, he says, has road-holding and cornering qualities that take the tension out of driving at 70 m.p.h. It has a new suspension system so good that it reduces fatigue. And the 'over-square' o.h.v. engine, remarkably economical to run, has a low stroke/bore ratio that adds years to its life. He sums up: all these qualities, at this price, make the Consul a new -- a higher -- *class* of car!



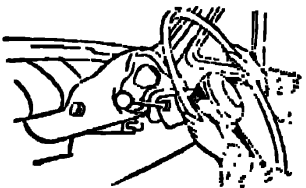
• 15 CU. FT. BOOT SPACE



• EASILY CLEANED IN 20 MINS.



• SAFETY-ALL-ROUND VISION



• FINGER-TIP GEAR CONTROL



• LARGE STAY-OPEN DOORS



so does the  
**STORES BUYER**



SHE FINDS everything about the Consul to her taste: its fresh and graceful lines, a sense of spaciousness on the bench seats, the refinement of detail, the full-width parcel shelf, the cool elegance with which the car behaves in traffic. The Consul has brought her a class of motoring better than she has been able to afford before.

**Consul**  
**Ford**

£470 PLUS P.T. £196.19.2

'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

*The best at lowest cost*



MINIATURE ROSE GARDEN in trough *designed by Anne Ashberry*  
*Details of plants on request in Cussons*

**Cussons**  
**IMPERIAL LEATHER**

*The Exquisite Soap that lasts longer*



A. Wander Limited  
'Ovaltine' Manufacturers

By Appointment  
to the late King George VI



## A National Tradition

IN this memorable year we see again some of the centuries-old pageantry that distinguishes our island home. It is a national characteristic to cling to our traditions—to the things we have proved worth while.

Since early this century the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' have established for this delicious food beverage a tradition of high quality and value which is outstanding. As an energizing and sustaining daytime beverage—as a night-cap for helping to promote natural, restful sleep—'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself. There is nothing like it.

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*Prices in Gl. Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6*

**Remember to ask for OVALTINE Hot or Cold  
at Cafes, Bathing Pools or Milk Bars**

If you have not yet tried 'Ovaltine' Cold you are missing the best of Summer drinks. It is deliciously cool, refreshing and energizing . . . just what you need on a warm, sunny day.

P.882A

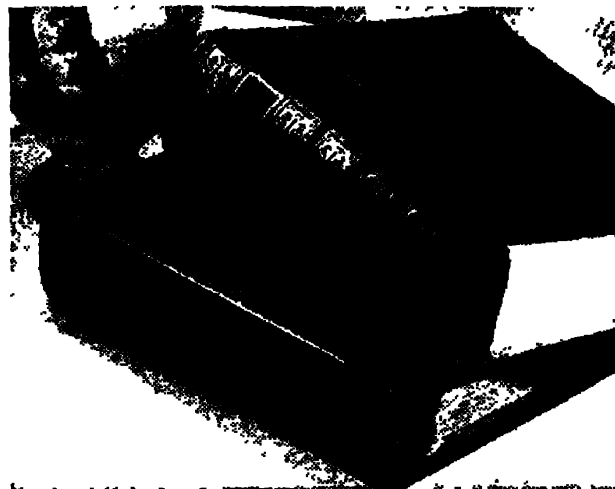
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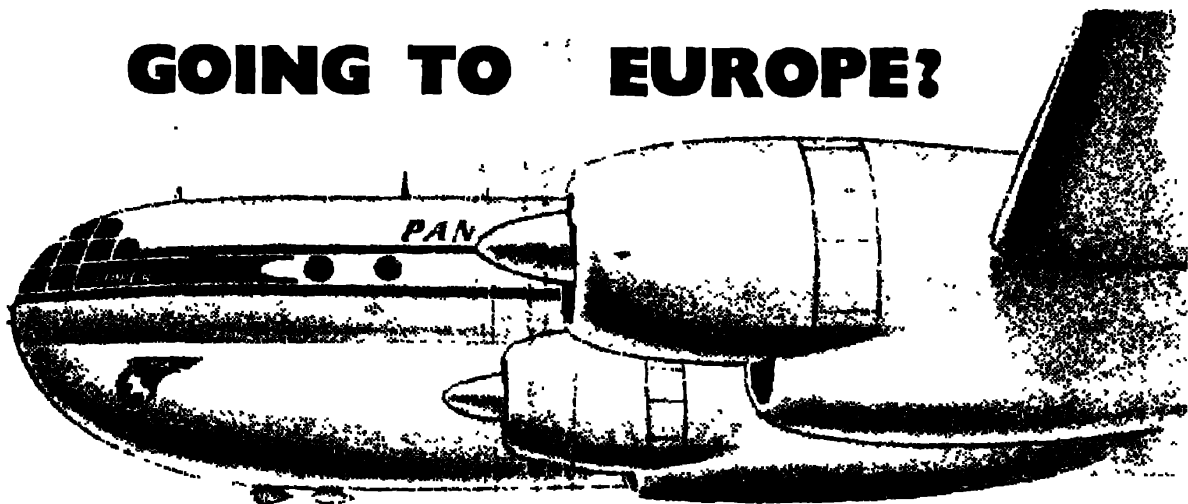
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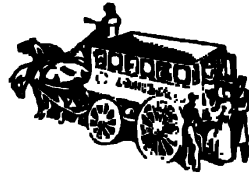
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*Very good people to deal with*



# Ah! Kensitas- that's Good!



**M**y car is sometimes obstinate  
And won't go as it should —  
But breakdown scowls

soon change to smiles...

"Ah! Kensitas—that's good!"

*(Kensitas the fresher smoother cigarette)*



**OUR BELIEF, THE FINEST LEAF...**

**KENSITAS—THAT'S GOOD!**

# Thousands acclaim new Wisdom toothbrush

*Beats both bristle and nylon*

**T**HE new Wisdom Flextron has been on the market only a month or two. Yet already it has hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic users. And no wonder.

Wisdom Flextron is a new, improved kind of nylon. It has all the advantages of ordinary nylon (lasts longer, doesn't break or go soggy), *plus* the essential liveliness and snap-back of the finest natural bristle. No wonder Wisdom Flextron users are so happy with their new toothbrushes!

## FIVE BIG ADVANTAGES

Flextron gives you these five big advantages:

1 Flextron tufts are more lively than ordinary nylon—they probe into every hidden crevice.

2 Flextron is finer than ordinary nylon, giving it the gentleness of bristle. Wonderful for polishing!

3 Flextron won't wilt. Bend it as much as you like, it springs right back.

4 Flextron tufts can't snap off with wear. And like the tufts in all Wisdom toothbrushes they are *permanently anchored*.

5 Flextron maintains "new brush" efficiency day in, day out. Your Wisdom Flextron brush will last much longer than any natural bristle brush, and at least as long as any ordinary nylon brush.

## WHAT IS "CORRECT SHAPE"?

"Correct shape" is the name used by Wisdom to describe the unique bend in the handle of every Wisdom toothbrush. This design is based on the findings of a recent survey among 3,000 leading dentists, the majority of whom specified this shape. It makes correct brushing easier.

## ACT NOW!

Don't neglect your teeth a day longer. Give them the care they deserve with a new Wisdom Flextron.

Recent dental survey shows that 7 out of every 10 toothbrushes now in use need replacing. Be wise -- replace *yours* with a new Wisdom Flextron, the toothbrush with the greatest invention since nylon.



Made by Addis Ltd., of Hertford,  
who made the world's first toothbrush in 1780



# he's a **CRAVEN** *Tobacco man*

Here's tobacco that scores 'all round the wicket'. Your first pipe of CRAVEN tells you why men who demand a luxurious smoke and top value for money are faithful to this fine tobacco — year in and year out. Such fragrance and flavour, such cool, slow smoking.

Choose today from three fine blends

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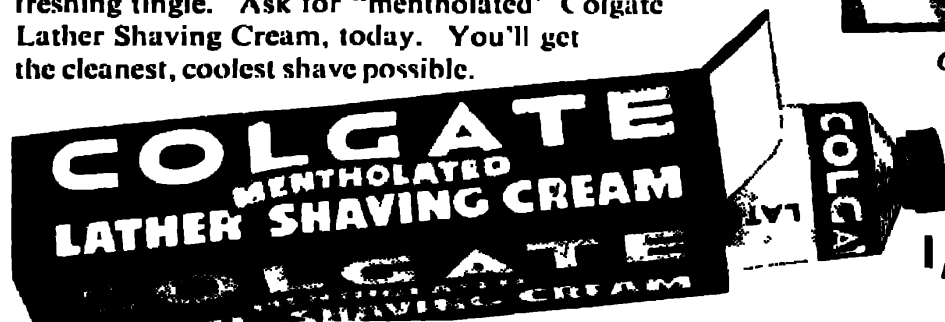
FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS



## Here's the Cleanest Coolest Shave yet!

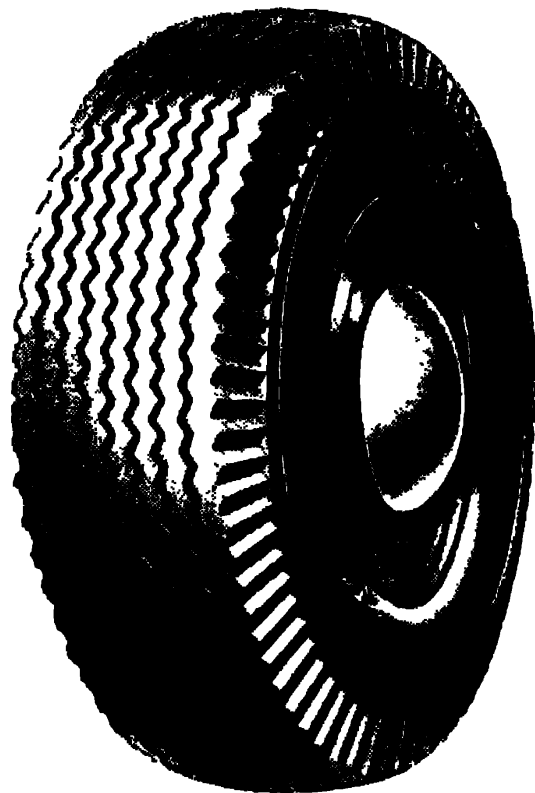
### THE SECRET IS COLGATE'S RICHER 'MENTHOL-BLENDED' LATHER

**N**O more choppy, painful shaves! No stinging razor rash! Because Colgate Lather is made from pure, rich creams specially blended with menthol, for a *cleaner, cooler* shave. Its richer, creamier lather gets right in and softens the toughest whiskers. Meanwhile the menthol ingredient in Colgate begins its cooling action. It eases the tenderest skins—leaves your face glowing with a cool refreshing tingle. Ask for "mentholated" Colgate Lather Shaving Cream, today. You'll get the cleanest, coolest shave possible.



*Colgate's richer, creamier lather is scientifically blended for a cleaner, cooler shave.*

1/5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 2/4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



# **Firestone**

## **TYRES**

**are so**  
**consistently good!**

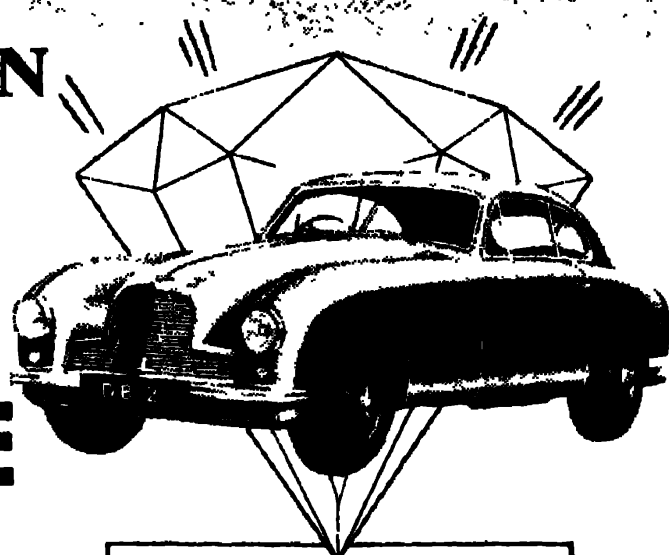
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# ASTON MARTIN

wax-polish  
all production  
models with  
**CAR-PLATE**



The record-breaking Aston  
Martin DB 2, six-cylinder  
engine, 2,580 cc, 105 b.h.p.

## A lasting **DIAMOND SHINE** with positively no rubbing!

**EVERY** Aston Martin is turned out with an appearance to match its performance . . . that's why Car-Plate is the car-wax used for these fine cars.

On *your* car . . . and all cars . . . Car-Plate gives the easiest, brightest shine of all. Car-Plate is the quickest way and the surest way to get a perfect wax shine. But Car-Plate gives more than surface beauty . . . it is complete protection against sun, rain and grime.

### SO EASY, SO SURE

Just spread Car-Plate on a clean car — let dry and wipe lightly. That's all. *There is positively no rubbing.* You wipe only to remove the haze. This reveals a glass-like wax surface. Once waxed with Car-Plate your car stays clean . . . stays protected . . . one waxing *lasts*

and *lasts*. Just wash and wipe occasionally to restore the diamond-shine.

### CLEAN BEFORE YOU WAX

Remember Car-Plate is a wax not a cleaner. Contains no abrasives. Its sole job is to shine and protect. Car-Plate will not hide dirt. So clean your car *super-clean* before you apply Car-Plate. Ordinary washing is not enough. Johnson's Carnu is best for this cleaning job. It's quick, sure, absolutely safe — removes every trace of grease, grime and dead-paint. Do this cleaning job properly and you are sure of a perfect Car-Plate waxing every time. Water won't penetrate it . . . dirt won't cling to it. Try Car-Plate today for brightest shine, best protection. One trial will convince you!

## JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE

From all garages and accessory dealers  
Car-Plate 5/- a tin. Carnu 3/- a bottle.

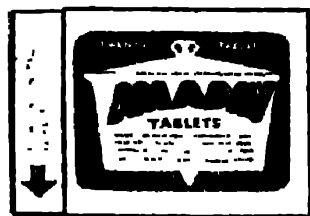


MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX



In association with **NANCY SASSER**

**Cotton's the thing** for every occasion this Coronation month—and what a bewildering choice there is in the shops! I love cloudy organdie and crisp voile for summer dancing, plain poplin for tailored shirtwaisters, gingham and denims for the beach. If you ran nicely, do consider a slim, sleeveless dress with low-cut *back* for day-into-evening dates. It's the newest thing from Paris!

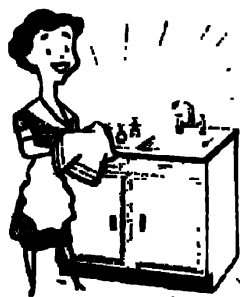


**Flaming June** can be chilly at nights, and should a summer cold attack you, treat it seriously and at once. Take *two* ANADINS, and stop worrying.

They'll scotch the cold before it gets a hold! Anadin beats old-fashioned remedies in that *it works much faster*, and will often kill a cold at the start. It also dispels the headache and pains that precede a real "snorter." Anadin comes in the handiest little vest-pocket pack that slides out one tablet at a time. And, by the way, you get no depressing after-effects with Anadin!

**Now the long summer days are here** the family needs a *good breakfast*... and there's always time to serve **ONE-MINUTE QUAKER OATS**.

They're cooked, smooth and creamy, in just 60 seconds! This favourite, flavourful porridge (so famous for its energy-giving properties) is *all eaten*—none of it sticks to the saucepan... you *wipe* the pan clean! For a change try Quaker Oats the Danish way—straight from the packet with milk and sugar added. Quaker Oats are only 9½d., large packet 1 5d. Get some today!



**A really lovely modern sink** can make washing-up a pleasure instead of a deadly task. Of just the right height, with cupboards or drawers underneath, and adequate draining space, it's an investment in home-happiness... as every husband should know! One of the lowest-priced sinks I know is the **WARWICK WK452 V** at £24 15s. It's 42 in. wide by 18 in. deep by 36 in. high, finished in cream enamel—a beautiful job! There is a choice of stainless steel or vitreous enamelled tops, and matching floor cabinets and wall cupboards. See the range in the Warwick brochure! **FREE**, from me, Alison Grey, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

**I'm so pleased! I've got a FREE recipe book** for you this month, full of nice things to make from **COLMAN'S SEMOLINA**. Favourite cold sweet recipe of mine in it is Coffee Cream—expensive-tasting but cheap to do, and like all dishes with Semolina in, *nourishing*. You'll find novel recipes for cakes, biscuits and savouries, also a quick bread sauce and an excellent marzipan icing! Get wise to the *boom* that Colman's Semolina is! Write me now for the **FREE RECIPE BOOK**. Address Alison Grey, 1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.



**See your car a-gleam and a-shine**—polished by that wonder cloth, **VILED A**. I think it's a *find* so do many garages and public services. The Vileda is just like an expensive chamois leather in looks, feel and performance. But it *lasts* infinitely longer because it has no weak places, no ragged edges, no wrong side as the natural skin has. I *boil* mine—it never stiffens—and grease, bleaches or detergents don't hurt it at all. Get one! Size 18 by 16 in., price 6/11d., at Boots and major stores.







## If you could pluck your own tea . . .

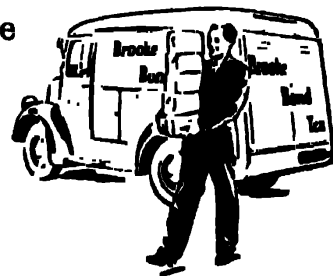
A RUB OF ALADDIN'S lamp . . . hey, Presto! you're in a land of sunshine, where tea is being freshly plucked and processed. Have a cup of tea there, and it will be the nicest you ever tasted. Why? For the same reason that you should ask your grocer for Brooke Bond tea—its *supreme freshness!*

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world. The tea is shipped from India

and Ceylon in lined, sealed chests to keep its tea-garden freshness, is blended, packed and rushed *direct* to your grocer with all possible speed. What a difference that makes.

### Speediest service in the world

Every week, *fresh* stocks are rushed to grocers in city, town and village by the Brooke Bond fleet of familiar little red vans.



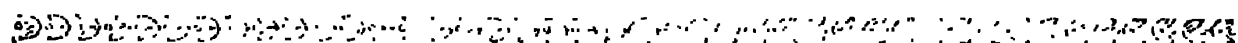
FRESH tea being delivered to a grocer by the little red van—a familiar sight throughout the land. Not a moment is lost.

# Buy Brooke Bond

**Rushed to your grocer FRESH every week**

Brooke Bond tea is the modern fresh blend. 'CHOICEST' • P. G. TIPS • DIVIDEND

*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*



## BUCKINGHAM PALACE

*Condensed from Hommes et Mondes*

Richard Collier

**B**UCKINGHAM PALACE, from which our young Queen rides forth on Coronation Day, is at once a mausoleum of imperial memories, an art gallery, an office building, a treasure house of gold and silver, the heart of a great commonwealth—and the home of a busy, affectionate family with children, dogs, stamp collections and servant problems.

Because it is first of all a private dwelling, few of the millions of taxpayers who largely support it ever enter its gates. The only part of the three acres of stately stone and glass which is open to sight-seers is the Royal Mews, where every Wednesday—upon application two weeks in advance—visitors are shown gilded coaches and the sturdy horses which will draw the Queen in one of them from her palace to Westminster Abbey on June 2. The horses, specially chosen for their

*Behind the scenes of the 600-room house that is home to the Royal Family*

strength and temperament, are conditioned for large crowds and loud noises. At odd moments a portable gramophone, set up in the Mews, bursts into such music as Schubert's "Marche Militaire"; and galaxies of flags are suddenly lowered and flapped about the horses' ears. To guarantee that things go smoothly on Coronation Day, there have been numerous rehearsal drives at dawn along the route.

Despite official seclusion, glimpses of the intimate life of the Palace can be had from the outside. At dawn, when the Palace is still but a bulky shape against the paling sky, the whine of vacuum cleaners rises from the ground floor, where a squad

of charwomen have started work. At six a policeman unlocks the Palace Gates. At 6.30 a milk van trundles through the Tradesman's Entrance. Soon after that a delivery boy bicycles in with the Queen's three morning papers. At 7.30 two special postmen, with "Buckingham Palace" in gold braid upon their lapels, deliver mail in snow-white bags that are scrubbed once a day. By eight o'clock secretaries, clerks and office workers are at their desks. The Palace day has begun.

By 8.30 the Queen is reading her mail in her sitting-room overlooking the Palace gardens, while a kilted pipe major wails forth half an hour of bagpipe music under her window. The letters that pour in are a cross-section of her subjects and their problems. The Queen, of course, has no power to interfere in matters outside her extremely limited jurisdiction, but she can suggest and intercede, and she does. Within 24 hours, in most cases, the Palace secretariat has sent back an answer on scarlet-crested notepaper, couched in courtly terms: "The Queen has commanded me to send your letter to the proper authority." To discourage autograph seekers and prevent

BY OUR standards of antiquity, Buckingham Palace is a fairly recent acquisition of the monarchy. In 1703 the Duke of Buckingham built a mansion on land that had formerly been a public entertainment ground. George III long had his eye on the house because of its central location; in 1761 he persuaded the Duke's heirs to sell him the property. Twelve of his 13 children were born there. George IV spent more than £600,000 to make the building into a palace. William IV disliked the rambling structure so much that he refused to live in it. He tried to foist it off on the Army as barracks and then on the government as a House of Parliament, but there were no takers. At the time the youthful Victoria, then a girl of 18, imperiously decided to move into it after her accession to the throne in 1837, Buckingham Palace was simply the London residence of the reigning monarch. Ever since, it has been the symbolic seat of British sovereignty.

—Allan A. Michie,  
*The Crown and the People* (Secker and Warburg)

her letters from being sold, none of these is ever signed by the Queen.

Elizabeth is a practical and exacting housewife; she spends part of every morning with the Master of the Household, Sir Piers Legh; with the housekeeper, Mrs. Fergusson; and with the chef, Ronald Aubery. What she decides then affects every corner of the establishment.

Though drastic economies were made in the war and post-war years, Buckingham Palace is still in many ways a white elephant. Of its 600 or more rooms, a third are unoccupied almost the whole year round.

Only during Coronation Week will many of the bedrooms have guests. Its corridors—carpeted in crimson, with pile an inch thick—total three miles. Queen Mary often told the story of how she was lost for three hours in this labyrinth, which is so vast that strange things keep turning up. One recent find was a set of carpenter's tools, unopened for nearly 200 years.

No outsider ever sees more than a few of the Palace's rooms. The majority even of the Palace staff seldom enter the lovely Throne Room, 65 feet long, with white walls richly ornamented in gold; or the 68-foot Blue Drawing Room, with its lapis-lazuli pillars; or the green-draped Buhl Room, known as the Hospital Room. Here the little Duke of Cornwall was born, for a royal crown is moulded into its ceiling, and tradition dating back to the birth of Edward the Black Prince decrees that every heir apparent must be born in a room where a crown adorns the ceiling.

In the 150-foot-long, glass-roofed gallery hang the priceless Van Dycks and other art treasures—most of them the private property of the Royal Family. The royal children, Charles and Anne, live on the second floor at the front, where they can see all the processions and the changing of the Guard.

To its intimates the Palace is known simply as "Buck House." Few of the other names which it has been called by its inhabitants have

been so affectionate. King Edward VII, who grew up in it during his mother's 40 years of grieving for Prince Albert, spoke of it as "the sepulchre." Queen Elizabeth once called it "the house where you need a bicycle." Her father, King George VI, named it "the iccbox." In spite of a recently installed oil-burning system, which eliminated the use of 550 open fires and the labour of ten firelighters, the wind still whistles down the corridors, which are often colder than out of doors.

King George V, who like others found the Palace overlarge and underheated, tried to persuade the Ministry of Works to sell it to a hotel group. The value of the site was then appraised at £5,000,000. (It would probably be double that today.) But the deal fell through because the hotel promoters could not guarantee to preserve the outward appearance of the building.

To keep this vast establishment clean and smoothly running requires some 200 servants, from the Queen's Scouring Boy, who scrubs pans in the kitchen, to the Pages of the Presence, who attend Royalty in person. At one time, unless the candidate's father already had a job there, it was harder to get on the Palace payroll than to enter Harrow or Eton. But today young people are less attracted to a life of so much discipline and restriction. Palace servants have special perquisites, however, such as free doctoring and, for the men, two free lounge suits a

year. The Palace is called "one of the best employers of labour" by officials of the Civil Service Union, which has organized most of the Palace staff, and which holds regular meetings in a room not 50 yards from where the Queen has her dinner.

The royal apartments are out of bounds to all but the 36 or so servants on duty there. The rank and file of the Palace staff meet Royalty, briefly, just before Christmas, when a long queue, arranged according to seniority of service, lines up to receive a handshake, a friendly word and a present from the Queen. Married staff often get tea sets, sheets or hearth rugs. The Queen usually shops for these presents herself.

Once a year, in the white-and-gold State Ballroom, there is a staff dance. The Monarch comes for an hour, and dances with half a dozen of the staff who serve him—or her—most closely, and with either the youngest housemaid or the youngest page, while the orchestra plays waltzes, polkas or valetas, a dance in which partners turn their backs to each other and bump—gently.

Although the Palace is situated in the heart of London, 40 acres of walled-in park, shrubbery, lawns, trees and a lake make it seem, at some points, as remote and sylvan

as if it were 100 miles from the city. The garden boasts a two-mile perimeter walk, several hothouses, tennis courts, a sand pit for children and a 60-foot swimming pool.

Maintenance of the Palace is a never-ending task. Its 10,000 windows require the ceaseless labour of ten men to wash. Whenever a room is left empty, even for a week, it is cleaned, locked and not used again until after an official of the Ministry of Works has inspected it. Much of the cleaning requires special equipment, such is the 12-foot telescopic ostrich-feather dusters (only the delicate body feathers are used) for dusting the richly moulded ceilings.

To guard against theft, and to make sure that after the cleaning everything goes back just as it was, the Master of the Household checks against a set of large-size photographs, which are scrapped whenever new furniture or a new lighting system is installed. Most members of the Royal Family are lynx-eyed in such matters, though none could compare with Queen Mary, who once complained that a statue of Edward VII had been moved five inches. The photographs proved she was right, though she had not been in that particular corridor for three years.

Every other day an official of the clockmaking firm of Frodsham



calls to keep the Palace's 300 clocks properly wound. The clock-winder may enter practically every room in the Palace by simply opening the door and saying "Frodsham."

By day and night, unceasing vigilance, mechanical as well as human, guards the Palace and the Royal Family. When the Queen is in residence the permanent guard is never less than 74 men: 24 sentries from the Brigade of Guards and 50 policemen. Because they should know every face that presents itself at the gates, few of the policemen have been on this beat less than 25 years.

One of these policemen's main tasks is the firm but tactful dissuasion of cranks who nearly every day try to get into the Palace or want to see the Queen. Most are harmless, like the R.A.F. officer who believed that he was Princess Margaret's fiancé. One old lady has called at the Palace every day since the reign of Edward VII. She tips the bobby on duty half-a-crown and entrusts to him a sealed envelope with a personal message for the sovereign. The message is always the same: "Cheer up--things could be worse."

Within recent years only seven intruders have managed to get within the Palace grounds. Two were students from Oregon in search of a place to spend the night. One was a man who scaled a builder's ladder for a bet, and another an innocent passer-by who wanted to retrieve his hat, blown over the Palace wall by the wind. No one has penetrated

as far as the Royal apartments since Edward VII found a workman seated at an elegant mahogany desk, writing on Palace notepaper a letter which began—"Dear Mother, Please note change of address. . . ."

Once every night, at a time never announced beforehand, the sleeping Palace grounds suddenly echo to the tread of a swift martial procession. First comes the Guards' drummer boy, carrying a hurricane lamp, then the lieutenant in command with two Guardsmen, then the senior sergeant. This traditional inspection, as impressive—with its swinging shadows and half-lit forms—as a painting by an old master, is known as the "Grand Round."

The soldier with the most difficult job is Corporal William Bacon of the Coldstream Guards. As Royal Flagmaster, he must keep the flag flying from its staff 75 feet above the roof, from sunrise to sunset whenever the Queen is in residence. His greatest enemy is the wind. Traditionally, the Royal Standard must be kept flying out straight, and the flagmaster often spends hours, in all kinds of weather, disentangling it.

The Royal Standard flies bravely, and well it might. For it is the symbol of unity and dominion, of the affection and pride which the British people feel for the grave and handsome young woman who, this month, is to be crowned Queen of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of all her other realms and territories.



Drama in Real Life

## APPOINTMENT AT ENIWETOK

By James Saxon Childers

I WAS YOUNG for a teacher back in the 1920s, and perhaps that is why my office was a meeting place where students came to talk about campus politics, football, books. We even read poetry, and I'll never forget the afternoon that Sarah Fenton read, "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. . . ." She scarcely looked at the book: her eyes were on Joe Rivers.

Sarah was small, her hair blonde and soft, and she looked at Joe as if he were the whole world. Joe watched

~~~~~

JAMES SAXON CHILDERS was a college professor for a number of years, and a colonel in the U.S. Air Force during World War II. He is now associate editor of the *Atlanta Journal* in the State of Georgia.

her while she read, and it was plain that he would like to pick her up in his arms and carry her away. I never saw a boy and girl more openly in love.

Through that autumn and winter Sarah was a good student, but in the spring her work fell off and I spoke to her. She promised to try to do better.

One morning I lectured on Robert Burns, and in my talk I said some persons criticized him because they believed he was not a moral man. I asked for charity for his morals and appreciation of his poems. My pupils listened closely, quiet and still. Nothing so satisfies a teacher as to know he has done more than count the dry sticks of facts, that he

APPOINTMENT AT ENIWETOK

has lighted them and warmed the room with his teaching, so I was pleased as I went to my office after the class. I'd been there only a few minutes when Joe Rivers opened the door. He was a big, good-looking farm boy.

"Come in, Joe." I reached for my pipe.

He shut the door and locked it. Evidently something was wrong. He came over and stood by my desk.

"You sort of got next to me in class this morning," he said. He picked up a paper clip from the desk and started straightening it. "I want to talk to you. Maybe you can help us." He was looking down at the clip, twisting it. "It's all my fault." His fingers tightened as if he would break the wire. "Sarah is going to have a baby."

He told me they never meant anything like that to happen, even to have a chance to happen, but it had and they were in this fix.

"We'd get married, if we could. But I have no money and so we got to do something about it."

"Not necessarily," I said. "If it's just money, I can lend you a bit. And finding a job shouldn't be hard."

"No!" He seemed almost angry that I should urge them to get married. "We've talked about it a hundred times and we've made up our minds." He glared at me, then blurted the real reason for his coming. "We thought you'd help us find a good doctor."

I laid my pipe aside. "No good doctor would do it, Joe."

That started him arguing again. His agony was plain.

"Look, Joe," I said, "how about bringing Sarah up here so the three of us can talk about it?"

He steadied himself, then nodded. "I'll go get her."

When they came in, Sarah's face was flushed and she was holding Joe's hand, tight. I gave her a chair and said, "Joe has told me. How do you feel about it, Sarah? Do you want the child?"

"I'd love to have him. But we *can't*." There was panic in her voice.

"Let's talk about it," I said.

They were married the next Saturday.

Two months later Joe came out to the college and told me they'd borrowed some money and that he and Sarah were moving to another state. "We want to get away before the baby is born," he said.

Later Sarah wrote me a carefully worded little note of thanks. I heard no more from them.

OCTOBER 18, 1944, was a beautiful day in the Pacific, a perfect day for flying. The big plane's destination was Saipan, headquarters of the U.S. 21st Bomber Command, but we were to land and refuel at Eniwetok. Besides the crew, 28 officers and men were aboard. I was seated forward, reading some reports.

"Excuse me, sir."

A tall sergeant was standing in the aisle, pointing at my bag. "I saw your name, sir. Did you use to be a college professor?"

I told him I had, and he grinned. "Well, you must be the one. I've often heard my mother and dad speak of you. I'm Fenton Rivers."

For an instant his name meant nothing to me, and then I realized that he was the son of Joe and Sarah. I held out my hand to him. "This is fine. I'm so glad you spoke to me," I moved my papers and made a place for him. "Sit down and tell me about your mother and father and yourself."

Sarah was in good health and Joe was superintendent of a mill. Fenton said he was 19. He talked on as we flew towards Eniwetok, telling about his school, about football. He liked the Air Force and hoped some day to be a pilot. I scarcely heard him—I was back at college, listening to this boy's frightened mother and father telling me that their child should not be born.

Finally he rose and said, "I'll write Mother and Dad I saw you."

I turned to watch him walk with quick strides down the aisle. This was the boy who almost never lived. I sat for a while gazing out of the window and then picked up my papers again. Soon I felt the plane turning and looked down at the white speck of an atoll in the ocean. It was Eniwetok, and we were swinging in for a landing.

The pilot undershot the runway.

We hit hard, the impact staggered the plane and the Number 3 engine caught fire. We catapulted back into the air and travelled, tilted and twisting, above the runway until we hit again and tore off the right wing, skidding forward, the gas tanks blazing.

I crawled towards the door but something was wrong with my back and one leg. I lay in the aisle watching the men jump out.

The fire caught me and I knew I must reach the door. I dragged myself forward but not far enough. There was comfort and a strange peace in lying still and relaxed, but once more the fire burned into my slowed-down mind and again I tried to crawl and couldn't. Then I saw a man climbing back into the plane. It was Sergeant Rivers. He caught hold of me and shook me. I put an arm round his neck and tried to hold on but it slid off. The last I knew, he was lifting me.

I remember nothing else of that day or that night. When I came to, the next morning, I asked for Sergeant Rivers but he had gone on to Saipan.

RECENTLY I read a dispatch from Korea. Capt. Fenton Rivers, who had shot down four enemy planes, had been killed in an air fight near the Manchurian border. That announcement, and the fact that I have changed the names that might identify the boy, makes the publication of this story possible.



A Great Mountie's Great Case

Condensed from Bluebook

Arthur Train, Jr.

THE MURDERERS had confessed. The public expected an easy conviction. What, then, had drawn the huge crowd to this session of the Supreme Court of Alberta at Edmonton on August 14, 1917?

One attraction, certainly, was Inspector "Denny" LaNauze, handsomest and most popular officer in the Royal North-west Mounted Police. But the real centre of attention was the prisoner, the first Eskimo to be brought to trial in a white man's court.

The culprit and his accomplice could not speak a word of English. They did not know the meaning of an oath, though they agreed, Eskimo-fashion, to "speak straight and not with two tongues." As stolidly as they would have recounted the

killing of a seal, they told how they had slain two missionaries, hacked them up and eaten their livers.

Inspector LaNauze had spent more than two years covering 6,000 miles by dog team and boat to track down the culprits. His exploit is still a favourite story round campfires along the Mackenzie and in igloos far out on the polar ice. For LaNauze was the first officer to bring justice to the Arctic.

Loneliest and most inaccessible of the rivers of the Canadian Northwest, the Coppermine wanders through several hundred miles of dreary tundra, passing the Dismal Lakes on its way to the Arctic Ocean. In these forlorn reaches, the missionaries met their death in November 1913.

Few white men will remain in these desolate wastes unless sustained by an ideal. But the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are the shock troops of the Catholic Church. Mission by mission, they had been pushing their way north. Several missions had tried to convert the Eskimos. Then in 1911 Bishop Breynat, head of the Oblates in Mackenzie District, selected for the task Father Rouvière, a rugged mountaineer from the Cévennes in France, and Father LeRoux, a scholarly young Breton.

For a time things went well. Then the Eskimos, in their search for game, moved north to the Arctic Ocean. The missionaries went with them—and were never heard from again.

In 1915, near the Dismal Lakes, one of the North-west's outstanding woodsmen, D'Arcy Arden, spotted an Eskimo wearing a priest's surplice. Examining the garment carefully, he saw a bullet hole.

To the almost hopeless task of finding the missionaries or their slayers the Mounted Police assigned Inspector Charles Deering LaNauze, a French-Irishman with immense vitality and a vast knowledge of the North.

LaNauze took with him a corporal, a constable and an Eskimo interpreter. At Fort Norman they loaded a shallow-draught boat with supplies to last two years, and headed for Great Bear Lake. Against the swift, icy current of

Great Bear River progress was so slow that at night they could look back and see their last camp.

When the bitter Arctic winter set in, LaNauze and his men holed up along an arm of the lake. At the first hint of spring they set out on dog sleds over a difficult terrain cluttered with huge blocks of ice. Often it was necessary to beat out a trail and then go back for the supplies. But by the end of April 1916 they reached the Arctic Ocean.

There Inspector LaNauze met Corporal Bruce, who had been sent along the coast from Herschel Island to work on the case. Bruce had accumulated more evidence, including a cassock with Rouvière's name on it; but he had not learned anything about a murder.

Patiently LaNauze and his interpreter went over the ground themselves, village by village, tent by tent—questioning the Eskimos repeatedly, giving them a chance to trip themselves up. But there was never a break in their avowals of ignorance about the missionaries.

Then one day an Eskimo looked at Ilavinik, the interpreter, and said: "Didn't you work with the white man Stefansson?"

"Yes."

"I heard about you from my cousin, who was with him."

The atmosphere began to thaw. Ilavinik resumed his questioning of the group. LaNauze, watching, saw that he was beginning to tremble.

Suddenly he turned to LaNauze and said: "I got him. Priests killed by Eskimo, all right. These people very, very sorry. Write down these names—Sinnisiak and Uluksuk."

Sinnisiak was busily making a bow when the Mounties caught up with him. He shuddered with fear when his eyes met those of the police, expecting to be killed on the spot.

During the questioning that followed, the tent filled with friends and relatives of the culprit. For a time LaNauze and his men feared they would suffer the same fate as the priests.

But when the Eskimos saw that the white men were not going to wreak vengeance on Sinnisiak immediately, the elders spoke up. "It is right that Sinnisiak should go back with the white men," they said.

Uluksuk, the accomplice, was picked up soon afterwards.

Exactly what happened between the two Eskimos and the missionaries? We have only the Eskimos' account.

At the beginning the Eskimos were kind and hospitable. As is their custom, they shared what they had and expected to share what others had in return. But when the caribou grew scarce, people were hungry, nerves were stretched to the breaking point. The last page of Father Rouvière's diary, picked up at the scene of the crime, contains the despairing entry: "Disil-

lusioned by the Eskimos. What shall we do?"

The priests had shared a tent with Kormik, a medicine man, who resented their competition. Driven by hunger, Kormik's wife helped herself to the priests' dwindling stock of provisions. Then Kormik took Father LeRoux's rifle. In the North, taking a man's rifle when starvation threatens is tantamount to a death sentence.

Father LeRoux demanded the return of the rifle and the villagers became wildly excited. Enraged, Kormik leaped on the priest and tried to kill him. Wiser heads prevented this, but the Fathers were persuaded to leave.

The Fathers were ill and weak from lack of food. They did not know the way back. Some 25 miles up the river in a blinding snow-storm they met Sinnisiak and Uluksuk. The Fathers told them to help pull the sled. But the Eskimos wanted to go back to their village.

"I had ice in my boots and I was freezing," declared Sinnisiak at the trial. "I did not know when I would see my people again. Every time the sled stuck, Father LeRoux pulled out the rifle.

"'I think they will kill us,' I said to Uluksuk. 'I will try to kill them.'"

So, watching his chance, he stabbed LeRoux in the back.

"You finish off this one. I'll get the other!" he shouted to Uluksuk as Father LeRoux toppled forward.

Reluctantly Uluksuk drew his seal knife and stabbed the priest again. Sinnisiak picked up the rifle and fired twice at Father Rouvière. The Eskimos hacked open the bodies of the priests and ate their livers, to keep the white men's spirits "from getting up again."

So died Jean-Baptiste Rouvière and Gabriel LeRoux, a few miles above Bloody Falls in the Barren Lands, martyrs to their faith.

LaNauze took his prisoners and Eskimo witnesses out by whaleboat from Herschel Island. From Peace River they travelled by train to Edmonton, where their arrival caused a sensation. At no time were the prisoners shackled. They looked on their Mountie guards as the only link with their life in the North, and followed them around with pathetic devotion.

During the trial the people of Edmonton became convinced that these aborigines could not possibly understand the gravity of their crime. The tide of popular sympathy began to turn in their favour. By the time the three-day trial was over, half of Edmonton was clamouring for acquittal. Bishop Breynat himself gave an example of compassion by suggesting that after conviction the authorities show clemency. Although his own spiritual sons had been murdered he pleaded, almost in Christ's own words: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The jury was out a surprisingly

short time, and came in with the verdict: "Not guilty."

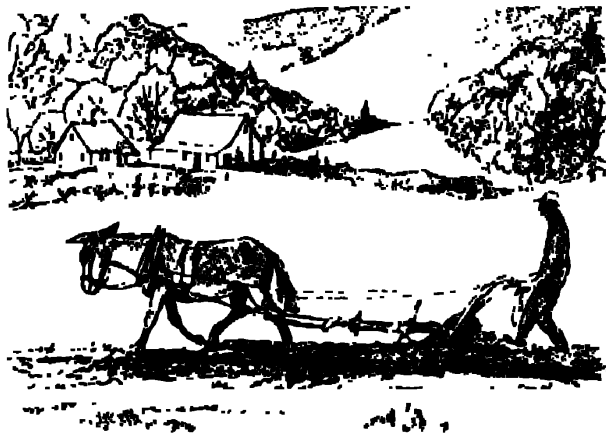
The first person to break the silence was Chief Justice Harvey. "Gentlemen," he informed the jury, "you have not done your duty."

Only one Eskimo had been tried for the murder of one priest. After a change of venue, the case was reopened in Calgary. This time the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, "with the strongest possible recommendation for mercy." The Governor-General commuted the death sentence to imprisonment at Fort Resolution under the surveillance of the Mounted Police and the Oblate Fathers. They were released in 1919.

This example of the white man's fairness spread all over the Arctic. But even today it is not generally known that it was Inspector Denny LaNauze who was mainly responsible for this happy outcome and for the pacifying effect it had on Eskimos throughout the North.

LaNauze had given the natives a preliminary hearing on the Arctic Coast. He had obtained from the accused an account of the crime which by its frankness proved how little they understood its gravity.

Anyone venturing into the Coppermine region a few years later would have found that LaNauze's fairness paid off. It was now safe for Oblate missionaries to carry on the work for which Father Rouvière and Father LeRoux had died.



Love That Land!

Condensed from *The Land*

Jesse Stuart

MY FATHER, who has lived all his life in the hills, never read anything about soil conservation. He cannot read. I never heard him use the word "conservation." I doubt that he would know what it meant. He calls it "pertextin' the land." And now if anyone started to read to him about how to protect the land, he would interrupt: "I did that 50 years ago."

For 35 years, ever since I was big enough to tag at his heels, I could vouch for that. He had done everything I've read about soil conservation, and more.

In spite of his not being able to read books, he has read the surface of the earth, in every slope, hollow, creek bottom, on every piece of ter-

rain he has walked in his day and time. He has loved the feel of the soil in his hand. He has almost petted the earth beneath him as if it were something to be fondled.

When he bought the first and only land he has ever owned, 50 acres of hill land, half of it was considered worthless. The slopes that had been cleared were streaked with gullies deeper than a man's height. I used to pole-vault from one side of a gully to the other with a 16-foot pole. Now, no one would know that the earth had ever been scarred by deep, ugly wounds. For this land grows four crops of lucerne each season and a mowing machine rolls smoothly over it.

When we were cutting trees to build a home on this farm Father saved the branches and the treetops. He laid this brush down in these scars, putting the tips uphill. "When the water comes down the gully," he said, "the soil it carries will catch in this brush. The gully will soon fill up."

We seldom put stones in these gullies. If we did, we put them down deep, so they would never work to the top and be a menace to the plough.

Nature did wonders where we piled this brush, edging in with her sediment wash, trying to heal the ugly scar. For a year or two we ploughed around these deep gullies so that the soil went over and into the brush. We hauled wagons of

oak leaves from the woods and spread them over the places where the brush had sunk. We pushed in more soil from the sides, healing the great scar, and then started ploughing over. We reunited the earth's skin, leaving it without a blemish. This was the way we handled the gullies that were from five to 15 feet deep.

The little gullies, up to five feet, were easier to handle. When we re-cleared land we put all the brush and briars in them. The briars formed an excellent interwoven network to hold the wash and sediment. And by doing this we cleared the land and filled the gullies at the same time. And all we put into these ditches fertilized the earth, cemented the broken skin and held it together.

We had some ditches started along the cattle and sheep paths in our pastures. And here is what we did. If the land was rough and we couldn't mow the briars and sprouts with a mowing machine, we used mattocks and scythes. We placed this cut brush and briars along these paths. Cattle and sheep wouldn't walk this way again. Soon these cuttings gathered wash and sediment and the path was covered over and the land was healed.

Never did I see my father drag a plough up or down hill and leave a mark that would start a ditch. When

he had to cross a slope to get to the tobacco field, he would drive his team ahead and carry his plough. He was that careful with the land.

Another thing he did all of his life was to follow the contour of the hill with his plough. These hills didn't erode for my father; he never gave them a chance.

Today agriculture experts recommend that we farm corn on our level acres, sow our hill slopes in grass and use the uplands for pasture. My father learned this long ago. It was a matter of "horse sense" to him.

To this day, my father uses a sledge to haul tobacco, hay, fodder down a hill slope. He will not use a wagon because the wheels cut deep and help to start ditches. Sledge runners slide over the earth and hardly leave a trace. He will not drag logs straight down a hill unless the ground is frozen. Old log roads are another good way to start erosion. And if nature with a bountiful rain, a freeze or a thaw breaks the land's skin anywhere, he immediately does something about it.

Although he is 70, my father still practises his prevention of erosion. He can't understand why everybody hasn't "protected the land." He wonders why more people didn't use a little "horse sense" to keep all their topsoil from washing away. My father loves the land.



Have you looked into yourself lately? Perhaps your idea of how to get ahead is out of date

WHY DIDN'T YOU

GET THAT PROMOTION

Condensed from Collier's Howard Whitman

“THE WAY to get ahead in the world is changing. With psychological tests and “evaluation interviews,” big companies are now determining not only how good a man is at his job but how good he is *as a person*—and what he can develop into. Fitting square pegs into square holes is no longer enough. The trick is to find out what kind of wood the peg is made of, what quality, how durable.

“We are looking beyond the old idea of promotion,” says Dr. Walter D. Woodward, psychiatrist at the American Cyanamid Co. “We are looking towards a man’s long term progress. We want to develop men who can fit into future vacancies, take jobs that don’t even exist yet.”

This new approach is based not so much on how well a man or woman can do a particular job but on how mature and well integrated he or she is. After all, the mainsprings of per-

sonality supply the incentive, integrity, vigour and enthusiasm a person brings to his work.

A study by Chandler Hunt covering 80,000 clerical and office workers in 76 companies, analyses the reasons why people are not promoted. Lack of skill accounts for only 24 per cent of the trouble. Personality failings—lack of initiative and ambition, carelessness, non co-operation, laziness—account for 76 per cent.

These personality failings can be observed in surface behaviour. But today’s personnel experts listen also for deeper rumblings. Let’s say the management is considering Mr. A for promotion to foreman. To find out what kind of director of other men Mr. A will be the personnel expert asks a “revealing situation” question:

“Suppose one of your men has been late twice in the past ten days. Each time you spoke to him about

it and received his assurance that he would be on time in the future. This morning he is late again, and an important job has been held up. What would you do about this man?"

"I'd fire him" or "I'd give him another chance" is the wrong answer. "I'd find out why he was late" is the right answer.

The man may have been late because his wife was suddenly taken to hospital or for another emergency reason. To ask him about it shows an even, judicial temperament in a provoking situation. The man can be fired or forgiven after the facts are known.

Dozens of questions in today's personality tests have no right or wrong answers, but each answer adds another brush stroke to a person's portrait. Examples:

On meeting someone, do you wait for the other fellow to say hello first? (*hostility*)

Are you hurt if someone fails to return your call? (*inferiority feelings*)

Would you rather make a decision yourself or get someone to help you make it? (*sense of adequacy, confidence*)

Would you speak up or let the incident pass if someone pushed ahead of you in line? (*aggressiveness, assertiveness*)

Is it hard for you to say no to a salesman? (*suggestibility*)

If a man says it is not hard for him to say no to a salesman he may not make a good salesman himself. Checking with control groups has

shown that 90 per cent of successful salesmen find it hard to say no to another salesman.

After the batteries of tests comes the evaluation interview—heart of the scientific approach to promotion. This is just talk, but extremely skilled talk.

In Cleveland, at Western Reserve University's Personnel Research Institute, I sat in at an interview held for the Solar Steel Corporation. The interviewers were two psychologists, Dr. Erwin Taylor, director of the institute, and Theodore Kunin. The subject was a Solar Steel employee, Mr. X. Dr. Taylor had said to me in advance, "I intentionally will not introduce you. This is to be a 'stress interview,' and your unexplained presence will add to the stress." After half a dozen questions the stress was turned on. Dr. Taylor said, "Mr. X, I'll play the rôle of a customer, who for some reason has stopped doing business with your company. You have to win the business back."

Mr. X: I haven't had an order from you for some time. Is anything wrong?

Dr. Taylor: No, nothing's wrong.

Mr. X: Well I mean, we took care of you when steel was short, didn't we?

Dr. Taylor: Do you think I'm under obligation to you?

Mr. X: I wouldn't say that. I just mean we took good care of you.

Dr. Taylor: You made a profit on every ton, didn't you?

Mr. X: All I mean is, I'd like to be fair about this thing.

Dr. Taylor: Oh, then you think I'm being unfair!

Mr. X: Oh no. That's not what I meant. I just thought—well, steel might be short again some time.

Dr. Taylor: Are you threatening me?

Poor Mr. X had considerable colour in his cheeks by now, and just when I thought he'd blow his top Kunin came to the rescue by taking the interview up another path.

The interview lasted two hours and covered everything from life history and job history to hobbies and ambitions. There were no answers to many of the "stress" questions; they were framed expressly, as Dr. Taylor put it, "to get Mr. X in deep—and then get him in deeper."

The purpose of the stress test is to evaluate the man's resourcefulness, to see how much it takes to throw him off balance, to see what his quitting point is, to test his adroitness in handling people in impossible situations.

When the results of the tests and the interview have been collated recommendation is made for or against the man's promotion. Sure to be mentioned are the same traits of character which interested employers in grandpa's day—but evaluated scientifically.

Take the trait of thoughtfulness versus interest in overt activity. Psychologists find that the man who

is a bit on the introvert side makes a better supervisor than the extrovert, because the extrovert "is so busy interacting with his environment that he is a poor observer of others and of himself. He is probably not subtle and may be lacking in tact. He dislikes reflection and planning."

The trait of aggressiveness has long figured in getting a man to the top of the ladder. A company chairman tells the board, "We want men who will tackle the job aggressively." Yet we condemn aggressiveness in such common remarks as "Don't push other people around" and "Don't try to get ahead by stepping on other people's toes." An aggressive person often finds himself disliked.

The personnel psychologist comes up with the answer to this apparent clash. Sheer aggressiveness he regards as a negative character trait. For most jobs it is undesirable. But "unobtrusive aggressiveness"—power, drive and alertness without offence or disregard for others—marks the socially mature go getter.

Ola Cool, veteran management counsellor and director of the U.S. Labour Relations Institute, said, "The men and women who know best how to get along with people these are the ones who get the promotions." Cool told of a brilliant engineer who was tops technically but missed out on promotion to a high executive job. Cool explained, "This man was so good technically that he lost respect for the others around him, and he showed it. Re-

sult—he couldn't get good work out of his men."

The measure of leadership is no longer how well a man can drive workers but how well he can get them to follow him.

One industrial firm, before promoting a machine operator to supervisor, always makes him a machine fixer for three months. Why? "A machine fixer gets around. He has to deal with fellows all over the plant. He doesn't know it, but in three months we have a full length portrait of his social adaptability."

The importance of human relations goes up the scale with the importance of the job. In most jobs the initial promotions, during the first two to five years, are based on skill.

But when a man gets up to supervisory levels—when he stops handling tools and starts handling people—an almost total reversal of qualifications begins.

Know-how is 90 per cent for a rank-and-file worker. For promotion to foreman know-how is 50 per cent and human relations 50 per cent. For promotion to executive, know-how is 20 per cent and human relations 80 per cent.

In one company the personnel manager named a man for promotion to a job for which he had had no previous training. When asked why, he said, "We can teach that man all the know-how he needs in six weeks—but it has taken him 32 years to become the person he is."



Cartoon Quips

U.S. ARMY SERGEANT to recruits: "Don't look at it as the start of basic training, lads . . . think of it as a possible first step towards the Presidency. . . ." —Luchty, Field Enterprises

DOCTOR to curvaceous blonde: "Frankly, Miss Feeley, I doubt if vitamins would be of any great benefit for your particular type of low resistance." —Fred Balk in *True*

DISTRAUGHT MOTHER to group of wild children at birthday party: "There will be a special prize for the one who goes home first!" —Bill Yates in *Ladies' Home Journal*

MECHANIC to car owner: "There's nothing wrong with it, I'm happy to say, that money can't fix." —Ray Helle in *Collier's*

ONE MALE wedding guest to another as they watch bride and groom leave church: "There, but for some fast thinking on a moonlit lake last July, go I." —Robert Day in *This Week*

AMERICAN RADIO ANNOUNCER: "We have just received a bulletin of a catastrophe the like of which has never been known to mankind—but first, a word from our sponsor." —L. Dove in *True*

If all other methods fail, you can always correct your weight by changing the scales

Never Say Diet

By Corey Ford



It isn't so much the diet. You can always reduce: all you have to do is use a little will power and avoid things that are fattening. Such as food.

No, it's the people you meet who make it so hard. I mean the ones who insist that you try *their* diet. I've tried them all. I've followed health menus, and austerity menus, and liquid menus, and seven-day elimination menus. I've added proteins and subtracted carbohydrates. I've lived on yogurt and brewer's yeast, and what have I gained? Two pounds, according to the bathroom scales this morning.

The trouble is nobody wants to weigh what he's supposed to. Back in the old days a man would pat his paunch and say fondly: "Raised it myself, fed it nothing but the best. I'm going to enter it this autumn in the County Fair." Not

any more. Now everybody's worrying about weight. Half the people are trying to take it off, and the other half are trying to put it on. As a result, there are just as many fat people and thin people as there were before the invention of the calorie. They're different people, that's all.

Not that I really needed to go on a diet, of course. It was just that I tried to get into my dinner clothes the other night, and it seems the material had shrunk so badly that I had to hold my breath to button the coat, and several times during dinner the hostess remarked that my eyes were popping and when did I have my blood pressure taken last? Rather than buy a whole new outfit, I decided I might as well get rid of a few surplus pounds here and there, especially there. Nothing to it, I told myself. Just had to watch what I ate for a couple of days.

The thing is to avoid starch, I was told. Cut out pastry and bread and potatoes and that. I heard a man on the radio who cut out starch, and he lost seven pounds in a week.

So I avoided starch, and I cut out sugar, and I also eliminated salt, because a fellow at the office said he lost seven pounds in a week by eliminating salt. Another fellow I met on the train said I'd be wise to quit meat, because animal proteins were fattening. "Just stick to dairy products," he said, "like milk and eggs and cheese." The fellow beside him said that dairy products were high on calories, and the thing was to eat vegetables. "Grind them up raw and drink the juice," he said.

A fellow across the aisle said I'd better watch out for vegetables, because lima beans and peas and corn all put on weight, and the fellow sitting opposite said it was all right if the food wasn't fried, and another fellow said not to eat boiled foods because the vitamins were lost, and the conductor said in his opinion it wasn't so much what you ate as when you ate it. "I cut out breakfast and lunch and dinner," he said, "and do you know how much I took off in a week?"

"Seven pounds," I told him.

By the end of the week I had eliminated everything from my menu except certain non-fattening items such as parsley, waxed paper and the pink decorations on the end of lamb chops. My step was buoyant, my eyes sparkled. "You

look great," my friends insisted. "Don't you care what anybody says. That extra weight is becoming."

The whole secret seems to be proteins. All the diet books agree that a protein deficiency means lowered vitality, a loss of interest in the opposite sex and a tendency to take up cribbage. The reason is that proteins contain something called amino acids. When this vital element gets into your blood stream, the body cells promptly snatch at it and make it into tissue, which they fold over twice lengthways and once across and wear as paper hats. (That's what causes all that giggling and whispering you hear down there when you have indigestion.)

Dr. Vilhjalmur Schlump, a prominent Hollywood dietician, discovered that 37 workers in a city office were lacking in proteins, and had to take a nap every day after lunch. Dr. Schlump increased their protein diet and as a result they worked so hard all morning that they had to take a nap *before* lunch.

Another interesting experiment was conducted by Dr. Schlump in order to prove that proteins exert a specific dynamic action. He fed a group of young men a meal consisting entirely of proteins. On the other hand, Dr. Schlump had a nice dinner of corned beef and cabbage. The following morning he was startled to discover that all his students had long hair and bright-red finger-nails, and spoke in high feminine voices. Dr. Schlump was un-

able to explain this phenomenon until somebody pointed out that he had entered the girls' dormitory by mistake.

So much for the scientific explanation of diet. Now for the practical side. If you omit the minerals which the human system demands, you will suffer from malnutrition and your ears will start to wilt. On the other hand, if you put nothing but minerals into your stomach, you'll wind up as a sword swallower. The answer is to balance your meals: *i.e.* place an olive on your fork, put a grape on top of the olive, put a maraschino cherry on the grape and eat it before it topples over.

Always consult the calorie chart at the back of the diet book, and regulate your weight according to your age and height and sex. Remember that a woman's diet plan differs from that of a man's. This is due partly to the organic chemistry of the female body and partly to the fact that Mrs. Alvord served this layer cake she made herself. George, and I had to eat it so I wouldn't hurt her feelings, if you think *I'm* putting on weight you ought to see Mrs. Freem, she's positively enormous, anyway I don't see how one little

tiny pat of butter could make any possible difference, how can I tell what I shouldn't eat until I try it, I have to taste the food when I'm cooking it, and besides, George, if I had a new dress I'd look thinner.

The best plan is to avoid eating during meals. This is the basic principle behind Dr. Schlump's revolutionary new Seven Day Diet, so called because no one who's tried it has lived more than seven days. Dr. Schlump's idea is to leave the food on your plate, and eat all round it. This may be accomplished as follows:

1. Eating only the outside of things, such as potato skins, grapefruit rinds, peanut shells and the cellophane wrapping that a loaf of bread comes in.

2. Eating the inside of things, such as corncobs, watermelon seeds, olive pits and the toothpicks in cocktail sausages.

3. Eating the things that things are on, such as the hostess's lace doily.

A final hint. If all these methods fail, you can always correct your weight by changing the scales. A woman I know has been setting them back a little each day, and she's lost seven pounds in a week.

Quick Recovery

A WAITER carrying a tray loaded with six drinks dumped the contents over a diner. In the awful silence which always follows such a mishap, the nearly drowned gentleman looked up and murmured politely: "Thank heaven they were dry Martinis!"

—Kenneth Nichols in *Akron Beacon Journal*

THE TRUTH

ABOUT

THE IMMIGRATION ACT

By Representative Francis E. Walter

FEW domestic problems more directly involve the future of the United States than immigration. Few hotter issues face Congress and the Administration than the McCarran-Walter Act, which, last December, became basic U.S. immigration law.

Why has this law been so bitterly attacked?

Some of the attack has been political—a result of the mistaken idea of some politicians that a bars-down immigration law is the way to win votes from so-called “minority groups” in the United States. Some of the attack—the most vicious and violent part of it—has been led by Communist and left-wing organizations rightly fearful of its more rigid restraints on subversives. Not since the campaign to discredit Chiang Kai-shek and prepare the way for

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FRANCIS F. WALTER, Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania, is co author, with Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act.

the Communist conquest of China have leftist forces in the United States been so aggressively united as in opposition to this law.

What is the background of the law? Both its authors are Democrats. The House and Senate subcommittees charged with the bill's preparation each had five Democrats and four Republicans. In both subcommittees the vote for the bill was unanimous. The measure won overwhelming bipartisan support in both House and Senate.

President Truman vetoed the bill. Congress speedily overrode his veto by 278 to 113 in the House, 57 to 26 in the Senate.

Is it true, as charged, that the McCarran-Walter Act is "hysterical" legislation which was "rushed through Congress"?

The nearly five years of hearings, investigations and research which went into the preparation of this law are said to be the longest period ever devoted to a single piece of legislation in the history of Con-

gress. Public testimony, for and against, was taken from nearly 1,000 people: experts, Government officials, representatives of all the groups concerned with the problem. The resulting measure, for the first time in U.S. history, clarifies and codifies all the previous hundreds of immigration enactments into a single law.

What is the truth about this law? Is it, as charged, "reactionary," "fascist," "racist"?

The facts are that, in important particulars, it is the most liberal immigration law in U.S. history.

For the first time, all racial bars to immigration are removed. Asiatic countries are given annual immigrant quotas determined by the same formula as quotas for Europe.

For the first time, all racial bars to naturalization are removed. Thus, 85,000 Orientals now living in the United States and Hawaii, heretofore ineligible for citizenship, may become citizens.

"This bill," said Congressman Walter Judd, former medical missionary in China, and authority on the Far East, "removes, at one stroke, the remaining racial discriminations in our nationality and immigration laws which have so greatly contributed to ill feeling in many parts of the world."

For the first time, provision is made to permit the quota free entrance of the alien wives, husbands and children of U.S. citizens.

For the first time, the doctrine

"Once a Communist always a Communist" is rejected. A "redemptive" clause in the law makes eligible for entry ex-Communists who have proved a bona-fide change of heart.

Is it true, as charged, that the Immigration Act introduces "new forms of racial discrimination" which make it "an insult to all Asia"?

On the contrary, Asia, for the first time, is on a basis of equality. Special provision, however, had to be made for Asiatics residing outside Asia. There are 600,000 people of Asiatic descent living in Central and South America, in countries for which there is no numerical limitation for immigration. Brazil recently entered into an agreement with Japan to admit 50,000 Japanese nationals. To maintain the fairness of the quota system, the law now provides that such people must enter the United States under the quota of the country of their racial origin.

This restriction was prepared with the active assistance of representatives of organizations of Asiatics in the United States. Every such important organization has gone on record endorsing the McCarran-Walter Act.

Is it true, as charged, that the new law "reduces the flow of immigrants to a trickle"?

With more generous provision for certain non-quota groups, and with quotas granted, for the first time, to 11 Asiatic countries, the total

annual immigration to the United States is increased by a possible 25 per cent—from 155,000 to approximately 200,000.

Is it true, as charged, that the Immigration Act "narrows the gateway to the United States" by requiring that 50 per cent of immigrants "must be persons of high education, specialized experience or exceptional ability"?

The law ends the old policy of accepting immigrants on the basis of "first come, first served." It establishes a policy of selectivity—similar to that of every other immigrant-receiving nation—aimed at securing those immigrants most likely to fit usefully into the U.S. economy and culture. To that end it sets up three categories of immigrants: people of skilled or exceptional training; relatives of American citizens; other immigrants.

Fifty per cent of each quota is set for the first—the skilled—category. The choice, here, is made as a result of specific requests by U.S. employers to the Attorney General. If, for example, dyemakers are in short supply, companies needing such skilled labour appeal to the Department of Justice, which, through the U.S. Employment Service, verifies the need and instructs U.S. overseas representatives to give preferred status to such workers.

The law, however, does not prescribe that 50 per cent *must* be from that first category. If there are fewer than 50 per cent of such people on

the list, then the quota is filled, as far as possible, from the second category. After those categories have been cleared, the remaining number are automatically assigned to the third category.

Is it true, as charged, that the new law "blunts one of our most important psychological weapons in the cold war" by preventing most of the people who escape from behind the Iron Curtain from reaching their hoped-for refuge in the United States?

Of the more than 1,000,000 European refugees resettled by the International Refugee Organization, one out of three has been taken by the United States. Yet today, in West Germany alone, there are 10,000,000 refugees from Communism. In other free areas of Europe there are probably that many more.

"It is demagoguery to contend," says the *Washington News*, "that this country can become a sanctuary for 'most' of these people. To lower our immigration bars will not solve this problem but only create a problem of our own."

Should U.S. immigration policy be flexible enough to relieve overpopulation and permit the United States to engage fully in such migration efforts as may be important to the security of the free world?

In Europe alone overpopulation has been estimated as high as 79,000,000. Yet every year Europe's population increases by another 3,000,000. A present proposal aims

at moving out 5,000,000 people in the next ten years—not noticeably affecting the problem.

"The United States says the New York *World Telegram* 'should do all it can to assist these people in finding new homes in areas of opportunity. But this country has long since passed the point where it can operate under a policy of unrestricted immigration which is virtually what some people are seeking.

Last year I was a U.S. delegate to the meeting in Brussels which set up a 26 nation Organization for the Movement of Refugees from Europe. The U.S. Government I am proud to say is taking the lead in attacking that problem. It must continue and increase its support for that work.

It must also if the need arises meet special problems with emergency legislation as it has done during and since the war. But such special and emergency provision should not be a part of basic U.S. immigration law.

Is it true as charged that the new law makes easy the deportation of thousands of worthy people—that it make denaturalization a duly possibility for naturalized citizen?

The Immigration Act excludes from the United States any alien whose presence would endanger the public safety. It provides for the deportation of any alien who engages in activities endangering the public safety.

Here is a startling fact. The then U.S. Attorney General presented to our committee in analysis of approximately 5,000 of the most militant members of the Communist Party. This analysis showed that over half of them traced their origins either to Russia or to her satellite countries.

With these and other facts before us, we Congressmen wrote a law which makes it tougher for aliens to get into the United States illegally. It makes it a crime for them to conceal their illegal status. It sets up better machinery for deporting them. It provides that naturalized citizens can be denaturalized and deported if within five years of their naturalization they join in subversive activity.

But the new law also provides that in every deportation case a hearing is mandatory and appeal to the courts is permitted. It also provides that in every case involving the revocation of citizenship the courts—and only the courts—can make the decision.

Aiming at a laxer law, the enemies of the Immigration Act centre their heaviest attack on the national origins quota system—the basis of present U.S. policy. That system, said former President Truman, breathes prejudice against the foreign born.

The national origins quota system has been basic to U.S. immigration policy since 1924. Under it the United States has admitted,

Convicting the drunken driver has always been difficult, but there's no appeal against this device



JOHN FOLEY (not his real name) was drunk when his car, side-swiped two parked cars, climbed the kerb and smashed against a pole. By chance he missed hitting a man on the pavement. He also missed being convicted of drunken driving.

Foley's attorney did not have to prove his client sober. He merely had to instil reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury. Shock might have caused Foley to fall, and a highly-injury might have caused his unsteady gait. So he was free to drink and drive again, and possibly to kill.

Had Foley lived in any of the many communities where he must take tests for intoxication, he used the amount of alcohol in his system would have been evidence enough to convict him. Where such tests are used, convictions for drunken driving have soared.

Until recently tests to show whether a driver was intoxicated have been too complicated and expensive for the average small police department to use. For a blood test, for instance, a physician must insert a needle into a vein and extract a blood sample with a sterile syringe. A bit of surgery that would be dangerous if not illegal for an untrained person to attempt. Large cities have police surgeons and laboratories, but the small town may have to rout a physician out of bed to take the sample. Then the blood may have to be sent 100 miles to the nearest laboratory.

This obstacle has now been overcome by the development of a scientific device called the Alcometer. Conceived by Dr. Leon Greenberg of the Centre of Alcohol Studies at the Yale University Laboratory of Applied Physiology, this apparatus can be carried round like a suitcase.

and operated by my police officer.

Blow into the Alcometer and some of your breath is trapped in a valve. A whistle in the air tube keeps shrewd suspects from merely pretending to blow in—it has to whistle before it works. The breath sample is pumped into a chamber containing iodine pentoxide which reacts with alcohol, freeing iodine.

The iodine enters a tube containing starch solution and turns the starch blue. The more alcohol in the breath the bluer the starch. A photoelectric cell reacting to the change in colour moves the needle on the dial to show the concentration of alcohol in your blood.

Drugs, peppermint drops and other attempts to cover up do not fool the Alcometer. The breath coming from deep in the lungs picks up the alcohol circulating in the blood vessels there.

The Alcometer is now used by about 20 American cities and many more have ordered the device. What it can accomplish is illustrated by Manchester, New Hampshire. This city of 83,000 where 50 private drinking clubs had made drunken

driving a menace, bought an Alcometer for its police department in 1950. Until then only about half the people arrested for drunken driving were convicted. In 1951 arrests totalled 138 and all 138 were convicted! Very few appealed.

The Alcometer can also protect the innocent and save lives. Diabetic shock, barbiturate poisoning, skull fracture and epilepsy are among scores of conditions whose symptoms suggest intoxication. For all of these, low readings on the Alcometer quickly show that medical attention is imperative.

The Alcometer helps to spot those difficult to apprehend offenders—the heavy drinkers who carry their liquor well. They do not stagger or slur their speech but these overconfident drinkers are more dangerous than the thoroughly inebriated who are too far gone to drive at all.

When the driver who has had too much to drink knows that nothing can save him from immediate proof of guilt and swift punishment, he may very well decide to go harmlessly home in a taxi.



I am Enough

PITTSBURGH: A woman pulled alongside a parked taxi and motioned the driver to follow her. He trailed her until she turned into a driveway and drove into a garage. Then she came out and got into the cab. "Now take me to Horne's Department Store," she said. "I've wasted an hour looking for a place to park!"

—D. W. FENNER

A rare old sport in which the hunter has less than a sporting chance

INTREPID WASP HUNTERS WE

Condensed from True Clyde Carley

FOR YEARS a fear had nagged me that maybe my youth had gone soft. So I was relieved upon returning home after ten years in the city to find that a rare old sport still flourishes in the Ozark foothills of Oklahoma. This pastime is a crusading fever set off by the reckless words, "Let's go knockin' down wasp nests!" It is a "sport" where the hunter has less than a sporting chance and is quite likely to gain himself literally a fat head.

Why did we go to war upon these ordinarily peace loving tree dwellers? I suppose it was because they were there—as someone once said about mountains and why climb them—and they could sting like fury. That was the real reason and reward, no doubt: to see some other kid get nailed by one of those four-winged bullets.

According to the code of the wild wasp hunter, the victim could yell his swelling head off for a reasonable five minutes; then he had to suffer silently and rejoin the mob on the firing line until the last section of the nest



came tumbling to the ground. Any body stung twice in one day could honourably take himself home if he could still see to find the way for wasps invariably stab for the eyes.

John Lee (Dud) Tyler initiated eight or ten of us in the perilous stalking of the wasp right after he moved to our town from Mississippi. Dud was a woodsman when he was ten years old. Versed in such lore is where to find slippery elm bark and how to bake chickens picked in mud over a campfire.

I'll show you how to chunk down wasp nests. Dud Tyler said to us the first day after he'd knocked the curs off the town toughie by way of getting acquainted. Bring your slingshooter or big smooth stones to throw and watch me. Just take care you don't get stung.

We followed Dud down Otter Creek until he located the right nest on a high branch in an oak, honeycomb like wheel nearly two feet in diameter, swarming with black wasps. Stand still, he said.

If you cover your face and eyes they won't sting you, but if you see one heading it out fall down on the ground flat and it'll fly over you.

The idea is to bring the whole nest down with one shot, that's a full knockdown. Once you start you got to keep on until it's all down the road.

anybody's yellow if he quits before.

With that having idly loaded his

catapult, he casually let fly with an old half inch ball bearing. Then things happened one, two, three.

The shiny ball whammed into the centre of the nest with a satisfying *thun n nk!* sound. Wasps boiled in every direction, reconnoitring frenziedly. Dud had reloaded and shivered the nest with another ball before the rest of us got the range. One of the flying devils suddenly shot straight as a bullet at the kid standing nearest me. He went down as if somebody had clubbed him, screaming like a wounded horse. Already a V formation was following the first wasp straight for our heads. We broke and ran, noting that Dud was doing the same but running in a rough with his foot pulled over his head and at an angle to our flight. The evening guard overtook four or five at the creek bank, each over taking marked by a piercing squall.

This seemed to satisfy the blood thirsty stubbers and they flew back to what remained of their nest. Dud looked round for a peculiar type of clay mud spot on it to make paste, climbed this on the wounded guys and told them to shut up.

Two days later the swellings had subsided so that faces were recognizable and it was a challenge when the newcomer suggested another expedition. We figured there must be some way to arrange for Jim to get stung. He was yet to feel the shock of stopping a wasp under full steam. I glibly offered schemes of strategy. We walked down to the big

oak and found the wasp horde merrily repairing their papier mâché home. This time most of the hunters stayed just behind Dud, ready to copy every move he made.

When we let off our barrage more than half the wasp colony sprang at us as if blown by a hurricane. The black wasp upon sighting the enemy hits full force and tail first—stun to exposed—and the effect is worse than a white hot hypodermic needle loaded with sulphuric acid.

Dud dropped to the ground belly flat and cut flung over his head before the swarm reached him, but two wasps gaged up on me. I clapped hands to both—heckbone—and rolled in the bushes. My screams brought a turner on the run, shotgun in hand. He thought in it was a mountain lion, he said later.

One of our smarter companions, who had been lined in the first forty, had learned from the town chemist that sprays of ammonia applied liberally to the wound were helpful. He had a small bottle and mercifully doused some on my tail, leaving me blinded for ten minutes, but it did reduce the agony. My nose had disappeared, the front of my face was totally ruined and my eyes were knife-slits revealing a dim narrow world no longer fit to live in.

Nobody bothered the wasp population for a week while we discarded various foolproof but not wasp proof plans to bring the unstung Tyler down to our common level. Then we renewed the cam-

paign, growing wiser, more agile, and more liberal with the ammonia. What we looked for was the highest nest, which added to the sport and increased the time required for the horrible tempered tribe to find us.

But Tyler the wasp scourge continued coming back from the wars with nothing but freckles on his face. It aggravated us. I'm ashamed to say we began plotting in secret meetings against this upstart who stood immune while we absorbed the gifts of the poison donors.

As it happened he finally got his through none of our plottings. One Saturday afternoon a wrestling match was to be held on the park bandstand. We were all sprawled on the ground round the circular wooden structure when the referee waved the two giants together. This wrestling was serious—based on strength and skill and not clowning—the heavyweights moved slowly and often got double headlocks on one another till left the victim motionless for what seemed hours.

I felt bored until I looked over towards Dud. He was slowly unwinding the rubber on Old Trusty and slipping a steel ball into the leather, his upward gaze unflinching.

There was a glowering look on his face. The object entrancing his eagle eye—the ceiling of the bandstand supported a nest of black wasps.

There was a soft tanning sound as

Dud's ball ripped out the shingle to which the nest had been attached. A handful of wasps hovered in the space where home had been, puzzled. The only thing that moved in that instant, on or around the bandstand, was one of the wrestlers. His head had been caught in a hammer lock, and he was trying to wiggle out of it. Much of the wiggling was transmitted to his broad beam end—highest point of the two struggling figures.

Suddenly he gave a startled grunt. Then he roared louder than an enraged bull and threw off the head lock with such astonishing ease that his rival was buttered senseless in the same motion. As he clapped hands to his wounds he happened to look through the railing. The still grinning Tyler boy was belatedly concealing his empty weapon. With an ape-like arm the wrestler hauled Dud up on the platform. Then he held the source of his pain above

his head and shook him vigorously.

Wasps couldn't ask for a better target. The winged hellions rocketed in and gored Dud. The bandstand reverberated to his screams.

My companions and I lay still as the crowd broke up in pandemonium, accented by resounding splashes in the creek. It was the first time we'd ever had the presence of mind to test the lie flat on the ground defence pecking to be sure we missed not one of Dud's gyrations. At last the wrestler turned him loose as he hit out for the creek himself, and Dud lay a broken man on the grass. We gave the wasps a couple of minutes to cool off, then gathered round to admire Dud's head as it swelled to the size and smoothness of a football. Afterwards we led him blindly to the drugstore for an ammonia bath. All but Dud exclaimed with delighted shouts over the wondrously exciting art of wrestling.

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### *Rare Disease*

As doctors hovered anxiously nearby, a three-year-old patient at a Denver, Colorado, children's hospital left his wheel chair on direction and began to walk—clutching both hands tight against his waist.

"Can't you move your hands, son?" asked the solicitous doctors.

"No," said the boy.

Again the doctors: "Do your hands hurt?"

"No."

"Will you try and move them for me?" asked one kindly doctor.

"No," replied the boy. "I've got to hold up my pyjama trousers."

- *Newswatch*

# THE MIRACLE OF THE SEA

*Condensed from Life*

Lincoln Barnett

**M**ORE THAN any other physical feature of our planet it is the sea, that great glistening sheath of water that envelops nearly three-quarters of the globe, that makes the earth unique. Mars discloses ice caps, some moisture, perhaps vegetation, but no sea. Mercury appears to have no water at all. Venus lies veiled behind dense clouds which, unlike our clouds, probably contain neither oxygen nor water. The outer planets are too cold to have a sea—the temperature of Jupiter rests at 216° F. below zero, that of Saturn at 240° below.

But our earth is nearly drowned in water. If all the land areas were somehow hurled into the sea, they would displace only 1/18 the volume of water in the oceans. And if all the earth's crust were reduced to a smooth sphere, the seas would submerge the globe beneath a uni-

form cover about 8,000 feet deep.

How were the seas created? Scientists reply: The earth's waters came from volcanoes. Sealed in the heart of the young planet from the beginning, water vapour and other gases erupted to the surface as the interior cooled, forming a dense pall of clouds which subsequently dissolved in the greatest deluge of all time.\* For thousands of centuries thereafter, as the earth's interior continued to cool and contract, new water was squeezed to the surface and disgorged by volcanoes through fissures in the ocean floor until, perhaps a thousand million years ago, the seas rose to their present levels.

The depth of the sea stirs men's imagination and conjecture. The land beneath the sea beckons as the last dark boundary of the planet.

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\* See "The Earth Is Born," *The Reader's Digest*, April, 1953.

Until recently the sea basins were envisaged as flat, drowned plains. Knowledge of undersea topography was limited to shoal waters. Then in 1920 the method of sonic soundings was developed—measuring depth by timing a sound impulse sent to the bottom and back.

We now know that the submarine landscapes of our planet exhibit more majestic dimensions than those above the surface. Mountains are higher, ranges longer, canyons and gorges immensely deeper. If the earth's topmost pinnacle, Mt. Everest (29,002 feet) were dropped in the deepest part of the ocean, it would have a mile of water above its summit.

Most of the earth's land masses are skirted by continental shelves, covered by shoal waters (200 to 600 feet deep), sloping gently downwards and running outwards ten to 200 miles. At the brink of the continental shelves the submerged land drops away in immense slopes, plunging 12,000 to 18,000 feet into the abyss.

No mountain walls on land fall in so continuous a sweep from summit to base. In a few areas the continental slopes plummet 30,000 feet in a single stupendous decline. The façades of these ocean ramparts are deeply fissured with canyons. In the Atlantic between Bermuda and the Azores oceanographers have recently discovered a system of channels as vast as the Mississippi and all its tributaries.

No one can explain the origin of submarine canyons. Their proximity to rivers—as with the 150-mile canyon off the Hudson and the 145-mile canyon off the Congo—suggests they might have been carved by river waters at a time when a withdrawal of the sea exposed the continental slopes. Yet some of these gorges lie more than three miles below the surface, and no accepted theory of rising and falling sea levels can account for so great a recession.

Of all the unseen scenery of the sea, perhaps none has so evoked the wonder and curiosity of geologists as the great submarine mountain ranges. The greatest of these is the Mid Atlantic Ridge, which winds down from Iceland almost to Antarctica. It is the mightiest mountain system on earth—10,000 miles long and 500 miles wide, more than twice the width of the Andes and with many peaks loftier than most continental mountains. Although most of its summits lie a mile or more below the surface, here and there a peak emerges into the world of air. These are the scattered islands of the Atlantic—Ascension, the Rocks of St. Paul, the Azores.

The oceans conceal another form of submarine mountain, the like of which man's eye has never viewed—the “Guyot,” or flat topped seamount. Naval vessels equipped with bathymeters found more than 150 of them in the Central Pacific during World War II. Since then more than 500 have been charted in the

Pacific and a few in the Atlantic Guyots appear to be volcanoes whose tops were planed smooth by wave action at some period when they stood above the sea. Yet today their truncated tops lie submerged beneath half a mile to a mile of water. It may be that ocean levels have risen since they first rose from the depths. But it is more likely that they sank either from their own weight or because of some collapse of the contiguous continental floor.

Every ocean bed has its narrow chasms where the bottom flows as though some titanic force had sucked the crust inward toward the earth's core. Curiously, these great oceanic trenches are never far from continental slopes or longitudes of island arcs rather than in mid-ocean. This proximity suggests that there may be a causal relationship between the upheaval of mountains and the downthrusting of deeps.

The complexity and wonder of the sea resides too in its vertiginous motion—the rise and fall of tides, the furrowing of its surface by wind and wave and the streamlining of its great currents.

Among the forces that keep the ocean constantly in motion are the airstreams directed by the rotation of the earth—the trade winds which blow out of the north east just above the equator and out of the south east just below it—and the westerlies, which are closer to the poles and blow in directions oppo-

site to the trades. It is the trades that give the initial impulse to the great westward rolling equatorial currents from which most of the oceans' complex surface movements evolve.

But winds alone do not keep the seas in motion. There are invisible slopes within the water created by variations in density. Cold water is denser than warm water and settles to the bottom. Salt content also affects the density of water. Red Sea water, for example, with its high salt content has a greater density than that of the Baltic where rivers and rain keep the salt content low. And so throughout the earth's seas unseen currents are continually welling upwards and downwards.

Most famous of the currents deriving their energy from density differences is that at Gibraltar. In the Mediterranean basin rainfall is sparse and temperatures are high. Under the warm sun water evaporates rapidly, becomes saltier, more dense, and sinks to form a briny layer beneath the surface. This flows outwards over the sill at the Strait of Gibraltar and downwards into the deep sea. At the same time the lighter, less saline water of the Atlantic flows inwards on the surface to replace it. During the war German submarines used this two-way current to enter and leave the Mediterranean with engines silenced—riding in with the top Atlantic water drifting out over the sill with the heavy water.

In addition to these movements

there is the daily rising and falling of the tides. Each inlet, bay and cove on earth exhibits its own unique rhythms and scale of rise and fall. At some places like Nantucket and Ithiti the tide lifts only a foot. At others like the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia it surges upwards more than 40 feet. In most parts of the Atlantic the tides wax and wane twice a day, in some regions of the Pacific and Indian oceans only once.

These aberrations remained unexplained so long as the ocean floor was envisaged as a broad flat plain. But we know now that each ocean has many basins within each basin the water tends to slosh back and forth like the water in a washbowl when it is disturbed. The size, shape and depth of each basin govern the period of oscillation and so produce irregularities in tidal rhythms.

Of all movements of the waters none have wrought more destruction or evoked more terror than waves. The size waves attain depends on the velocity of the wind, the duration of the blow and the "length of fetch," or the extent of the water over which the wind travels without obstruction.

In the Mediterranean, where the length of fetch is restricted, the wildest gales cannot produce waves more than 16 feet high. But in the oceans a 60 mile gale raging for two days over a 900 mile expanse of open water can develop waves 40 feet in height. Occasionally seamen

report giants of 80 to 100 feet, but these are isolated freaks caused by collision of two or more wave trains. Winds of great velocities, such as accompany hurricanes, do not engender extremely high waves because they blow the tops off the waves and are continually changing direction.

Once a wave has been set in motion it will continue to run across the sea even in a flat calm traveling for thousands of miles day after day. It has become a swell. As it progresses its height (from trough to crest) diminishes but its length (from one crest to the next) increases. Its speed also increases so that eventually it is cruising faster than the wind that set it in motion. The great waves that occasionally arise from submarine earthquakes (often miscalled tidal waves) may attain lengths of more than 100 miles and velocities of almost 500 miles per hour.

The innumerable chisels of the moving sea are constantly eroding coastlines. In some places at the rate of 30 feet a year. Yet a balance of creation and destruction is maintained. For every cliff that is sculpted away somewhere in the world a new curved beach is moulded by the drifting sand brought by quiet waves.

Yet these changes, discernible in man's brief temporal scale, are insignificant beside the vast changes that have occurred in the past and will occur again repeatedly until the

end of time. Again and again the continents have been submerged beneath shallow seas. (Some 350 million years ago the greatest inundation of all time reduced North America to a group of islands.) Between such epochs there have been times when the land masses rode high above the waters when most of the East Indies were part of the Asiatic mainland and Alaska and Siberia were joined by a bridge across the Bering Strait.

What forces produced these majestic floods, these immense slowly recurring rhythms of the sea? Geologists believe the answer involves two variables: changes in the amount of water in the sea, changes in the shape and depth of ocean basins. Glaciers have played a significant role in changing the levels of the ocean waters. If all existing glaciers were to dissolve, sea level would stand 65 to 115 feet higher than it does at present, and about one quarter of existing land areas would be submerged. But even 115 foot melt water rise cannot account for the stupendous flood of the periods when the sea rose (or the land subsided) perhaps 600 feet and drowned about half the lands of the earth. Hence most authorities

insist that the deep ocean floor must, from time to time, have been deformed by forces unknown. Volcanic catclysms, rearing new mountain chains like the Hawaiian Islands, would have displaced thousands of cubic miles of water.

One may ask if a time may come when all the land area of the earth will be drowned in the rising world of waters dark and deep. In contemplating this question the intricate balance of natural forces fills the mind with deepest awe. For the antagonistic processes of land creation and destruction are in a sense self-regulating. The earth's thin sensitive crust continually shifts its load so that whenever the continental masses grow thin and light from erosion a new uplift occurs. Each levelling of the continents, each transgression of the waters, is followed inevitably by an upward warping of the land and a recession of the sea.

So long as these forces are held in balance the land will remain above the waters and man will have a place to live. This is perhaps the ultimate miracle of the sea—the author of Ecclesiastes implied when he said: "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full."

### *Heaventh Floor*

The first girl in a hospital waited pointedly for the man to call his floor. "What's your—?" she said at last.

He beamed. "It's a boy."

She let him off at the seventh floor, maternity.

# WHEN THROUGH WITH GROWN-UPS

*When the ten-year-olds in Mrs. Imogene Frost's class at the Brookside, New Jersey, Community Sunday School expressed their views on "What's wrong with grown-ups?" they came up with these complaints:*

1. Grown-ups make promises, then they forget all about them, or else they say it wasn't really a promise, just a perhaps.
2. *Grown-ups don't do the things they're always telling children to do—like pick up their things, or be neat, or always tell the truth.*
3. Grown-ups won't let their children dress the way they want to—but they never ask a child's opinion about how they should dress. If they're going out to a party, grown-ups wear just exactly what they want to wear—even if it looks terrible, even if it isn't warm enough.
4. *Grown-ups never really listen to what children have to say. They always decide ahead of time what they're going to answer.*
5. Grown-ups make mistakes but they won't admit them. They always pretend that they weren't mistakes at all—or that somebody else made them.
6. *Grown-ups interrupt children all the time and think nothing of it. If a child interrupts a grown-up, he gets a scolding or something worse.*
7. Grown-ups never understand how much children want a certain thing—a certain colour or shape or size. If it's something they don't admire—even if the children have spent their own money for it—they always say, "I can't imagine what you want with that old thing!"
8. *Sometimes grown-ups punish children unfairly. It isn't right if you've done just some little thing wrong and grown-ups take away something that means an awful lot to you. Other times you can do something really bad and they say they're going to punish you, but they don't. You never know, and you ought to know.*
9. Grown-ups talk about money too much, and bills, and things like that, so that it scares you. They say money isn't very important, but the way they talk about it, it sounds like the most important thing in the world.
10. *Grown-ups gossip a lot—but if children do the very same thing and say the same words about the same people, the grown-ups say they're being disrespectful.*
11. Grown-ups pry into children's secrets. They always think it's going to be something bad. They never think it might be a nice surprise.
12. *Grown-ups are always talking about what they did and what they knew when they were ten years old—and it usually sounds as if it couldn't have happened the way they say. But grown-ups never try to think what it's like to be ten years old now.*

*Out of a life dedicated to simplicity have come the most complex and far reaching theories of our time*

# The World of ALBERT EINSTEIN

*Condensed from Pathfinder*

*Joseph Phillips*

THE CREATION of the atom bomb is probably the most important event in modern history. It radically changed our concept of warfare and has become the hard core of our most hard headed thinking about world strategy. Yet the man basically responsible for this development is one who for much of his life was a leading pacifist and whose ideas seemed to many visionary and unworldly. For it was a letter

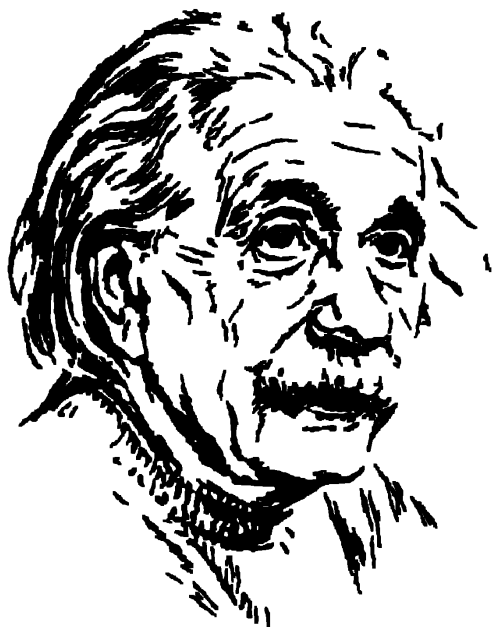
from Albert Einstein to Franklin D. Roosevelt that started the Manhattan Project. And it was Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity that provided the basis for the development of atomic energy.

Throughout his life Albert Einstein has been pursued by things

he has never wanted: publicity, fame, offers of money and power. He has been surrounded by misunderstanding and controversy. Hundreds of scientists have devoted much of their careers to explaining or refuting his discoveries. Although he believes in freedom of the individual and in democratic institutions, he has been called both a bolshevik and a tool of Wall Street. Although he has an unshakable faith in God

he has been assailed as an atheist.

Much to his astonishment is an objective physicist, he has been offered as much as \$25,000 to endorse products ranging from corn plaster to cars. His bust stands in libraries and universities throughout the world and a monument has





been erected to him in Germany.

All this has come to a man who asked only for the solitude to think and work. "I am happy because I want nothing from anyone," he has said. "But I do get pleasure out of the appreciation of my fellow workers."

Since his arrival from Germany in 1933 at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, Einstein has received far more than professional appreciation. Scientists, habitually chary of loose language, freely use "saintly," "noble," "lovable" in describing him. "Even when discussing theoretical physics," a mathematician said, "he radiates humour, warmth and kindness." Yet after nearly half a century of fame, Einstein remains a shadowy, remote figure to all but his friends and neighbours.

Each weekday morning at 10.30 he dons a shapeless black coat—and, in winter, a black knitted stocking cap, the kind worn by seamen—and leaves his frame house to stroll the mile and a half to the institute.

Einstein is now 74. His long, untrained hair and raggedy moustache are white. His face has lost its firmness. His eyes, though they look at you with patience and mild curiosity, are tired and red rimmed. He speaks in a low, soft voice, his words tinged with a German accent.

In his big comfortable office with a relaxing view of a small wood, he sets down to work without prelim-

inaries on his Unified Field Theory, which has absorbed him for thirty years. The Theory connects the two great forces of our physical universe, gravitation and electro-magnetism, and thus shows the relationship between all known physical phenomena.

He sits back in his chair, balances a large pad on his knee and writes in a small, neat script. When blocked by a problem he stays with it, calm and serene, sometimes twirling a strand of hair round a finger. Each of his theories has been the result of months and years of stubbornly pursuing what he calls "idealized experiments." Pencil and paper are his scientific equipment; his mind is the laboratory. He wanders up wrong alleys, draws wrong conclusions. But he never gives up.

The answer is sure to be found, he feels, because "God is subtle, but never mischievous." Einstein believes in the simplicity and logical orderliness of nature. "It is a kind of faith that helped me through my whole life not to become hopeless in the great difficulties of investigation." When he weighs his own conclusions, he speculates: "Could this be the way God created the universe?" As a creative scientist he finds a discovery as "beautiful" as it is "correct."

At one in the afternoon Einstein abruptly drops his work and ambles home. Lunch is prepared by Miss Helen Dukas, who since the death of the second Mrs. Einstein in 1936

has taken care of all household affairs. She reminds Einstein of his appointments, takes his dictation, balances the cheque book and makes sure that he sticks to his diet. Doctor's orders forbid his beloved pipe, but friends think he occasionally breaks this rule in the privacy of his study.

His household also includes Margot Einstein, his stepdaughter and a talented sculptress, and an aged, subdued terrier called Chloë. Einstein's sister Maja lived with him for nearly ten years until her death in 1950. When she lapsed into a coma, he still spent two hours each afternoon with her, reading aloud from Plato. Although she gave no sign of understanding, his intuition told him that a part of her mind lived until her last breath.

The afternoon is used for a nap and the post: he receives 25 to 35 letters a day. Each reasonable request gets an answer. When a young scientist sent him an interesting mathematical problem, Einstein found that the solution was correct but the calculations contained two errors. Knowing how proud scientists are of their independent work, he called attention to the fact that there were errors but didn't name them. This left the young man free to keep his work original by uncovering the mistakes himself.

Most of Einstein's evenings are spent at work in his study. Sitting in a high-backed chair, he usually works till midnight. A problem

often keeps him up much later, and Princeton police have seen him, head bowed and hands clasped behind his back, wandering across the university grounds at 4.30 in the morning.

Solitude is important to him, but he is no recluse. He frequently spends his evening with friends talking world affairs, politics and music. He loves jokes and laughs easily.

When asked once for a guiding principle to success, Einstein said: "If A is success in life, the rule might be expressed  $A = X + Y + Z$ , X being work and Y play. And Z

is it is keeping your mouth shut."

Second only to his work is Einstein's love of music. He has occasionally played the violin for charity and raising drives, but actually he is a better pianist than violinist and amuses himself by improvising little fantasies in the style of Mozart.

If possible, Einstein avoids travel. He is happy in Princeton where he finds the peace he has always wanted. Neighbours don't consider it odd that he wears his hair long because he doesn't want to bother with the barber's shop, or that he dresses for comfort: unpressed slacks, loose pull-over sweater, sometimes an old necktie for a belt.

Like many great men, Einstein is humble and shy. When he walked into a Washington meeting concerning Palestine, every person in the room burst into applause. Taken aback, he whispered to a friend, "I

think they ought to wait to see what I say."

A few years ago at a dinner in Einstein's honour speaker after speaker delivered panegyrics to his genius. Einstein squirmed. Finally he turned to author Lenny Hurst and abruptly brought her down to earth with, "You know I never wear socks."

To the recent offer of a chance to become President of Israel Einstein replied with his usual modesty that he felt unqualified for a role that involved human relations. He thought it better he said to continue his study of the physical world of which he had a little comprehension.

Many people have wondered why Einstein in years past helped sponsor organizations which later turned out to be Communist fronts. The answer appears to be that he was simply taken in by the professed liberal aims of the groups concerned and failed to question their leadership and motives.

"Einstein is 100 per cent against Communism," says a close friend.

"He has too independent a mind, is too much of an individualist to fit himself to any kind of dictated thinking. But he has a strong social feeling for mankind and sometimes has given himself to causes which he later found out, did not follow his ideals."

Another colleague indicated that Einstein is a little bitter about the scientists who have chided him. He is

now quite suspicious of organizations that ask for the use of his name.

Einstein has never belonged wholeheartedly to any social group. He does not easily involve his heart with other people. It is not the result of his work but rather the nature of the man. This aloofness can be noticed in his eyes in the earliest photographs taken of him as a child. His placid, shy nature set him apart from other children in Munich where he spent his early years. He was so slow to learn to talk that his parents thought him abnormal. Teachers considered him a misfit. He had few friends and avoided games. His version of fun was to compose little religious hymns on the piano and hum them while walking alone.

By the time he was 12 he was pursuing an independent study of mathematics and science. He was however an indifferent pupil in school. He wanted to continue his studies in Switzerland but failed the entrance examination to the Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich. A year later he tried again and made the grade.

After graduation Einstein found and lost three teaching jobs, lived hand to mouth existence and married Mileva Marić, also a science student by whom he had two sons. In 1902 when he was 23 he found a post as an examiner in the patent office. The job wasn't too taxing and allowed him to concern

trate on his own studies. He had set for himself the task of linking time and space, matter and energy. Sometimes he despaired and on the very day before striking the correct results he told a fellow examiner, "I'm going to give it up."

At the age of 26, unknown in the scientific world, he submitted his "Special Theory of Relativity" to a physics journal. He expressed his theory in what is now the most famous equation of science. It means roughly that energy equals mass times the square of the speed of light. The equation demonstrated that if all the energy in half a pound of any matter were released, the resulting power would equal an explosive force of some 17 million BTU or 171.

Though it revolutionized man's conception of the universe, few physicists at the time realized its staggering importance. For years Einstein was a lively contender to debate then with Hiroshima was translated into reality.

Einstein provided more than a theoretical basis for the atom bomb. In the late 1930s many scientists knew that the Nazis were working all out to develop atomic energy. They tried to urge U.S. military leaders in some project, but made little impression. In desperation they appealed to Einstein to use his influence. One night in 1939 he drafted what was

to be one of the most important letters in history. "Recent work," he wrote to President Roosevelt, "leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. This new phenomenon would also lead to the construction of bombs."

President Roosevelt immediately began the construction of the Manhattan Project and the United States entered history's most fateful race for a military weapon.

Today Einstein labours at the same pace that he has maintained for 50 years. His Unified Field Theory, published three years ago, is the result of 35 years of intense work. The heart of it consists of four equations that would take up but two lines on this page. In this series of equations he combined the physical laws that control the forces of light and energy and the mysterious force of gravitation that holds all material objects in its grip. Einstein believes his theory is "highly convincing" but doesn't really know whether he's right or wrong. Einstein intends to spend the remainder of his years searching for the mathematical tools to determine the correctness of his theory. The possibility of failure does not disturb him. He knows that man can never know everything and that "the most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious."



"Miss Nix, what's this I hear about your frightening away a rowler with a shotgun? I asked a retired schoolteacher who lives alone. Who taught you to shoot?"

"Necessity," he replied. Then reactantly she told me about it. I heard the front gate open and a minute someone began climbing up to the porch outside my bedroom. When his head appeared I saw it wasn't anyone I knew. When he threw his leg over the balcony I fired and— The next time I'll shoot to kill.

"Yes?" I said breathlessly.

"He jumped to the ground and ran and I put my head out of the window and called, 'You snut it at gate when you go out.' He did, too. I went to bed and haven't been bothered since."

—L. C. F. J. R. O. S.

AUNT MARTHA had reached the age of 50 without any serious signs of matrimony. Then a middle-aged dentist moved to town and began paying ardent court to her. Within three months they were married. Not long after, Aunt Martha stopped at our house on her way to take a bus to a

nearby town. Trouble with her teeth, she said, and she was going to see a dentist.

"Why, Martha?" my mother exclaimed. "It's not very good advertising for you, I'm afraid. Don't you think he's a good dentist?"

"Of course I do," my aunt snapped. But—well—she actually blushed. "I've always heard that you can tell a horse's age by looking at his teeth, and I'm not taking my chances. You see, George thinks I'm only 42."

I W.

As I walked along 42nd Street in New York City I heard a voice shrilling: "Ninety seven—ninety eight—ninety nine—*one hundred!*" Yes sir, mister, that's you, you get a free shoeshine." And in another moment a youngster not yet in his teens was energetically polishing my shoe.

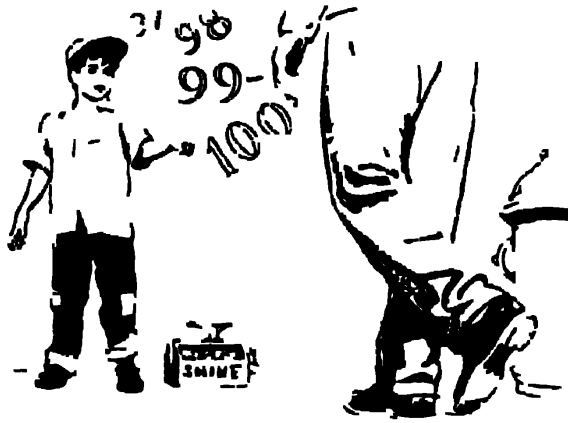
"What's all this?" I asked.

"Today's my birthday, and every hundredth person gets a free shine."

"Of course I insist on tipping him." As I walked on, a passing policeman grinned. "Every day is his birthday; he does more business than all of

other shoeshine boys around here."

In the distance I heard, "Ninety seven, ninety eight" B. J. MASNO



When the plane Rudolf C. was piloting crashed in Korea he was killed. His friends in the Air Force town where he had lived his home left cards or flowers at his parents' house, then walked over to the cottage of Malinda, the colored woman who had been Rudolf's nurse.

Malinda was serene. She received everyone appreciatively but with up-  
tears. One old family friend said:

Malinda, you must have cut out to be so composed.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Malinda quietly. "I knew that now Mr. Rudolf has wings that won't need a tail fin."

When I found out the price of the lovely powder blue dressing gown my husband gave me for Christmas I took it back to the shop to exchange it for two less expensive ones.

The assistant to whom I explained what I had in mind stared at me wide-eyed. "Was he really your husband?"

"Yes, of course," I replied. "Why?"

She called to another girl, "Remem-

ber the man who got you to model all those dressing gowns? Well, he really was buying it for his wife! Imagine!"

Turning to me, she asked, "How long have you been married?"

"Twenty seven years."

The girl shook her head. "If I were you I wouldn't exchange that dressing gown for anything. I've been selling a long time and I never saw a man who chose a gift for his wife with such care. You certainly are lucky."

I really enjoy wearing that dress-  
ing gown.

Recently I rode with a middle-aged man through 20 miles of Los Angeles County's congested motor traffic. A year ago I had made the same trip with him and had been crushed by his daring and discourteous driving. This time, however, he gave the right of way to every car and every pedestrian, smiling cheerfully and waving them on. Soon I was basking in a glow of good fellowship and the smiles and thanks we received in return.

What is this? I asked finally, "a bit of over-kill of the Christmas spirit?"

No," he replied chuckling. "It's a bit of election campaign hangerover. Last autumn when I had Eisenhower-Nixon placards on the car, I decided I'd better keep people from getting mad at me so nobody would have occasion to get mad at my candidates. So I let everybody else get his own way while I slowed down or stopped, always grinning and waving them on.

It was a revelation how pleased and surprised everybody was. In fact, it was so much fun that I've kept up the practice ever since."

—JOSE DE DIFIA FRIED



# The Bug That Eats Houses

*Condensed from Your Life*

Jerome Beatty

**T**HE subterranean termite, the most destructive of all chewers of wood, is also one of the most elusive. Termites work under cover and are usually discovered only after they have been gnawing for five or ten years—perhaps when the man rolls in a new refrigerator and it crashes through the sill of the kitchen door. Once in your property, they are difficult to exterminate.

In 1951 termites were discovered in a huge Kansas City warehouse. Pest-control men were about to attack when Kansas City was hit by a great flood. For seven days the bugs were under water.

"Well, anyway," said a company official when they started to shovel out the mud, "all the termites are dead." The exterminators poked about to make sure and found the pests alive and rarin' to go.

Termites are fighting a winning battle against assaults by entomolo-

gists and thousands of professional exterminators. Twenty years ago Dr. Thomas Snyder, senior entomologist of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, now retired, estimated termite damage in the United States at about \$40,000,000 (about £14,280,000) a year, mostly on farms. Today the bugs are going great guns in cities, and the National Pest Control Association guesses the total loss at about \$100,000,000.

Termites live in underground nests, deep enough to reach damp earth and avoid cold. They live on cellulose, which composes the bulk of dead wood. Termites cannot digest cellulose, but have in their alimentary tracts microscopic parasites that digest it for them.

In the spring or autumn, on a warm, sunny day, the termites come out in garden or basement, swarm, make short flights to start new

colonies, then discard their wings. These swarms and wings are clues to watch for. In basements the wings are usually shed near windows and doors.

These termites have brown or black bodies, two pairs of long opaque wings of equal size and measure about half an inch in all. They should not be confused with flying ants which are much more actively humlike insect. Even in the best be distinguished by their thin wasp waist. Termites have thick waists.

Not should the worker termite be confused with the carpenter ant or beetle and report with bore hole in wood. A small grain of powder from a lost betrix their presence will indicate and it is a good idea to put one into the water and it immediately plug the hole.

In America termite is a native in the South. It was thought that cold weather would keep them out of the northern states but they have found their way into basements and cellars with an increasing damage to property and in Canada. In India termite is a survey of the country. Termites in three. Ten per cent of the population of the nation. In the United States, experts say there is hardly an acre that does not have at least one colony.

Subterranean termites must keep constantly damp. They must find food without exposing themselves

Dwellers in the British Isles are lucky in not having to contend with the ravages of termites which can not survive the climate. Sometimes termites do reach this country in imported timber but so far have not succeeded in settling down and becoming established.

In British tropical Colonies and Dominions however termites are the most destructive of wood-boring insects and cause great damage before they are detected. No one does more than for the wood. So exporters of food containing cellulose from tropical forests to furniture - a very common practice and the termites are not always detected at least in the early stages.

They dig in where they would not be expected and die by some instinct or instinct through the earth and wood in or touching the wood. They build smaller than ants up the side of foundations to reach wooden beams. Under houses where the floor is only two or three feet from the ground they may build a stigmatine structure up from the ground to the wood. Termites almost invariably stop eating inside a room just before it is weak enough to crash and betray them. One way of detecting them is to stab with a needle pick all sills, joists and other wood that is close to the ground or touching it.

The shelter tubes over foundations or up the inside of basement walls are the most noticeable evidence of termites but usually colonies don't have to build them because careless construction gives



them direct access through wood that touches the soil—cellar steps, outside steps and supports of porches. Termites can also get up into beams through cracks in the cement or through hollow block foundations. The new slab foundation construction, with cement floors touching the earth, is made to order for the pests. They seldom have trouble in tunnelling round the edges.

Before a new colony is strong enough to start to damage a house it multiplies by feeding for eight or ten years on dead wood outside the structure. When a contractor buries scrap timber from a new house he's supplying a picnic for termites.

When termites show up you

should repair the damage, poison the bugs and have the building termite proofed by an expert, who will cut off every possible entrance—remove wood that touches the ground, seal openings and place shields on top of foundations. The soil under and alongside the house must be poisoned to a depth of several feet. Because many termites will still survive in the ground, an annual inspection is cheap insurance.

If competent inspectors find infestation, get bids from several established operators. And even after an efficient job is done there will still be a lot of live, hungry termites cut in the gutter, hoping you'll not have a check up once a year.

### *ERUSAM for Everyone*

Scientific humour runs to whimsical gags. One example, appearing as a notice in the *Cornell Veg News*, a university agricultural newsletter, proclaimed:

'Public demand forced us to release our revolutionary new garden product, ERUSAM (pronounced AIR-CO-SAM). ERUSAM is not just an inert soil conditioner. ERUSAM is not only a miracle type plant food. ERUSAM is everything! One heaping glob of our magic atomic substance will remake your garden. ERUSAM makes light soils heavy, heavy soils light and steadfastly ignores medium soils. ERUSAM is a selective pesticide—it kills harmful weeds, pests and diseases while fraternizing with the approved ones. Better yet, ERUSAM has the Good Wormkeeping Seal of Approval. ERUSAM contains decomposed chlorophyll, your garden will never smell the same. ERUSAM contains no nasty chemicals—it's purely organic. One pound of this concentrated product is equivalent to 16 ounces. Write for our trial garden-size bucket today. Remember—ERUSAM spelled backwards is

But Prof. H. J. Carew, author of the parody, underestimated the gullibility of the public. More than 40 trusting individuals from Massachusetts to Missouri seriously requested "trial garden-size buckets" of

—Venus Clark

*"He turns a cafe into a concert hall  
and a concert hall into a temple."*

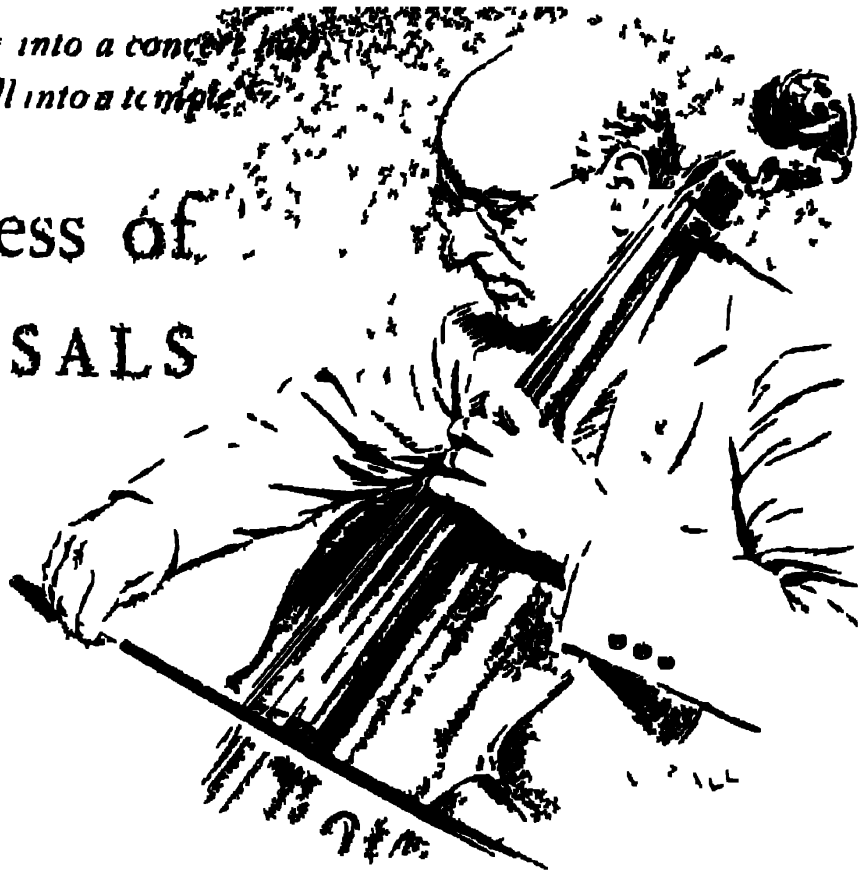
# The Greatness of PABLO CASALS

*Condensed from Little  
Mix Film*

FROM a man who bought the recordings of the Casals music festival of 1951 were surprised to hear a bonus recording of a cello solo by Pablo Casals on one side and a little letter pressed into the surface of the record writing this motto: "The greatest of any important entertainment must be character and mind."

Behind the glamour of the world finds in extraordinary person Pablo Casals has not only a great cellist and a great man but a combined musical genius with moral and spiritual depth.

The Casals festival is an annual gathering in the little village of Prades on the French slope of the Pyrenees, where Casals now lives. There musicians and music lovers from all over the world many of them as famous as he gather each June to make music with him to do him honour and to dwell for two



weeks in the radiance of his spirit. I have come away excited.

From this you might expect in Casals the face and figure of Apollo. On the contrary he is a dumpy little man with chubby hands, big round spectacles, a perfectly bald head and in the sun is shading a bright red umbrella held close over it. There is both sensitivity and tremendous strength in his face but at first glance he looks more like a shopkeeper than like Apollo.

He was born in the little town of Ventreda in Spain where his father was organist in the village church. Young Pablo made music almost from babyhood on any instrument that happened to be about—piano, flute, guitar, violin. His instinct for

music was so phenomenal that his mother, using hard saved pesetas, took him to Barcelona, where he could study at the municipal school. Although only 12, he got a job playing the piano in a cafe, and soon persuaded the proprietor to let him play classical music one evening a week. These performances made a sensation in local musical circles.

Pablo's fame increased when he took up the cello, which he knew to be his own instrument the moment he drew a bow across its strings. At 17 he was in Madrid playing before Maria Cristina, Queen Mother of Spain.

It was not only the music he made but the sheer goodness—no one uses any other word for it—shining out of his eyes that captivated the Queen Mother. She granted him a pension to continue his studies, and practically adopted him into her household where he became the companion of the future king, Alfonso XIII.

After two years still with a pension from the court, Pablo and his mother moved to Brussels, so that he could study at the famous conservatory there. The director sent him to the cello class of Prof. Edouard Jacobs. When Jacobs asked him what he would play he said simply: "Anything you like."

The professorial eyebrows rose. "Well, well, you *must* be remarkable!" The class laughed. "Very well, then, I suggest that you play . . ."

On a borrowed cello, Casals played that obscure and difficult composition with a brilliance that left the class and teacher transfixed.

Recovering his breath, Professor Jacobs invited him to enter his class, promising him then and there the annual prize for the current year. But the snooty reception had offended Pablo's ideal of character and kindness. He said he didn't care to stay. The decision cost him his pension, for the court insisted on his remaining in Brussels.

He went instead to Paris—he and his mother and a younger brother penniless, ignorant of the language and without acquaintances there. His father cut them his small savings; his mother took in sewing worked far into the night. Pablo got in all paid jobs as second cellist in the Folies Marini.

We learned by direct experience what misery is, he says. But the lesson was too costly. He fell sick and they had to abandon the glamorous idea of an education abroad and go back to Barcelona.

Good luck returned there. Pablo's old music teacher was moving to Argentina and Pablo fell heir to his pupils. He was soon reconciled with the Queen—and by the time he was 21 had become famous throughout Spain and Portugal. At 23 he returned to Paris, bearing a letter of introduction to the famous French conductor Charles Lamoureux, who was preparing a series of concerts.

The great man stumbled when

Casals presented the letter—he didn't like to be disturbed when at work. But he agreed to let Casals play. With the first note *L'Amoureux* turned in his chair. He had a physical infirmity which made it an effort to rise, but when Casals had finished, the great conductor was standing before him. 'You shall play in my first concert!' he said.

While Casals was growing to fame, he used earnings equivalent to £214,000 to create a 'people's orchestra,' the first one in the world at Barcelona. To make its music available to all, he formed a Workers' Concert Society and gave concerts for its members at greatly reduced price.

Today he would rather conduct an orchestra than win glory as a virtuoso. Moreover, as a conductor he enjoys the rehearsals more than the final show. It is 'making music' that he loves, and he likes to teach people how to do it.

One day when he was mountaineering, a rolling boulder struck the first finger of his left hand, apparently smashing it for good. To the astonishment of his companions he cried, 'Thank God! I shall never have to play the cello again!' Fortunately he was a poor prophet.

But what he meant was: 'Now I can devote my whole life to making the greatest of all music.' For to him an orchestra, disciplined in the will to perfection, is a social as well as a musical achievement. His musicians feel towards him the veneration that churchmen feel towards

On Casals' 70th birthday 100 of his friends, including 50 cellists, assembled in a BBC studio to broadcast in his honour. Sir Adrian Boult, then conductor of the BBC orchestra, with which Casals had often appeared and which he had himself conducted, voiced the congratulations of musicians and music lovers in Britain.

It must be more than 25 years since a timid young local musician was invited to conduct a Philharmonic concert in Liverpool at which the great Casals was to play the Schumann Concerto, and he still looks back on that rehearsal and performance as one of the finest lessons he ever had. Since that time it has often been my privilege to conduct for Mr. Casals. It has always been a wonderful lesson and a revelation in the understanding of music. *Maybe* we hark back for the countless experiences of wonderful performances, and in particular we recognize how you have taken our concert by Elgar and Tovey, and by your performances have shown us its greatness.

a loved minister. Years ago they died in Barcelona. He turns a site into a concert hall and a concert hall into a temple.

In the successive disasters that have befallen Europe in democracy in Casals' lifetime, he has taken his stand stubbornly and, reckless of the cost to himself, on the side of freedom and the rights of man. His popularity in the old Russia and his income from concerts there were enormous, but after the revolution, when the Bolsheviks began executing dissenters, he declined

all invitations to tour that country.

"My only weapon is my cello," he says. "Not a very deadly one perhaps, but such as it is, it fights on the side of freedom."

When Hitler began persecuting Jews and trade unions, he declared the same boycott against Germany. When Mussolini took over Hitler's policy of anti-Semitism, he extended the boycott to Italy. When Franco seized power in Spain he took up residence in three rooms of a gatekeeper's lodge in Prades.

Here for 14 years he has lived more like an early Christian saint than a world-famous musician. Everybody in the surrounding countryside feels free to drop in for advice or help, or just to bring him the news of a birth in the family, or the high marks a son has made at school.

People make him happy because he loves them. He finds time to answer hundreds of letters in long-hand—last summer, after the festival, there were 600 of them.

Although ready to give himself lavishly to those who truly need him, Casals is not gullible, nor is he blinded by good will. "Nobody ever fools him," his pupils say. And he takes only a few friends deep into his heart. They are the ones he calls "good." And goodness includes self-discipline in all its forms.

He has always disciplined himself. He studied the Bach suites for cello, hitherto unperformed in public in their entirety, for 12 years before he ventured to play them. He still

studies them. In the presence of all great music he thinks of himself as a student. He will announce with delight that he has found a new way of fingering some passage that he has been playing for 50 years.

When a pupil complained to him that she had forgotten a piece she had known well he said: "Fine! Everything should be new each time you play it."

"Be impulsive—be fanciful," he said to his pupils. "Let the music flow out of you as freely as though you were speaking. But remember that freedom is not disorder. . . ." A long thoughtful pause. "That is something that has wide application in our times." Another pause. "Be spontaneous and yet be controlled. That is what you have to learn."

Spontaneity in Casals includes an uninhibited expression of the tender emotions. "The main thing in life is not to be afraid to be human," he said to me. "If something is so beautiful it makes you want to cry—cry."

At 76 Casals often speaks of himself as an old man. But when he takes a cello in his hands, a transformation occurs that is like a miracle of resurrection. A famous musician who attended the 1952 festival turned to his neighbour when Casals began to play. "Why, he's playing it better than he used to!" he whispered in astonishment.

Pablo Casals' life rule, serenity based on character and kindness, has served him well.

# *It Pays to Increase Your Word Power*

By Wilfred Funk

**W**ORDS of one syllable, like the following, often come from Old English. At least half the words in this test are from the days of the Angles and the Saxons. Before you begin the test, write down definitions of those you think you know. Then check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- |                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                               |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) LANK (langk) - A: <i>thin</i> , B: <i>sallow</i> , C: <i>louse</i> , D: <i>wak and sickly-looking</i> .                                      | (11) VOID (void) - A: <i>bewildered</i> , B: <i>having no legal force</i> , C: <i>forgetful</i> , D: <i>erasure</i> .                         |
| (2) SLUICED (slūs) -- A: <i>a marsh</i> , B: <i>an artificial channel</i> , C: <i>a tide</i> , D: <i>a backwash</i> .                            | (12) PALE (pale) -- A: <i>a piece of wood at the bottom of a door</i> , B: <i>a gate</i> , C: <i>a boundary</i> , D: <i>a receptacle</i> .    |
| (3) PLUMB (plum) - A: <i>to fall</i> , B: <i>to find out the weight of</i> , C: <i>to hit</i> , D: <i>to get to the bottom of</i> .              | (13) FLUX (flux) -- A: <i>overabundance</i> , B: <i>uncertainty</i> , C: <i>constant movement</i> , D: <i>great wealth</i> .                  |
| (4) SWATH (swahich) - A: <i>a quick blow</i> , B: <i>a sample of cloth</i> , C: <i>thrift</i> , D: <i>a patch</i> .                              | (14) PHASE (faze) - A: <i>forgetfulness</i> , B: <i>a particular aspect</i> , C: <i>confusion of mind</i> , D: <i>trouble</i> .               |
| (5) QUIRK (quirk) - A: <i>a short-handled riding whip</i> , B: <i>an act of deceit</i> , C: <i>a personal peculiarity</i> , D: <i>a coil</i> .   | (15) FINE (fane) - A: <i>to disdain</i> , B: <i>to be favorably disposed</i> , C: <i>to pretend</i> , D: <i>to flatter</i> .                  |
| (6) SWATH (swathh) - A: <i>a sample piece of cloth</i> , B: <i>a scarf</i> , C: <i>the width of grass cut by a scythe</i> , D: <i>boasting</i> . | (16) GRIST (grist) -- A: <i>courage</i> , B: <i>grain to be ground</i> , C: <i>the substance of a statement</i> , D: <i>bushes of grain</i> . |
| (7) BOOR (boor) - A: <i>a coarse fellow</i> , B: <i>a hole</i> , C: <i>a foreigner</i> , D: <i>a small animal that burrows</i> .                 | (17) WHIR (weer) - A: <i>a ghost</i> , B: <i>a basin</i> , C: <i>a decorative lattice work</i> , D: <i>a dam</i> .                            |
| (8) SWATHED (swaythed) - A: <i>wept</i> , B: <i>soothed</i> , C: <i>washed</i> , D: <i>wrapped</i> .                                             | (18) PRATE (prate) - A: <i>to chatter</i> , B: <i>to talk foolishly</i> , C: <i>to complain</i> , D: <i>to primp</i> .                        |
| (9) COWL (cowl) - A: <i>shame</i> , B: <i>a bowl</i> , C: <i>a monk's hood</i> , D: <i>a scarf</i> .                                             | (19) GIST (jist) - A: <i>wit</i> , B: <i>the feelings</i> , C: <i>grain which is ground</i> , D: <i>the main point</i> .                      |
| (10) TREKKED (trekt) - A: <i>climbed</i> , B: <i>travelled by wagon</i> , C: <i>deceived</i> , D: <i>carried</i> .                               | (20) CLEAVE (cleev) - A: <i>to climb up</i> , B: <i>to bang down</i> , C: <i>to choke tightly</i> , D: <i>to cling</i> .                      |

## Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) LANK — A: Identical with its Old English ancestor, *blanc*, "thin"; gaunt; slender; straight and thin; as, "Their long, *lank* hair streamed round their faces."
- (2) SLUICE — B: An artificial channel for conducting water; as, "Its wheel churned in the seething torrent from the *sluice*."
- (3) PLUMB — D: To ascertain depth with a plumb line. Hence, to get to the bottom of; to fathom; as, "I resolved to *plumb* this mystery." From the Latin *plumbum*, "lead."
- (4) SWATCH — B: A strip of cloth, especially one cut off for a sample.
- (5) QUIRK — C: A personal peculiarity; as, "He has some strange *quirk* in his mind."
- (6) SWATH — C: The width of grass cut by the sweep of a scythe. Hence, figuratively, the impression made by a person on others; as, "Oscar Wilde cut a broad *swath* in Paris." From Old English *swaeth*, "track."
- (7) BOOR — A: A coarse, ill-bred fellow; as, "For all his brilliance, Dr. Samuel Johnson could be a *boor* at times." From the Dutch *boer*, "a peasant."
- (8) SWATHED — D: Bound or wrapped, as in bandages; as, "Her arm was *swathed* in strips of gauze." From Old English *swaþu*, "band."
- (9) COWL — C: A monk's hood, or the garment of which it is a part. Old English *cule* from the Latin *cuullus*, "hood."
- (10) TREKKED — B: Travelled by wagon. Hence, loosely, journeyed slowly; as "in the days when the '49ers *trekked* to California."
- (11) VOID — B: Having no legal force or validity; as, "This law has now been rendered null and *void*." Old French *voide* from the Latin *vacitum*, "empty."
- (12) PALE — C: A pointed stake; a fence of pales. Hence, an enclosure or boundary; as, "His actions put him outside the *pale* of decent society."
- (13) FLUX — C: Constant movement and change; as, "Fashions and ideas are now in a state of *flux*." From the Latin *fluxus*, "flowing."
- (14) PHASE — B: A particular aspect, as: "That is one *phase* of the subject that I have never considered." The Greek *phasis*, "appearance."
- (15) FEIGN — C: To pretend; to simulate; as, "No matter how he would *feign* modesty, you knew that he was conceited." Old French *feindre*, from the Latin *ingere*, "to form."
- (16) GRIST — B: Grain brought to a mill to be ground, or grain that has been ground. Often used figuratively; as, "All is *grist* to his mill" that is, whatever has happened has helped him. The Old English word *grist*, from *grindan*, "to grind."
- (17) WEIR — D: A dam put in a stream to raise the water so as to run a mill or form a fishpond. From the Old English word *wer*.
- (18) PRATE — B: To talk at length in a foolish way; as, "He loves to *prate* about his famous ancestors." Related to the Dutch word *praten*, "to talk."
- (19) GIST — D: The main point; the substance of the matter; as, "They approved a resolution that embodied the *gist* of the agreement." From Old French.
- (20) CLEAVE — D: To cling; to stick fast, as, "His skin seemed to *cleave* to his bones." From the Old English *cleofian*, "to cling."

### Vocabulary Ratings

|                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| 20 correct.....    | excellent |
| 19-17 correct..... | good      |
| 16-14 correct..... | fair      |



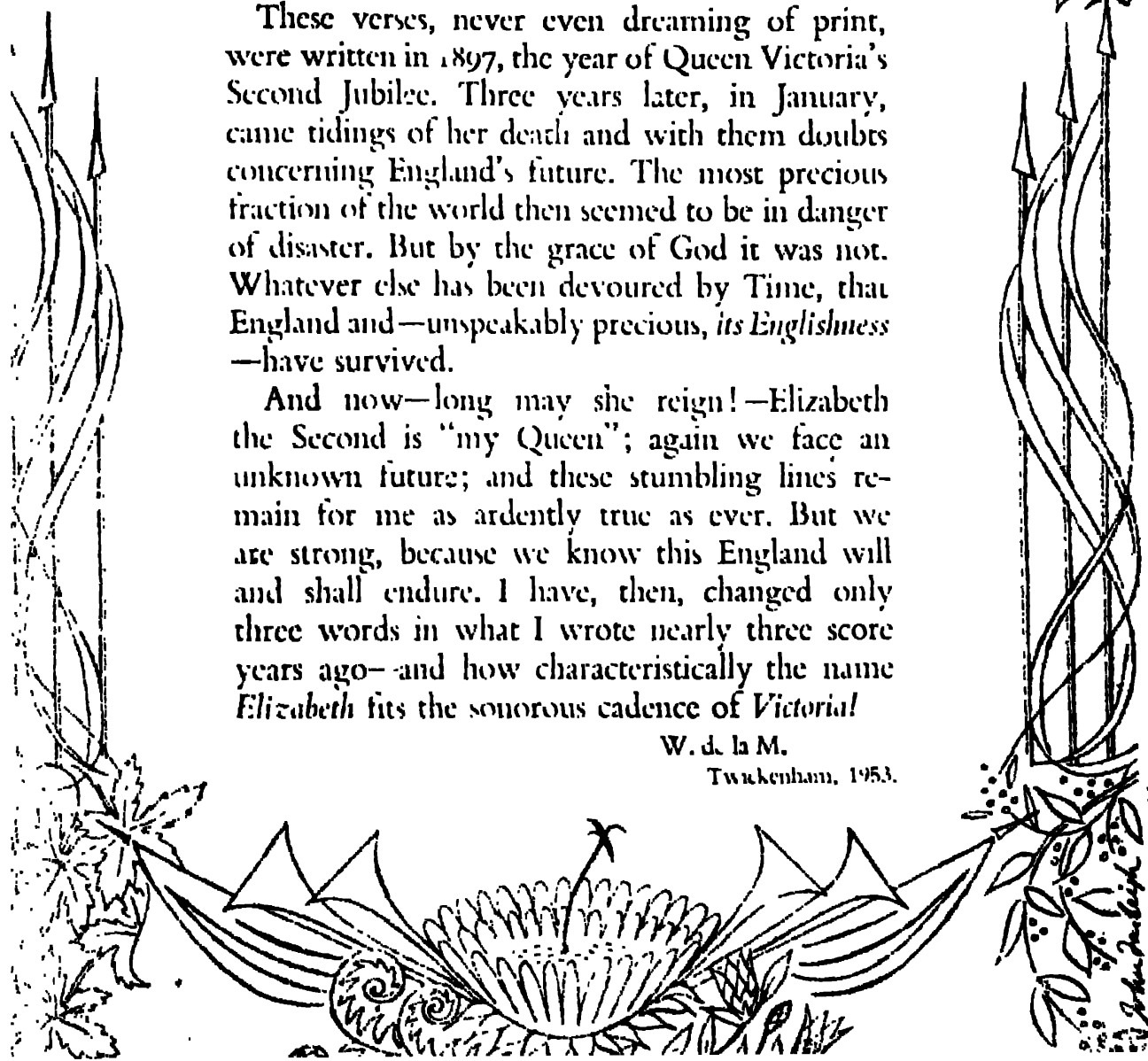
A "New" Poem  
to Her Majesty, the Queen  
by *Walter de la Mare, O.M.*

These verses, never even dreaming of print, were written in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Second Jubilee. Three years later, in January, came tidings of her death and with them doubts concerning England's future. The most precious fraction of the world then seemed to be in danger of disaster. But by the grace of God it was not. Whatever else has been devoured by Time, that England and—unspeakably precious, *its Englishness*—have survived.

And now—long may she reign!—Elizabeth the Second is "my Queen"; again we face an unknown future; and these stumbling lines remain for me as ardently true as ever. But we are strong, because we know this England will and shall endure. I have, then, changed only three words in what I wrote nearly three score years ago—and how characteristically the name *Elizabeth* fits the sonorous cadence of *Victoria*!

W. de la M.

Twickenham, 1953.





**E**LIZABETH is my queen,  
England is my land,  
Oh! may God let her people be  
Countless as sand!

Through all the passing hours  
The never silent sea  
Upon her hollow-sounding shores  
Shouts Liberty.

Old Drake my cousin is,  
And Shakespeare's Elizabeth,  
And Nelson—he whose fame  
Shall outstay Death.

Ah! when with eager eye  
I scan the centuries  
And count this England's matchless men  
My blood doth rise,

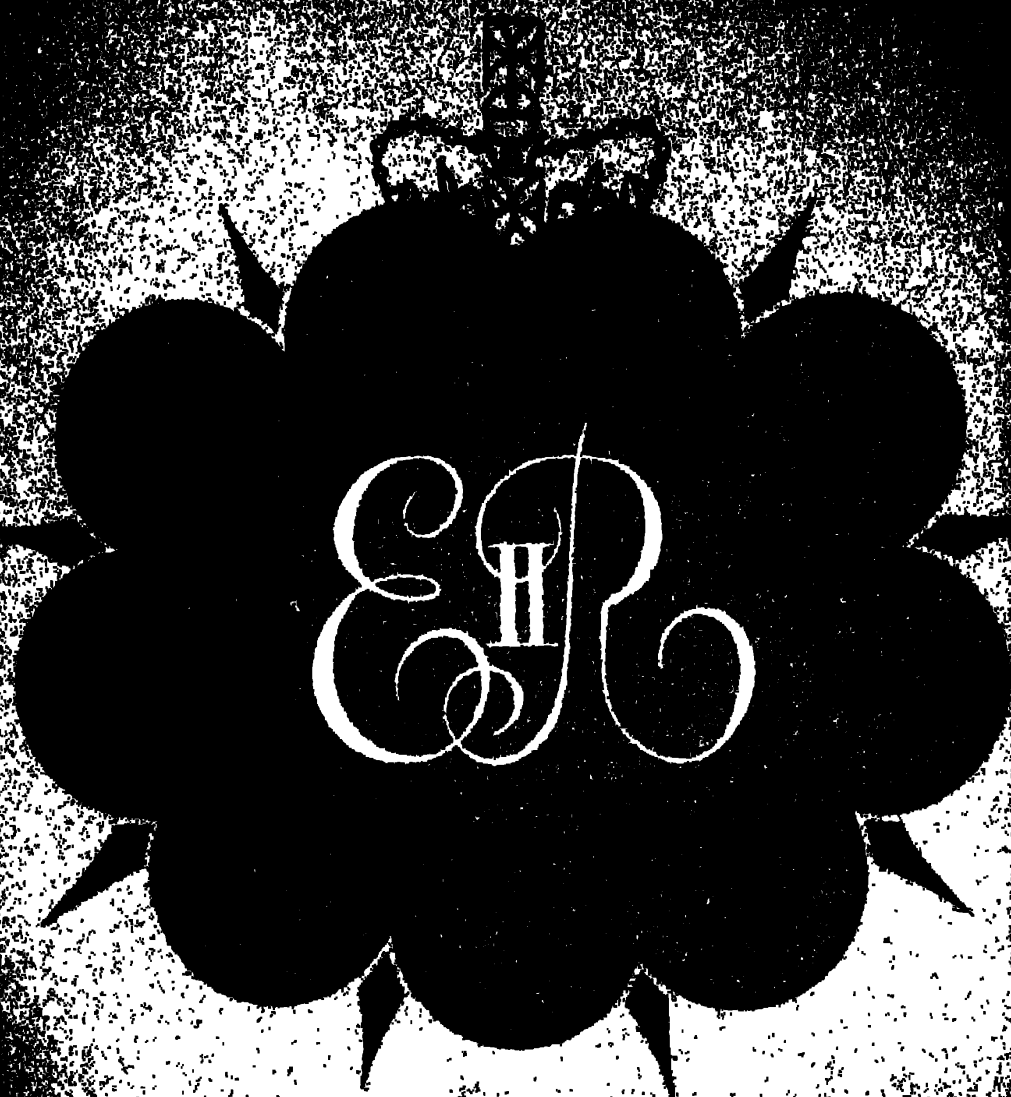
And burns upon my cheek,  
And welters in my heart,  
Urging me in their foot-tracks go  
And do my part.

Sweet are her fields to me,  
Sweet is her lovesome rose,  
Sweet with the savour of the seas  
Each wind that blows.

Elizabeth is my queen,  
England is my land,  
Oh! may God let her people be  
Countless as sand!







# SANCTUARY

## *Is Where You Find It*

*Condensed from Guideposts*

Margaret Blair Johnstone

WHAT is sanctuary? The dictionary defines it as a place of refuge, sacred and inviolable. Because of this many of us think that to seek sanctuary in time of trouble is to take cowardly flight from reality. But it is not that. Rather it is flight *to* reality. For when life's violence threatens and we do not seek sanctuary, it is then that we become escapists, dodging anxieties and scurrying among confusions. Like sparrows crossing a busy thoroughfare by hopping, we do not realize that we have the power to rise above the danger coming at us from all sides.

Sanctuary, then, is more than a special place—it is special strength. And it gives more than refuge and release. Sanctuary gives *renewal*.

Essentially, sanctuary is a means of finding the power to face life on lifted wings. It is this power which enables men to “renew their strength . . . mount up with wings as eagles . . . run and not be weary . . . walk and not faint.”

*You can make your own place of refuge from the stresses, distractions and mean monotonies of life*

All of us have access to this power. Sooner or later that which is weak in us cries to lay down a burden on Someone stronger. When that Someone gives us strength to bear our burden triumphantly ourselves, then have we found sanctuary.

We need not turn to some enchanted island, remote from daily living, to find our place of refuge. One of the most misinterpreted verses in the Bible is the familiar “He leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul.” Most of us think the still waters were placid lakes or quiet meadow brooks. Not so! They were part of torrential mountain streams where day in and out the shepherd had to lead his flock. But here and there he managed to find “waters of quietness,” some pool spilled alongside but fed by and part of the fierce main stream

And we too can find, right along life's main stream, the still waters which will renew our minds.

Sanctuary may be no farther away than your own garden. Ever since Eden some men have come "nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth." A student pointed out that the decisive element in the discovery of the law of gravitation was not so much the falling apple as the garden. Newton was alone, in the quiet of a garden, when he saw his great truth.

The mountains and the sea are perennial places of sanctuary. "When things get thick I turn my back on my busy kitchen and gaze at the mountain scene framed by my window," says a mother fortunate enough to be able to lift up her eyes unto real hills. But a professor I know has no such view. So he has hung a colour transparency of the sea in the east window of his city flat, and to this he lifts up his eyes every morning.

There are times when one can reach sanctuary simply by going into one's room and shutting the door. A friend who is a social worker lives in a settlement house, where her single window looks out on a littered alley. Her life is an endless routine of pavement pounding, tenement-stair climbing, grievance hearing and monotonous record keeping. One night I paused at her door to leave a message. She invited me in. I found her small room aglow

with candlelight. "This is how I keep my sanity," she explained. "Every night for 15 minutes I light these candles. To me the most serene thing on earth is a lighted candle."

Others will find renewal in the act of serving. The next time you are hounded by fear or stymied by despair, try going to your local hospital ward. You can't talk to the sick? Then leave a bouquet of flowers. Or stop in at that housebound old man's across the street with some small gift that will bring him pleasure.

You may find sanctuary even in a lunch hour. Music can recharge you when you are mentally beaten or nervously exhausted. "I take 20 minutes for lunch and the rest for feasting on Brahms," says a busy editor. Her musical sanctuary sends her back to her appointments on lifted wings.

You can find sanctuary by immersing yourself in a tub of warm water. One of the oldest rites is ablution: the ceremonial washing away of life's soil and stain. Hydrotherapy is one of the modern techniques for purging tension and pain.

There are still other ways. One woman who reared a large family and ran a boarding house as well was asked how she remained so calm and composed. "Well," she said, "you know that big rocking chair in my room? Every afternoon, no matter how busy I am, I go up there to rock a while and empty out my brains."

Sometimes, however, we need to empty out more than our brains; we need to pour out our soul. This is the time to rediscover the fact that "strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." You can find them by stopping at your own church before facing the humdrum of a busy day. On a business trip you can find sanctuary by slipping into some shrine for meditation near where you stay. You may discover it kneeling in a hospital chapel praying for a dear one, or on the high seas—on a troopship or in the miniature cathedral aboard the *Ile de France*.

There come times to all of us when, in our desperate need, no holy ground in nature, no lonely place apart, no sanctum of man seems to give sanctuary.

Then what?

When disaster strikes on British Navy vessels they instantly blow "The Still." It means: "Prepare to do the wise thing."

When the signal is piped, few

men know the wise thing. But in the moments of calm enforced by that signal they find it. Each man calculates his position and checks his resources. By observing "The Still" they rout confusion and frequently avert catastrophe.

So with our personal emergencies. Few of us instantly know the wise thing. "If only I could *know* what to do!" we cry, forgetting that the order of procedure is: *Be still!*

No matter how little you *know*, or even how little you think you have faith to believe, the next time you need sanctuary stop instantly all feverish activity and do what those who have found sanctuary do: "*Be still* and know. . . ."

Countless hard-pressed men and women find in religion their "place of certain shelter" when their hearts cry for spiritual sanctuary. We are again laying hold on the central reality that all religion offers: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."



### *Deft Definitions*

*Bridegroom:* A wolf who paid too much for his whistle.

—E. V. Reynor

*Luxury:* Any bare necessity—with the taxes added.

—Dave Crown in *The Saturday Evening Post*

*Mixed company:* What you are in when you think of a story you can't tell there.

—Richard Arnour

*Wife:* A dish jockey.

*Night club:* A place where they take the rest out of restaurant and put the din in dinner.

*Four debonair American journalists have  
a ludicrous time in Communist Germany*

## Caviar for the Comrades

*By Joseph Wechsberg*



AMERICAN REPORTERS are not exactly welcome behind the Iron Curtain. Hence, there was considerable excitement at the Berlin Press Club when word came one afternoon in March 1951 that the East German Government would let us in during the week of the Leipzig Trade Fair. I made arrangements to drive the 110 miles to Leipzig with William Attwood, then working for the *New York Post*, and Don Cook of the *New York Herald Tribune*, in Cook's Chevrolet.

When Joseph Alsop, the syndicated columnist who had just arrived from the States, decided to join us, Press Club eyebrows were raised. Alsop, a dapper, fastidious man, had always managed to get his daily (ice-cold) bath in the Japanese prison camp near Hong Kong, where he'd been interned in 1941, and he liked to have a valet around to press his clothes. There were said to be few bathrooms in Leipzig, and practically no valets.

Alsop disposed of these asides by saying crisply, with his Oxford-

clipped accent, "I dare say I shall be in plenty of hot water before leaving Leipzig."

Next morning Alsop arrived at our meeting place, followed by a couple of sturdy Teutons carrying two large suitcases, a cardboard box filled with sweets and cigarettes, a case of canned beer and another box full of sandwiches. He looked impeccable in a Savile Row suit of brown gaberdine and a blue topcoat, and carried Xenophon's *Anabasis* under his arm. He was going to Leipzig, he said, as a "student of history."

At the Potsdam Bridge, where we crossed into the "German Democratic Republic," two adolescent members of the *Volkspolizei* (People's Police) checked our passports, identity cards, money. Their shack was covered with flags and banners proclaiming Peace and Soviet-German friendship, and a big poster portrayed a benign likeness of pipe-smoking Joseph Stalin, advertised as "the Best Friend of the German People."

Seeing this caption, the student of history burst into Homeric laughter. There was a tense moment. The furchatted Soviet sentry took a firm grip on his tommy gun. Before the Vopos had a chance to interfere Cook drove off in a dust cloud.

We had been instructed never to go off the *Autobahn*, but as we approached Dessau, Alsop demanded to be taken to the *Junkers Werke*, that had been among Germany's major aircraft factories during the last war.

"If the Vopos catch us, there'll be trouble," said Attwood.

"They won't," Alsop said loftily. "We'll remain inconspicuous."

Our Chevrolet with its American licence plate was as inconspicuous in Dessau as a submarine would be in Fifth Avenue. Wherever we stopped, frightened-looking people gathered around. Little boys would reverently touch the wings. Alsop, sensing hidden pro-American feelings, immediately launched his private Point Four programme by handing out cigarettes, sandwiches and beer. Furtive smiles began to appear and there were whispered words, "Bless you!" and "*Danke schön!*"

Then three heavily armed People's Police appeared, and suddenly the faces of the people became wax-like masks. When one of the Vopos began to ask us questions Alsop quickly put two cans of American beer into his hands. Before the bewildered Vopo had recovered, Cook stepped on the gas and beat it.

Two *Autobahn* check-points and one hour later, we drove into Leipzig. Leipzig was once the centre of Europe's fur trade and the home of Germany's famous printing industry; it had a great musical tradition going back to Mendelssohn and Bach. But now Leipzig was a drab, depressing collection of rubble, with only a few new buildings that housed government offices.

The People's Police were swarming everywhere; sometimes there seemed to be more uniformed men in the streets than civilians. The unpainted, dirty-grey house walls were covered with red-coloured posters, slogans, banners, with pictures of Stalin, Lenin, Malenkov and other Good Friends of the German People. This was a replica of George Orwell's book 1984—33 years ahead of time: the silent, frightened people glancing furtively over their shoulders; loudspeakers blaring Soviet songs; spies and informers.

We registered at the Fair's Billeting Office and were assigned quarters in a suburban block of flats where two families on the third floor had orders to vacate for us their "good rooms." They were friendly though apprehensive, having heard terrifying stories about the Americans, but Alsop set them at ease immediately. He offered chocolate to the dwarfed, undernourished children, cigarettes to the grown-ups. In no time he had made arrangements to have the hot-water stove lighted in the building's only



functioning bathroom, and assigned various *Hausfrauen* to the duties of unpacking his bags, pressing his clothes, shining his shoes, rearranging the furniture in his room. His orders were precise. The Germans loved it. One *Hausfrau* was so enchanted by Alsop that she hung over his bed a piece of embroidery saying *Hab Sonne im Herzen* (Have Sunshine in Your Heart).

Coal was strictly rationed in Leipzig; so were sugar, fat, meat, butter, cheese, flour. But when we got up the next morning a fire was burning merrily in the tiled dining-room stove. On the table were eggs, three different kinds of sausage, cheese, butter, jam, fruit, bread, milk and coffee. Our hostess explained that "*Herr Alsop*" had managed to get hold of coal and food, God knows how, and that it must have cost him plenty.

"He's a magician," she said, her eyes shining with boundless admiration.

*Herr Alsop* appeared wearing a splendidly embroidered morning robe. He surveyed the table, every inch a country squire looking over his formal gardens. He patted the children, who loved the *Onkel aus Amerika*. He made sure that the eggs had been boiled exactly three and a half minutes, and complimented our hostess on her coffee.

"And, by the way," he said, "will you please make sure that tomorrow my hot bath is ready exactly at eight, not at 8.15 as it was today."

Leipzig was a reporter's dream—stories wherever you turned your head, a huge canvas of human emotions, the frightening picture of the perfect police state. Even now I can see the shabbily dressed people who would approach us furtively to ask what time the Voice of America was broadcasting its news programmes, to give us messages for friends in Western Germany, or just to stare with longing at the American licence plate of Cook's car.

I still think of Helmut, a 14-year-old boy with sad eyes and the resigned ways of an old man. He volunteered to guard our car and thereupon hardly left Alsop's side, who found out all about the boy. Helmut was a member of the Communist Free German Youth that every kid of his age must join. Every night he had orders to visit at least three households; he would make a short propaganda speech, and had to report to his superiors on the "reactions" of the housewives and their husbands. "I wish you'd take me along in the boot of your car," he said, wistfully. "But if I ran away, they would arrest my mother. No, I've got to stay."

It was the same story wherever we went. The ever-present atmosphere of fear and suspicion; the steps of spies and informers behind us. It was the grey, merciless mood of the prison courtyard. There were voices in this courtyard but never the sound of happy laughter. Maybe that was why people liked Joe Alsop

so much—they had forgotten what laughter sounded like.

One morning we stopped in at a nearby department store of the HO (*Handels-Organization*), the giant, State-owned trade monopoly where people may buy everything—at prohibitive prices. Among themselves, the people call the HO *Hungernde Ostzone* (Hungry East Zone). The weekly salary of an East German worker was 60 marks, and a mark meant as much to him as a dollar would to an American. The people of Leipzig were told that American workers are shamefully exploited, but American workers don't have to pay \$70 (£25) for a pair of women's shoes, \$150 for a kilo of coffee, \$7 for a pound of meat.

Among the sullen, badly dressed people crowding past the counters, the four of us were conspicuous in our American clothes. Cook and I busied ourselves making notes of prices and comments. But not Alsop; he just emitted hoarse laughs at the sight of flimsy textiles and "water-resistant" pigskin shoes of which one man said, "When the water gets in, it never gets out again."

We were constantly shadowed by the Soviet secret police, but we had no trouble spotting our pursuers. They wore long leather coats and yellow scarves. For a while we turned the tables and trailed *them*, but Alsop soon became bored with the "childish game," and we all got

hungry. Alsop proclaimed that the time had come to have some fine Russian caviar.

The only place for caviar was the Soviet-managed Intourist restaurant in historic Auerbach's *Keller*, a 1,400-year-old beer hall known as the setting of a memorable scene in Goethe's *Faust*. There were two sections: one for East German citizens, paying in East marks; the other for foreigners, who were required to pay in dollars, Swiss francs and other hard currencies. (Russian roubles were not listed among hard currencies.)

Alsop insisted that we eat in the German section. "We'll pay in cheap, lovely East marks," he said. East marks could be procured for next to nothing on the black market. "And we'll mingle with the population. After all, we didn't come all the way to Leipzig to lunch with a bunch of foreigners."

A tough-looking headwaiter was about to push us over to the foreigners' section but Alsop whispered into his ear and dropped some notes into his hand. It worked, just as in the decadent capitalistic world. As we were seated Alsop loftily ordered: "Caviar for the comrades!"

Ordinarily, no caviar and only bad German vodka were sold in the German section, but we were served excellent caviar and fine Polish vodka. Two professional *Spitzel* (informers) at the next table were flabbergasted when Alsop went over and invited them to sit

with us, "to facilitate matters," as he put it. They accepted, in discomfort, and soon left, in confusion.

In a similar manner we passed several interesting days, not going near the Fair but mixing with the people.

On the morning of our last day we went reluctantly to the Fair to have our papers stamped, which was mandatory before leaving Leipzig. The "Fair of the Five-Year Plan and of Peace" was a sad parody of the once-famed *Messe*, that had been held here every year since 1250. There was the same streamlined Polish train that I had seen at earlier trade shows in Poznan, Budapest and Warsaw; Czechoslovak Tatra automobiles for which "orders couldn't be taken at the moment"; dried fish; clumps of soil representing the agricultural capacity of Albania; a few kernels of rice under glass to demonstrate "the astonishing agricultural productivity of our glorious North Korean allies." Instead of machines there were photographs; instead of products, figures.

The most impressive exhibit in the Soviet Union's hall was a 25-foot-high red-plaster statue of the Best Friend of the German People benignly looking over the little people standing at his feet. When Alsop saw it, the churchlike silence in the large hall was shattered by his clipped *basso profundo*. "This is quite appropriate," he boomed. "Statues of dear old Joe. The prin-

cipal export of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics."

It was the only time that we three deserted Alsop. As we ran out we heard his hollow laughter reverberated by the walls of the large mausoleum.

Attwood took a few pictures of Soviet posters and other interesting sights and then we went for a last lunch to Auerbach's *Keller*, where we had become respected habitués. Cook had left the car near the old Thomas Church where its erstwhile choir leader, Johann Sebastian Bach, lies buried. After lunch we went in to pay our respects, and when we returned Alsop was sitting in the car, reading his Greek history.

"We've had an interesting hour," Attwood said.

"I dare say you'll find the next hour even more so," Alsop said, sardonically.

Then we saw he wasn't alone. Two police were guarding him, and the car. One had on the regular Vopo uniform and wore a gun; the other was a civilian, wearing a grey overcoat, hat, yellow scarf and a bulging object under his coat.

"Your passports, *bitte*," said the Vopo.

"I've been trying to explain to these agents of Justinian and Theodorus that I'm an American citizen," Alsop said wearily, as though the whole matter didn't concern him at all.

"Who is this man?" asked the civilian policeman. He spoke Ger-

man with a thick Russian accent.

"The gentleman is a student of classical history," Attwood replied.

By way of corroboration, the student of history immersed himself in his Xenophon, ignoring the hostile outside world.

The Russian told us gruffly to get into the car and drive to the headquarters of the People's Police. We argued that there must be a mistake; we were on our way back and wanted to be in Berlin before nightfall. Alsop kept waving his passport like an entomologist swinging his butterfly net, and said he wasn't going to stand for further delay. A crowd had collected which was rooting emphatically, if silently, for us.

The argument was settled unilaterally by the Russian pointing his bulging object at us.

The *Volkspolizei* headquarters was an unbombed, large, dark building. We were taken up five flights of stairs. I remember counting the broad steps, for no good reason at all, wondering dully whether I would ever walk down them again, a free man. Sinister-looking men in leather coats and dark uniforms were standing about. Two armed Vopos separated Attwood from his camera. One said we were being held "under suspicion of espionage." They were going to develop Attwood's film to see whether it showed objects of military importance.

Attwood protested that they were

only pictures of his wife, child and dog. Besides, he said, the film was his private property. At this the Russian started to laugh. "Don't worry," he said, "there'll be no charge for developing."

"By the way, dear fellow," Alsop said, turning to Attwood, "what sort of pictures did you take here?"

"That," Attwood replied, "I've been trying to remember for the past half-hour."

Our other captor, who had a disconcerting habit of playing with his gun holster, began asking questions. Our names? Parents? Did we have friends or relatives here? Where had we gone to school? Did we speak Russian?

The Vopo opened his notebook, "You pretended to come to Leipzig in order to see the Fair?" he said, with the voice of a procurator reading the indictment. We nodded. "You spent exactly 23 minutes at the Fair," he said, sarcastically. "At the HO store you provoked peaceful citizens of our People's Democracy. You made derogatory remarks at the sight of Comrade Stalin's picture near the Potsdam Bridge. In Dessau you handed two cans of American beer to a member of the People's Police in an effort to bribe him. At the Intourist restaurant—"

Alsop said, impatiently, "For heaven's sake, must you go on like this? I hate discussing politics with policemen."

After the interrogation had lasted

for what seemed a long, long time, a splendid military figure appeared, tall, towering and booted, with pompous shoulder insignia. Everybody snapped to attention. The general asked who we were. By way of returning his curiosity, we asked him about his rank and shoulder insignia.

"*Dummköpfe!* (Idiots!)" he snapped and stalked away. He was, we were told, the People's Police President of Leipzig.

"Now everything is lost," Alsop stated, quite matter-of-factly.

But it wasn't. Suddenly we were told we were free to leave. Why, we'll never know. But then, we'll never know why we were arrested in the first place. Perhaps Attwood's film had been recognized as harmless. Perhaps the President had convinced them we were merely *Dummköpfe*, not spies. Or perhaps they'd taken a liking to Alsop, who read history in Leipzig.

Out in the street Alsop, once again his old, magnanimous self, invited one of our ex-captors for a vodka before we took off. The Vopo lost some of his hostility. He said good vodka was hard to come by but he happened to know of a place, and he took us to a cosy black-market bar. He became quite chummy after four or five glasses of vodka. He'd been born in Bo-

hemia, and during the war lived underground in Germany as a Communist agent. In 1946 he'd visited the Soviet Union and was now an officer in the *Volkspolizei*. Quoting a mysterious source "near the Kremlin" he assured us that the Russians would never attack the West. Alsop, speaking for the White House, assured him that the West would never attack Russia.

"*Prosit!*" said the Vopo.

"Cheerio!" said Alsop.

As we left him our ex-captor said, "Don't get into trouble again. Stay on the *Autobahn* and don't stop until you arrive in Berlin."

We were back at the Berlin Press Club by midnight. A rousing cheer went up as we entered the bar. They had just begun to wonder where we might be.

The student of history lived up to the moment. He ordered champagne for everybody and faced the crowd.

"I dare say," he said, by way of summing it up, "there is nothing like getting arrested to find out about the People's Police."

JOSEPH WEICHSBERG, born in Europe and now a U.S. citizen, has spent the past three years abroad gathering material for his writings. In addition to the numerous articles he has written for American magazines, his fifth book, *Blue Front and Black Truffles*, will be published shortly by Alfred Knopf, Inc., New York, N.Y.

*Criticism.* If you stop every time a dog barks, your road  
will never end.

—Arab proverb

*An advance in communication that rivals the invention of the radio valve*

## Fabulous Midget—

## The Transistor

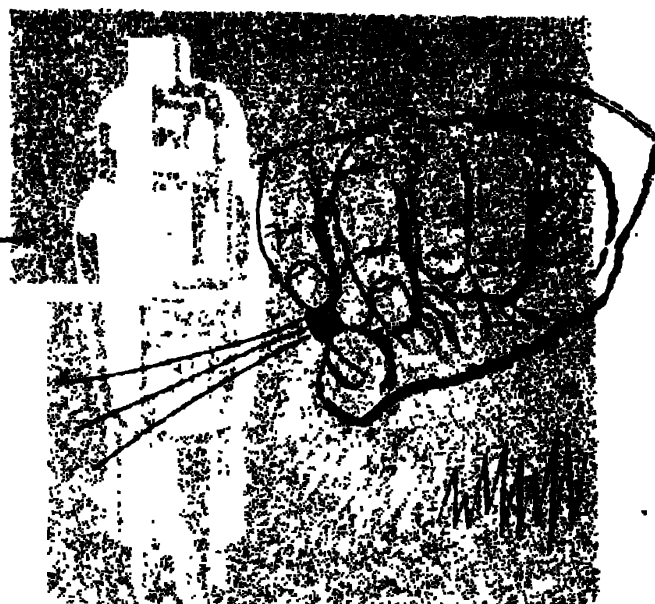
*Condensed from Science News Letter*

Harland Manchester

**I**F SOMEONE invented a light bulb smaller than a pencil eraser which would never burn out, would cut your electric light bill 99 per cent, wouldn't get hot and could be thrown at a brick wall without breaking, you would probably call it an industrial miracle.

That is about what has happened to the radio valve and its big glass-clad family of electronic brethren. The transistor, a tiny speck of germanium metal sprouting hair-like wires, has gone to work after a seven-year gestation in the Bell Telephone Laboratories and is hailed by scientists as the greatest advance in communication since Lee De Forest invented the radio valve 46 years ago.

Each transistor has a piece of germanium about 1/16 inch square and half as thick, costing a few pennies. It is slated to reduce drastically the size and weight of our familiar com-



munication devices, with striking improvements in reliability and length of life. The transistor opens exciting new frontiers in radio, television, radar, guided missiles and the whole field of military and aviation electronics.

The familiar radio valve—sire of the electronics industry—is really a glorified light bulb. Edison found that the heated filament in a light bulb “boiled off” negative particles called electrons; he put a positive terminal inside the bulb to capture the leaping stream of electrons and set up a continuous current. Then Lee De Forest devised a way of piping into the bulb feeble radio-wave vibrations from an antenna so that they would impress their pattern on the much stronger current flowing through the valve from the house circuit, thus building up the air-wave whisper into a shout. Since De Forest's epochal discovery, elec-

tronic tubes have been vastly improved, but they still have the limitations of their light-bulb ancestor; they're bulky and fragile, and heat makes them eventually burn out.

When Dr. William Shockley and his Bell colleagues started work on the transistor, it had long been known that certain crystalline metals like germanium could be used to control electric currents. By World War II a few germanium control devices were in use. And then in 1945 Dr. Shockley caught a vision of their great future and started intensified work with nine colleagues at Bell's plant at Murray Hill, New Jersey.

The Bell scientists found that if they introduced meticulously measured impurities in ultra-pure germanium they upset the metal's orderly atomic pattern and created a restless structure full of submicroscopic holes and homeless, wandering electrons. When a current was passed through the metal it touched off a complicated game of musical chairs as the holes moved like bubbles in a liquid and the loose electrons rushed to fill the empty places. By controlling the distribution of holes and electrons, they found they could make the current perform various stunts. They could stick in a wire from a radio antenna and force the current to amplify vibrations which originated in the larynx of Bing Crosby.

Since you don't have to "boil" the

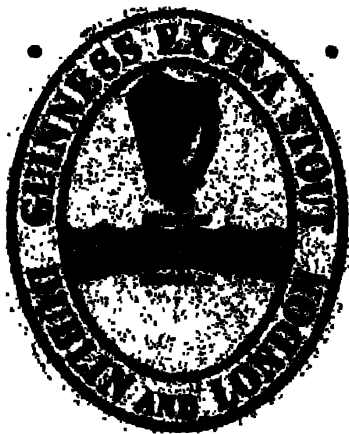
electrons out of the metal, you save a lot of fuel in the form of electric power. You also save money now spent in getting rid of unwanted heat—often a serious problem. And since heat and glass are eliminated, you can pack the transistors together like sardines.

Transistors use only a fraction of the power needed to run a vacuum valve. I watched Jack Morton, who helped to develop the transistor, chew a piece of blotting paper to give it acid from his saliva, slap it on a silver coin and wire this impromptu battery to a tiny transistor sound-wave broadcaster. The power generated—1/50,000,000 watt—was enough to run the device.

This points the way to vest-pocket radios which would need no batteries. Easy to carry, they could be used by campers, sportsmen and prospectors. A little heat will run them. Morton ran a transistor radio on power obtained from a small thermo-couple, made of two thin strips of dissimilar metals to provide a kind of battery. A lighted cigarette held near the device gave enough heat to operate it.

Automobile radios using transistors can be made one-tenth the size of present ones, and laboratory models put no more drain on the battery than the little light bulb behind the dial. The present car radio uses a vibrator, a transformer and a rectifier to step up the battery's voltage. These devices, which add to cost, weight and size, and

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can get out of order, are not needed in a transistor radio.

There need be no valve replacement either. Although the oldest transistors "life-tested" by Bell have barely passed their fourth birthday, engineers see no reason why they shouldn't run indefinitely. So transistors will not be plugged into the set, but will be wired in permanently, saving the cost and space of sockets. As a final advantage, a transistor radio comes on full volume the split-second you turn the switch—there is no waiting for valves to warm up. Such a radio is smaller, lighter, simpler and more reliable than any now in use.

Nine manufacturers are already using transistors in inconspicuous hearing aids. The Radio Corporation of America has built a portable television receiver which weighs only 27 pounds because it uses 37 transistors, eliminating all valves except the picture tube, and consumes so little power that it operates on batteries.

Among other RCA creations is a "roving" microphone transmitter which transistors have boiled down to the size of a cigar. Sound is sent to an unconnected receiver which retransmits it, enabling a performer to move about a stage or TV or film set without tripping over wires.

Electronic "robot brains" are already performing in a few hours paper work which once took years, but these machines have run into limitations imposed by the power-

In 1937 two British scientists found a means of extracting the grey metal, germanium, from chimney soot. Their discovery, as this article shows, was to prove one of the most important in the history of the new electronics industry. Today Britain produces all the pure germanium she needs for her own use.

hungry valves—hot and bulky and comparatively short-lived. The transistor can cut today's biggest thinking machines down to practical size, and this job may turn out to be its most important contribution to human progress. A transistor electronic computer built by RCA is 1/10 the size and uses 1/60 the power of a similar device using valves.

This spring Bell was installing in its Pittsburgh office a transistor machine which will "remember" all the possible routes a telephone message can take from that city to any point in the United States. When a call is blocked on one route by busy lines or local trouble, the robot will detour the call, mapping the route and giving orders in about a third of a second. Bell has tried to use valves for this purpose, but they take too much space, power and maintenance. In Englewood, New Jersey, transistors were installed last autumn as part of the equipment which enables subscribers to dial numbers directly in distant cities. This direct long-distance service will gradually be installed in most large centres in America.



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Most transistors are now earmarked for national defence. No one can say when transistor radios and television sets will be on the market, but some engineers guess 1956. Production bottlenecks must be broken before transistors can be made in the great quantities needed to fill civilian demands.

The metal germanium, though abundant as a by-product of zinc extraction and also obtainable from coal ash, must first be refined to a fantastic degree of purity—more than one part of foreign matter to 100 million parts of germanium makes it unfit for use. "Doping" it with controlled impurities is an equally fussy business. Workers who assemble transistors peer through microscopes and use delicate electronic "feelers" to guide them when vision is useless. But the best brains in American industry

say that mass-production problems can be licked.

The first transistor was announced in 1948, and since then scientists and engineers have been improving it. Thirty corporations, among them industrial giants like RCA, General Electric, Westinghouse and Raytheon, are strongly competing to put the mighty midget in harness.

Great numbers of electronic valves, now manufactured at the rate of 500 million a year, will still be needed for jobs the germanium "spider" cannot do—in short-wave therapy, in radio nailing and welding, and for TV picture tubes. The transistor will expand the horizons of communications and industry to create new demands for valves.

In less than half a century the electronic valve has changed the world. The effect of the transistor on all our lives may be equally potent.



### *Explanation Point*

ONE SWEET young thing to another: "He not only lied to me about the size of his yacht but he made me do the rowing."

—*Missiongrams*

GIRL describing a newly engaged couple to another girl: "They're a sweet couple—except for her."

—*The Progressive Grocer*

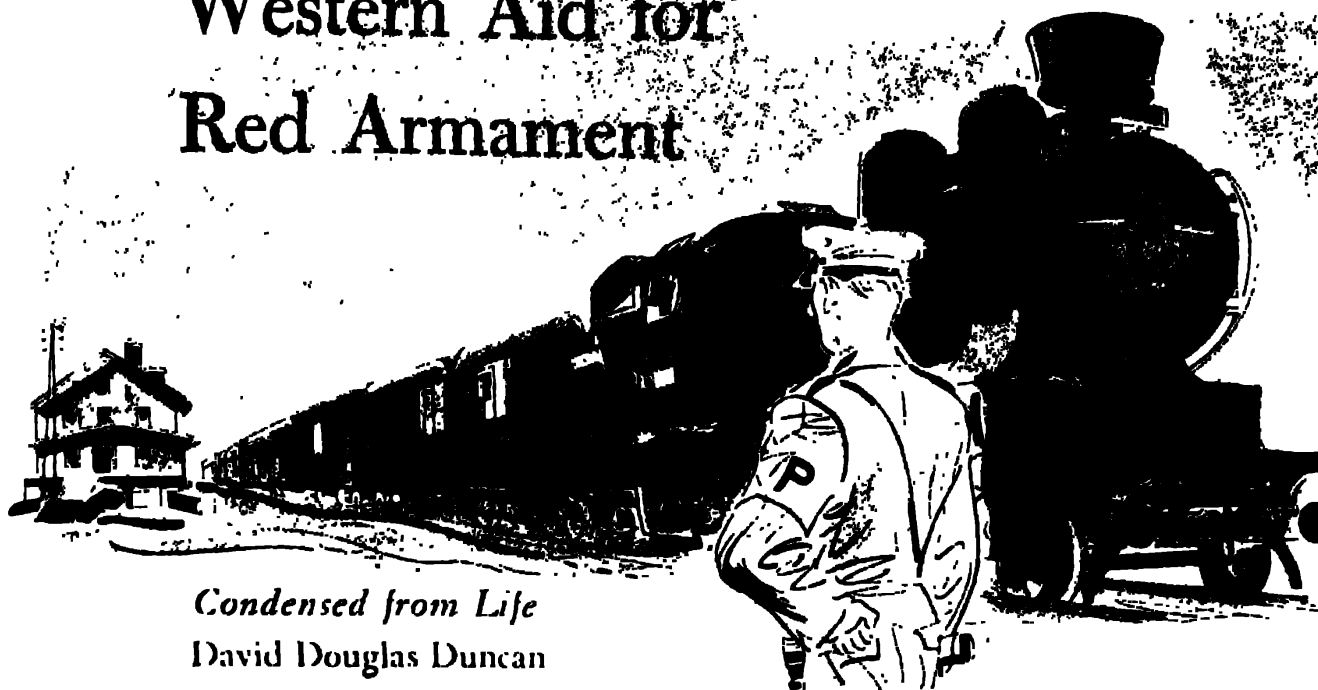
OVERHEARD on a bus: "She's like a sweater—she can't keep a secret."

—Clyde Moore

DUBLIN GIRL, leaving a performance of the movie *Les Misérables*, to her companion: "It was nice, but who was Les?"

—Joan Robins

# Western Aid for Red Armament



*Condensed from Life*  
David Douglas Duncan

THE BIG coffeehouses are crowded to the walls these days in Vienna's international zone, the one place where men from the West can meet openly with men of the East. The chief topic of conversation is how to skirt restrictions and sneak steel, machine tools, chemicals -- anything the Soviets need to build their armed forces—from the West into the Russian orbit.

In all the world's history of organized smuggling there has probably never been anything to compare with the size—and menace—of today's trade through the Iron Curtain. The fantastic prices paid by the Communists have attracted Europe's most talented operators, crooks and near-crooks—the Kremlin's sixth column. Few are Com-

*Why can't Europe and America realize that it's folly to permit the smuggling of war goods ear-marked for another Pearl Harbour?*

---

munists. They are simply men who will do almost anything for money.

Over the coffee cups the deal is cooked up. A factory in Czechoslovakia urgently needs 1,000 tons of copper to make radar equipment for Russian planes. A shipyard needs steel plate for the decks of a destroyer. A uranium mine in East Germany needs new conveyer equipment. Whatever it is, the agents will try to deliver it.

One of the most active of the sixth columnists now at work is

Johann Weiss.\* He has offices in Vienna and Zurich, where financing of sixth-column operations is frequently arranged through letters of credit from behind the Iron Curtain. Here is a partial record of his activities in the first weeks of 1952:

In January he was in touch with a representative of the Communist Czech metals combine, Metallimex. Weiss offered aluminium ingots at about £334 per ton (£198 above the U.S. price at the time) and mentioned a previous deal whereby he would deliver 750 tons of copper to Prague.

A few days later, contact with an associate in Nessonvaux, Belgium. Subject: copper for Czechoslovakia. At about the same time he asked Elaboradora de Cobre, a copper company in Chile, for the shipping date for the remainder of an order of 350 tons to be sent to the General Transport Co. of Basel, Switzerland. A week or so later Weiss inquired if the Czechs wanted lead at £196 per ton (about £62 over the U.S. price) and should he try to supply molybdenum, aluminium and nickel?

Shortly thereafter a dealer in Britain offered him lead, his Chilean man notified him that he would deliver 2,000 tons of copper and his Prague contact discussed with him a transaction involving 150 tons of ferro-wolfram being arranged in Switzerland.

\*Not his real name.

And so on, day after day. Men like Weiss are highly skilled in adapting traditional international trade practices to their shady operations. One of these is the "in transit" agreement formulated by an international group in 1921, whereby goods from Country A can be shipped through Country B for a final destination in Country C without being held up or charged any customs duties while passing through B. Thus a Western firm can send a sealed shipment by train to Czechoslovakia, across Germany, without any inspection ordinarily taking place until the shipment reaches Czechoslovakia.

In peacetime this makes great sense, since transportation across all the many countries of Europe would be impossible if every customs and tax collector *en route* insisted on inspection and tribute. But in a halfway sort of strategic goods embargo, such as has been brought on by the cold war, the "in transit" convention can be a dangerous anachronism.

The Kremlin's sixth columnists also use the tradition of the "free port"—i.e. a port that does not ordinarily inspect or charge customs on goods held for transshipment to another country. Thus it is easy to ship goods with a minimum of scrutiny via Antwerp, Rotterdam or Hamburg.

One of the great sources of sixth-column supplies, ironically, is West Germany. Allied occupation author-



ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS

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ities have ruled that West Germany must not ship "war goods" (including all kinds of strategic materials and machinery) to East Germany. But the ban is hard to enforce. There are about 815 miles of border between West Germany and the Russians' East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Austria. Also, the division between West and East Germany is completely artificial: the two zones have always traded with each other. Consequently the ban on shipments to the East is unpopular among many West German manufacturers and authorities, who doubt that their area can prosper without its traditional trade.

A Socialist leader of West Germany, Herbert Wehner, once got up a list of 600 German firms which he said he could prove were collaborating with the sixth column. He turned some of the names over to the Bonn government. All that happened, according to him, was that his sources of information in the plants were sacked.

The office of the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany finds itself in an awkward dilemma on West-East trade. One of its chief goals in Germany has been economic recovery. Another has been to persuade the West Germans to contribute troops to a NATO defence army. So U.S. authorities try to avoid offending German sensibilities. These considerations make it difficult for them to crack down on shipment of contraband.

Some tough U.S. Army cops, a Military Police Customs Unit, are stationed along the borders of the U.S. zone to help the rather diffident German customs inspectors enforce the ban. But these men are frustrated because final decisions on what may pass depend on the German authorities who control the licensing of exports.

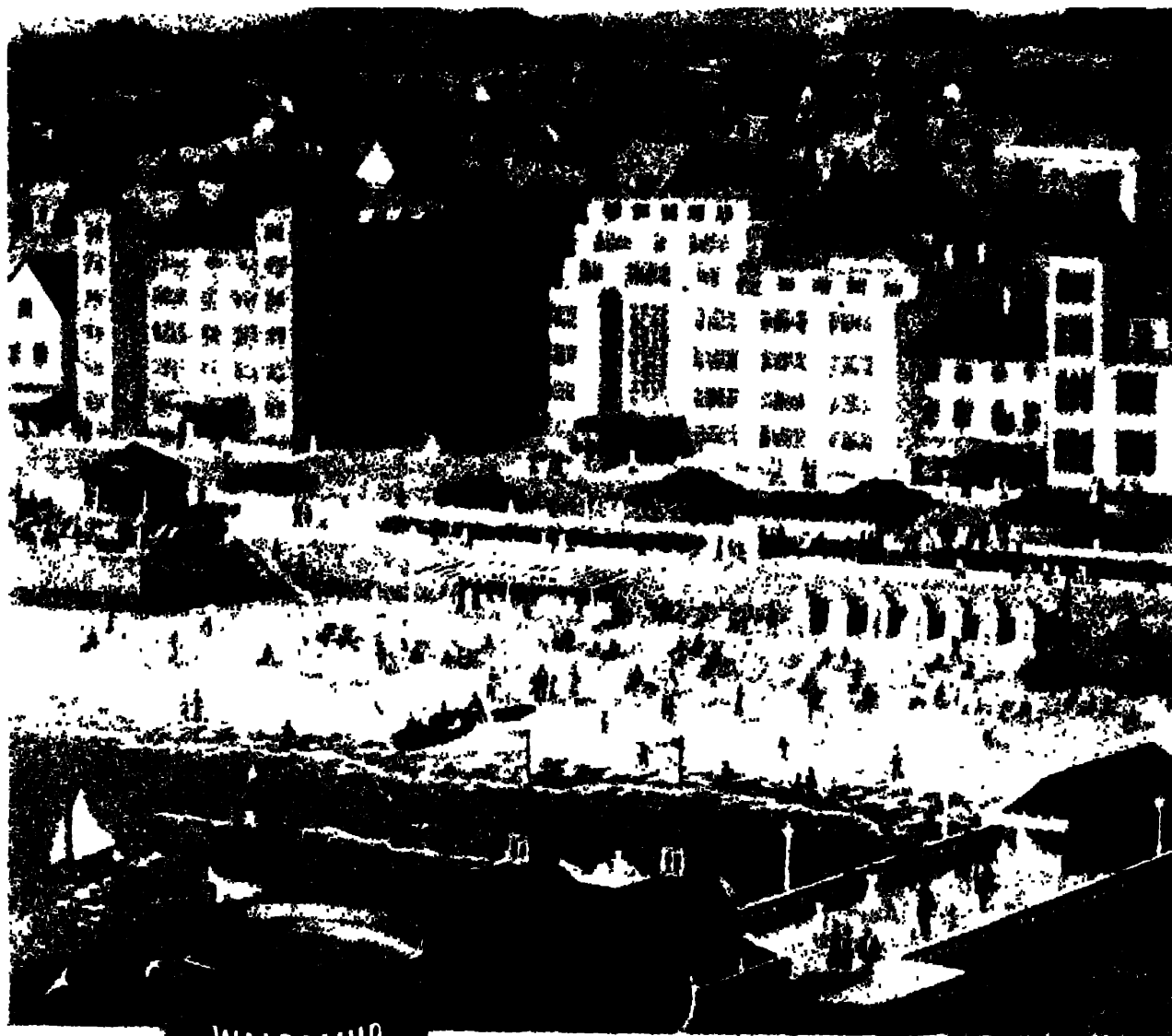
One MP sergeant recently stopped shipment to Hungary of what he believed were two micro-hardness testers, critically important in the manufacture of high-test steels such as are used in armour plating.

The sergeant told me the story: "I figured I had something big to show for all those months out here on the border. Then we got orders from the High Commission saying they had checked with the German licence authority, and through them with the factory, and the instruments weren't the kind of hardness testers used for critical steels. So we had to release the shipment.

"Well, we MPs aren't technical experts. But before I started this hitch I had a job at Great Lakes Steel in Detroit—working with micro-hardness testers!"

One expert estimates that contraband trade with East Germany amounted to £78,750,000 in 1951, and a third more than that in 1952.

Yet only one man has been convicted in West Germany. Gustav Davidovic, a Czech, received a prison sentence for helping smuggle



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into Czechoslovakia such items as a £23,800 calibrated lathe, a £53,200 smelting conveyer, £105,000 worth of electrical equipment. None of the West German businessmen with whom he dealt has accompanied him behind the bars.

For maximum speed, Davidovic preferred shipping by railway. But when his shipments were stopped by the American MPs, he rerouted them to the free port of Hamburg, with manifests indicating that they were destined for a Western factory. Inside the free port, the papers and destination stencils were changed. The goods left the port on a ship flying the Soviet flag.

Davidovic's successors have grown even smarter. A West German factory makes a lathe for a munitions factory in Czechoslovakia, but sends it westwards out of Germany. Somewhere in France, Holland or Belgium, the sixth columnist takes delivery. In one way or another—perhaps by using phony shipping papers and licences—the sixth columnist gets permission to send it to Czechoslovakia. It crosses West Germany by rail under the privileged category of "in transit" goods.

Customs Unit MPs can stop it only if they can prove it originated in West Germany—which they can rarely do. One of them said, "We see all this machinery going through labelled 'in transit.' It looks amazingly like some of the stuff we used to see from factories in the Ruhr. But nowadays there's no serial num-

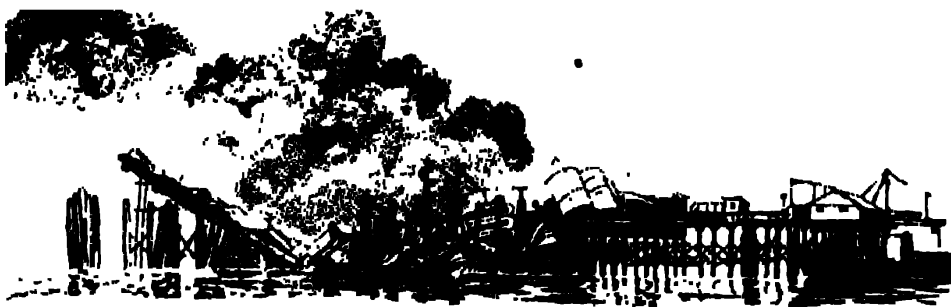
ber, no trademark, no nothing. The damn stuff isn't made any place!"

The authorities, West German and U.S. alike, will tell you that this MP was talking through his hat, that it would be impossible to manufacture anything important and get it into trade channels without obeying the conventions of trademark and serial number. You have to take your choice as to whom you believe.

No country has completely clean hands. The Russians are getting strategic goods from West Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, England, Scandinavia, Spain, South America, Africa and Canada. Although the United States has led in the attempt to embargo strategic materials, some U.S. businessmen have also been offenders.

The problem is no simple one that can be solved by putting some unscrupulous villains behind bars. Western Europe needs things the Iron Curtain countries can provide: coal, timber and food. The only way it can get them is by some kind of exchange, and the U.S. tariff makes it difficult for West Europe's surplus manufactures to find profitable markets in America. So it isn't easy to condemn those countries for selling where they can.

But the problem deserves a good deal more attention than it has been getting. As recent history has proved, it is silly to make money selling scrap iron which is earmarked for a Pearl Harbour.



## *Old Firehorse Kinley— Man Without Fear*

Condensed from  
The Kiwanis Magazine  
*Robert Hugh Rogers*

**I**N OCTOBER 1929 an Oklahoma religious sect, convinced that the end of the world had come, prayed for two days. They had seen apocalyptic signs: by day a pillar of smoke blacked out the sky, by night great tongues of flame set it alight. But it wasn't the end of the world; it was the worst fire in the history of Oklahoma's oilfields.

It began just outside Oklahoma City when oil drillers struck gas unexpectedly. The sudden pressure exploded a separator, and the up-rushing gas blasted into an inferno that threatened the whole Oklahoma City field. The roar could be heard for miles; the glare could be seen as far away as Texas. As some 25,000 gathered to watch, its incredible heat melted the drilling



*For 30 years Myron Kinley has fought a life-or-death battle against his personal enemy—oil fires*

derrick into hoops of twisted, white-hot steel. Oklahoma City firemen were helpless.

But the drillers knew what to do. They put in a call to 33-year-old Myron Kinley of Tulsa—a man utterly without fear, almost without nerves, who had already made a wide reputation in the oil industry for putting out fires. Myron and his younger brother, Floyd, rushed across state, gave the big fire a respectful but untterrified look and set

to work. Wearing asbestos suits and using acetylene torches, they cut away the scorching steel debris, which could ignite the gas again even if they got the existing fire out. "Roughnecks"—oilfield workers—sprayed them continuously with streams of water to keep them from roasting alive.

Then Myron and his brother shucked off their cumbersome asbestos and crept into the flame, pushing an asbestos-lined shield, with only the spraying water for cover. They carried 30 quarts of jellied dynamite in an oil barrel wrapped in asbestos. Using a long, armlike boom, hastily improvised from oilfield pipe, they pushed the barrel out over the flaming geyser. Then they ran back to a shelter and pushed a plunger. Came an earth-shaking roar, and silence. The great fire was gone, snuffed out like some giant candle.

The Kinleys, clothes in shreds, eyebrows singed off, collected their pay and departed. For them, it was all in the day's work.

In 1953, nearly a quarter of a century later, 57-year-old Myron Kinley stands as unrivalled world-champion fighter of oil fires. Fire is to him a personal devil bent on his destruction. It has already killed his brother; Floyd was fatally injured at Goliad, Texas, in 1937. It has crippled Myron himself; his right leg is permanently stiff, shattered by a well casing blown out by gas. His left arm and shoulder are a

mass of scar tissue. In Venezuela, when a shifting wind whipped the fire on to him, he spent six months in the hospital on his stomach, able to move only his head. Yet as soon as he could leave he charged off to fight another fire.

Daredevil Kinley inherited his trade. In California, where he was born, his father, Karl, was one of the first oil-well "shooters," setting off dynamite charges in newly drilled wells to help bring the oil out of close-packed formations. In 1913, when a well caught fire at Taft, California, the father was called to see if he could cave in the well. In the process he blew out the fire, thus discovering by accident the technique of "exploding" fires.

From boyhood young Myron handled dynamite as casually as other boys handled marbles. After a World War I hitch as an artilleryman overseas, he settled in Tulsa, Oklahoma, with his brother, Floyd. At first they had to tackle fires on a "pay if you win" basis. But soon their abilities were so well known that big oil companies paid handsomely to get them in a hurry. A \$30,000 fee for a single job is cheap when fires can destroy \$20,000 worth of oil or gas a day.

Kinley's biggest asset is experience, gained from fighting scores of fires. Kinley puts it, "I know what you can't get away with." As a boss he is stern as a drillmaster. He justifies his harshness by saying that a single mistake can cost a life.



Roughnecks, instead of resenting his hard-handed ways, take confidence from his sureness. Panic, which accompanies any fire, vanishes when Myron arrives.

Like generals of old, Kinley always goes in ahead of his men; like them, he refuses to admit defeat. When his left leg was crushed among twisted debris, he got it set, came back on horseback to finish bossing the job. Two weeks later, with the job done, he took time to have the leg rebroken and reset.

Kinley shows his lifelong enemy the respect due to a mighty antagonist. He has seen fire spring infinite ruses to defeat him, and for every one he masters it can always find a new one. "You make a move, the fire makes another," he says.

In 1929, when he read about an oilfield fire which had raged for two years in Rumania, he went over on his own hook, talked his way into a chance to put it out. The scene was like a Doré drawing of Dante's *Inferno*. The fire had collapsed the earth into a huge crater 300 feet across, and scores of smaller fires flickered up all over the surrounding area. In one effort to put it out the Rumanians had drilled a 100-foot tunnel to intersect the well; the tunnel had collapsed, killing 14 men. After six months of work, during which he flooded the whole crater with liquid concrete cooled by sprays, Kinley put out the fire by setting off simultaneous blasts

within the tunnel and at the well-head. With that his fame became international.

Soon he was commuting all over the world. He kept his passport valid for every country open to him, prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice. His only luggage was an overnight bag with khaki suit, razor and toothbrush; he improvised what tools he needed at the scene. He was once asked to go 7,500 miles to Arabia to extinguish a blaze on Bahrain Island. In 1950, while putting out a fire in Italy's Po Valley, he got a call from his headquarters, now in Houston, Texas, to tackle another one in Venezuela. Last year France summoned him to control a leaking well in its biggest oilfield, at Lacq.

His toughest job came in Persia, where a blazing well was hemmed by a cuplike formation of hills which batted the heat back and forth until it cooked the very earth. Trying a thermometer on the periphery, he found the temperature was 260° F.; with the possibility of the dynamite exploding in his hands, he kept it at a distance until needed. A pipeline had to be laid 22 miles to the nearest river to bring in water for his protective spray. Kinley directed the building of an asbestos-lined steel canopy atop a bulldozer, used it to place his dynamite when all was ready. When the fire was out, gas still helched skyward, and Kinley had to boss the delicate operation of capping the



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heart  
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bolder

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**CALEY**

OF NORWICH

well with steel connections which could easily strike a spark to fire a new explosion. But he won again.

Kinley hates a fire on the water; this year he was called to fight one south of Morgan City, Louisiana, where a gas well being drilled caught fire ten miles offshore. He moved back and forth, now on a converted LST used as command post, now on a "spud barge," now on a speedboat. His stiff leg made it difficult for him to clamber from deck to deck, so when he changed ships the LST picked him up with its crane, swinging him above the choppy sea.

The battle raged like a small naval engagement for ten days. Kinley's main problem was to knock off the "Christmas tree" control valve from the well to permit the fire to rise upwards so he could get his dynamite under it. Under his command a four-man rifle team from a nearby military post blasted at the valve from noon to dusk, scored 32 direct hits, cracked it, but did not blow it off.

Kinley finally improvised a water-

cooled boom, snaked it in to snap off the Christmas tree. By then the valve of a second well had cracked under the tremendous heat, leaking gas which had also caught fire. Kinley spent four more days jockeying to remove the second valve before risking his dynamite blast. On the tenth day the fire was finally snuffed out.

Between jobs Kinley gardens or loafs. His California home, a palatial one, is in fashionable Bel Air, near Hollywood. Oilmen estimate that he makes easily \$100,000 a year from his work and from returns on oilfield tools he has invented. He could have retired years ago. But in spite of the scars, in spite of the fact that he is deaf for a week after some jobs, in spite of the fact that no underwriter will sell him life insurance, old Firehorse Kinley cannot resist a fire.

"I've stopped worrying," says his wife. "What's the use? I don't think he'll ever quit."

Kinley himself says: "I guess I'll quit when they carry me out in a box."

### Terse Verse

#### *The Perfect Gentleman*

Breathes there a man with soul scraphic  
Who never honks when slowed by traffic?

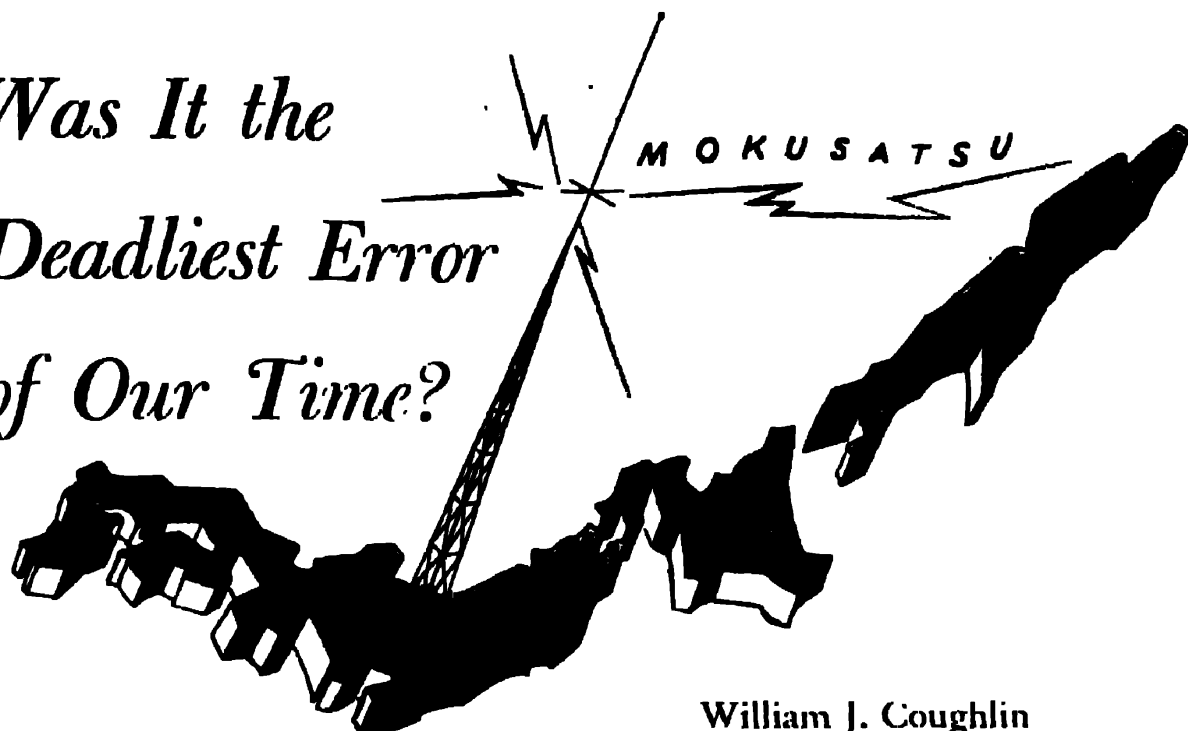
—S. Omar Barker in *The Wall Street Journal*

#### *On Telling Jokes*

If you can't remember them,  
Don't dismember them.

—Anthony J. Pettito

# *Was It the Deadliest Error of Our Time?*



Condensed from Harper's Magazine

William J. Coughlin

*Former United Press correspondent  
covering the Pacific*

THE MAN who first told me this fantastic story is Kazuo Kawai, then editor of the *Nippon Times*, the influential Tokyo newspaper which was the organ of the Japanese Foreign Office. During July and August 1945 Kawai had spent several hours each day in that ministry. From his diary and his vivid memory of those dark, crowded days before the surrender, he drew this strange account of a single word that may have changed the world.

**B**Y THE SPRING of 1945 Japan had been badly beaten. Allied air attacks were destroying railways, highways and bridges faster than they could be replaced. Cities and towns were smoking ruins; millions were homeless; food was running out. American planes had destroyed the last of Japan's fleet.

But the military high command

*The wrong translation of one word in a Japanese Premier's statement to the press may have changed world history*

refused to lay down the sword and pledged itself to fight to the death. The militarists argued that they were about to win a decisive battle. General Korechika Anami, the War Minister, promised that the Americans would be driven off Okinawa.

Opposed to the militarists was a small group of diplomats who realized that Japan stood to lose more by fighting to the finish than by surrendering. Hoping to obtain better terms than unconditional surrender, they opened secret conversations with the Soviet Union, then still neutral, seeking Russia's good offices in arranging a peace.



On June 3 former Prime Minister Koki Hirota called on the Russian Ambassador, Jacob Malik. Malik was cool towards the proposals. Then on July 12 the Emperor entrusted Prince Konoye with a personal message asking for peace. Konoye's instructions were to fly to Moscow and end the war at any cost. But Premier Stalin and Foreign Commissar Molotov begged off, saying they were busy preparing for the Potsdam Conference.

At Potsdam Stalin mentioned casually to President Truman that the Japanese had broached the subject of negotiations. But the Soviet dictator said the Russians had brushed them off as insincere.

The Potsdam ultimatum to Japan was issued on July 26, 1945; signed by Britain, the United States and China, it demanded that Japan surrender or be crushed. The reaction among Japanese leaders was one of exultation, for the terms were far more lenient than had been expected. It promised that Japan would not be destroyed as a nation, that the Japanese would be free to choose their own government. It hinted strongly that the Emperor would be left on the throne.

The Emperor told Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo without hesitation that he deemed the proclamation acceptable. The full cabinet then met to discuss the Allied ultimatum.

I have searched through many Japanese accounts of this dramatic

session. All agree that the decision on that July 27 was for peace. War Minister Anami and the chiefs of staff vigorously fought acceptance of the terms, but were overruled.

There were, however, several complications. What about the surrender negotiations still under way with the Russians? The latest proposal had been sent to Moscow only two days before.

There was another factor which the cabinet was forced to consider: as yet the Japanese had received news of the Potsdam statement only through their radio-listening posts. Could the government act on the basis of such unofficial information?

The delay in announcing acceptance of the Allied terms was not expected to be long, but meanwhile Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki was to meet the next day with Japanese newspapermen, who would undoubtedly question him about the proclamation. It was decided that Suzuki would say merely that the cabinet had reached no decision on the Allied demands.

"The government had no intention of rejecting the Allied demands," says Kawai.

When Premier Suzuki confronted the press on July 28, he said that the cabinet was holding to a policy of *mokusatsu*. This word not only has no exact counterpart in English but is ambiguous even in Japanese. It can mean either to ignore or to refrain from comment.

Unfortunately the translators at

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and little known  
facts about the  
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for your  
entertainment by  
the House of Cope.

**1** Up to 1948, when Sheila's Cottage won, the Grand National had not been won by a mare for 46 years. In 1902, the winner was Shannon Lass at 20 to 1 with D. Read up.

**2** The inimitable Fred Archer was Champion Jockey for no less than 13 years (from 1874-1886 inclusive). His total number of winning mounts was 2,609

**3** The record time for the Epsom Derby is 2 minutes, 33 and four-fifths seconds. This record was set up in 1936 by Mahmoud.

**4** The biggest Grand National field was 66, in 1929. The race was won by Gregalach.

**5** The fastest speed ever recorded for a racehorse is 41.2 m.p.h. ! It was set up in 1933 by Devineress, over a 5-furlong course at Epsom in the Belmont Handicap.

**6** The Open Ditch at Aintree, the fifteenth jump in the famous Grand National, is about 5 ft. high, 3 ft. 9 in. wide and has a ditch on the take-off side 6 ft. wide which in its turn is fronted by a guard rail 1 ft. 6 in. high !

**7** The only filly ever to win four classic races outright is Sceptre, who in 1902 won the One Thousand Guineas, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger.

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## ***CORONATION SPECIAL***



**ALL** kinds of periodicals — magazines and newspapers the world over — are producing special issues to mark this great event which will bring new inspiration to many millions as they ponder over it in picture and the printed word, or recapture its great moments through the radio. That this should be possible, reel after reel of specialised paper must go roaring through the printing presses; for picture papers in all their wonderful colour, for newspapers. Reel after reel of specialised papers — gravure printings and newsprint — to the mass production of which the Reed Paper Group contributes its great output capacity and its unique technical resources.

# **Reed**

**PAPER GROUP**

**Head Office:**

the Domei News Agency could not know which meaning Suzuki had in mind. As they hastily translated the Prime Minister's statement into English, they chose the wrong one. From Radio Tokyo the news crackled to the Allied world that the Suzuki cabinet had decided to "ignore" the Potsdam ultimatum.

The immediate significance given to the broadcast—outside Japan—is clear from the six-column headline of the *New York Times* on July 28, 1945: "Fleet Strikes As Tokyo 'Ignores' Terms."

The rest is history. The late Henry L. Stimson, then U.S. Secretary of War, made it clear in his report on the final decision to use the atom bomb that the *mokusatsu* blunder led directly to the atomic attack on Hiroshima. "On July 28," wrote Secretary Stimson, "the Premier of Japan, Suzuki, rejected the Potsdam ultimatum. . . . In the face of this rejection we could only proceed to demonstrate that the ultimatum had meant exactly what it said. . . . For such a purpose the atomic bomb was an eminently suitable weapon."

The atomic attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki sent the Russians pouring into Manchuria. Their advance swirled onwards ten days after the Japanese surrender. When the dust of battle settled, Russia had mightily strengthened her position in the Far East.

Why did the Japanese Government allow the *mokusatsu* error to

stand uncorrected? Why was there no challenge of a mistake of such disastrous consequence? Here we enter the realm of conjecture.

The army at that time was arresting "peace-mongers." High office was no protection against seizure by the military fanatics who lashed out at all opposing them. It had taken months of undercover work for the peace faction to bring itself to the peak of power which it held at the time of the important cabinet meeting on July 27. The situation teetered in precarious balance, with the brash officers of the army and navy barely under control. Then Premier Suzuki and the Domei News Agency, by appearing to fling a challenge to the Allied world, restored the balance of power to the militarists. Japan's peacemakers had to remain silent to save their lives.

Kawai has resigned his post as editor of the *Nippon Times* and is now teaching political science at Ohio State University.

"The failure of the Americans to discern the real attitude of the Japanese Government towards the Potsdam Declaration is easy to understand," he told me recently. "But the failure of the Russians to inform their Western allies of Japan's readiness for surrender is something else again."

Is it not possible, one wonders, that by strengthening the Russian position in the Far East the verbal mistake brought upon the world a chain of troubles?

# Towards More Picturesque Speech

**T**HE kind of night when the moon halts cars on lonely roads (R. E. Getchius) . . . Apple trees in full bloom, like great bouquets held in gnarled hands (Elinor Graham) . . . Grass getting greener by the shower (Ed Sullivan) . . . Back roads where the signs rust in peace (Mary Britzel) . . . The rains of spring beat down like little heartaches, quick to come and quick to go (Gene Fowler)

**Pen portraits:** His hair was mouse-brown with a tendency to scamper (Ellery Queen) . . . He bustled in, bouncing apologies in front of him (Patrick McDougall and Warner Olivier)

**Aside lines:** Plump woman refusing refreshments, "None for me—I am the captain of my fat!" (Mary Ingate in the *Daily Express*) . . . Speaking of the unseasoned timber that went into his house, "How green was my chalet!" . . . Introducing the new baby, "This is our little son and error" (D. B. Devine) . . . Frustrated teen-ager, "If it isn't one thing, it's a mother!"

**Free translations:** Strewball—one who never hangs up anything (Margaret Wild) . . . Stuck zipper—swearing apparel . . . Psychologist—a person who pulls habits out of rats (Dr. Douglas Bush)

**Remarksmanship:** "Some people save a lot of money on a holiday—they keep cool all summer by sponging" . . . "A small town is where you

## *How Else Would You Say It?*

chat for a while on the phone even if you get a wrong number."

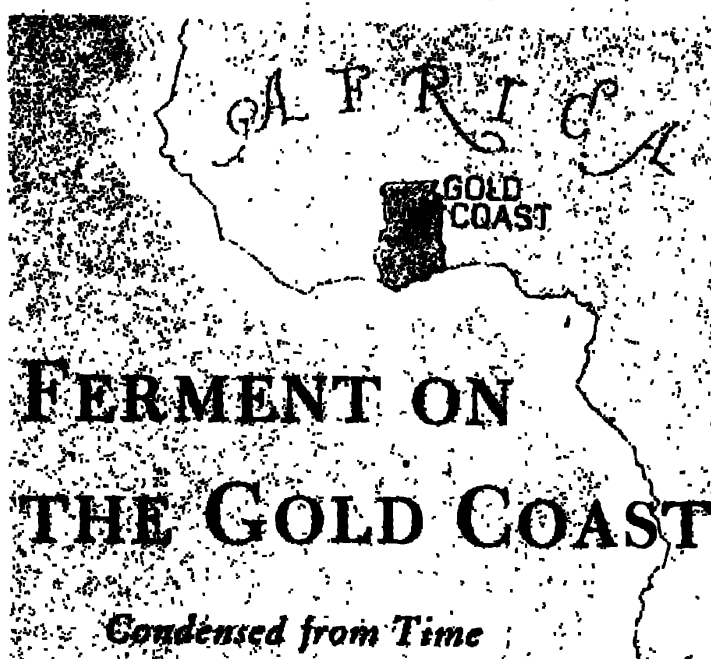
Cocktail-party conversations budding in the nip (*Pathfinder*) . . . Teen-agers with that happy-go-steady look (Charles Tazewell in *The American Magazine*) . . . Dropping in on an auction sale to see what was going-gone (Edward Artin) . . . My TV set is three-dimensional: it gives me height, width and debt (Terry Williams, quoted by Bill Gold)

One trouble today is that so many people try to learn the tricks of the trade instead of learning the trade (quoted by Neal O'Hara) . . . The life of the party is often the death of conversation (Esther Eberstadt Brooke) . . . Too many girls have a shape like a figure ate (*Re-Saw*) . . . Fred Allen, "What's on your mind?—If you'll pardon the overstatement."

**Poem points:** In May we plant lettuce—and what does it gettuce? (Roy F. Jackson) . . . You'll never see this come to pass—a backseat driver out of gas (*The Ohio Motorist*)

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of 3 guineas will be made upon publication. *Contributions should be dated and the source must be given.*

Address Picturesque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Contributions cannot be acknowledged.



**T**HROUGH the streets of Accra, capital of the Gold Coast in tropical Africa, Democracy ran joyously wild.

The women in the parade were slim and graceful, furled like striped umbrellas into acres of bright-hued cotton cloth. The men, short, square and knobbly-kneed, wore Palm Beach shirts hanging outside their shorts; a few had flowing togas, draped off one shoulder. Everyone in the procession was black, and proud of it.

Through the streets they pranced, gorgeous and irrepressible, beating drums, blowing horns, dancing a quaint, shuffling samba --to cheer their leader on the third anniversary of National Liberation Day.

Suddenly, like the Red Sea parting before the Israelites, the noisy crowd opened. Through a forest of waving palm branches, an open car bore a husky black man--the Right

---

*The only way to learn to play  
the harp is to play the harp*

*—Aristotle*

---

Honourable Kwame Nkrumah (pronounced En-*kroom*-ah), Bachelor of Divinity, Master of Arts, Doctor of Law and Prime Minister of the Gold Coast. He waved a white handkerchief to his countrymen, jigged his broad shoulders in time to the whirling rhythm of a marching band and passed on, exalted.

"You see," cried a delirious Gold Coaster, grabbing the arm of a wondering white man, "it is real—*real* democracy. He is one of us, a man of the people. Now that you have seen, you must understand: we *can* govern ourselves."

"We" are 4,500,000 tribesmen scattered across a rectangular patch of jungle, swamp and bushland that juts into the westward bulge of



ZERO

*The hind-legs propel him up. The fore-legs are tucked in, clear of the bar. The rider leans forward, shifting his weight over the neck. His thighs grip the saddle. His toe is light in the stirrup. The reins are firm in the grasp of a master. It all adds up to a faultless round.*

## WELL GATHERED

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*it all adds up to*



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Africa. Almost as large in area as the United Kingdom, the Gold Coast includes the Crown Colony proper, a strip of steaming forest along the surf-beaten coast; the Kingdom of Ashanti, astride the interior plateau; and the Northern Territories, a sun-baked primitive wasteland. Nine out of ten of the natives are illiterate; more than half believe in witchcraft; yet the happy-go-lucky Gold Coasters have been chosen to pioneer Britain's boldest experiment in African home rule.

**The Boom.** The foundation of the Gold Coast's high spirits is its burgeoning prosperity—the gift of the cocoa plant, which grows more than 20 feet tall in the dark, rain-drenched forests. Last year the Gold Coast's plantations, all owned by Africans, grew a third of the world's cocoa. And with prices at £4 a load (60 pounds) the growers are crowding their mud huts with radios, sewing machines, bicycles and even TV sets (though there is no TV station to tune in to).

**Black & White.** It is barely 50 years since Britain conquered the Ashantis; in that time Gold Coasters have spanned centuries of progress. African girls, not long ago bartered for cattle, are studying to become doctors and nurses. Bulldozers are digging the foundations for a 500-bed hospital close to the spot where the British, in 1896, found a huge brass pan that was used to collect the blood from human sacrifices.

This incongruous overlap of civi-

lization and savagery makes many Britons doubt whether the Gold Coast is ready to rule itself. Yet the Colonial Office takes the Gold Coast dead seriously. Major James Lillie-Costello, the officer who handles Nkrumah's press relations for the British Government, treats the Prime Minister as if he were Winston Churchill.

The object of this deference, 43-year-old Kwame Nkrumah, was born in a mud-hut village at the jungle's edge. A Catholic mission taught him the three R's, and the Fathers sent him to the Gold Coast's Achimota College.

When Nkrumah graduated in 1931, an uncle offered him money for passage to the United States. Nkrumah jumped at the chance. He enrolled at Lincoln University in Oxford, Pennsylvania. He got two degrees there and another at the University of Pennsylvania. Then he sailed for England to take a law degree at London University. He fell in with the left-wing crowd and became so engrossed in their Marxist dithyrambs that he failed his bar examination. At 36 he was broke, a lonely coloured man living in shabby lodgings in the East End.

**Secret Circle.** Then came the call from home, where African nationalism was on the march. Nkrumah got a job as secretary general of the United Gold Coast Convention (UGCC), which was barnstorming the colony demanding Home Rule. There were riots over cocoa prices.



and one February day in 1948 a band of Gold Coast veterans of World War II marched on the governor's house. In the street fighting that followed, 29 people were killed.

A British Parliamentary Commission hustled out to Accra, chastised the colonial administration for denying Negroes a voice in the government. The upshot was a new constitution, with popular elections.

Gold Coast leaders were stunned. Dr. James Danquah, the portly boss of UGCC, frankly admitted that "it took India 25 years to gain what we are about to gain in less than two years." But Kwame Nkrumah was not satisfied. Danquah and the moderates had called for "self-government in our time"; Nkrumah went one better: "self-government now." He enticed the younger members of UGCC into a secret "Circle" of his own, and a year later, pushed by his youthful followers, he broke with Danquah and organized his Convention People's Party. Denouncing the new constitution as a fraud, he demanded strikes to prevent its acceptance.

Nkrumah went to gaol. Police who arrested him found in his pocket an unsigned membership card of the British Communist Party. Nkrumah says he carried the card in order to attend Communist meetings "to learn their technique." He denies he was ever a Party member, and the British believe him.

Gaol was probably the best thing

that ever happened to Kwame Nkrumah: it made him a martyr. Outside St. James Fort prison, demonstrators sang:

*Kwame Nkrumah's body lies  
amould'ring in the gaol,*

*But his soul goes marching out.*

The election was a landslide. Nkrumah—mending fish nets in gaol—won 80 per cent of the vote.

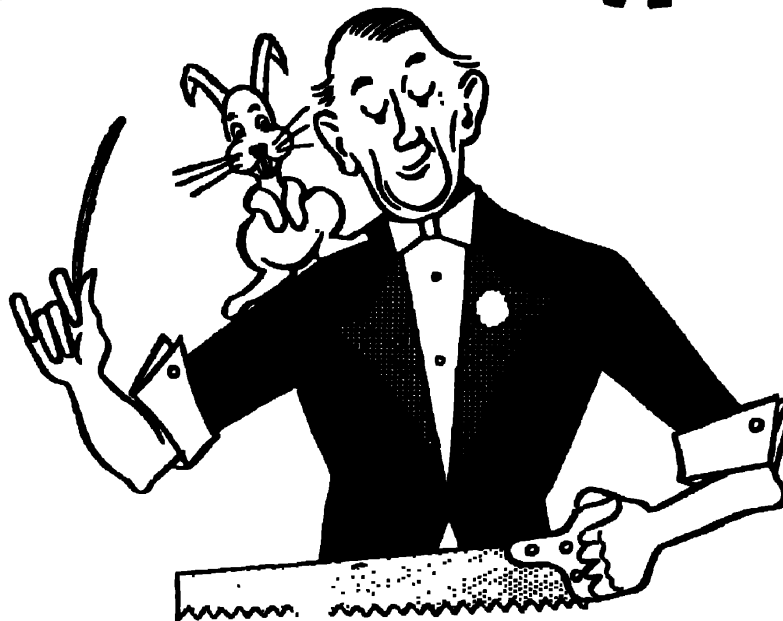
At this point Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, Governor of the Gold Coast and a wise old Africa hand, took the gamble of his career. The Governor had put Nkrumah in gaol; now he let him out and appointed him Leader of Government Business, with most of the powers of a Prime Minister.

Sobered by prison life, Nkrumah agreed that since the constitution made him virtual boss of the Gold Coast he might as well give it a trial. "I am a friend of Britain," he piously announced in his first big speech. "I desire for the Gold Coast the status of a Dominion within the Commonwealth. . . ."

The British were delighted. "Only a fellow with a real understanding of statesmanship could have done it," said a Colonial Office man. All the same, Whitehall reserved the three vital ministries of Defence, Finance and Justice for the white members of the Cabinet.

**The Government.** At first, instead of making up their own minds, the black ministers looked to the Governor for decisions. But Arden-Clarke put a stop to that.

# Indigestion does disappearing act

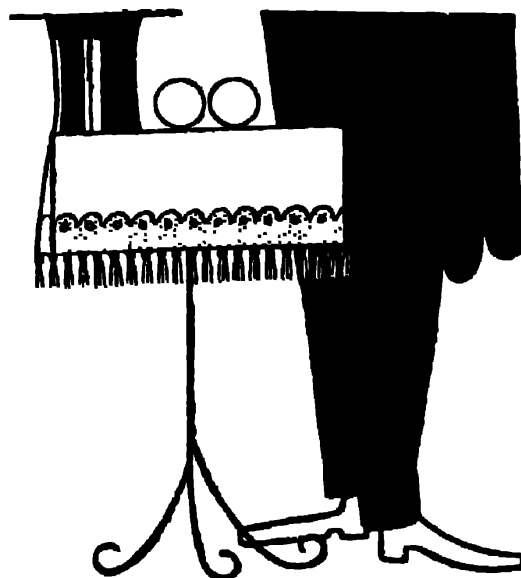


The stage magician Merlin Vane

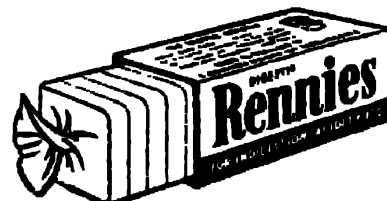
Was sawn in two by stomach pain.

**TWO RENNIES** (for a quick encore)

Soon brought him to himself once more.

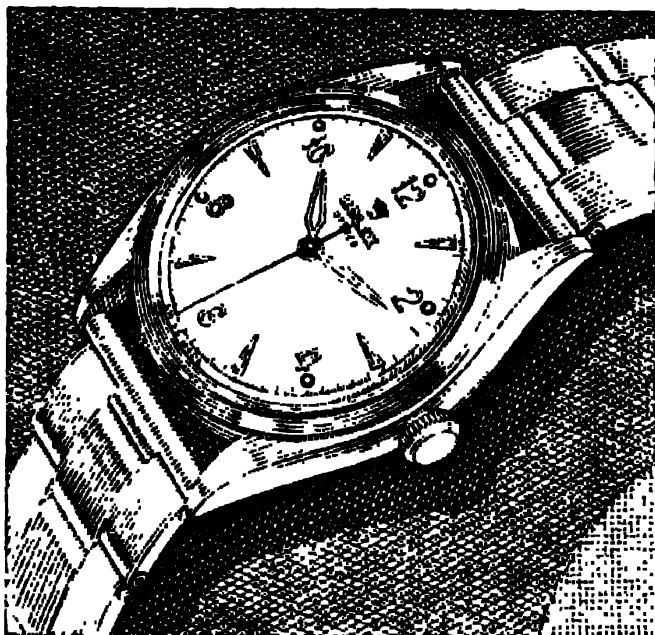


Wizard trial size  
packet—4d.



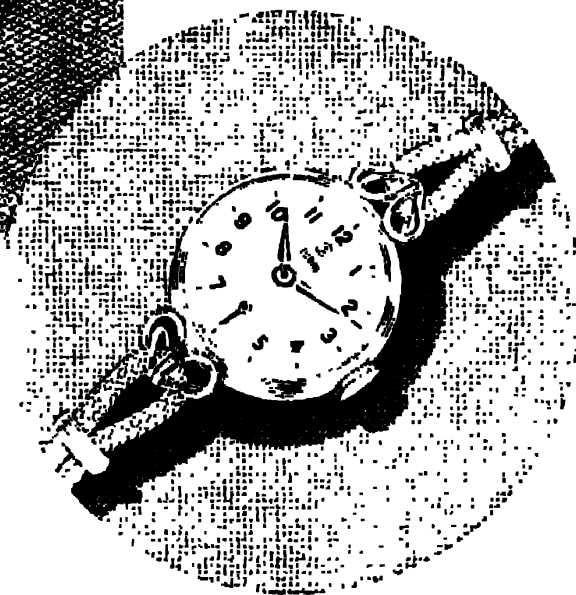
Just suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.

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"That's for you chaps to decide," he told Nkrumah. "After all, you are the government."

Nkrumah caught on fast. In March 1952, before a cheering Assembly, the Governor announced that Her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to approve Kwame Nkrumah as full Prime Minister.

"I think I have the confidence of the masses," Nkrumah says. "But about self-government, they must not make me go too fast—and I must not go too slow. If I tried to stop their urge to be free, they would turn on me."

**Chaos—or Great Hope?** Whether Nkrumah—or anyone else—can keep things steady in West Africa is anybody's guess. There are plenty of doubting Thomases. South Africa's stern old Prime Minister Daniel Malan calls the Gold Coast experiment "a disastrous step for Africa."

"How can illiterate people with so little civilization . . . govern themselves?" he asks. "It leads to chaos, and chaos leads to dictatorship or return to barbarism." Malan's dour prediction: "If other African native territories demand with the same success what the Negroes in the Gold Coast have gained, it means the expulsion of the white man from everywhere between South Africa and the Sahara."

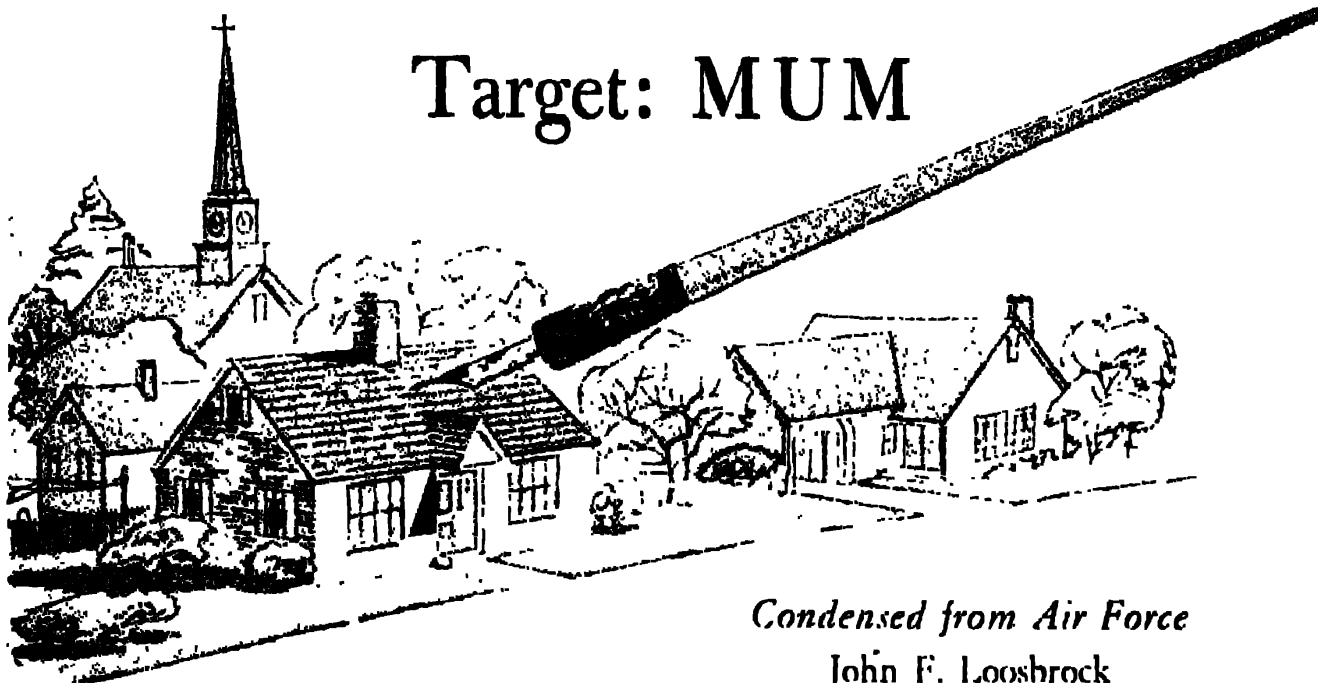
Many other whites fear, with good cause, that the Black Continent, so long the slave of other continents, is rediscovering a

long-lost pride in being black. The 20th century has shattered the crude, tribal world that once gave meaning and sanction to the black man's life. In forests where 50 years ago there were no roads because the wheel was unknown, no schools because there was no alphabet, no peace because there was neither the will nor the means to enforce it, the sons of slaves dig for the materials (copper, uranium, vanadium) of the Atomic Age.

The tragedy is that the educated few are, at this point, more of a problem to the white man than are the jungle savages. Seeing for the first time the glitter of the white man's world, stirred by his literature (the Bible, Rousseau, Jefferson), but stunned by the gap between precept and practice, often shunned because of their colour, impulsive and impatient, they are likely to become the dupes of Communism.

But in Africa Communism is not yet a mobilized alternative, as it is in Malaya or Iran; there is still time. "The Gold Coast," says the Colonial Office, "is talked about with surprise in Johannesburg slums, among tribes outside Nairobi longing for more land, and in Uganda where men nurse secret grievances and suspect every move we make. If it fails, a great hope will die in Africa. If it succeeds, then we may begin the addition to the political world of a new continent that can be our friend."

# Target: MUM



*Condensed from Air Force*

John F. Loosrock

**I**n a comfortable, small house on a quiet side street in an average American small town lives a family ear-marked as a special Communist target. The only son of this family parachuted from his disabled plane over North Korea a few months ago.

"Missing in action." That was all the family could be told. Officially there are no prisoners of war in North Korea since the Communists refuse to furnish information through legitimate International Red Cross channels. The agonizing suspense was hard to bear.

Then one day a letter came, post-marked China. The handwriting was clear, the English concise. "I thought you would be interested in news of your son, who was shot down over North Korea a few weeks ago. He is well and is getting good treatment from the Chinese People's Volunteer Army.

*How the Reds' war of words is aimed at the next of kin of captured fliers*

"I am interested in American fliers since I worked with the American Volunteer Group, General Chennault's Flying Tigers, during the war against the Japanese invaders. It seems odd that people who were fighting shoulder to shoulder against world aggressors only a few years ago should now be killing each other in a senseless war in a foreign country. We here all long for peace and I am sure you in America feel the same way. I hope it will not be too long before this senseless slaughter is over and your son will be returned to you.

"If you would like more information please write to me and I

will do what I can to help you and your son.'

The overjoyed parents read the letter to their relatives and friends. The local paper ran it in a front page story. The mother dashed off a note to her Congressman asking that he do what he could to end 'this senseless slaughter.'

This reaction was exactly what the Communists hoped for when they aimed so skillfully at the old military target—the will to resist.

The Communist letter writing campaign is primarily a small town campaign hitting at populations of 4,000 to 40,000—small enough so that whatever happens to a local boy is news. It is a psychological weapon designed to destroy morale. Until the American public is alert to the menace even in their father, wife or sweetheart of a man fighting in Korea is a target.

The technique is basically simple. Reports on Communist interrogation of prisoners in North Korea note that the questioners show a great interest in letters, address books, photographs and so on. Many questions of a personal or biographical nature are asked. Then pictures and news stories of captured men are widely circulated through the Red press. Whenever possible, names and addresses of next of kin in the States are included.

Now the flow of letters begins. They may come from anywhere behind the Iron Curtain. In many

instances the letters are a pretext to obtain food, clothing or money. The next of kin may be told that their missing relative in a Communist prison camp can have two weeks of recreation in a rest camp—on receipt of so many American dollars.

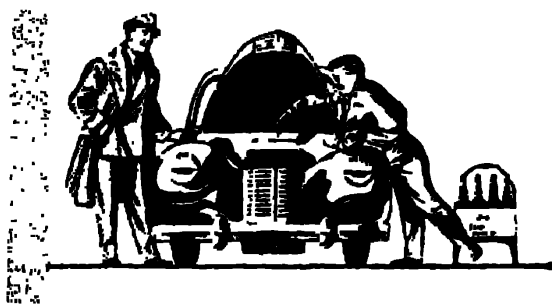
Prisoners wishing to write home are told certain things they must say if they want their letters mailed. Consider this letter sent by a downed aviator to his wife and children (only the propaganda portions are quoted here):

I know you have heard stories about the bad treatment that the Chinese and North Korean soldiers give the American prisoners. These stories are false. The Chinese People's Volunteer Army and the Korean People's Army have been very good to me. Our planes have bombed and burned every city, town and village in Korea. We have burned up nearly all the food the Korean people have stored up for the winter.

'Darling, I want you to show this letter to my father and mother, and your father and mother and all our friends. I want you to tell everyone that the quicker we can end this senseless war the quicker we will be able to come home.

Prisoners are also coaxed or coerced into making short wave radio broadcasts to their families at home. (These are usually wire recorded, or delivered by an English speaking announcer.) There have been many

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instances in which next of kin were notified, through anonymous phone calls, of the time at which such a broadcast could be received. The broadcasts are also picked up by "ham" operators in the States and forwarded to the next of kin. Here is a broadcast by a captured flier via Communist Radio Peking:

"My dearest wife and children: The Chinese People's Volunteer Army and the Korean People's Army have given me this opportunity to bring my voice to you at home, that you may know that I am alive and well. . . . It certainly is gratifying to read that most of the

American people want the Korean War ended peaceably, and . . . realize that we should not have been sent here in the first place. . . .

"The Chinese people are our friends. All they want is a peaceful world and a chance to live their lives with their families, just like us. . . ."

After this treatment the poor wife or mother doesn't know what to believe. She's willing to buy peace and the return of her husband or son at almost any price—even on Red terms. The Reds know it's not hard to sell peace. But peace on Red terms is no peace at all.

### *Edison Speaking*

THOMAS EDISON once received a letter from a solemn shareholder. "A vice-president of your company," the writer said, "doesn't have a proper sense of the dignity of his position and of his association with you. I'm told sometimes his laugh can be heard through his door and all over the office."

Edison sent the letter to the vice-president tied to the framed picture of a laughing, jolly friar. "Hang this picture in the entrance hall," he wrote. "Have everyone around the office look at it. Let it be a constant reminder that good business is never done except in a reasonably good-humoured frame of mind and on a human basis."

If you think atomic energy is new, read what Thomas Edison wrote in his notebook in 1922. This little known quotation was kindly shown me by Edison's son, Charles Edison, former Governor of the State of New Jersey.

"I am much interested in atomic energy," wrote Thomas Edison at the age of 75. "*The force residing in such power is gigantic and illimitable.* It may come some day. As a matter of fact I am already experimenting along the lines of gathering atomic information in my laboratory here.

"The energy could be turned into electricity," continued Edison, "and projected not only across the Atlantic, but flung from any part of the world to any other part. Neither the Atlantic nor anything could interpose an obstacle."

—Henry J. Taylor.



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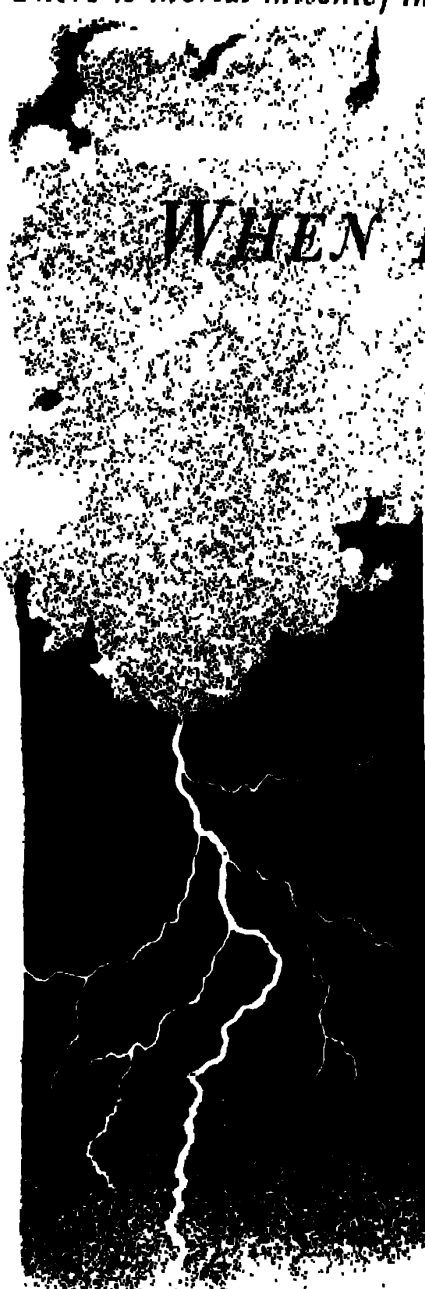
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*There is mortal mischief in the air*

## WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

*Andrew Hamilton*



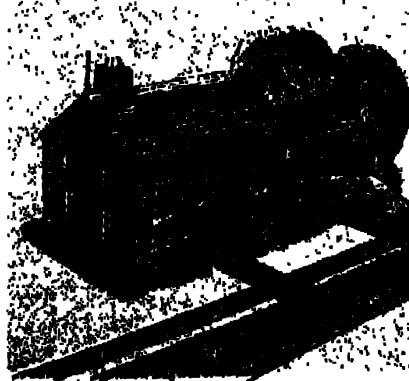
**L**IGHTNING KILLS more people, usually one by one, than hurricanes, earthquakes, floods and other mass disasters.

The Air Ministry estimates that, the world over, there are 16 million thunderstorms a year, 44,000 a day. Central Africa, southern Mexico, Panama, central Brazil and Madagascar get lots of lightning, but the island of Java tops them all, with thunderstorms on an average of 223 days every year.

Lightning comes up with some queer freaks. Two men were fishing from a steel skiff off the U.S. Atlantic Coast last summer when a sudden thunderstorm blew up. Lightning struck one man's steel rod, flashed down the zipper of his jacket and killed him instantly. The other fisherman was stunned, but recovered.

A party of girls were hurrying back to camp through a mountain canyon one day last August when they were overtaken by a storm. A lightning bolt electrocuted four girls and a camp supervisor, and temporarily paralysed eight others.

Reports from those who have been hit and lived to tell about it vary considerably. Patricia Wilson, 14, was walking to school in Tulsa, Oklahoma, when, in a flash, her raincoat was shredded to tatters. "I felt a buzz and a couple



of pains in the head," she said. "In a minute I was all right, so I went to school."

Roy Huffman, jolted while standing in the doorway of his lakeside cottage in Ohio, had his shoes ripped off, legs singed, trousers torn, two toes broken. "A green flame enveloped me," he said. "It felt as if thousands of red-hot needles—and I mean *really* hot—were sticking me."

There are some amazing reports about non-human targets, too. Joseph Nicol's potato patch in New York State was struck, and the spuds were roasted "soft enough to mash." In Virginia, a railway stop-and-go signal was reversed—with the result that two trains collided.

Down through the ages lightning has made man's hair stand on end, his eyes bulge out in terror. Not until 200 years ago was any scientific study attempted. Then a shrewd and inquisitive Philadelphia printer, Benjamin Franklin, flew a silk kite into a summer thunderstorm. To the lower end of the cord was tied a piece of silk string holding a metal key. Franklin repeatedly touched his bare knuckle to the key; each time he saw a strong spark and felt a shock, thus proving the heavenly brilliance to be electricity. Why he wasn't killed or at least knocked senseless has been a marvel to scientists ever since. For once, the proverbial luck of fools was granted to a sage.

Men have cautiously tinkered

with lightning and thunderclouds ever since, but only within the past 30 years have we learned much more than Franklin knew. Scientists now say the earth is like a giant condenser from which current continually leaks into the atmosphere; thunderstorms are nature's batteries for keeping the condenser recharged.

Each stroke of lightning releases from the air large quantities of nitrogen, in the form of nitrous acid, which is essential to the soil for plant production. Dr. B. F. J. Schonland of South Africa—one of the world's foremost lightning authorities—estimates the annual production of nitrous acid by lightning at 100 million tons, which far exceeds the output of all the man-made-fertilizer plants in the world.

Dr. Horace Byers, professor of meteorology at the University of Chicago and director of a government thunderstorm project in New Mexico in 1946 and 1947, says those cauliflower-shaped thunderclouds that tower in the summer skies are produced chiefly by swift-rising air currents. "Rising warm air mixes with cold down-draughts," he points out, "creating a terrific turbulence. A thundercloud is like an electric mixer gone berserk. Winds churn and boil at speeds up to 100 miles an hour, carrying with them tremendous quantities of water—perhaps as much as 300,000 tons—in the form of raindrops, snowflakes or hailstones."

This much is known for certain,



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because Dr. Byers and others have flown "Black Widow" fighter planes loaded with equipment into the wildly beating hearts of thunderstorms. But from here on, scientific speculation takes over. It is generally accepted, however, that great negative charges of electricity accumulate on the bottom of thunderclouds. On the earth, meanwhile, positive charges are accumulating and follow the cloud along like a swarm of bees—up trees, church steeples and chimneys—attracted by the pull of the negative charges in the cloud.

"When this tension between positive and negative becomes strong enough," says Dr. Byers, "the cloud puts out an invisible 'leader' stroke to explore the path of least resistance to the ground. Once this contact is made, a brilliant lightning flash jumps upwards from earth to cloud (it only *seems* to jump in the other direction) at a speed of 22 million miles per hour."

There are two kinds of lightning—"hot" and "cold." The cold variety will explode a haystack, a tree or a house, but flashes so quickly—in less than  $1/10,000$  of a second—that it sets no fire. Hot lightning maintains its electric flash from 100 to 1,000 times as long and burns whatever it hits. Sometimes its temperatures reach  $27,000^{\circ}$  F., considerably hotter than the surface of the sun.

The air along the path of a lightning bolt expands enormously. The

core of this path is about the size of your finger but in a flash explodes into a column of fire as big as the calf of your leg. As this heated air cools and shrinks, other air rushes into the space. This sequence of events makes the noise we call thunder.

You can calculate how far away lightning has struck by timing the lapse between flash and thunderclap. Since sound travels about a mile in five seconds, a ten-second gap, for instance, means two miles between you and the bolt.

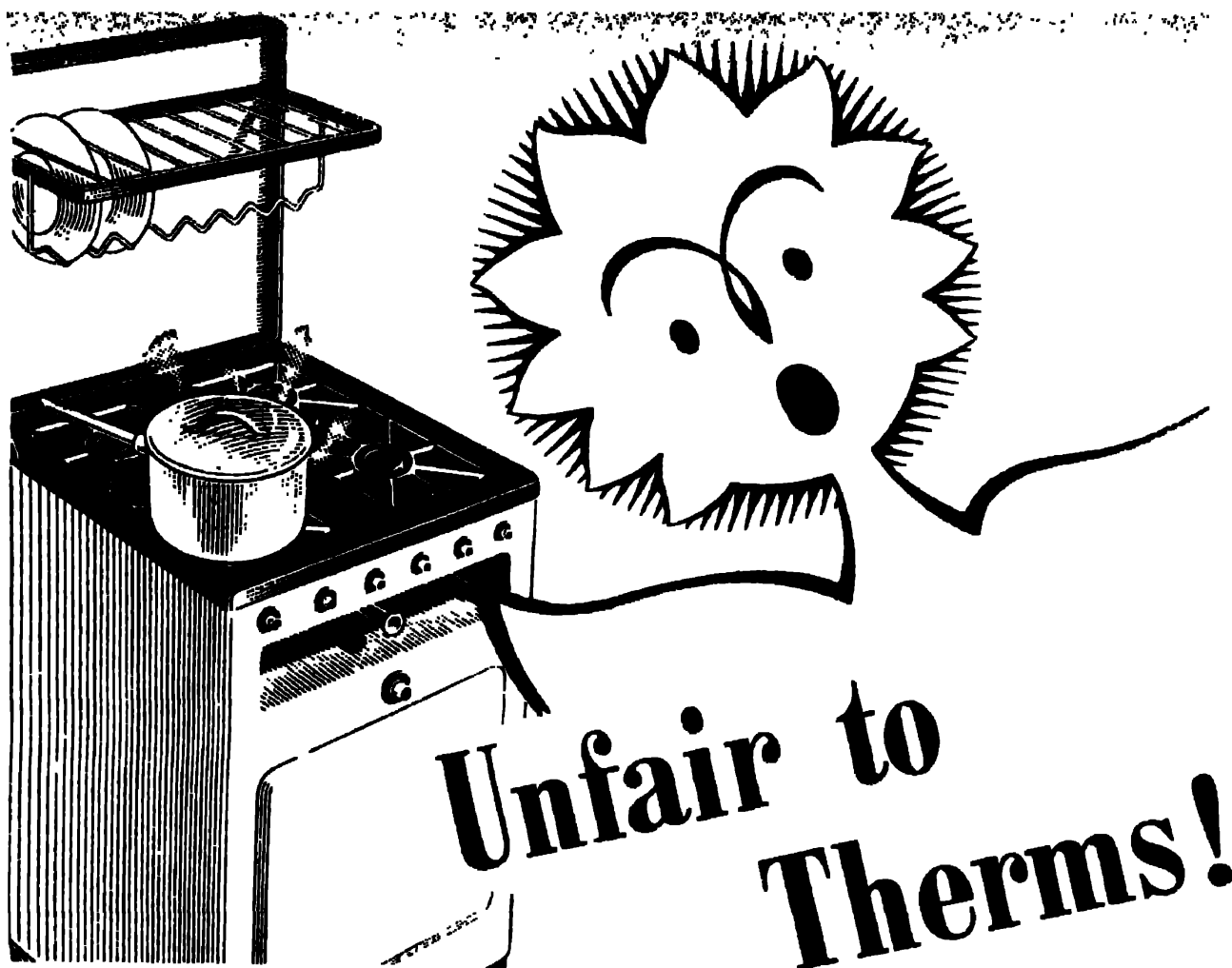
What can the human being do to protect *himself* against lightning? Here are the safety rules offered by Dr. E. L. Harder, chief lightning engineer for the Westinghouse company:

1. When a thunderstorm threatens, cancel that golf date (three out of every million golfers are struck by lightning each year); put your bicycle in the garage; leave your tractor in the barn; eat your picnic lunch at home.

2. If you get caught out of doors, run, don't walk, to the nearest shelter—preferably a sizeable building. When no building is near, lie flat on the ground until the storm is over.

3. Avoid isolated trees, water towers, exposed ridges and peaks. (One-third of the toll of lightning deaths occur under trees. A grove is considerably safer than a single tree.)

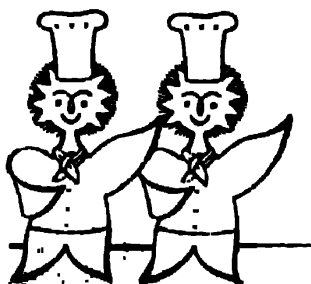
4. Keep away from wire fences, wires of all kinds, and metal pipes.



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the duller kitchen brighter); and easy on the elbow grease, as well, since cleaning is so simple. And the 2 "unemployed" therms? By saving them, the new cookers conserve the nation's precious fuel. So you'll be doing yourself and the nation a good turn when you invest in one of the new gas cookers.



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with a NEW gas cooker**

*Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL*

5. If you're swimming or boating, get on dry land quickly.
6. Inside a house, stay clear of stoves, fireplaces, attics, doors and windows. Above all, don't take a bath or shower during the storm.
7. If you're caught while in a motor-car, on a bus or riding in a train, stay put—you're relatively safe there. And an all-metal aero-

plane is almost as safe as a motor-car.

Better observe these rules. We can't all have the luck of Charles Brown of Kenton, Ohio, who has been struck by lightning ten times.

"I've already used up one more life than a cat," he said when he recovered consciousness after the tenth stroke. "I guess I'll have to be careful from now on."

### *"Golden Eggs" from Geese*

DEANE STAHMANN of Las Cruces, New Mexico, is a cotton and pecan planter with a passion for research. A year ago he got curious about the feeding habits of geese. He found that their favourite diet is the very same weeds and grasses that plague the average south-western cotton farmer and force him to hire so many hoe hands. Some farmers had already tried running geese among the cotton. Stahmann tried it in a big way: tens of thousands of geese on his 4,000 irrigated acres.

It worked beyond all dreaming. The geese are full-time, costless, super-efficient hoe hands, fattening themselves, breeding more hoe hands and fertilizing the fields in the process. Stahmann's next step was to revive the market for geese. The goose was once a favourite American table treat but has long been neglected in favour of better-merchandised fowl. Stahmann built hatcheries and a slaughtering and processing plant which now dresses and freezes 2,000 geese a day. In order to run these at a maximum efficiency he found he needed more geese than his own acres could furnish. So now he is selling goslings to other cotton farmers as hoe hands and buying them back ten or 12 weeks later when they are fat and ready for slaughter. Thus the farmer gets his hoe hands, and Stahmann his geese, approximately gratis.

It is all so lucrative that Stahmann is now contemplating a further development: forgetting the cotton and planting his 4,000 acres to weeds and goose grass.

—Life

THE FAULTS of others are like headlights on a motor-car. They only seem more glaring than our own.

—Hudson Newsletter

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*A savage preyer on flocks and herds and of big game, but no man-killer*



## The Great Grey Wolf— Mighty Hunter of the Wilds

*Condensed from Frontiers*

Laurie York Erskine

THE GREY WOLF has the greatest range of any wild animal in the world. In spite of every effort to exterminate him he persists in much of North America, in vast areas of Asia, and in Eastern Europe.

He is the most efficient big-game hunter of all four-footed beasts. Some of the big cats are faster and stronger, but no other animal hunts in such uncanny co-operation with his fellows, or is so sure of success. This has not only gained for him a reputation for supernatural cunning but it has also earned for him the undying enmity of man.

We call him the grey wolf, but his coat is often a tawny brown or red. Off-colour wolves can easily be mistaken for dogs. Once in Ontario I saw three animals 100 yards away; one was grey, the others were brown, and they stood gazing at me with such friendly curiosity that I took them for Indian sled dogs. But when I stepped towards them they moved off into the woods, and I'll never forget the chill that ran up my spine when I recognized the unmistakable lope of the wolf.

The wolf is slower than many of his victims but he makes up for this



## **BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST**

The inside of a blast furnace deteriorates with use and every three to five years the refractory material with which it is lined has to be renewed. First, the furnace must be allowed to cool, then the old lining—up to

1,000 tons of it — must be prised out by men with crowbars and pneumatic hammers. In order to save time, many steel works have called in I.C.I., whose Nobel Division in Glasgow has developed a special technique, using new explosives, which enables furnace linings to be blasted out when still hot — without the delay of waiting for the shot holes to cool down to normal temperatures. With this technique, a blast furnace at Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire was relined in the record time of 22 days, 23 hours and 30 minutes without damage to either the outer shell of the furnace or adjacent plant. A fair average time for the explosive method would be 40 days, as against about 150 days by the old hammer and crowbar method. This speed-up in the relining of furnaces is equivalent to a 4% increase in the total steel-producing capacity of the United Kingdom.



**IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED**  
**LONDON, S.W.1.**



## THE GREAT GREY WOLF

by his endurance. He'll keep up a steady lope of 15 to 25 miles an hour all night if need be, in order to give his quarry no rest.

An average grey wolf is five and a half feet from nose to tail tip, stands 32 inches high and weighs 80 pounds. Seven-foot, 175-pound wolves have been killed. Stanley Young, veteran biologist of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, reports that in Alaska he saw wolfskins eight feet long.

At two or three years of age the wolf finds a lifetime mate. The young are generally born in the late spring. The parents prepare for them by making four or five dens in high places with a view of all approaches so that mother wolf always has other safe refuges for her little ones if the birth den must be abandoned.

The litter of from seven to 14 whelps is nursed for about two months, during which the male hunts alone, dragging part of his kill home for his mate. As soon as the young are weaned the mother helps with the hunting, for the whelps are then hungry, for meat. If the parents make a kill far away they gorge themselves with meat and disgorge it again at the den entrance for the whelps. In the daytime the male wolf lies down on some high place overlooking the den where he can warn his family of danger. If a man approaches, he may show himself to divert the enemy from his family. When the young ones are three months old

the family lives in the open, sometimes roaming a territory of 200 square miles.

Moving always counter-clockwise, the wolf patrols his hunting route constantly. He knows every hiding-place and lookout, every spot where he can blend his colour with the landscape and melt from sight. Along this route the parents teach their young to hunt. A strange wolf enters the area at its peril.

Since the young often stay with their parents until two or three years old, a family may consist of from five to eight full-grown wolves and a litter of whelps. This is the legendary wolf pack. It seldom includes wolves of more than one family, though several families occasionally run together for brief periods.

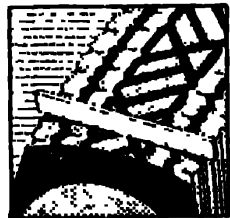
Few wild-animal families are more devoted. At least one member is always on watch to warn the others of danger. They often risk their lives to protect one another. Once in the wilds of British Columbia I found myself watched by a wolf crouching on a hill near my camp. When I reached for my rifle the animal dashed for cover. As I fired, a second wolf ran openly across the hill, yelping loudly—apparently trying to save his mate by diverting my gunfire to himself.

Wolves will take on any odds to protect their young. Stanley Young tells of four grizzly bears that came too close to a wolf den in which there were whelps, and were rushed

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by the four grown wolves of the family. Forest rangers watched the battle through binoculars for three hours, until four badly slashed bears limped defeated from the field.

Wolves are immensely strong. At the mouth of one den I found the remains of a yearling calf; the head and hindquarters were missing, but the wolf had dragged the rest of the carcass two miles from the nearest grazing land over ridges and through tangled brush that my companion and I had found hard going.

A wolf's long curved fangs are sharp as steel and he can sever the spine of a calf or break a deer's leg with one bite. Traps have often proved unable to hold him. Few dogs can survive a fight with a wolf.

Much of the wolf's diet is made up of rabbits, mice, gophers and birds, but he prefers big game, cattle or sheep. In attacking sheep and cattle he is seemingly crazed by their stupidity and defencelessness and slaughters them indiscriminately, killing far more than he needs for food. But when hunting wild game he is a sportsman—and no more cruel than nature is.

Led generally by a she-wolf, a pack scouts for prey, and when the deer, elk, caribou or moose is found, one or two wolves will approach the animal from down-wind until it is started up. Then the long chase begins. One wolf will follow directly behind the quarry; others take strategic positions and head it off so that it runs in a circle, until

the quarry tires. Then the pack brings it down by tearing at its throat and hindquarters.

The co-operation of a hunting wolf pack is amazing. They seem to have a system of communication and take their positions like a well-trained team. They will herd a quarry to the edge of a cliff and run it over, or corner it in a steep ravine. In winter they run a deer on to ice, where it has no foothold. In summer they cover both banks of a stream and keep the deer swimming until it is exhausted. Bull moose, elk and caribou, however, often kill the attacker with their antlers or hoofs.

Man is the only animal the wolf fears. Today he will come close to a man's camp only in the Far North, where there are thousands of wolves that have never known man's scent.

Stories of human beings killed by wolves have little foundation in fact. Perhaps in Europe in the old days, when wolves roved near every village, some such cases may have occurred, but all who know the grey wolf of North America agree that he is no man-killer. The Canadian Wildlife Service knows of only one authentic instance of an unprovoked attack on a human being. Even a trapped wolf will seldom fight his captor, but will cringe away in fear.

The wolf has sharp eyesight, a keen sense of smell and good hearing. Hunters in prairie country have declared that wolves learn the range



*At the time of 'our' first Coronation . . .*

## The People Cheer

Probably there were few customers of the Westminster Bank among the crowds who, in 1838, watched the Coronation Procession of Queen Victoria; the Bank had then been in existence only two years. In this present Coronation year the position is very different. For now the Westminster Bank looks back upon 117 years of continuous growth and service and its customers are found in all occupations and all walks of life. For all of them the Bank provides an efficient and friendly service which combines modern practice with all that is best from the past

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of a rifle and stay safely beyond it. Men who have set trap guns have found the trigger cords cut by wolves that have stolen the bait.

In outwitting this cunning opponent, expert wolf hunters have succeeded best by taking advantage of his two most dependable habits. His appetite for carrion makes him vulnerable to poisoned bait. In the first great campaign to wipe him out from the western American cattle ranges, professional hunters killed many thousands by poisoning carcasses with strychnine. In time the wolf learned to avoid such bait.

The wolf's second vulnerable habit is one which he shares with the dog. Along his hunting route he has his visiting posts, the equivalent of a dog's favourite trees. The trapper who can find these posts and conceals his trap close to them usually gets results if the trap has the scent of a strange wolf. Smelling it, a wolf scratches up the area and strikes the trap.

Hunters have tried to rear captured wolf pups with varying degrees of success. Many Indian trappers in the North use half-breed wolf-dogs for their sleds, but these beasts can seldom be controlled by anyone except their master.

The famous Joe Laflamme, a gigantic, bearded trapper of northern Ontario, lost all but two of his dogs

in a distemper epidemic in 1923, and in desperation he made up a complete team with wolves captured in his traps. I've seen him put that team into harness. He'd lure each wolf with food into a small pen, and, kneeling before it while it snarled and cringed, he'd take a stranglehold round its neck with one arm and slip on a muzzle. Dragging the animal by a steel chain to the sled, he'd snap on the harness. After all his team was hitched up he'd whisk off the muzzles. "Wid de muzzle on," he explained, "dey do not pull!" Without it they pulled magnificently, but with their heads down and tails between their legs—cringing wild things shackled in fear to a task they despised.

Thousands of years ago, when the first dog wagged his way into the cave-man's heart, the wolf remained true to the wilderness—and he has never changed his mind. No lure of care or comfort will ever tame him, and he will out-trick man's every effort to exterminate him. Indeed, if naturalists have their way, we shall always preserve him in the remoter regions where he can do no harm to man. There he will help maintain nature's control of the wildlife population, and remain the proud, defiant dog which refuses to wear man's collar.



**T**HE first signs of spring are the blooming idiots  
along the highways.

—Newselle

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industry and faith



## *Sixteen Sticks in a Bundle*

Condensed from Farm Journal  
*Richard C. Davids*



THE YOUNGS' fondest dream was of educating their children, all 14 of them. A crazy dream for a Negro slave's son and his wife. Or for anyone on 40 sharecropped acres so poor they'd barely grow weeds, and the bank gone broke with all his savings in it. Maybe so, old Cussie, the family cow, went into pawn four times as school fees became due. Once the brood sow had to go, and once Momma's six geese.

But John and Leah Young of Virginia saw all 14 children through primary and secondary school, and most of them through college. Six passed highest in their class. Five won college scholarships.

Poppa and Momma Young have stored up a family fortune in the safest bank they know—between the ears of their children. They have two building contractors, a farmer,

registered nurse, librarian, music teacher, builder, mathematics teacher, carpenter, domestic science teacher, elementary school teacher, church school teacher, agriculture teacher and dietitian—enough talent and professional skill to pioneer a whole new settlement.

Momma's geese and the brood sow were redeemed, and Cussie came home to spend her last years happily in her own pasture. The farm is paid for now, the fields are green and fertile, and there's a good house, a tractor and other machinery.

Poppa, at 72, is straight as a ramrod and full of dignity. Momma, a little woman with a smile of a saint, is 66, and her hair is beginning to frost a little. Forty years ago these two people set out with only four bare hands and faith in the future.

At first things went well on their farm. There were eight healthy chil-



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for perfect results — use  
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—for brilliant shine  
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**For year-round protection plus a showroom shine**

dren, the house was paid for and the smokehouse was full of hams. Then one night the house burned down and with it all their possessions.

The next few years Poppa butchered, laid bricks, hewed railway sleepers, blacksmithed, ran a wood yard and a shop while the boys ran the farm. He even dug graves, built coffins.

Momma took in cleaning, nine and ten suits at a time, and when she returned them took along a basket of peach pies to sell. Year after year she sold holly and mistletoe along the roadside, and straw hats she'd made. She sewed suits and coats and dresses for the neighbourhood. For her children she made whole outfits, even to hats, gloves and purses, out of feed sacks dyed with sweet-gum bark to a rich brown. Momma studied the pictures in the mail order catalogues to be sure her girls looked right.

The Youngs never thought they were poor. There was always plenty of fun and laughter, no matter how hard times were. There'd be picnics in the woods, singing, and a cornet, flute and jew's-harp "orchestra." They made games out of their work. The children remember there was always enough of Poppa's and Momma's love to go round.

There was always plenty of wholesome food, too. Momma believed with fervour that her children had to be well fed to be strong and bright. She raised ducks, turkeys, geese, pigeons. She corned fresh

herring for autumn and winter, and canned all the food she could lay her hands on.

And there was Momma's garden, a whole acre that never failed her. She always seemed to have enough food left over to sell. The year there wasn't another green pea all the way to Petersburg, folks came 50 miles to buy vegetables.

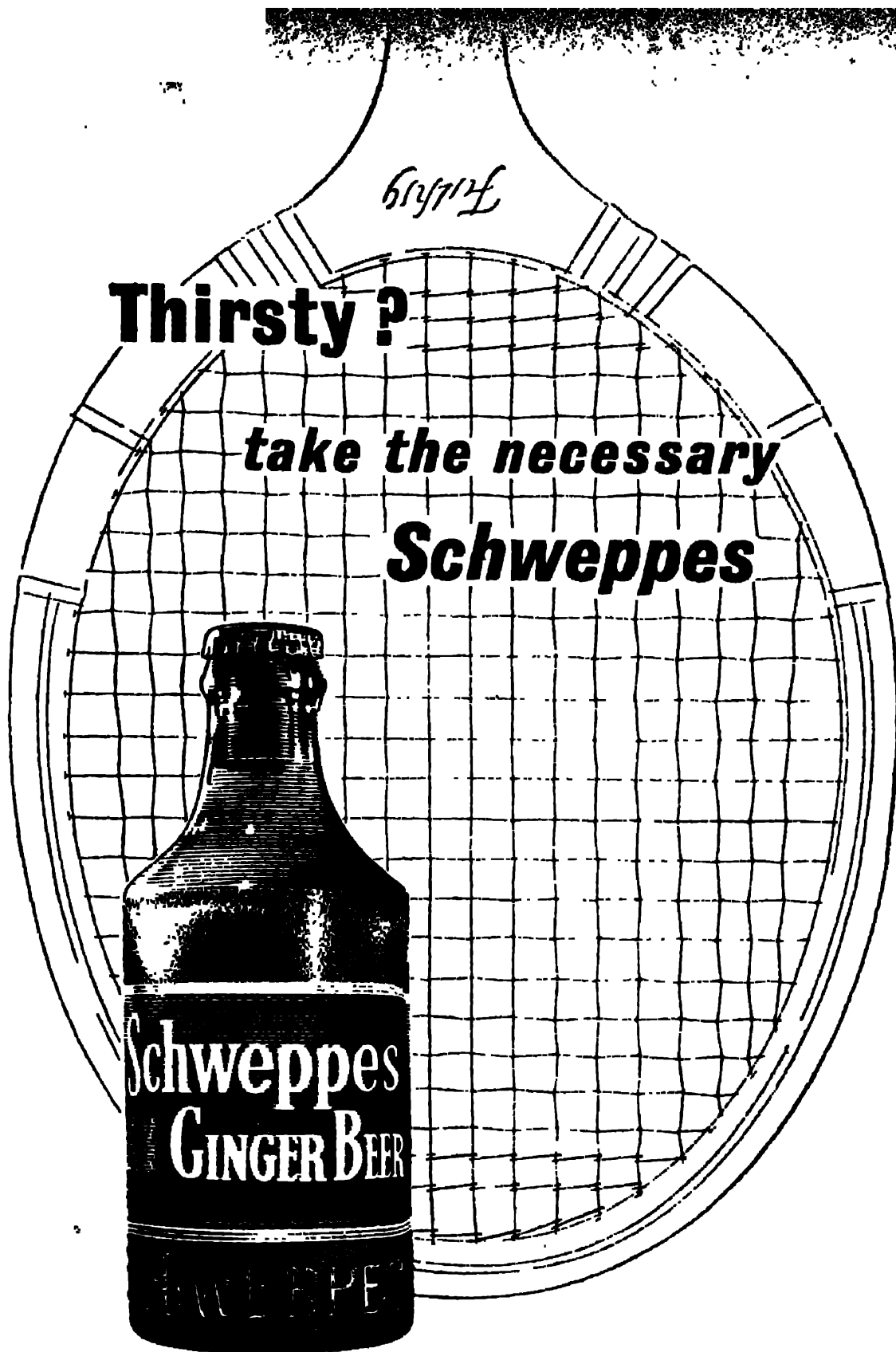
And there was enough left to give, too. Momma used to tell her daughters, "Don't cook enough food. Cook more than enough. Someone hungry may be coming." On a Sunday there might be ten extra to dinner.

School was just across the road. Momma kept an eye on what went on; on occasion she even substituted as teacher. Poppa saw to it that the children always kept a few pages ahead of the rest of the class.

Soon came secondary school and the matter of school bus fares. At 25 cents per pupil and with five going, it meant raising \$1.25 (about eight shillings) every week. Poppa talked it over with sons Otis and Earlie. He had just \$58 to his name, but that was enough for a down payment on a second-hand truck. Were they willing to tackle a tough job? They were.

So he bought the truck, and every morning before daybreak the two boys cut a load of oak to sell, hauled it 24 miles to market before school, and returned after school to cut and haul firewood.

When Flossie, the oldest, left



SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



school, no one questioned her dream of becoming a nurse. Momma sold her chickens and bought a couple of cheap dresses. Flossie sewed up the loose soles of her Sunday shoes. On the evening before she left home, all the family knelt and prayed, as they do when any of the family leaves.

From St. Philip, at the Medical College of Virginia, Flossie wrote: "No one here knows how near to barefooted I am. I'm walking real careful. But I've got those shoes under a study table, and I'll make out!"

When it was Josephine's turn for college, she had \$2.50 to take along. Momma and Poppa drove her to Virginia State College with vegetables, chickens and a truckload of junk to sell. They bargained with the college president, who agreed to wait for school fees until after the harvest.

As the older ones finished school, they started helping the others through. "We're 16 sticks in a bundle," Poppa used to say. "Together, nothing can break us."

I visited the Youngs at Christmas,

went with them to church, sang with them round the piano, shared their sumptuous dinner. Momma's food is famous, and her daughters have learned her lessons well. In 1951 Lillie won a free trip to New York in a flour company's baking contest, where she was awarded the top \$1,110 prize for sweets and puddings, and an electric stove, mixer and dish-washer.

Their religion, I think, is what has kept the Young family going. During the years, they have worshipped in a little church which Poppa founded 30 years ago, "where a preacher is a brother, not a boss man." Poppa would take to the pulpit himself some days and tell the congregation: "Remember this always, children, you've got a man-part and a God-part, and neither one must go hungry."

The Youngs give God all the credit for their good life, but He has had tremendous help. For Poppa and Momma believe that you can dream as big as you wish; and, if the Lord is willing, make those dreams come true.

*Counter Attack:* At the counter of a Fifth Avenue shop a woman with a Pekinese on a leash was standing next to a man waiting to be served. The dog kept hovering round the man's legs and the man kept drawing away from the animal. Finally the woman said, "Don't be afraid. My Pekinese won't bite you."

"Madam, I'm not afraid your dog is going to bite me," said the man, "but, as he kept lifting his leg, I was afraid he was going to kick me."

—E. V. Durling, King Features

*A vivid report of the winter's deadly pea-souper*

# The Great London Fog

*Condensed from La Croix de Paris*

*By Edwin Muller*

IT BEGAN like an ordinary English fog—the kind that makes London indescribably lovely. Towards twilight the city is veiled in a silvery-gold mist through which you can see about a hundred yards. All the lights have halos, from the Embankment the massive buildings along the Strand have all the mystery of Oriental palaces, their outlines softened and shadowy. “The whole city hangs in the heavens,” Whistler said.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 4, 1952, there was nothing to indicate that this would be the Fog of the Century—that it would kill about 4,000 people, cause property damage of many thousands of pounds and bring the activities of the great metropolis almost to a halt.

By Friday morning a heavy, wet blanket had closed down. You could just see your own feet. The streets were a queer, unfamiliar world. As you groped along the pavement, blurred faces without bodies floated past you. Sounds were curiously muffled: motor-car horns, grinding brakes, the warning cries of pedestrians trying to avoid the traffic and one another. This was a real “pea-souper,” a “London particular.”

The main arteries leading into the centre

of town were clogged with buses moving at two miles an hour. The conductors walked ahead, calling directions to the drivers.

Private cars formed convoys, 15 or 20 in line. Sometimes a driver got impatient, tried to get ahead—usually with disastrous results. Cars got hopelessly lost. Police were powerless to untangle the traffic snarls that developed at converging streets. Drivers abandoned their cars, further blocking traffic.

A remarkable feat was performed by a man with three heavy bags who had to get from Liverpool Street to Euston, a distance of two miles, through as complex a maze of streets as there is in London. He persuaded a taxi driver to take the job. The passenger walked ahead of the cab, stopping for frequent consultations with the driver. It took them nearly all day but they made it.

At London airport a few planes made instrument landings. One pilot, after landing, got lost trying to taxi to the passenger terminal. After half an hour a search party went out to look for him. But it got lost too. Soon all air traffic was suspended.

Many who ordinarily travel by bus took the underground. Platforms got so crowded that the gates had to be closed. People waited in long queues to get into the stations. One way or another, most of them eventually got to their jobs that day.

As the day went on, the fog changed colour. In the early morn-

ing it had been a dirty white. When a million chimneys began to pour coal smoke into the air it became light brown, dark brown, black. By afternoon all London was coughing.

Even then most Londoners weren't seriously worried—except the weather forecasters. Fog occurs when a body of moist air is cooled and condenses into tiny droplets, which attract and hold particles of soot and smoke. Ordinarily fog is dissipated by wind—the lightest current of air is enough; or the fog rises into the cooler layers of air that usually lie above it.

Now there was no wind, and no promise of any. Worse, the layer of air above the fog was not cooler but warmer. Meteorologists call this rare occurrence an "inversion roof." The upper, warmer layer acts as a lid, holding the fog down. And hour by hour its content of smoke and soot grows denser.

On Saturday morning thousands of Londoners began to be frightened. They were those people, mostly over 50, who had a tendency to bronchitis or asthma. In a long black fog such people are in acute distress. Their lungs burn, their hearts labour, they gasp for breath. They feel as if they are choking to death—and sometimes they do.

By Saturday noon all the doctors were on the run. Even with normal transport they couldn't have reached all the patients who needed them. Some of them stayed in their surgeries and tried to help sufferers by



First comes discovery—later, perfection! The tobacco which Sir Walter Raleigh first smoked, in 1586 at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, was not Three Nuns. The smoker of 1892 was the first to find peace and solace in Three Nuns' perfect blend. And now, in this new Elizabethan era (long may it prosper!) every man who draws on his peaceful pipeful of Three Nuns knows the finest philosophical smoking there is.

## Three Nuns

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Branch of The Imperial Tobacco  
Co. (of Great Britain  
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“His Baume  
was  
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to us”



... said his wife. And indeed, who wouldn't want her husband to have a good watch? An accurate, *reliable* watch—a watch that works consistently well for years and years. 120 years of experience goes into the making of each BAUME watch. *Models from £12.12.6.*

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good  
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phone. But there wasn't much to suggest—except to try to get to an oxygen tent. All hospitals were overworked. A mounting number of deaths was reported.

In this abnormal, unreal world of the fog, some people changed from their normal selves. It was impossible for the police to prevent some looting of shops. But the fog also brought out the best in people. There were milkmen who worked 15 hours a day to make deliveries, hundreds of volunteers stayed all day at busy street crossings, guiding people across.

A man and his wife came out of an underground exit, wondered which way to start to their home nearby. A stranger appeared out of the fog and asked if he could help. When they told him where their house was, he led them straight home. Thanking him, they asked how he could be so sure of himself. "I'm blind," he said. He had been working happily all day, guiding people in this neighbourhood.

Workers who couldn't get home slept in their offices or went to police stations and were put up overnight. Members of Parliament were issued blankets and bunked down in the lounges of the House.

Firemen answering calls walked ahead of their engines. Police patrolled the docks in life jackets because people who couldn't see the ground walked off into the water, a policeman at the Albert Docks pulled out eight. But too often the

victims, though their cries were heard, couldn't be found.

As the Great Fog continued, Londoners adopted an attitude of doggedly carrying on. At Sadler's Wells they got through the first act of *La Traviata* before so much fog had seeped into the theatre that the singers could no longer see the conductor. Cinema carried on in a limited way—spectators in the front four or five rows could see the screen.

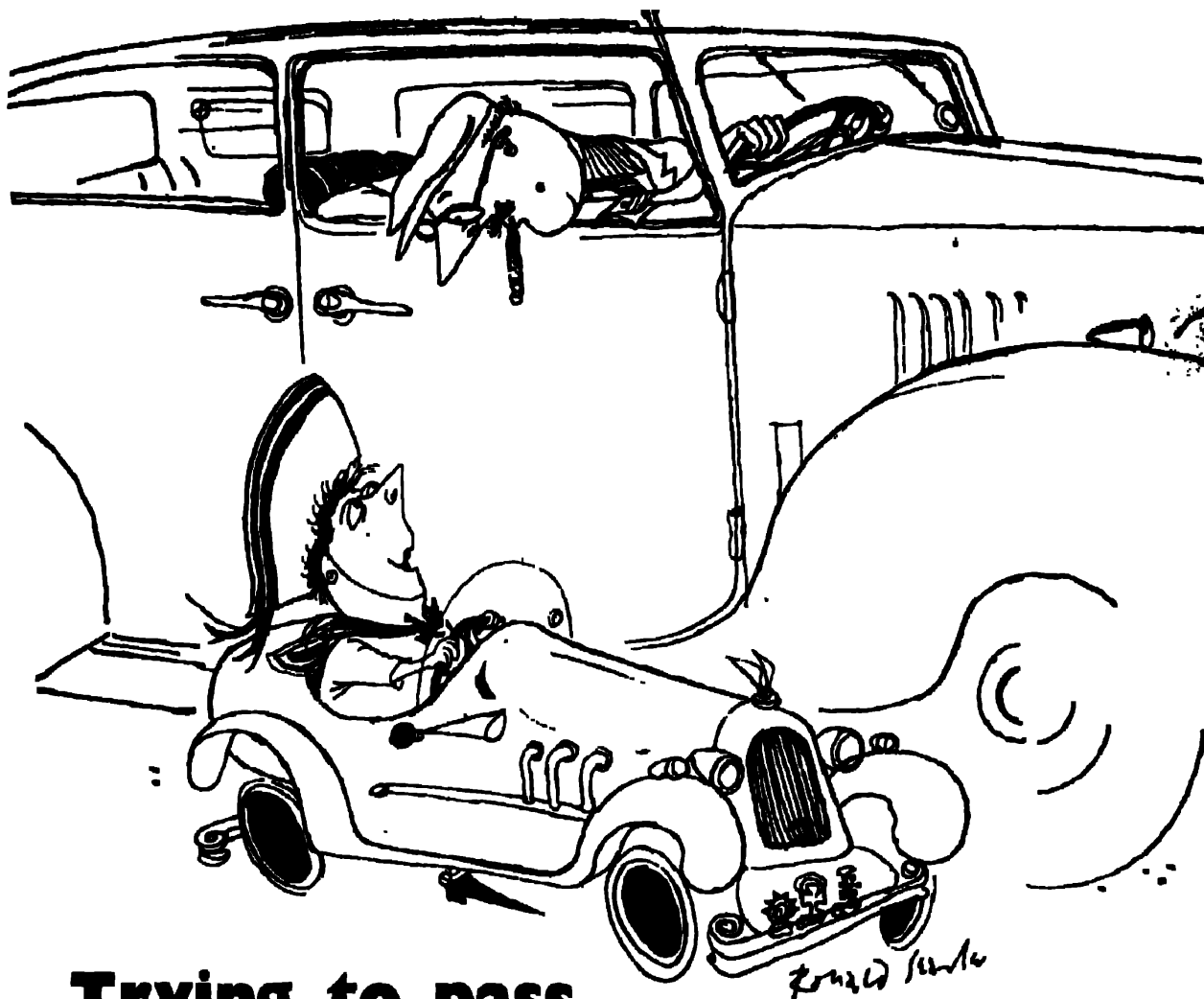
On Sunday morning the fog was thicker than ever. At times visibility got down to 11 inches. Literally you couldn't see your hand held out in front of your face.

The city grew very quiet. Nearly all traffic had come to a halt. The only thing to be heard was the muffled sound of church bells, and the bells of ambulances groping their way towards the victims.

It was cold that day. On the outskirts of town men and women, lost in the murk, sat down—and later were found dead of exposure. In South London 50 bodies were taken to one mortuary.

Towards noon on Monday the fog lifted a little, then came down again. Then it rose a little more. Finally all was clear.

Londoners rubbed the soot out of their eyes and saw a city covered with dirt. Every piece of furniture had a slimy, black film. Curtains were so encrusted with soot that when they were cleaned they went to pieces. Blonde women became



## Trying to pass, you little superman?

I'm not a superman—but Daddy is.

Oh he is, is he?

Yes—he's a BP Superman!

What's that?

It's a man who's kind to his car by giving it  
BP Super—the new super-performance petrol.

What does BP Super do?

Daddy says BP Super banishes pinking—  
AND gives more miles per shilling.



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brunettes. It was weeks before the hairdressers and laundries and cleaners caught up with their work.

The average weekly number of deaths in London in December is 2,000 or less. For the week of the fog, however, 4,703 deaths were recorded; the following week the total was 3,138. Dr. W. P. D. Logan, Britain's chief medical statistician, writing in *The Lancet*, estimates that "the four-day fog . . . was responsible for some 4,000 deaths."

How to prevent its happening again? London will always have fogs. To prevent a white fog from turning black and killing people you need to reduce the volume of smoke that is poured into the air. But in London the factories are not the chief cause of the killing black fog. Rather it is the domestic hearth, the open fireplace that heats most English homes. In London's population of eight million there are probably two million such fires going every cold day, each one rolling out its cloud of black smoke. Open soft-coal fires are inefficient. They produce more smoke and less heat than any other heating method.

Then why not change? Because Englishmen like open fires and insist on having them. For 800 years they have been burning coal in their fires—sea coal, it used to be called. It has always been the only fuel most people could afford. And for 800 years the Englishman's rulers have been trying to make him stop burning soft coal. It is recorded

On March 3rd, 1953, a committee of the L.C.C. passed a resolution demanding a scientific inquiry into the causes and effects of atmospheric pollution and fog-formation, and into the problem of reducing the emission of sulphur oxides from large coal-burning installations such as power stations.

The great fog, which caused as steep a rise in the death-rate as the cholera epidemic of 1866, has made many people determined to fight for control of atmospheric pollution. Dr. Somerville Hastings, M.P. for Barking and member of the L.C.C., says, "Smoke may be a nuisance, but the real danger is sulphur dioxide. There is just as much SO<sub>2</sub> however coke or coal is burned, and commercial fuel oil is dangerous too. If some process could be invented for freeing the chimney-gases from sulphur fumes, not only would the atmosphere be healthy but sulphur, a valuable product, would be saved."

that Queen Elizabeth I "findeth herselfe greatly greved and annoyed by the taste and smoake of the sea coales." She tried to stop it, as did the Stuarts and many later governments. In the winter of 1879-80 there were almost continuous black fogs for four months and deaths in London were 10,000 above the average. But efforts to abolish the soft-coal open hearth failed.

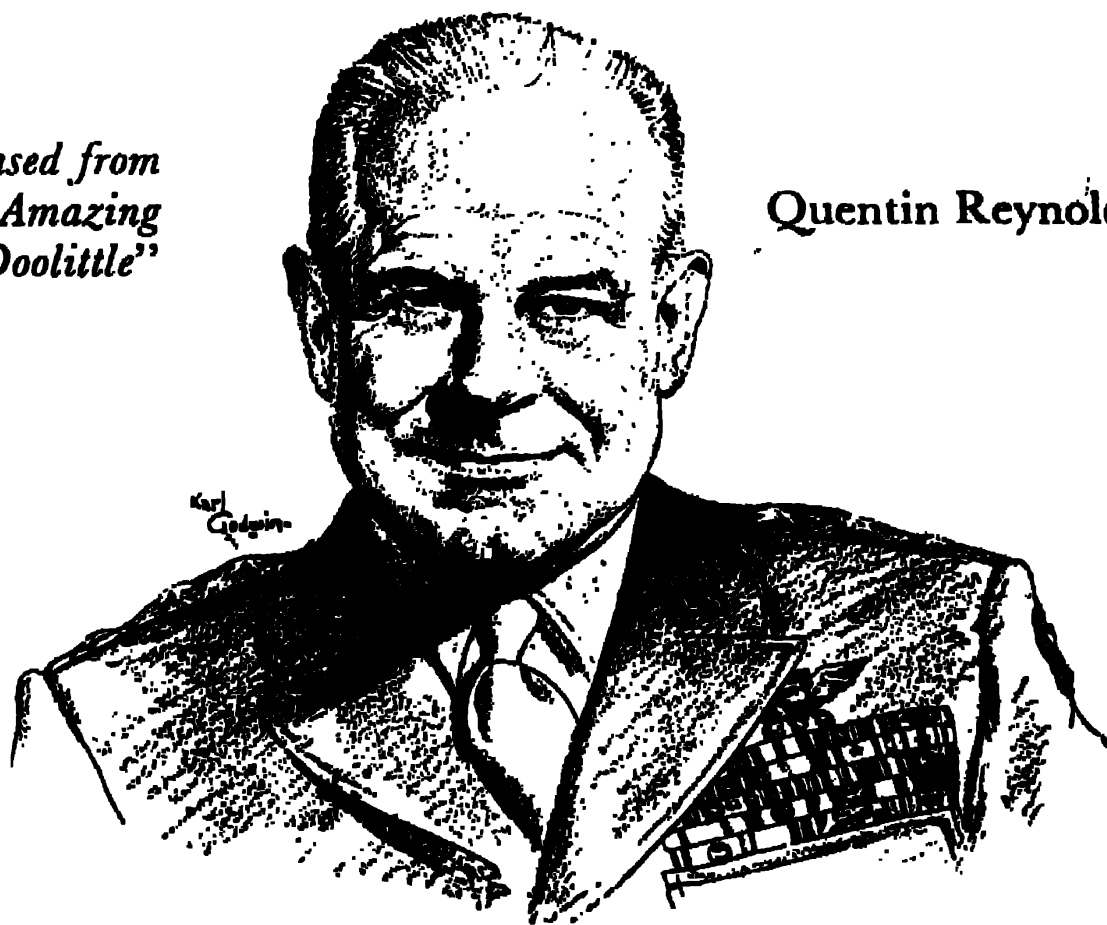
And so it is today. Some houses in London have converted to modern methods of heating. But far more of them, new and old, stick to the old open hearth. More than a question of cost, it is the Englishman's stubborn insistence on his fireside.

# JIMMY DOOLITTLE:

## MASTER OF THE CALCULATED RISK

Condensed from  
"The Amazing  
Mr. Doolittle"

Quentin Reynolds



"You Americans really have two air forces," Ernst Udet, the German ace pilot who built the *Luftwaffe*, once remarked, "your Army Air Force and Jimmy Doolittle."

Certainly Jimmy Doolittle has been one of the most spectacular assets of American aviation, both military and civilian. He has been an outstanding racing and stunt pilot, and also an efficient businessman. In World War II he led the famous raid on Tokyo, headed air commands in Africa and Europe, and became the only reserve officer in the U.S. Army to attain the rank of Lieutenant General.

As Quentin Reynolds makes clear in this sprightly biography, the word for Mr. Doolittle is "amazing."

"The Amazing Mr. Doolittle," copyright 1953 by Quentin Reynolds, is published by



## JIMMY DOOLITTLE:

### MASTER OF THE CALCULATED RISK

**I**N THE closing months of World War I, a group of U.S. Army officers at Rockwell Field, near San Diego, California, gathered one evening to watch film shots made at the field for an aviation picture. As a plane flashed across the screen the film director said to Col. Harvey Burwell, the commanding officer, "This next flight seems a bit out of the ordinary, Colonel. I suppose it's part of your training programme."

The plane coming in for a landing carried an unusual passenger; someone was sitting, quite at ease, under the fuselage on the axle connecting the two landing wheels. After the landing, the figure got up from his precarious seat and walked nonchalantly off the field.

Burwell took one look. "Tell Doolittle he's grounded for a month," he exploded.

"Are you sure that's Doolittle?" an aide asked, peering at the screen. It was impossible to see the face of the culprit.

"Of course it's Doolittle," Burwell retorted. "He's the only flier around here fool enough to try anything like that."

Colonel Burwell, who felt that part of his duty was to keep his pilots alive, would have been even more incensed had he seen 2nd Lt. James Doolittle shortly before the plane came into the camera's sights. For the young flight instructor had been engaged in wing walking, a hazardous manoeuvre barnstorming pilots used to entertain crowds.

To Doolittle wing walking presented an easy challenge; he had always had the perfect co ordination of the born athlete. As a youngster in Nome, Alaska, at the turn of the century, James Harold Doolittle had learned to hold his own against bigger boys. His father, Frank Doolittle, had been attracted to Nome by the magic word "gold," and at school the older boys bullied Jimmy with the name "cheechako," the Alaskan term for newcomer. But he had watched the boxing bouts staged in the local theatres and he soon discovered that even against bullies who outweighed him he could punch with the best. Nature, as compensation for his size, had given him a pair of hard hands and extraordinarily quick reflexes.

Later, while he was attending secondary school in Los Angeles, he became bantam-weight champion of the U.S. Pacific Coast; and as an undergraduate at the University of Southern California he was not only amateur middle-weight champion but also the star performer in the college gymnastics team. Although he was a watch-charm athlete, weighing only 130 pounds, he had a catlike quickness. It was not strange, therefore, that 2nd Lt. Doolittle attempted wing-walking. He was soon as much at home climbing along the wings of his plane, riding piggyback on the tail or dangling from the landing gear as he was in the cockpit.

There was no thought of recklessness. He knew his capabilities perfectly, and simply acted within them. He has often asserted, throughout a life which most people would consider more than normally hazardous, "Every risk I take is calculated."

Jimmy Doolittle demonstrated his complete lack of nerves the first time he stepped into the cockpit of a plane. He had just completed his preflight cadet training and was ready for flying instruction in a dual control "Jenny." He was so short that he could just see over the side of the cockpit. Training planes were taking off and landing in a steady stream. Charles Todd, Doolittle's instructor, was about to taxi down the runway when suddenly there was a tremendous crash almost

overhead. A plane taking off had collided with one coming in.

As the fire truck and ambulance roared up, Doolittle and Todd ran to the wreckage. One pilot was dead, another pilot and student were horribly injured. After the flames had been put out, Todd and Doolittle walked back to their plane.

"You all right?" Todd asked his pupil.

"Of course," Doolittle said.

Todd looked at him curiously; the youngster seemed completely calm. Perhaps he was that one out of a hundred who would make a good pilot. "Let's go," Todd said.

The plane lumbered down the runway and was airborne. Doolittle sat back in his seat completely relaxed. His hands moved almost instinctively over the controls and his feet pressed just as instinctively on the rudder bar. As the plane gained altitude a great feeling of exhilaration gripped him. During those brief moments Jimmy Doolittle had fallen in love with flying. In those few moments his whole future was charted.

When he became a flight instructor at Rockwell the same cool nerve showed itself. He saw cadets come to grief because they had been hurried along too fast by careless instructors. This he resolved never to do. But he demanded unflinching determination from his students. On the day Doolittle set for the advanced tests in acrobatics of one batch of four exceptional students

the first student took his plane off nicely, then banked sharply and for no apparent reason plunged to the ground. The pilot died in the burning pyre. The other three stood frozen with horror.

Crisply Doolittle called out, "Who's next?" One of the white-faced three nodded. In cold, steady tones Doolittle gave him his final instructions and then stepped away from the plane. The three students all performed their rolls and stunts creditably.

"What have you got in your veins—ice water?" a fellow instructor barked at Doolittle. "Doesn't that kid's death mean anything to you?"

"I'll think about that kid tonight," Doolittle responded, tight-lipped. "Meanwhile, my job is to make fliers out of these men."

It was because Doolittle had early been recognized as an ace flying instructor that none of his breaches of discipline, such as wing-walking, ever found their way into Colonel Burwell's official reports. But Doolittle was continually in hot water with his commanding officer. His reputation as a daredevil stunt flier displeased Burwell no end. Then, too, when Doolittle was not flying, he was tinkering with engines, so that his uniforms were invariably stained with grease. Furthermore, he always had a screwdriver or a pair of pliers or a spark plug sticking out of his pocket. Commanding officers naturally take a dim view of fliers who dress like grease monkeys.

This last offence was soon remedied, however. On his first leave Jimmy married his school sweetheart. After Josephine Doolittle, his soft-voiced and platinum-haired wife, joined him at Rockwell Field his uniforms were clean. Here, in their first home, the Doolittles established the pattern for their Army life to follow. Their living room was filled with the friends they attracted; somehow on her meagre budget Jo Doolittle could always produce beer and crackers and cheese. And always the talk was of some phase of flying.

With the other instructors Doolittle practised military aerial manoeuvres. With practice, the young pilots discovered that stunt flying in formation was not the suicide manoeuvre it had always been considered. It simply took a steady hand on the stick to keep the wings from brushing those of the planes on either side.

One day a visiting British Air Mission came to Rockwell Field and Burwell told his pilots to put the pursuit planes through their paces. As the visitors watched in amazement, Doolittle and his fellow pilots went through all their tricks. It was the first time on record that pilots had stunted in formation.

Shortly afterwards Burwell was asked to provide some of the entertainment at a monster air show in Los Angeles. More than 200 planes performed that day. Aces back from France went through combat man-



## AN AMERICAN STORY

ONCE UPON A TIME the great prairies of America gave pasture to the buffalo and sustained only the Redskin. Then came the pioneering white men thrusting south and west from the eastern sea-board, making roads, building townships, developing industries. The quiet plains were soon ringing with the clangour of a young, vigorous civilization and the buffalo gave ground to the Iron Horse.

But the days of the pioneer are not past.

Today a British organisation — The Bowater Paper Corporation — is building

a \$55,000,000 plant right in the heart of America, in the southern state of Tennessee. These great pulp and paper mills will produce 130,000 tons of newsprint and 50,000 tons of sulphate pulp every year and this output for the next fifteen years has already been sold—for dollars.

Seven years of technical investigation will have gone into this plant when it starts production next year. Its establishment is an achievement of the utmost importance and value—not only to Bowaters but to Great Britain.

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œuvres; pilots later to become famous (Major Carl Spaatz was one of them) gave spectacular exhibitions of their flying skill. But the real thrill was furnished by the aerial acrobatic team headed by Jimmy Doolittle. They dived, looped, spun, in perfect unison, acting as though operated by a single hand.

Thereafter Burwell declared a truce in his war on Doolittle. The Colonel realized that he had an outstanding group of pilots, and the spark plug was Jimmy Doolittle.

*W*HEN the war ended, Doolittle decided his future lay in aviation. "It's going to be big business as transportation some day," he told his friends. "I'm going to stay in the Army and let the Government teach me everything it can about airplanes."

When he was appointed Executive Assistant to the Commanding Officer at Rockwell, he checked his first impulse to rebel. He realized that he had to learn the administrative side of aviation too; and though the post cut down his flying it added immeasurably to his knowledge of the work done by the mechanics and maintenance men. And when he was transferred to the Mexican border a few months later to fly the Border Patrol (which was supposed to stop smuggling) he continued to work seriously—though he did tend to make what he reported as "forced landings" from which he returned to the base

with the cockpit filled with birds and game.

In 1920 Doolittle was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Regular Army and assigned to the Air Service Mechanics School at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. Here he had a chance to experiment with different types of aircraft. He learned how to soup up engines and began to study ways of reducing wind resistance. He developed theories of what later would be known as streamlining.

In 1922 Doolittle set out to fly across the North American continent. The Army encouraged such feats and several Army fliers had already attempted this unsuccessfully. He studied their flights until he thought he knew why they had failed. Then, after one abortive effort, he flew from Jacksonville, Florida, to San Diego, California, with one stop at San Antonio for refuelling. It took him 21 hours and 19 minutes. The flight put his name on the front page of every newspaper in the United States and he was hailed as the greatest pilot in the service.

"Looks like I'm married to a hero," Jo said to him one day.

"Maybe, Doolittle," Jimmy said complacently. "But hell, I haven't started yet."

Now, for the first time, Doolittle moved out of the realm of speed flying into the laboratory of aeronautical engineering. He was assigned to the Air Corps Engineering School at McCook Field, near Day-



# The 'Million Dollar Tan' Idea...

**ONE** of the first countries hit in the great World Depression that started in 1929 was Australia. Now the Aussie is an independent type; he hates to accept help—makes out he doesn't need it. So, when jobs folded up all around, there was no money for rent in many Australian homes.

## Aussies took to the beaches

The Australian worships the sun and loves the beaches—especially in Sydney, which is near many good ones. So, thousands of Aussies forsook their homes and camped near the sea. Trade was stagnant, but one chemical manufacturer, looking at his sales chart, had an idea. Why not a sun-seller for the big beach population—maybe a new, cleaner, more efficient type of sun cream—something far better than the smelly, sticky coconut oil then in use?

## The sun-screen was born

Research produced the right idea: a non-greasy cream that would smooth on without pressure: would have a faint but refreshing fragrance, would speed a rich, deep sun-tan, yet prevent dangerous sunburn—as well as the other summer evils—blistering, peeling, flaking, ugly "lobster red" and excess freckling... a product for *all* the family. The cool effect of this new cream suggested its name—**COOLTAN**. Being reasonably priced it made an instant hit and, though imitated, is still the leading sun-cream formula "down under" as elsewhere.

## Now—the world over

Today you can buy Cooltan almost everywhere; including the U.S.A. and Canada. You can get it on ocean liners, on troopships and at NAAFI Canteens in places like Mombasa, Lagos, Benghazi—and Hamburg.

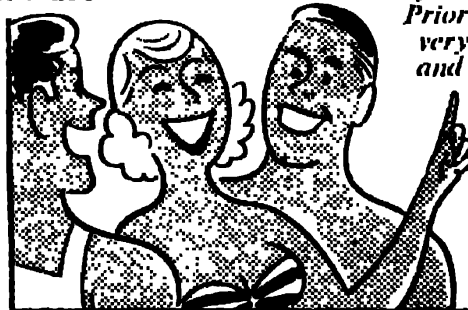
Cooltan is the big seller in some Continental resorts—ask M. Vileyn, of the Casino Pharmacy at popular Blankenburgh, for instance. Ask Collis & Williams, or Cushieri's, in Malta, how Cooltan sells!

## And what about England?

How Cooltan first came to be sold in England is a fascinating story of 1934. Someday, we may tell it, but suffice it now to say that Cooltan is by far the biggest selling Sun Tan Cream, Sunburn Preventer and Reliever of Sunburn Pain *in the world*! Who uses Cooltan? Men, women, girls—and kiddies, via the parents. Everyone likes Cooltan because it is reliable, simple to use on both face and body, and keeps clothes and towels cleaner. Although a lotion is sold, the cream is the popular form: nothing to spill—safe in planes and suitcases. Cooltan is the ideal way to screen out the sun's danger-rays—*while not barring the sun's health and glamour-rays*! For sun-tanning, Cooltan gives quick yet long-lasting results, and it assures instant relief if burned through neglect to use it before going out into the sun. Cooltan is not only a marvellous ally in summer, it is fine for snow sports. (*The North Greenland Expedition uses it as skin-protection in the frozen North*). Chemists, stores, seaside kiosks and other handy places throughout England sell Cooltan in tubes at 1.11d., 3 4d. and 4 4d. The product is made at the Cooltan Laboratories, of Hampton, Middlesex.

## ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE SUN?

This letter-extract is interesting: "*I first used Cooltan twelve years ago. A sympathiser recommended its use for my badly burned face. Prior to this I had suffered very badly every summer, and holidays always ended with a visit to the doctor. I am happy to tell you that with the aid of your product I am now able to spend a whole day in the brilliant sunshine without ill effect.*"



ton, Ohio, to study the problems of flying—the planes that came apart in the air for no apparent reason, the pilots who cracked up under the strain of speed flying. His immense practical knowledge of flying was of great help to him in learning the theory of plane construction. But if he were to help solve the many unanswered questions of aeronautical engineering he must first learn the basic fundamentals of the science. In the autumn of 1923 Jimmy Doolittle, Jo and two small sons headed for Boston, where he enrolled in a special postgraduate engineering course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

At first he felt beyond his depth; the brilliant group of engineering instructors were exacting taskmasters. At night he would return home mentally exhausted, always with pages of scribbled notes from the day's lectures. But Jo neatly typed up his notes each night and each morning during his hurried breakfast he would read them over. Blessed with a remarkable memory, he soon took the difficult courses in stride.

**D**OOOLITTLE spent two years at MIT. At the end of the first college term the Army gave him a special summer assignment at McCook Field. It was considering buying some new planes and wanted to find out certain things about them. How much strain could the wings of a plane stand before they disin-

tegrated? And how much strain could the human body stand before it collapsed?

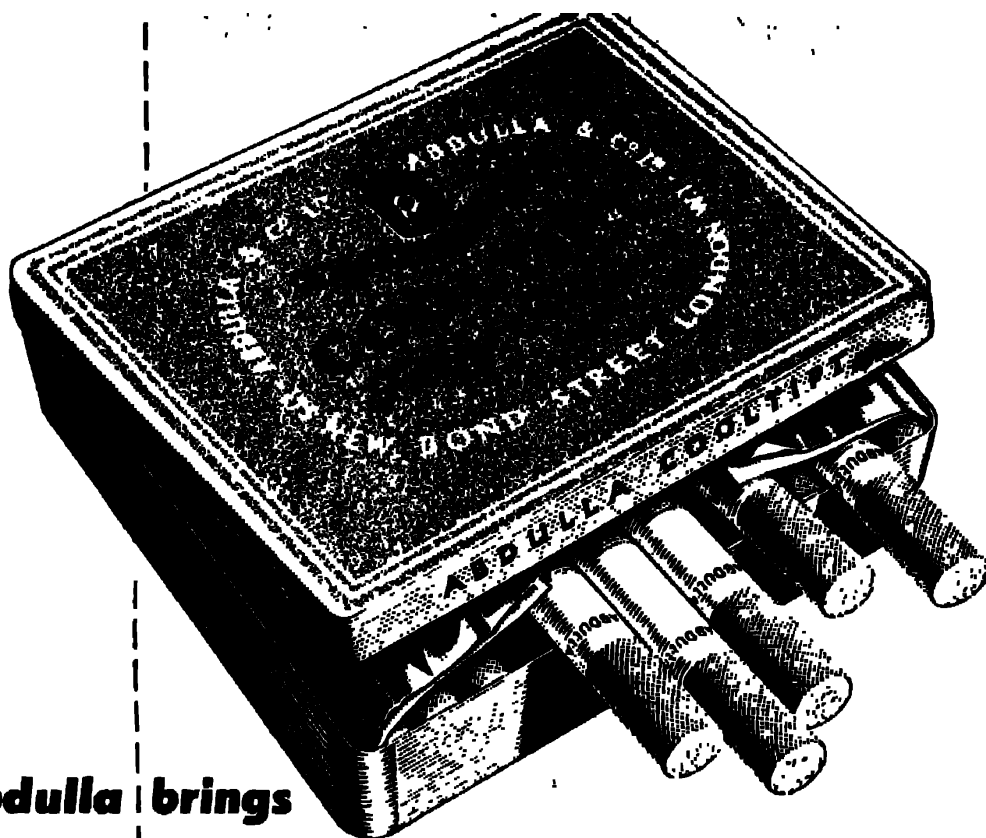
Doolittle put all the new pursuit planes through every possible manoeuvre. Several times he came close to disaster, but he was always impatient at fellow pilots who urged him to be more cautious.

"I calculate every risk I take," he would say curtly.

After putting a plane through difficult stunts, he would examine it thoroughly. Once after he had dived a pursuit plane he landed to find that both wings had already begun to crack; the paint had peeled in strips away from the wings. Had he attempted one more dive the wings would have broken away and he would have had no time to bail out. Instead of frightening him the discovery of the cracked wing ribs delighted him. Now he knew exactly what the breaking point was in this particular airplane.

Doolittle's report of his tests created considerable stir in engineering and aviation circles, for it was the first authentic information on the subject to emerge from the actual experience of a test pilot. And his report on the effect of accelerations upon the human body was regarded as so important that it was translated into half a dozen languages.

After this strenuous summer Jimmy returned to MIT, plunged again into the difficult curriculum, and in June 1925 received his



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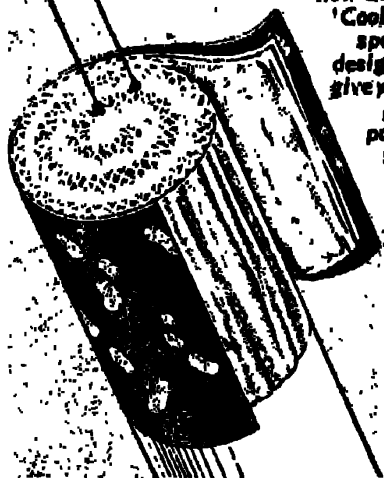
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coveted degree of Doctor of Science. Doolittle was 28 years old and was recognized in the Army as one of the finest acrobatic pilots in the service, if not in the world. The aviation industry acknowledged him to be an aeronautical engineer who was not only brilliant but sound. He still retained the exuberance that had been the despair of Colonel Burwell. But flying was now a serious business. He would take risks—hundreds of them—but he would never stunt merely for the fun of it or try to make an airplane perform manoeuvres for which it had never been designed.

**A** FEW MONTHS later the Army lent Doolittle to the Navy so that he could be taught to fly a seaplane; this was in preparation for the Schneider Cup races, the world series of seaplane racing, which was to take place in that year at Baltimore. Italy, Germany, France and England were to be represented in the event and enormous prestige went to the winner. Doolittle spent a month learning the tricks of flying a speedy plane equipped with pontoons instead of landing wheels.

In the race, Jimmy not only mutilated the existing seaplane record (177 miles per hour) but also completely outdistanced all competitors with an average speed of better than 230 miles per hour. Much of his success was due to a strategy he had worked out. Instead of making the customary wide turns round the

pylon, Doolittle approached it from above, diving towards it and whirling his little Curtiss round the pylon in a vertical bank.

When he returned to Dayton he was given a rousing civic reception and driven through the city in a boat rigged to an automobile undercarriage. Across the float, in gay colours, was the inscription: "Admiral James H. Doolittle."

He was now made Chief of the Flight Section at Wright Field—the top job. His task was to supervise and take part in test flights which would demonstrate whether or not experimental developments were sound. Often what looked like fine improvements on a drawing board showed unexplainable bugs when tried out in the air.

For a year he worked alternately between drawing board and cockpit. One device he investigated was a tab designed to give greater stability to the controls. To try it out he went up to 5,000 feet, with a fellow pilot, Lt. James Hutchison, as a passenger. In one of the tests a terrific vibration was set up in the rudder and it snapped off. Now Doolittle found himself in much the position of a motor car driver who, at full speed, suddenly loses his steering wheel.

"Want to jump?" he shouted to Hutchison. "I think I may be able to bring it down."

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and then pulled the ship up into a stall. At stalling speed the plane was directionally controllable. At higher speeds it was not. He virtually "stalled" the plane down and then as it was about to pancake on the field he gave it the gun, straightened it out and made a gentle landing. It was an amazing exhibition of piloting skill, and some of the junior pilots who had watched it shook their heads saying: "Doolittle is the luckiest pilot in the world."

Actually, no luck had been involved, merely a calculated risk. Long ago he had envisaged the possibility of losing a rudder and had worked out a feasible plan for landing the plane safely.

*I*N 1923, the Curtiss Co. set about expanding the overseas market for its planes. It asked the Army to give Doolittle leave of absence so that he could demonstrate the new Curtiss fighter in South America. The Army, grateful for private industry's development of military planes, agreed. With a Curtiss technician Doolittle and the plane were shipped to Santiago, Chile. There he discovered that he wasn't the only side man wooing the Chilean Government; German, Italian and English pilots were also on hand.

The night before the planes were to be demonstrated, a group of Chilean Army pilots entertained at the Officers' Club. It was a convivial party and the talk turned to the film favourite, Douglas Fair-

banks. The Chileans asked Jimmy if all Americans were such incredible athletes. "This Fairbanks swings on ropes, he does handstands," they said.

"Every kid is trained to do those stunts," Doolittle said innocently. "Watch."

He began to walk around the room on his hands, one of the most elementary of the gymnastic stunts he'd learned at college.

But Fairbanks stands on his hands on window ledges. An officer objected.

"We can all do that," Doolittle said. He hopped over the window sill and went into his handstand on the two-foot ledge outside. Suddenly the soft stone of the ledge began to crumble. Ledge and Doolittle dropped 20 feet to the ground.

At the hospital they found that both ankles were broken. A few weeks of uninterrupted rest was imperative, the doctor said. The President of Chile and high-ranking military officials sent expressions of sympathy to Doolittle. But the next day at the demonstration they were surprised to see a mechanic warm him up the American airplane. Soon an ambulance rolled up and out came Doolittle on crutches. The Curtiss technician slipped two heavy flying boots over the leg casts. He boosted Jimmy to the cockpit and then slipped his feet through two clips attached to the rudder bars.

Doolittle was in agony every time he pressed the controls, but he put



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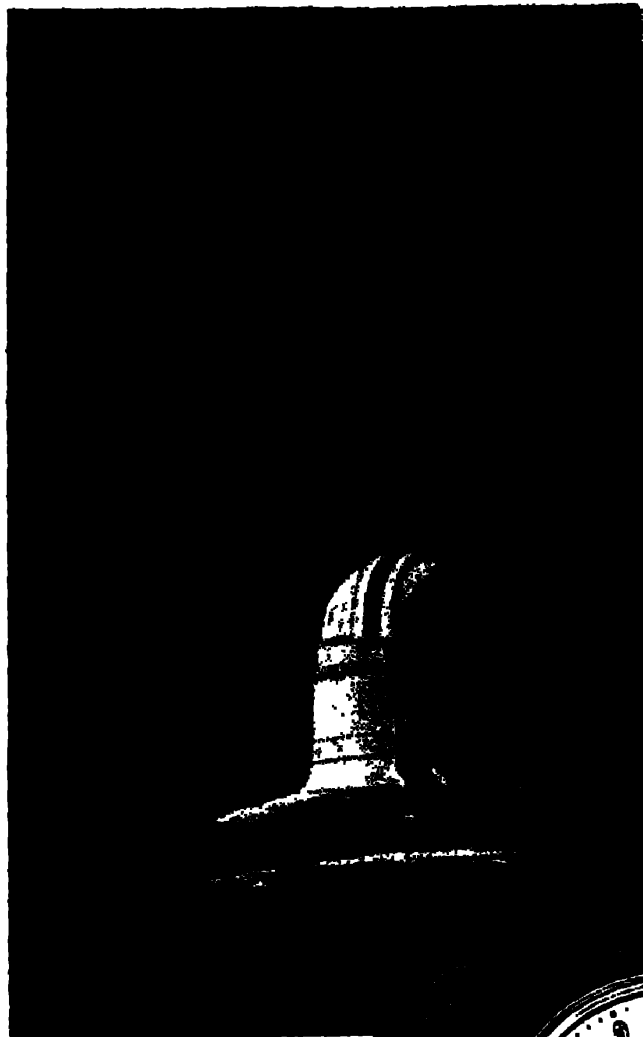


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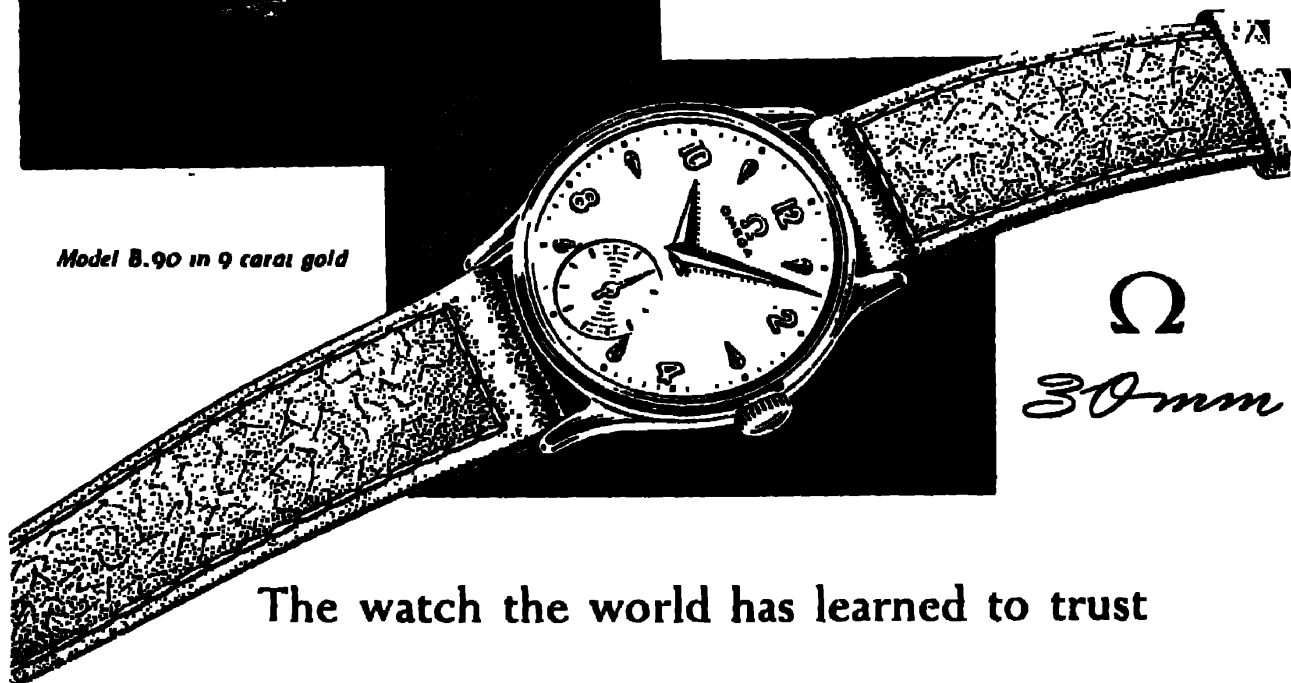
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the little racer through its paces. He rolled and dived and banked, and when one of his competitors, a well known German combat flier, took up his Dornier, Doolittle engaged him in friendly mock combat at 5,000 feet. The German plane was cumbersome compared to the little Curtiss and Doolittle literally flew circles round his opponent. Finally Doolittle glided almost to the ground then shot up, rolled the plane on its back and buzzed the field upside down. When he landed the spectators yelled with Latin abandon. More important the left eye of the Curtiss official closed in a wink. Doolittle knew that he had sold the airplane to Chile.

The casts on both ankles had cracked under the strain of the flight. The doctor who had set the ankles refused to have anything more to do with this obstreperous patient, so an artificial limb maker was found who made two strong casts using old-fashioned corset stays as reinforcements. Thus Doolittle completed the schedule. He flew to Bolivia and then across the Andes to Buenos Aires. On his hazardous flight Doolittle had no parachute. Even if trouble had developed, he couldn't have released his feet from the clips of the rudder bar.

Once back in the States he was immediately hustled to Walter Reed Hospital. The doctors winced when they saw the horribly swollen ankles, muscles, tendons and tissues

were a hopeless mess. It would take a year, they said, to repair the damage done. They put the legs in plaster casts once more, and Jo, who by now was beginning to take such incidents in her stride, moved Jimmy, Jr. (aged five) and John (aged three) to an apartment near the hospital.

THE SIX MONTHS he lay in bed were a frustrating time for Doolittle. But as soon as they let him sit up he called for a drawing board and pencil. If he couldn't fly, he could at least toy with designs.

Lying there propped up in bed, he considered the possibility of doing the impossible—flying in outside loop. No man had ever performed this gravity-defying manoeuvre. Many had tried and many had died. For years pilots had been

looping the loop—a relatively simple manoeuvre to an experienced pilot because as he loops, he is forced tightly into his seat by centrifugal force. In an outside loop the pilot is flying the outer course and centrifugal force strains him out of his seat and forces blood into his head. By the time Doolittle left the hospital he had worked out that an airplane could survive the strain of an outside loop. He had no idea whether or not the pilot could withstand it. He determined to find out.

Back at Wright Field he began kicking a pursuit ship all over the sky. He'd reach 15,000 feet and begin his dives. He flew upside

down, constantly bringing the plane up to a partial loop, and then he'd land to see what his own physical reactions had been and how the wings and struts had reacted. He found that although there was considerable personal discomfort there was no blackout, and the sturdy Curtiss fighter showed no signs of disintegration.

On May 25, 1927, he pushed the plane up to 10,000 feet and then, with the throttle wide open, roared earthward at 350 miles an hour. Now, instead of pulling the stick back, as in the conventional loop, he pushed it forward. The plane responded, and at the bottom of the loop he was flying upside down with his head dangling towards the earth. He felt the blood rush to his head, and knew he was in the danger zone. Would he black out? Would the wings stand the strain? Then the plane began to climb up and up to reach his approximate starting point. He had done it; he had flown on the outside of a huge aerial circle.

Later a reporter asked Jimmy what made him try it. "Just on the spur of the moment," he said in a deadpan voice. Actually he had approached the problem with the detachment of the scientist.

Shortly afterwards Curtiss again asked the Army to lend them Doolittle for a South American tour. Again the Army was glad to oblige.

"Take care of yourself, Doolittle," Jo said when she said good-bye.

"I always take care of myself in airplanes," Jimmy said, a bit startled at Jo's lack of confidence in him.

"Oh, I know that, dear," Jo said sweetly. "I never worry about you when you're flying. I mean take care of yourself in those officers' clubs."

ON SEPTEMBER 1929, at Mitchel Field on Long Island, Doolittle made another historic flight. One morning he looked out of the window and called to Jo. "Perfect weather, just what we've been waiting for!" Jo winced. A thick fog was rolling in from Long Island Sound.

Doolittle and a staff of scientists had been attempting to find the answer to the problem of blind flying and blind landings. Although aeronautical science had given the pilots reasonably safe planes to fly, it still hadn't licked the weather; of all of its hazards the worst was fog.

At the laboratory set up at Mitchel Field the scientists had finally evolved the instruments which they thought would provide the solution—a new directional gyroscope and a sensitive barometric altimeter. On the flight that September morning Doolittle flew 15 miles in a deep fog without seeing the ground or any part of his plane but the illuminated instrument board. As the spectators watched breathlessly, the plane came in for a perfect landing; the wheels touched down gently only a few yards from where the plane had

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taken off. For the first time a pilot had flown absolutely blind. It meant a tremendous advance for aviation.

In 1930 Doolittle was approached by the Shell Petroleum Corporation. Although the depression was then at its depth, they were expanding in the comparatively new field of aviation gasoline, and wanted Doolittle to come with them. Doolittle was cautious about leaving the Army; he had two months' leave due to him and these he spent at the Shell plant in St. Louis. But it proved a happy arrangement and in the end the ex-Army pilot became head of the development of all Shell aviation products.

He had been with Shell only about six weeks when the Curtiss-Wright Co. once again asked him to demonstrate a new Curtiss fighter—this time in Europe. The plane, of course, was to use Shell products. In the months that followed, Doolittle and three other pilots roared across Europe, putting on air shows with aerial acrobatics. And once, to demonstrate the clean accuracy of the little Curtiss fighter, the Hawk, Doolittle flew it under one of the ancient bridges spanning the Danube. He had only a foot or two to spare.

But the Doolittle who returned to his job at Shell was more than a madcap pilot. He had seen European progress in aviation and his analysis of it was coldly methodical. "We must increase the speed of our aircraft or we shall be left far be-

hind European military strength," he said.

Doolittle was in constant demand as a speaker for scientific and aviation organizations. But no matter how weighty the subject, he couldn't resist an occasional joke on his audience.

He was asked to talk on explosives at the annual dinner of airline operators. Casey Jones, one of the greatest of the early barnstorming, hell-for-leather fliers, was to preside. Doolittle prepared his paper carefully, then discussed it with Jones.

"It's rather heavy," he said doubtfully.

"Well, it's what they wanted, Jim," Casey shrugged.

"I'll give it to them," Doolittle said grimly, "but we ought to have a little fun too. Now listen, Casey. . . ."

Came the night of the dinner. Doolittle traced the history of explosives from the first Chinese firecrackers. He came to the day of TNT, explained it and obligingly showed a few samples. Then he picked up a vial which he said contained the newest and most powerful explosive known to man.

"If I ever dropped this little vial," he said gravely, "it would not only kill everyone in this room—it would destroy the whole building. Better put it away, Casey," he added, handing it over to his accomplice.

Casey reached for it, fumbled clumsily and dropped it. There was a deafening explosion, and horrified

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diners dived under tables and chairs. But Doolittle stood there calmly while Casey roared with laughter. Under the table Casey had fired a 12 gauge shotgun with its barrel in a tin pail. The explosion was a frightening thing to hear. The guests realized that for a moment the old, irrepressible Doolittle was back.

Soon after he had won the Bendix Trophy race established a record in a flight between Canada and Mexico City and made other front page records, Doolittle made a startling announcement. He was retiring from racing and spectacular flights. Commercial and military aviation had to be developed. "Sooner or later there's going to be a war," he told Alexander Fraser, vice president of the Shell Co. in St. Louis, "and it will be won or lost in the air. Everything else being equal, the air force with the best fuel will have a great advantage."

"But the Army has shown no willingness to buy anything better than the standard 91 octane," Fraser said.

"It'll come," Doolittle said, "and we must be ready."

So began one of the biggest gambles Doolittle ever took.

**B**ETWEEN the two world wars America's oil companies, engine manufacturers, scientists and Air Corps leaders fought a desperate battle to improve aviation fuel. Because they eventually won the fight

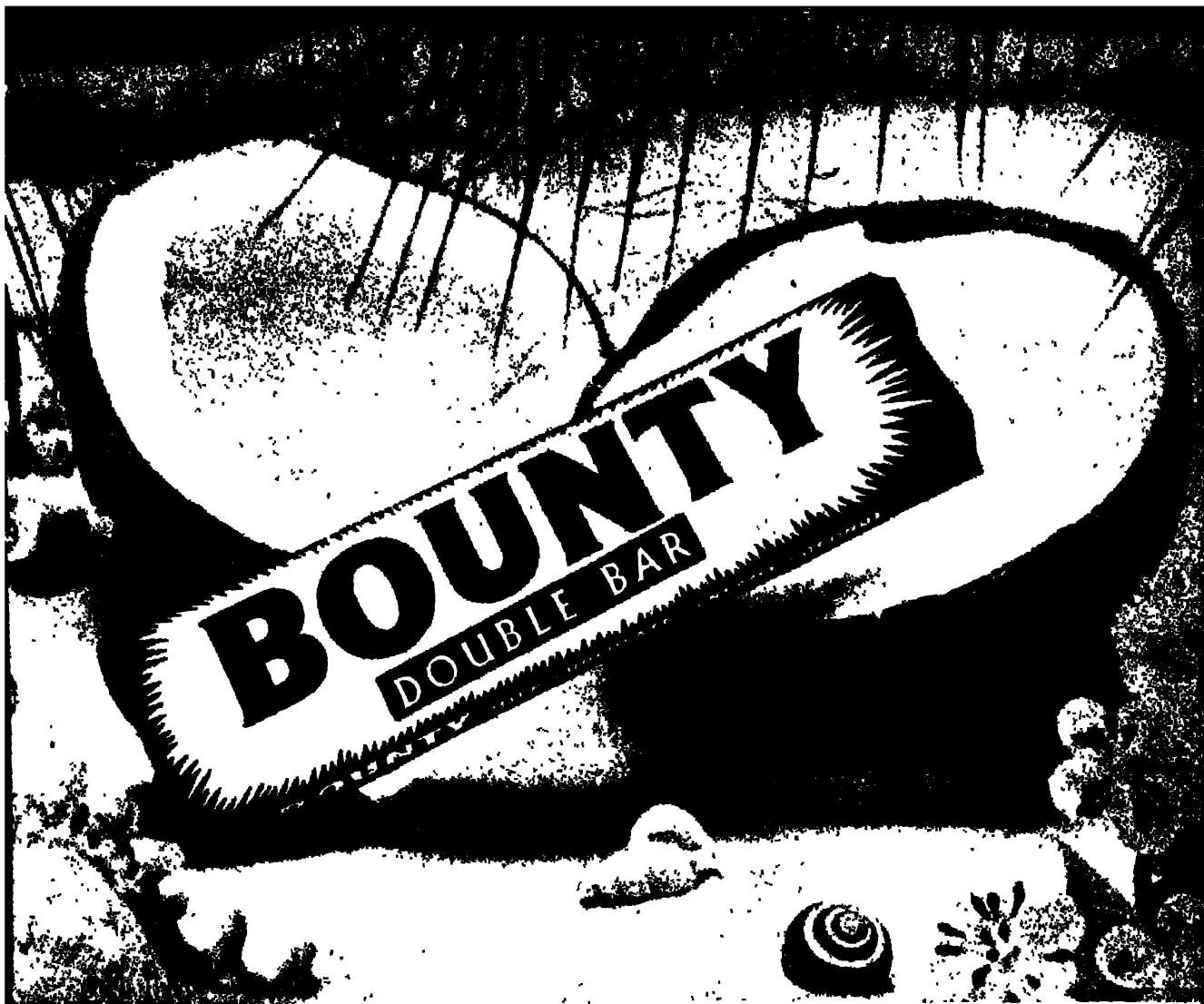
for 100-octane gasoline, in World War II the speed of American and British fighters was increased by 50 miles an hour, the bomb load of each bomber by a ton. Yet while this vital battle for higher octane was going on it attracted hardly any public attention. Doolittle is one of the men who led the fight.

The Army, which controlled all Air Corps expenditures, had a rather remarkable theory about airplane fuel. The Army brass said, in effect, "If there is a war, we will immediately need huge supplies of gasoline for our planes. We can find such quantities only among the low grade gasolines. Therefore, the Air Corps must learn to operate its planes with this low grade gas." And so up to 1927 the Air Corps was flying its planes on gasoline which was about 50 octane. Today a pilot would hesitate to pour such fuel in his cigarette lighter.

On its relatively minute budget the Air Corps managed to carry on engine and fuel research, and by 1930 it was using 101 or 92 octane as its standard fuel. This was a big advance, but the research team at Wright Field felt that eventually a still better fuel would have to be adopted.

By now Doolittle had persuaded Fraser to build a million dollar plant at Wood River, Illinois, for the sole purpose of producing 100 octane. The gasoline remained unsold, for it was expensive.

When Doolittle dropped into the



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Shell office he tried to avoid the reproachful eyes of Fraser and other top executives who had gambled with him that there would soon be a market for the 100-octane.

"We can't eat that stuff, laddie," Fraser would say mildly.

"Don't worry, Boss," Doolittle would say cheerfully. "As a matter of fact, I think we ought to build another plant in Texas. When the demand comes it'll be so great . . ."

"By then we'll all be out of jobs," Fraser growled.

Doolittle spent almost as much time now at Wright Field as he did in the Shell office in St. Louis. He was elated when, in 1934, he sold Wright Field 1,000 gallons of 100-octane at \$2.50 a gallon—the first 100-octane produced in commercial quantities. It was for research only, but it was the first break through the wall of Army indifference.

By now a gentleman named Hitler was Chancellor of Germany. Doolittle knew that the Germans had embarked on a huge programme of aircraft and fuel production. It made him uneasy for America's safety. During the next two years Doolittle persuaded Shell to build three additional 100-octane plants. The investment was now \$2,000,000. And there was still no market.

Finally, however, the pressure for 100-octane became so strong that it could no longer be ignored. So the General Staff did what general staffs have always done; it appointed a

committee to investigate the whole question of 100-octane. The committee, after extensive hearings, unanimously recommended "that 100-octane fuel be adopted as standard for the Air Corps effective January 1, 1938." And some months later its recommendations were accepted.

The long fight had finally been won, and now real air power could be developed. Soon President Roosevelt was asking for 7,500 U.S. combat planes. Overnight the 100-octane picture changed. It was no longer a question of the oil companies underbidding each other; it was merely a question of turning out as much fuel as possible.

By 1940, when he was 44 years old, Doolittle had received practically every honour that civilian aviation could bestow. That year he was named president of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences. But war clouds were gathering; he said good-bye to Shell and reported to General Hap Arnold, chief of the Army Air Force, as Major James Doolittle.

For more than a year he was out of the news. As a trouble shooter for Arnold, he helped motor-car and aircraft manufacturers work out the horrendous engineering problems bound up with conversion to military production. Then on April 18, 1942, he was once again precipitated into the public eye.

It came about through a sugges-

tion originating in Admiral Ernest King's staff. A few weeks after Pearl Harbour Commander Francis Low, one of King's key assistants, went to his skipper with what seemed a rather fantastic idea. "Disasters have been piling up lately," Low said, "and American morale needs a shot in the arm. I wonder if the Army has a plane that can carry a bomb load of 2,000 pounds, can fly 2,000 miles and could also take off in 500 feet. If it has, why couldn't we put a few of them on a carrier and bomb the mainland of Japan? We might even bomb Tokyo."

Admiral King liked the idea and asked his Air Officer, Capt. Donald Duncan, to look into it. Five days later Duncan, who was both an experienced pilot and a brilliant staff man, reported that the Army medium bomber, the B-25, might do the job. He gave Admiral King 50 pages of longhand notes, which were considered so secret that not even the most trusted office worker was allowed to type them. King consulted Arnold and together they took it up with the President. Roosevelt gave it his blessing.

The task of organizing the operation called for an experienced pilot who was also an aeronautical engineer. With the whole Air Force to pick from, Arnold sent for Lt.-Col. James Doolittle. In ten days at Wright Field Doolittle figured out ways to lighten a B-25 and increase ~~the~~ fuel capacity without hindering

its recognized ability to take off quickly and cleanly. When he raised the newly stripped plane fully loaded from the ground after using less than 500 feet of runway, he was sure it would do the job.

Arnold then sent Doolittle to Columbia, South Carolina, to select his crews from airmen who were familiar with B-25s. Jimmy assembled the commanding officers and told them he had been put in charge of an "interesting but dangerous mission." It would involve carrying a maximum bomb load, and the airplanes would have to take off within 500 feet and fly probably 2,000 miles. "That's about all I can tell you now," he said, "except that it's strictly a volunteer operation and will take us away about six weeks."

When the COs asked for volunteers, every pilot on the base responded. And within a week the crews picked by Doolittle flew to Eglin Field, near Pensacola, Florida, for special training.

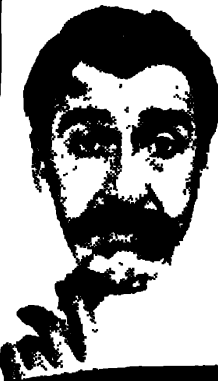
"If any of you guess what we're going to do," Doolittle said, "or if you figure out from your training what targets we are going to hit, keep it to yourself. Don't discuss it with your wives, don't even gossip with each other. A lot of lives—not only ours—will depend upon the complete secrecy of our plans. Now start practising short, quick take-offs where you see those 500-foot runways chalked off out there. With a week's practice you'll be able to take off in less than that distance."

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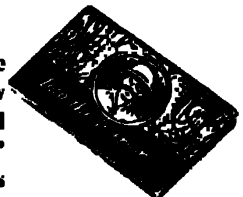
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"What makes you so sure, Colonel?" a pilot asked.

"I've done it," Doolittle said simply. Had any chair-borne officer told these pilots that a B-25 could take off with a run of only 500 feet, they would have laughed. But this was Doolittle.

**J**IMMY WAS a perfectionist. He would walk to a plane that had just landed and ask the pilot, "How does she stack up?"

"Pretty good, Colonel," the pilot would answer with satisfaction.

Doolittle would climb into the cockpit, take the ship up and return an hour later with a pencilled list of a dozen minor flaws for the maintenance crews to work on. "Pretty good isn't good enough for this job," he would say.

Arnold had never hinted that Doolittle would be allowed to make the actual flight. One day in March Doolittle said bluntly, "Hap, I've gotten to know these crews. They have confidence in me. You've got to let me lead this flight."

"I need you here on the staff," Arnold started, only to be interrupted by another fervent plea. Finally Arnold shrugged and said, "If it's all right with Mif Harmon, it's all right with me."

Gen. Millard Harmon, Arnold's chief of staff, was just down the passage. Doolittle, sensing that something might be put over on him if he didn't act fast, sprinted to Har-

He braced the chief of staff without preliminaries. "General," he said, "the planning of this operation is all wrapped up. I've been in on it from the beginning, and I want to lead the raid. Hap Arnold says it's all right if it's O.K. with you."

Harmon looked surprised, but said, "Well, Jimmy, I guess it's all yours then."

Jimmy shook Harmon's hand fervently. As he headed towards the door, there was a buzz on Harmon's intercom. Pausing, Jimmy heard Arnold's voice, then Harmon's reply: "But, Hap, Jimmy said it was al' right with you. I can't very wel withdraw permission now."

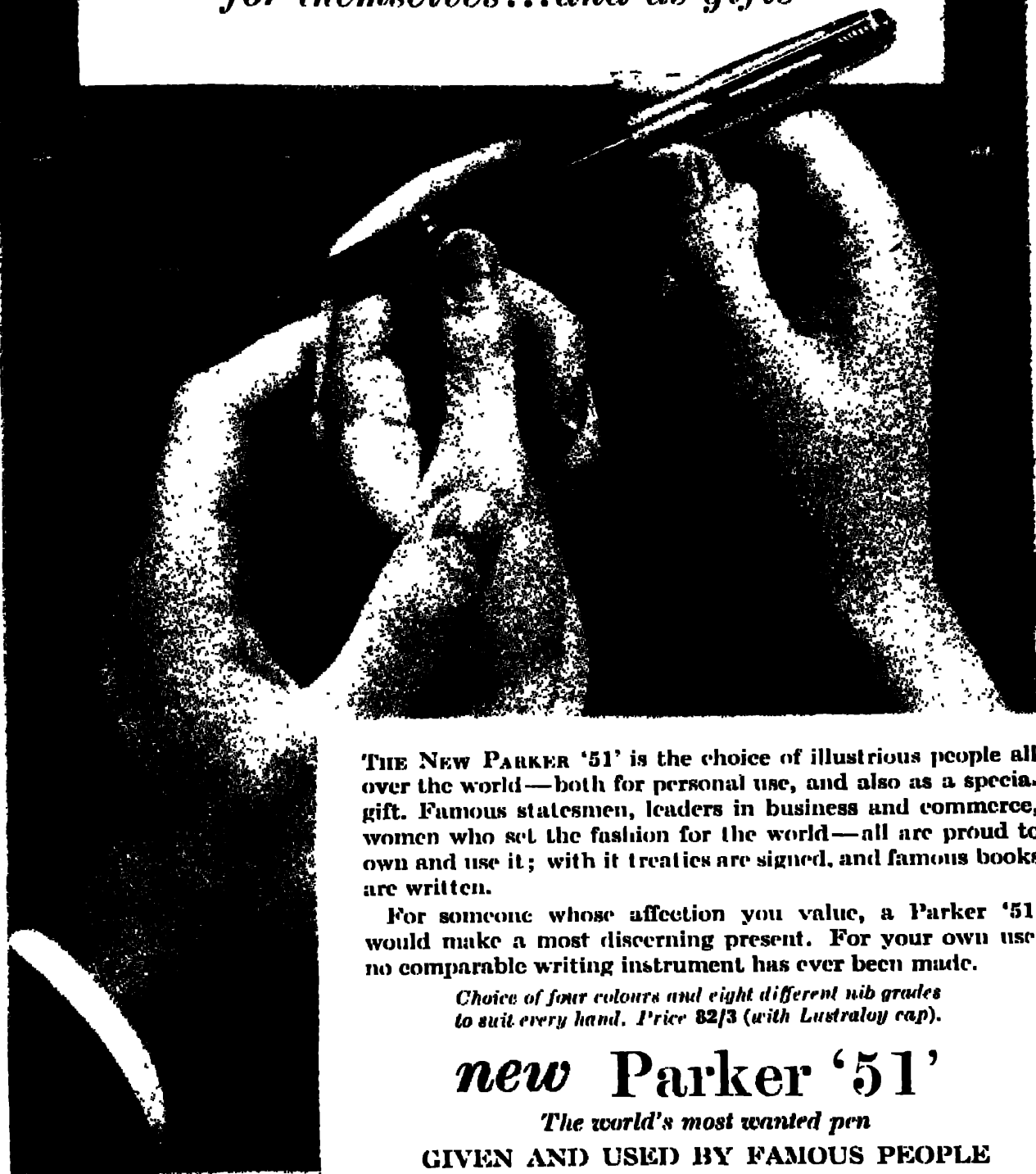
Doolittle left the building, chuckling.

One evening, Jo Doolittle, who was in Los Angeles visiting her father, received a phone call from Jimmy asking her to join him in San Francisco for a day or two. When it came time to say good-bye, Jimmy said casually, "I may be out of the country for a few weeks." From the very casualness of his tone Jo knew that something big was afoot. But by now she was a true Army wife. She bit back the questions and her good-bye was just as light and casual as his.

**T**HE CARRIER *Hornet*, with a strange cargo of 16 Army medium bombers lashed to her flight deck, left San Francisco on April 1, 1942. She was about five minutes away

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from the dock when General Marshall called from Washington. Doolittle's heart sank. Probably Marshall was recalling him as leader of the mission.

Marshall had something else in mind, however. "Doolittle," he said, "I couldn't let you leave without wishing you the best of luck. Our hearts and prayers will be with you. Good-bye and come back safely."

"Thank you . . . thank you," was all Doolittle could answer.

At sea the task force assembled—another carrier (the *Enterprise*), two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, eight destroyers and two tankers. Then Doolittle gathered his men to brief them on their mission.

"We are going to bomb Japanese cities," he said. "Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe and Nagoya. The Navy will take us as close to Japan as possible. Since a B-25 cannot make a landing on a carrier, after we hit our targets we'll proceed south-west and land at small Chinese airports not far inland. There we'll tank up with gas, then fly to Chungking."

He pointed out that under no circumstances was a pilot to head for the relatively nearby Russian port of Vladivostok. The Russians had refused permission to land our bombers there. They were not at war with the Japanese, and if the planes landed at a Russian base after bombing Japan it might be construed as an unfriendly Russian ges-

ture. Furthermore, Doolittle said, stay clear of the Emperor's palace in Tokyo.

The take-off was scheduled for the late afternoon of April 18. If the task force was spotted by the enemy before then, however, take-off would be immediate, since the B-25s would be sitting ducks for enemy planes.

"This is no suicide operation," he said. "My calculations give everyone a 50-50 chance of survival." The men thought this sounded all right. By now they knew their Doolittle; he didn't play guessing games.

At 6.30 a.m. on Saturday, April 18, a day of strong winds and heavy seas, the *Hornet's* siren suddenly gave the signal "General Quarters." There was trouble afoot. A Japanese patrol ship had been spotted, and the cruiser *Northampton* had been ordered to destroy it.

The next move was up to Admiral Halsey, the task-force commander aboard the *Enterprise*. They were now 823 miles off the Japanese coast. If they could stay on their present course another nine or ten hours, Doolittle felt the hazards of the raid would not be exceptional. But if they had to take off now, the risks would be increased enormously. The bridge of the *Enterprise* wigwagged the message: Immediate take-off. The Japanese ship had seen the task force, and within minutes Japanese airfields would be alerted.

"This is it," Doolittle told his men. "We're taking off ahead of schedule because the task force has

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to get the hell out of here fast. The pitching of the ship presents a problem. Take off exactly as I do. As the bow, after reaching its lowest point, begins to come up, give your airplane the gun. You'll have the advantage of travelling for two seconds downhill; by the time you reach the end of the flight deck the nose of the ship should be level and your take-off should be easy."

The wind was at gale proportions. Doolittle walked to his plane, climbed into the pilot seat, warmed, then idled his engines. He made a final check with the four members of his crew. The flight officer at the bow of the ship started swinging his checkered flag in a circle, faster and faster. Doolittle gave the engine more throttle. The flag dropped, he released his brakes, and 31,000 pounds of airplane, bombs and men began to roar down the flight deck. With full flaps and full throttle, the plane lunged into the teeth of the gale. Every pilot was watching; none of them had ever taken off from an actual carrier. If Doolittle couldn't do it, they couldn't either. Just as the *Hornet* lifted herself to a level position, Doolittle took off with 100 feet to spare. He had made it look incredibly easy. The other pilots followed.

In about five hours Doolittle spotted the Japanese coast. Then suddenly, 1,000 feet above him, appeared five Japanese fighters. Obviously the vessel which had seen the task force had sent out a warn-

ing. The whole operation promised to be more difficult than anticipated. Doolittle eluded the fighters, however, by making a sharp left turn and streaking along a valley between two hills, where the olive-drab camouflage of his plane melted into the green of the countryside.

When he reached Tokyo, where his target was a munitions factory, Doolittle made his bombing run amid moderate flak. After the little red light on the instrument board had blinked assurance that his four 500-pound incendiary clusters had been dropped, he headed the now-lightened plane full speed for the China coast. Soon he found himself over the East China Sea, plagued by weather which produced first a heavy overcast, then pouring rain. The imminent prospect of ditching there did not appear inviting.

A favouring tail wind which sprang up enabled him to reach land before he ran out of gas. But there was no reply to his frantic plea for a radio "fix" which would bring him to an airfield. Chungking had sent a message alerting Chinese airfields to be ready for a friendly American group of planes, but the message had been garbled in transmission, and not one air base commander in China knew that the raiders were on their way. They thought Doolittle's message was sent by a Jap plane, and ordered an immediate radio black-out.

Doolittle was looking for the mountain-ringed Chu Chow air-

field. He knew he was close to it, but darkness and a thick overcast kept him from determining how near. When the gas gauge showed empty, he calmly gave the order to bail out.

The last to jump, Jimmy landed in one of the wettest rice paddies in China. He sank to his waist, then scrambled out, soaking wet and bitter cold. Only 100 yards away he saw a small farmhouse. He banged on the door and cried out the Chinese phrase they had all been taught, "*Lashu hoo megiwa fugi* (I am an American)." There was an immediate reaction: a bolt was rammed into place on the other side of the door, and the lights went out. Nothing he could do would rouse the people behind that door. Later, the raiders discovered that this carefully learned phrase was not used in this part of China; it was in pure Cantonese dialect.

Doolittle eventually stumbled into an old water mill, where he spent a miserable and sleepless night. Next morning he met a farmer who led him to the local military headquarters. The major in charge understood English fairly well and, once he was convinced Doolittle was an American, he sent out search parties for Doolittle's crew. In a couple of hours they were all located. The only injury had been to Dick Cole, the co pilot, whose ankle was slightly banged up. What was left of the B-25 was a complete wreck.

The debris of his plane seemed to

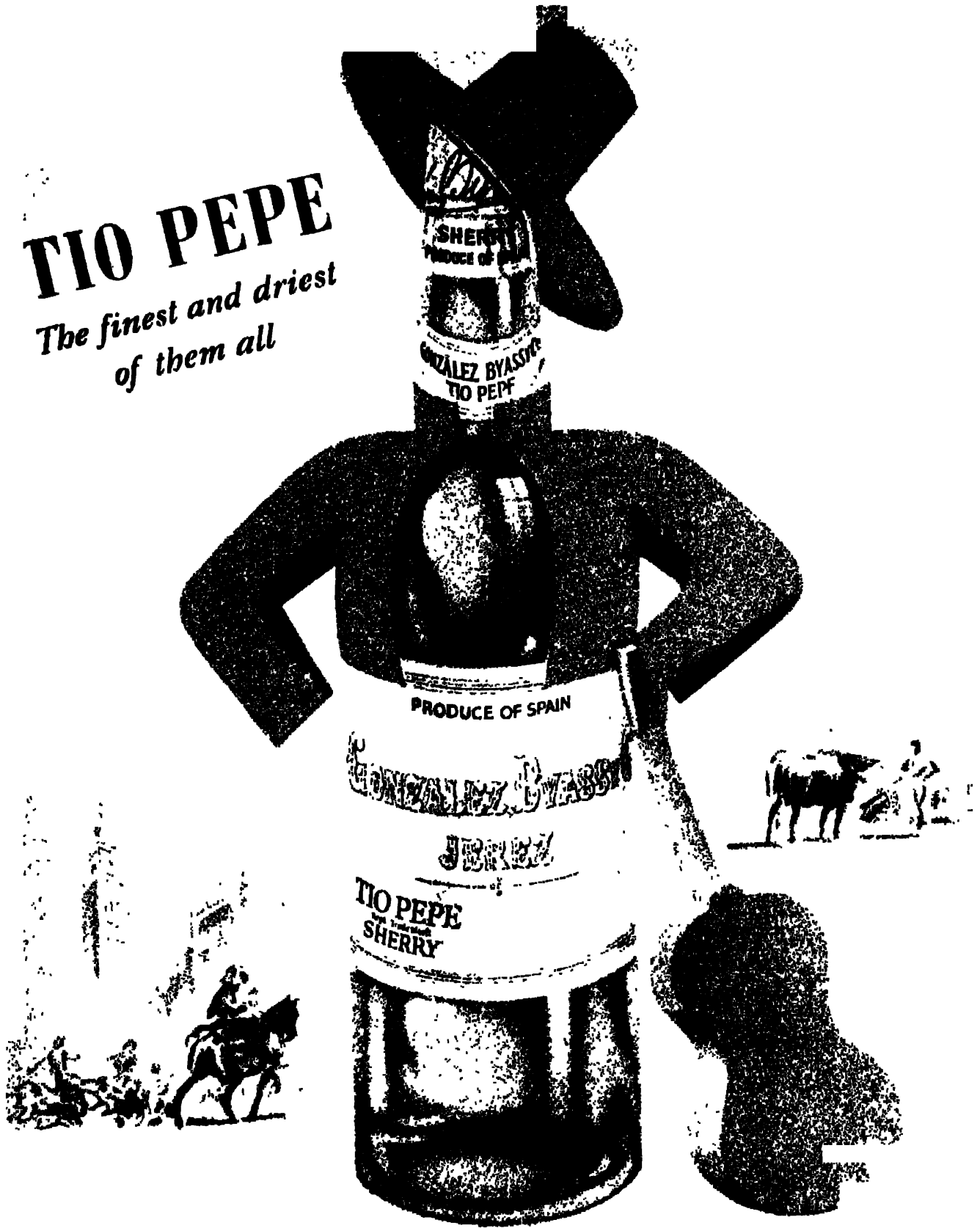
Jimmy to symbolize the wreckage of the high hopes he had had for the mission. Probably all his other crews were now either captured or dead and their planes wrecked. For the first time in years Jimmy Doolittle felt tears in his eyes.

His despair was premature, for the mission was far from being a failure. Of the 80 men who went out in those 16 bombers, a few were killed in landing, were captured and executed, or later died in prison camps; but most of them had miraculously survived the raid. Moreover, although the daring assault on the Japanese mainland had wrought relatively little destruction with its bombs, its psychological effect was devastating, for it destroyed the growing myth of Japanese invincibility. And at a time when disasters were the rule, it gave America a spectacular victory.

It also gave the country its first authentic hero of World War II. While Doolittle was still in China, Gen. Joseph Stilwell pinned a brigadier general's stars on his shoulders. And a few days later, Arnold called Jo Doolittle and asked her to fly to Washington. She had heard nothing from her husband for weeks, but she suspected that he had led the Tokyo raid, and believed Arnold now planned to give her full details about it. Instead she was conducted to the White House, where she found General Marshall, General Arnold—and General Doolittle—waiting for her. There was barely

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time for her husband to put his arms round her in affectionate greeting before they were ushered in to see the President; and Roosevelt, wearing his jauntiest smile, pinned on Jimmy Doolittle the Congressional Medal of Honour.

Doolittle was flooded with congratulatory mail and telegrams. But one brief message among them was less than laudatory. It was from Doolittle's old friend Roscoe Turner, the great speed flier, who earlier had written Doolittle suggesting that the older racing pilots be organized into a special combat group. "We have all forgotten more about flying than these kids will ever know," he had said. "All they have is youth. We have the experience."

On the eve of leaving for the Tokyo mission Doolittle had replied impishly, knowing that when Turner heard about the raid he would explode. "Let's face it," Doolittle wrote. "You and I are too old for combat flying. Leave that to the kids, old timer."

Turner's message to Doolittle was now understandably bitter. It merely said: "Dear Jimmy. You s.o.b. Roscoe."

ONE DAY in July 1942 Doolittle received an urgent summons from Arnold. Hap informed him that he was recommending him to General Eisenhower to handle the air end of the North African invasion. The appointment, however, would have to be okayed by Eisenhower.

A week later Doolittle was in London. Eisenhower had never met Doolittle before. He respected his courage, his flying ability and the quality he had of making men follow him. But this was to be mainly an organizational and administrative job. Eisenhower didn't like the idea of entrusting the formation of an Air Force to a former stunt pilot who had spent most of the last 11 years selling gasoline.

Doolittle sensed how Eisenhower felt. He believed that his years with Shell had actually taught him more about organization and administration—and about people—than he would have learned had he remained in the Army. He knew that both Arnold and Marshall believed this, too; but he also knew he couldn't sell himself to Eisenhower by quoting Arnold and Marshall. He resolved to be respectful and reserved at this first meeting.

Perhaps to cover his embarrassment at receiving a man whom he had already in his own mind rejected, Eisenhower greeted Doolittle effusively and then began to discuss the need for new air bases all over England. He emphasized that this was the vital concern at the moment, then asked if Doolittle didn't agree.

"No, General, I don't," Doolittle said bluntly, completely forgetting his good resolutions. "What good are air bases unless we have the supplies to operate them? As I understand it, we don't have suf-

ficient transport to bring in supplies to operate the present air bases at maximum efficiency."

Eisenhower would always listen to another man's argument. He might even nod in apparent agreement, but Eisenhower's nod, as many are finding out even today, merely means, "Go on, I'm listening." He listened to Doolittle, nodded pleasantly, and then when Doolittle left cabled the Pentagon, "Do not want Doolittle. Can't I have Spaatz or Eaker?"

Arnold was disconcerted. He knew Eisenhower well and felt Doolittle would make him an excellent junior partner.

He cabled back, "You can have anyone you want, but I still strongly recommend Doolittle."

Eisenhower had a lot of respect for Arnold's judgment about air-men and, when he found that Gen. Mark Clark, his Deputy Commander in charge of the North African invasion, shared none of his reservations about Doolittle, he confirmed the appointment. He never had cause to regret it.

Doolittle began building up the new 12th Air Force with characteristic energy and drive. Even in the first chaotic confusion of the North African invasion he swiftly and efficiently set up operating air strips. He boosted morale by going on many dangerous bombing missions himself. He knew when to bark orders and when to get results by a grin and a slap on the back. And

though the problems of high command were new to him, he learned quickly. Eisenhower, completely revising his earlier estimate of Doolittle's ability, gave him more and more responsibility and ultimately promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant General. Doolittle was the only U.S. reserve officer in the war to become a three-star general.

Shortly before Eisenhower gave Doolittle the command of the Eighth Air Force in England, in January 1944, the Supreme Commander wrote to him:

Dear Jimmy:

When you joined me in London you had much of what it takes to exercise high command. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that in my opinion you have shown during the past year the greatest degree of improvement of any of the senior U.S. officers serving in my command. You are every day rendering services of inestimable value to our country.

Sincerely,

Eisenhower.

Doolittle operated by his own rules, however, and his decisions sometimes brought him into conflict with his superiors. One such instance occurred immediately after he took over command of the Eighth Air Force.

Doolittle arrived in England on January 4, 1944. On January 5 he sent out his first Eighth Air Force operation--500 heavy bombers escorted by 600 fighters, against targets in Germany and France.

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He studied the weather reports carefully before sending them out, for the sudden appearance of fog had caused countless crack-ups among planes limping back to British fields with navigational instruments damaged by enemy fire. His meteorologist had told him that a nasty front was approaching but that it was not due to arrive for about 12 hours.

Two hours later, however, Doolittle's weather experts came up with a shock: the slow-moving low-pressure front had suddenly begun racing madly towards England! If it reached there ahead of the 1,100 planes, it might mean the destruction of half of these aircraft. But if Doolittle were to recall the mission now, it would mean that in his first Eighth Air Force operation more than 6,000 fliers had taken battle chances without having had the opportunity to drop a single bomb.

With every eye in the Operations Room watching him tensely, Doolittle snapped out, "Recall." Within half a minute the pilots of those 1,100 planes had the terse order. Some were already over their targets, others close to theirs—but all turned and headed for England.

Then suddenly, as mysteriously as it had spurred forward, the storm turned south to lose itself in the Atlantic. The bombers and fighters all returned in perfect weather, their pilots wondering what manner of man their new commanding

Six days later the same situation presented itself, and once again Doolittle ordered, "Recall."

General Tooev Spaatz, over-all commander of the U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe, called his old friend to headquarters. Without preliminary conversation he said coldly, "It looks as though you haven't got the guts necessary to run a big air force."

The Doolittle of ten years before wouldn't have taken this without swinging a few verbal punches. But this was an older and wiser Doolittle. He realized that Spaatz had a proprietary interest in the Eighth Air Force; after all, it was he who had made it the greatest striking air arm the world had ever known.

"You may be right," he said quietly. "But I refuse to let my men accept a risk that cannot be calculated."

Spaatz eventually concurred in this policy, but he was not above inflicting a mild revenge on his cocky subordinate. When Doolittle organized his first big raid on Berlin, he looked forward to going on the mission himself. He had led the attack on Tokyo, and later helped to bomb Rome; now he wanted to hit, personally, the third Axis capital. A few days before the raid, however, he received orders from Eisenhower that he was not under any circumstances to take part. Frustrated and angry, he pleaded with Tooev Spaatz to use his influence.

"I agree with the Boss," Spaatz said emphatically. "We cannot



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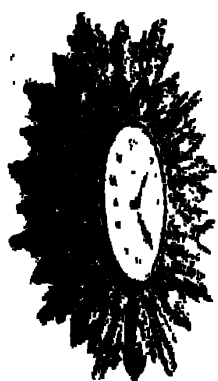
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take"—his eyes twinkled—"an uncalculated risk."

"But we've calculated every possible risk," Doolittle protested.

"Not the risk of pentothal."

"What's that, and what has it got to do with hitting Berlin?"

"Pentothal, or some derivative, is being used by the Germans to make our captured airmen talk," Spaatz said. "No man has any defence against this truth serum -- and few know more than you do about the Allied invasion plans."

Doolittle had to agree. He directed 19 daylight raids towards the German capital but never went on one himself.

When it was all over in Europe, Doolittle received orders to move his Eighth Air Force to Okinawa. He was received with something less than enthusiasm by General MacArthur. This puzzled him until one of MacArthur's aides showed him a clipping from a London newspaper which someone had sent to the Supreme Commander. Written by an overzealous journalist friend of Doolittle's, it was headlined:

DOOLITTLE TO SHOW MACARTHUR  
HOW TO WIN PACIFIC WAR

Doolittle reached Okinawa shortly before two atomic bombs ushered in V-J Day. A few weeks later he stood on the deck of the battleship *Missouri*, watch-

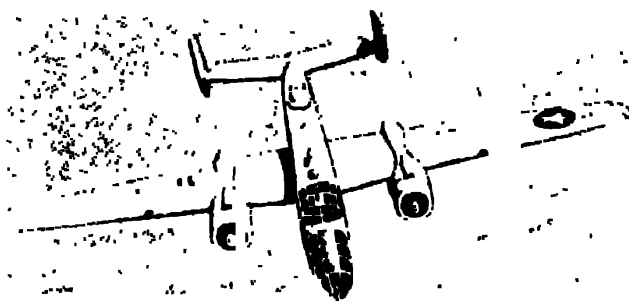
ing the Japanese representatives sign the articles of surrender. His eyes swept across Tokyo Bay. It looked different now than it had three years before, when he, a mere lieutenant colonel, had roared across it in a B-25.

AFTER THE WAR Doolittle received all sorts of offers from industry. He returned to Shell, where he now serves as one of the five company officers on the board of directors. But he is also on constant call from Washington. He has done innumerable jobs for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and for the Air Force. He is always busy and travels so much that he almost literally lives in planes.

When Doolittle reaches 60 he will be eligible to retire from the Shell Co. He has bought property in California and he talks with enthusiasm of the day when he and Jo can settle down there in the house that Jo has already designed. He'll just tinker in a garden there, he says, and do a little fishing and hunting now and then.

Jo listens quietly and says, "Yes, Doolittle, it'll be just wonderful."

But Jo, taking a calculated risk of her own, hasn't told anyone to start building the house. She knows the amazing Mr. Doolittle will never retire.





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